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The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT

CHAPTER FIRST.

OVER the wilderness, the far-off and dreary wilderness, over the garden-walks and beds, lieth the snow, and with the snow there lives the cold air perpetually. At times the pine trees in the dim forest shake their mantled branches, and then the wintry sun sends in among the dark green boughs his gleam of transient light, and the spotted deer that had stood shivering in the shadows, steal out into the pale sunshine, and paw the snow with their sharp hoofs, hoping for herbage.

The tracks of bears are all about upon the snow in the tangled ravines, and doubtless beneath the gloomy curtain of the dense wood many of these divorced Africans of the wilds are fast asleep with their well-gloved paws in their mouths. The garden-walks are filled with snow, and the garden-beds look as if the spade and its use was among the lost arts and the lost practices of mankind. Looking last spring and summer from my window over the sweet river that flows before my Hut, with my eye running over the screen of woods that grows upon the opposite shore, with the deep-toned grasses that seemed to float out from the banks, as if anxious to have a social chat with the old whale-looking rocks out in the deeper currents, I thought that it would almost be a sacrilege to have all these trees, and slopes, and twining grasses, and brown old rocks, and sparkling currents, bright here with flashes in the sun-light, and dark in the shadows of the purple clouds, covered, and buried, and lost in the deep mantle of the frozen snows : but now when I look out upon the same scene, I feel the influence of the dispensation, and would deem it quite a fiendish act in the warm sun, to take away the shroud, the holy shroud, in which God has wrapped the dead glories of the summer-time. But soon all this vast whiteness will be carried up into the spring air, and the wilderness will grow fresh again with its millioned leaves, and the deer will browse on the herbs it looked for through the deep snow, and the bear will cease

sucking his fingers, and the rose-buds will burst into beauty along the garden-walks, and the gardener in his shirt-sleeves, with beads of perspiration on his brow, will be at work among his cabbage-plants, and the good-natured cook (if such things exist in animal botany) will look out upon the growing herbs from her kitchen-door and groan in spirit at the prospect of approaching bundles of asparagus and loads of cabbages, which she must cook in time for the master's dinner, or fatally lose her place.

This place is not over-lonely in which I live, though I am all alone. The house is all alone, but yet it is not lonely, for it is the old belle of a miniature forest. Pines and red-blushing cherry-trees, dark furniture-furnishing walnuts and female-looking willows, with branches like Titanic mermaids' hair, all cluster close to the tender-hearted old dwelling; and in summer-time, when the porch-door is opened, they eagerly, and I am tempted to think, amorously, rush in with their cool shades and zephyrs, and penetrate into the very heart of the Hut. She receives their adulations with an air of quiet dignity, repelling none; but I think she shows a preference to a stately pine that has stood for half a century by her side, gloomily in love and grandly beautiful.



THE HUT.

It is necessary that I should carefully sketch the general and particular outlines of the scene and the scenery in which my life is passing away. Thus I shall be enabled to convey to others the actuality of those simple recitations and narratives that will eventually follow in these pages. The region in which my home is made is in one of the middle States of the Union; and in advance, I will at once say that I shall with my own rude pencil sketch the physical features of and about my abode and all things appertaining to these writings. The reader will find my rambling writing well besprinkled with drawings illustrating the scenery of my living, and the incidents of my narrative.

I said that a river ran before my door. It is true: and it is true that

it is a forever sweet and glorious river. Its banks are densely populated by clumps of trees, whose branches spread their countless stems over the rippling stream, and interlace the sun-light like threads of gold with skeins of green. In some places the channel is not too broad but that I can throw a two-ounced stone across when I see a crow blackening a bright spot of sun-shine on a silver bough. Then again it widens out and tranquilly flows onward, as if it would bid me have my grounds surveyed for a city. Here a wharf where the deep water swells in idle majesty, deep enough for an Indianman; there where a steam-boat of three thousand or twenty thousand tons could heave up to the pier-head, and where the depth of water would defy the boat's barber to touch bottom with his pole and line. But no city shall ever lay alongside the heaving bosom of my mountain-born beauty; no wharf shall stretch its green legs into its clear depths; no steam-boat wake it from the glorious dream of its far-off mountain-home, where its cradle was the basin of the granite rocks, its nurse the evening wind of summer, and its mother the dews of heaven, wedded to the silver cascade that sparkled with its warm pulse and sang its song of love through the long moon-lit nights, and the amorous sun-shine of the day. About half-a-mile west of the Hut the river sweeps around a barrier of festooned rocks, and breaks in almost angry sportiveness through narrow channels made by the half-sunken chips that have been splintered from the main cliff. Here the scene is wonderfully beautiful. On the shore that acknowledges me as its owner, a dense wood walks carelessly down from the tall hill-side and throws its shadows across the bubbling, boiling torrent, and spatters the moss-covered rocks with spots of checkered shade. The limbs of the quivering aspen reach in delicate grace like the fingers of a fair woman, as if they would clutch and wear the diamond bubbles that sparkle on the rushing water. There is one rock, old as human thought and older too, I ween, that hems in the river on this shore. Never since the world was made, never since beauty became an element of creative wisdom, was there ever such a rock as this. It is the rock by which I swear. It is the rock by which the lightning flashes in wild wonder at its loveliness. It is the rock toward which the slight gossamer mist of the miniature cataracts, scattered all about, floats lovingly as if it would wreath it with a veil through which the sun-shine may fall like stars all sprinkling. I wish the whole world could see my rock. It is worth a visit from Asia. The stars come down from heaven to see it; the moon rises over the ridges to look at it, and beam her witchcraft over it. The shrubs and the wild flowers cluster in its mossy garden-spots of crevices, the rose is its queen flower, the briar rose, and in its still shadow where there is no eddy but a calm perpetual, the water-lilies peep above the surface, and would not quit its side even to be placed in the banner of Imperial France. My rock has a name. I have baptized it: I did it one summer evening. The idea had been wandering about my noddle for weeks, and so I resolved to go up to it, the antique gem of the bright waters, and give it a Christian christening. I dressed myself with great abandon for this important ceremony. I wore my slouched hat and decked its dark rim with a knightly feather, a feather

that an eagle had dropped as it flew over the Hut one day. I took particular care that my beard should go uncombed for a fortnight. My boots were as old as the cow from whose weather-beaten, time-stained hide they had been fabricated. My segar was the oldest that Cuba could give to Young America; and when the sun was just nestling among the bannered pines upon the nearest mountain, (I have mountains near my Hut, of which we will talk by-and-by,) I started with my clerk by my side, Newfoundland Neptune, and with wild-wood humming of old songs out of tune and out of date, entered upon the mystic rite that was to wed my rock to language and sanctify it with syllables. O my merciful God! how grand was all that scene! I saw it with my loving eyes, with a higher feeling than even good kings feel when they look from mountain-tops upon realms their own. I blessed it with more pathos of worship than the good king would bless his people, living, and toiling, and obeying him far down in the green vales of the lower lands. I blessed it and it blessed me. Stepping over the flat stones from the greyish-yellow beach, I at last stood upon the neophyte that was so immediately to enter into the list of the titled aristocracy of Beauty.

Off in the sweet air went my hat, with its eagle feather, and stooping down I raised from the silver current a handful of water and poured it over the brow of my beloved. The little rill fell over a rose-bush, and sweetened by its sweetness, it trickled among the mosses and then passed off over the white sides of the rock into the stream again.

I raised my eyes to the blue sky, to the deep mountain regions. I raised my heart, also, and there alone, sweetly alone, in the purple hour, in the gold-and-purple hour, I gave a name to my treasure, to my glory, to my monarch of the stratas, to my statue wrought into grandeur, into gentle outlines, into yielding curves and picturesque angles, into glades, into velvet-covered glades, into prairies of creeping plants, into forests of rose-bushes, by the delicate ARCHITECT who next day made the desert of Africa and swept the continents into formation.

All this time I kept my clerk in the water. He amused himself looking at the water-lilies, and the water-lilies seemed to look at him with their large white orbs, and when I had finished what I considered a sacred pleasure, we sauntered homeward, both meditative in the silence. The moon by this time had risen on her course, and ere I left the gate-way of the wood I turned to look upon my Christian rock. There he was, more beautiful than ever. One tender beam breaking the jagged top of the higher cliff on the opposite shore, fell over the cataracts, and then kissed the new-named idol of the scene.

Tell me, O ye wandering pilgrims of the world! ye ministers of religion, tell me, did I do a profane deed? Did I desecrate a ritual that John of the Jordan, and his MASTER of the Mount have consecrated to our good? Who was that hero-prophet that in the granited wilderness of Syria smote the rock, and from its marble bosom bade the living water flow?

This deed of mine was done in the solitude of the woods, in a place so sacred that murder, tempted by an unguarded Cræsus, wandering in the shade, would not have dared to raise his hand to win the gold the

rich man carried in his purse. Done, not in a moment of childish vagrancy, without an all-potent impulse to do a thing, made sacred to men's minds by the pomp of cathedral music and all the show of glasses, stained with rainbow tints, of forms of marble saints and canonized martyrs, of censers swinging their perfume of holy incense on the religious air of the dim aisles and over the glittering altar dazzling with candelabra all a-blaze. This deed of mine was done in the great church of God, where through the blue windows of the air streamed in the golden glory of His setting sun, where the gentle winds and the rushing stream made hymns that David with his harp in old Jerusalem never could have equalled; where the light mists threw up from swiftly-falling floods their smoke of tribute, and where flowers shed their perfume sweeter, and purer, and holier than myrrh and frankincense, and where the gilded trunks of trees stood around the altar of the rocks, and with their graceful traceries gave a halo to the scene, perhaps to the simple deed itself.

CHAPTER SECOND.

MY Hut, of which I have given you a drawing, is, as you will have observed, of the composite order of architecture. I am speaking now of the exterior; of the interior I will speak hereafter. That tower is of itself a school of architecture. The roof is modelled after the roof of one of the wings of the Tuileries. It was a bold effort in the mechanic who lifted that stately tower amid the wild and unreclaimed scenery of my home. What secret toiling of thought must have harassed his brain as he sat amid the pines, and elms, and scycamores, within sight and shadow almost of the lofty peaks that lifted their towers amid the cloud-domes to the blue vault of heaven. Long years ago that piece of wooden ambition was lifted into the air to become the target of the winds and the rains, to glitter in the sleet-storms and whiten with the snows. It is very old, and its logs are covered with green moss; they were left just as they were taken from the woods, with the bark on, and when you stand at a short distance from the tower, when the sun is shining brightly upon it, the whole thing looks like a painter's palette, mottled with such a variety of colors, all so interwoven and blended together, that for the soul of you, you can but sit by the hour at the root of some old tree and gaze and gaze upon it until the impression fixes itself upon your mind, that the hand of some cunning artist has been at work, and has left it covered with copies of wood-mosses, and rock-mosses, and tree-vines, and colors of earthy formations that he has found all about in the forest, and along the river-side, and up among the mountains.

There are two porches, or rather stoops, attached to my tower. From one of them you can see the river coming down from the cascade and the baptized rock, and from the other you can see it widening out to the reedy banks of the opposite shore. I like the view looking up, for it is wilder, and there is more of dash and sparkle in it, though at times I can but sit in the other porch on lazy days, and when there is going to be a warm day, for then in the morning the mist hangs over the tran-

quil sheet of water and twines itself in and out among the dense foliage on the opposite bank and winds itself into thin volumes, and I can watch it floating slowly up out of the crowns of the trees and sailing afterward toward the mountain, that with cliff and crag awaits it higher up in the holier air.

There are two windows looking upon the rude lawn by which you approach the Hut. These windows are old-fashioned affairs, and are apt to put you in mind of loop-holes in old turrets in other and older countries than this new land of ours.



MY PORTRAIT: FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

In time of war, should I escape being engrafted like an unlucky shoot upon the main arm of our national defence, the militia, I intend to have those windows manned; and should peradventure, an English fleet venture upon an expedition up my river to look into my affairs, all that I can say is, that you will hear about it. A deep ditch cut around the base of the little promontory on which my Hut is situated would serve an excellent purpose; and a bridge, a real draw-bridge, with chains

to let up and down, with a fellow or two with heavily-loaded horse-pistols stationed within the portcullis, (is that the technical word that Scott and James have in their novels ?) would be very serviceable upon the emergency of the fleet running aground and the troops coming ashore. At present the grounds are fenced in to prevent the inroad of cattle and wandering swine, and if HEAVEN so wills it, it will conform very much to my comfort and general way of thinking, if the British and other vagrants are kept at a proper distance, should they ever ponder an invasion of my neutral territories.

On the river side of the tower stands an oak, as old almost as the hills. His branches reach to the top of the tower : they did overshadow it, years and years ago, but time with its tempests has cropped the jubilant spirit of my tree, and piteous to relate, he stands in mute dejection, down-hearted, crest-fallen, by the side of the tower, half-envious of the endurance of such a queer old thing as that, which once he swept over in his days of power, ere the war happened in which he got his wounds. His branches scrape, they used to sweep, the side of the tower, and in the heavy windy nights of spring, there seems to be a constant quarrel going on between the old champions. Upon such occasions the turret threatens with vain boastings and idle vaporings to fall straightway upon the tree, and pound it into saw-dust, and the old oak scratches and pinches the ribs of his neighbor, and chuckling as the tempest whistles around his shorn trunk, seems to say : ' You won't tumble ; keep up, old fellow ; you will get well shaken to-night, and that mustache of vines you are so proud of, and your moss whiskers, perhaps, won't be as fierce to-morrow as they were this evening when the sun went down : keep up, old Loggerhead, stiffen up your timbers ; you can't fall ; you are afraid to fall on me, for if you did, the master over in the Hut there would burn you up for kindling-wood. You'd look nice, would n't you, blazing away in the kitchen-chimney, with a wild duck roasting upon you, and spitting fat in ' your face.' ' Rock-a-by-Baby on the tree top,' the old tower would reply : ' When the wind blows the cradle will rock,' retorts the oak ; and so they keep it up the live-long night, and when the sun comes over the blue giant in the east, he finds his old companions of years standing quietly side by side, the oak leaning like a brother against the bosom of the tower. I may as well tell at once how it happened that I became the owner of this dear old place. I had heard that such a thing was in existence, and was to be had for little or no money. There were causes that I will relate hereafter, that reduced the value of the property in the opinion of the primitive people who lived adjacent ; I had been looking for a retreat of some kind, and as there were no monasteries to be got at, and no nunneries that I could get into, I made up my mind to subside into some remote cave, where I could turn into a fossil and so petrify myself out of the knowledge of my fellows. It is unnecessary now for me to enter into the personal causes that induced me to the contemplation of this voluntary exile ; sufficient now to know that I was at that moment on horseback, travelling through a sparsely-settled country, and nearing the terminus of my journey.

I had often to inquire the road or path, from straggling farmers,

whom I met as I jogged onward, and I could not but observe the expression of singular surprise with which I was greeted when I made my wishes known : sometimes it happened that questions were asked back again, and such queer, droll questions they were too ; but I gained a little information from one that lasted me for about two miles ; then from another, enough to keep me straight, until I got to the creek, where a log was fallen across ; and so, gleaning intelligence as I progressed, I reached at length the Hut.

It was completely dark when I threw the rein upon the horse's neck, and, allowing him to follow me, I advanced by a narrow path, not distinguishable, except by the opening among the trees, and without interruption I soon stood by the door of the house. Every thing seemed to be wrapped in perfect gloom and solitude in and about the place : not a sound was heard, save the distant noise, or as I call it now, the music of the water-fall in the distance, and the dry rustling of leaves as they fell from the trees in the crisp autumn air of the night frost ; they rustled in the dark like silken gowns that we sometimes fancy are moving about us when we are in old houses, where all the owners have been dead years ago, and where they tell us ghosts and such like things re-visit the parlors, and passages, and stair-cases, and bed-rooms, and wander in stiffened brocades and rustling silks, whenever a stranger happens to be in their old abodes.

I had been told by the lawyer in whose hands the property was left for management and sale, that I would find an old negro man and his wife at the Hut, and that they would give me accommodations for the night, or for as long as I should think proper to remain in my examination of the localities and the availabilities of the place.

Accordingly, I gave a hearty rap upon the door with my riding-whip, and awaited the result of my experiment. Away went the echo, all around the place, over the river, among the trees, through the building, and finally it seemed to arouse just such another rap, given a hundred years ago, off toward the end of the house. I turned in the direction of the abrupt reiteration, and for the first time, I caught a glimpse of a mysterious, dim, quaint form that stood bolt upright from the earth and darkened against the sky. It was the tower, this famous, grand, and noble tower of mine.

I struck upon the door a second time, and again the opposite shore told to every tree upon its banks that some body was knocking upon the door at the other side, and again the tower, like a church-steeple, tolled its airy bell, and halloed to the night that I had come.

Another blackness than the night heard my rap this time, for soon afterward I heard steps within, and then the door was unbolted, and, with a candle in his hand, the negro occupant stood staring at me. He was an old man, and though he had seen many winters, as the Indians say, that did not prevent his having some curiosity at the sight so unexpectedly of a gentleman of my distinguished style of beauty, standing before him, with a riding-whip raised in the air, as if about to strike, for I had intended to rap again, had my last rap failed.

With proper respect to the venerable guardian of what, in all probability, was to be my future home, I made my business known, and

with a message from my legal friend in the distant city, to my sable host, I was made welcome and bade to enter.

I took the liberty, before venturing farther into the Hut, to introduce to my new acquaintance an old acquaintance, who had accompanied me on my journey, and who had kindly borne more than half the labors of the route, though I had borne all the expenses — my horse.

Assured of his welfare, I hesitated no longer, and with instructions how to get on farther, I marched to the end of the hall, and readily finding a door, by bars of light breaking through long cracks in the door-panels, I opened it and found myself in the kitchen department of the establishment. In a tall-backed, cane-bottomed chair, sat a short-backed, broad-bottomed old lady of color, with her eyes half-closed, and her mouth whole open. To all appearances she had been sitting in that chair for nearly two-thirds of a century, sitting there until the old chair had rejuvenated itself and grown to be as tall again as it was when the chair-maker fashioned it into a sitting posture.

She rose at my entrance, and pointed me to another rush-bottomed chair, which, after the fatigue of the day's ride, I was glad to take possession of.

'Massa must be pretty well jaded,' began the antique female, after I had told her how far I had ridden; 'and young folks can't stand what old folks used to do. Old Mass Billy could ride fifty miles a-day every day in the week, when he had his hounds here, and never think nothing of it; and as for Mass Richard, nothing ever tired him out. Did you know Mass Richard, young Master?'

'No, I did not, though I have heard a good deal about him. How long has he been dead?'

'Ah! Massa! Mass Richard's been dead now twenty-five years. Pity he ever did die, because he was the best and the prettiest young gentleman anywhere in the county: all the young ladies used to be in love with him, and they could n't help it. He was too good and too handsome any how to live long, and God knows he didn't live long, and 't'waint his fault that he died any how. But Massa wants some supper — plenty of good corn-bread in the cupboard, and cold bacon. I can fry some nice cold bacon and eggs, and cook a nice cup of coffee; won't take a minet, Massa. Do n't say you won't, case I know you must be hungry; young folks get hungry quicker than old folks.' and the old lady rose from her chair, and in a few minutes the fragrant smell of frying bacon, and the spatter of fat and eggs, mingled together in a pleasant volume, pleasing to two senses of a hungry man. An oaken table with a white cloth was soon in the middle of the room, and ere long I had replenished my exhausted receiver, and turned to the fire for a foot-toasting and a segar. While at my meal the husband made his appearance, and with that old-fashioned courtesy common to the negroes of old families, he quietly entered upon the duties of a waiter. I begged the old gentleman and his good wife to draw near the blazing wood-fire, and for some time nothing was said in the apartment but the crackling hickory logs and the pipe that I made as I smoked the beloved weed of Raccoon.

'Massa, going to take the place?' at last, said the old man.

'If it suits me. The house is old, and I suppose wants repairs. The land I do n't care a great deal about, though I suppose that too can be improved. You have a fine river running by the house, have n't you?'

'Yes, Sir, and full of fish about half-a-mile up: plenty of falls. There you catch trout many as you like. The old house ain't very new, but I tell you Massa, it ain't leaky, it do n't want any thing but some body to live in it, and the land just wants some body to plough it, that's all. But, Massa, do you know all about this old house?'

I raised my head at the last words, and looked over toward the old man. His face was very serious, and the tone in which he put his question struck me with peculiar force. At the moment when I looked up, I saw the woman drop the woollen stocking she was knitting in her lap, and with her hand raised, as in the act of listening. Her husband kept looking at me, as if he expected me to reply to his question, but before I could say a word, the old woman exclaimed:

'Sampson, what's that?'

'What's what?' said Sampson.

'Hush! do n't you hear something?'

I listened, and heard the dull sound of the water-fall, and the melancholy cry of the whippoorwill, whose note, not distant, broke with singular expression at that moment upon the scene. The old negro turned to his wife, and gently put her hand down again into her lap, and then turned to me, repeating his question.

'Yes,' I said, 'I have heard all sorts of stories about the place; but that will not interfere with me in my purchasing it, if I like it. I would like to go over some of the grounds to-morrow morning, and would thank you to go with me and show me the paths.'

Sampson, for that was his name, readily consented, and for another short interval, we all relapsed into silence: the passing to-and-fro of the knitting-needles, and the continued puff of my segar; the moaning autumn wind, the sound of the cataract, and the wild cry of the whippoorwill, alone disturbing the complete silence of the place.

These pauses gave me time to examine the arrangement and furniture of the apartment. I said before that it was the kitchen-room of the house: the ceiling was low, which gave an appearance of greater length to the room than it really was: at one end was the fire-place, five feet in width and full three feet deep. The sharp frosty night made a fire necessary, but my sable companions, with their natural susceptibility to cold, had piled an undue quantity of fuel, and a Christmas fire blazed up the chimney, and spread 'a glorious light' throughout the room. In a recess was a calico curtain, behind which was the bed of the worthy couple: a chest stood in another corner, an old-fashioned chest, a cross between a carpenter's chest and a poor-house coffin, in which doubtless were treasures of garments; garments of the two there, and garments of those who long ago had gone elsewhere and forever, the gifts to these worthy dependents from their masters and mistresses. In one corner above the mantel-piece hung a ducking-gun, and beneath it one of smaller calibre; and beneath that, in perfect order, was a pair of pistols, tied together by a faded ribbon. An old-fashioned clock stood in another part of the room, and at that moment was steadily advanc-

ing to the tenth hour. One window looked out, as I discerned, upon the river ; a curtain of faded damask hung across it, and was supported by a large gilded pin — both, with the clock, relics of the former furniture of the house. A small round table, made to lift up, was covered with a worn and tattered cloth, deeply embroidered, and upon it was a large book, a BIBLE ; these things, too, were of the past glory and piety of the house. Altogether, kitchen though it was, it had the marks of elegance about it, an elegance only preserved by the sacred feeling of its present occupants, who, with no unusual sentiment of their class and color, attached a high and almost religious importance to every thing that had belonged to those whom they had served and loved, and who were no more. An oval looking-glass, with a frame of gilded vines and grapes of gold, completed the principal objects that met my eye in the shape of furniture ; but there were clean pots and pans stored away out of sight in an adjacent closet, and all the other essentials to humble house-keeping.

While I was taking this inventory of my neighbors' property, the clock, with a loud click first, and then with a sweet and ponderous voice, announced the hour of ten. At the sound I again looked toward old Sampson. He was sitting with his hands upon his knees, and his gray head slightly depressed, and, as I at first thought, in profound sleep ; but in fact the old gentleman was making a count upon his ten fingers. The clock had just struck ten, and he seemed to be telegraphing the intelligence all over himself. His wife had dropped her needles, and with her mouth wide open again, and her eyes twice as wide open as before, was gazing straight at me. Her hand was raised in the same gesture of attention. As soon as she caught my look, she said in a low whisper, but audible to all of us :

‘ I hear it again ! ’

R E C A L L .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

O BLUE-eyed Summer ! wherefore, idly straying,
Dost leave thy lonely children here to die ?
Whilst thou, upon some southern isle delaying,
Heed not how swift the sunny hours go by.

The lovely blossoms thou didst leave at parting,
Flushed with thy kisses, perfumed with thy breath,
Tired of long vigils, hopeless of thy coming,
Droop low their heads, and sweetly welcome death.

O faithless mother of those pure, frail children !
Sister of light ! child of perfume and song !
Amid the ruins of thy vast dominion,
I mourn, I weep ! Oh ! whither art thou gone ?

T E L L M E Y O U L O V E M E .

BY SARAH L. C. WHITTIER.

TELL me you love me, for my heart is breaking
 Beneath the weight of struggling, unshed tears:
 And thou alone canst soothe the restless aching
 That lengthens moments into seeming years.

My soul is fainting in the shadows dreary,
 That spread their black wings o'er its broken deep:
 Thought sobs within her cloud-home, wild and weary,
 With anguish-murmurs, yet I cannot weep!

Tell me you love me: fold the mid-night lining
 Back from the inner world, so rayless now:
 Oh! let me feel thy dear arms round me twining,
 And thy fond lips upon my burning brow.

Lay thy warm hand upon my pale brown tresses,
 And shed thine eyes' sun-shine through sorrow's gloom:
 Upon thy bosom, in thy arms' caresses,
 There is my home, dear one! my only home.

Tell me you love me, while the light is paling
 To purple darkness round the hesper eaves,
 And widowed Autumn in her woe is wailing
 A funeral anthem through the falling leaves.

My soul is darksome as the shade that creepeth
 Along the gloomy track of dying day:
 'Tis Autumn in my heart, and Feeling weepeth
 Among the faded things that crowd its way.

Tell me you love me, as in by-gone hours,
 Beneath the lindens by the sparkling wave:
 Breathe it again, as in the olden bowers:
 No more! no more! the rose blooms e'er thy grave!

I wake — the dream hath fled! Oh! had I cherished
 The priceless gift of thy pure heart's first bloom,
 Life's loveliness had not so darkly perished,
 And showered their 'sere-and-yellow' o'er thy tomb.

No more within my arms thou'lt fondly nestle,
 And breathe, thy crimson lips, the whispered vow!
 Alone, alone, I walk earth's ways, and wrestle
 With grim remorse beneath a stoic brow.

Forgive! forgive! bend from the blue above me,
 And soothe my spirit with thy soul-felt tone:
 Tell me, in Heaven, lost one! tell me you love me,
 As through the world I wander — all alone!

Scheldiasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART FOURTEEN.

WE have made a great reform also in our dress. The success of the 'police regulation' of the city was so complete that our 'committee men and trustees' have taken in hand and 'tried on' us a new costume. It 'works' admirably. We wear an entire gray suit — a frock-coat with bronze buttons, and a 'soft' hat of a neutral tint, somewhat between drab and gray. It shocked our American notions at first, to be put in 'uniform,' and some 'bolted,' but their places were supplied by better men before we had missed them. I did not dissent, but secretly claim credit for having made the suggestion, although of course I did not make it directly, or seem to acknowledge its paternity.

I discovered early in life that it was not my fate to send an idea successfully into the world as my own. The only way I ever could succeed in obtaining a hearing for an idea of my own, was to procure some man of great assurance and 'reputation' to stand godfather to it unconsciously. It has been my cue to make him think it his own — perhaps to 'swap in the cradle' one of his own for it; while he, poor man, not knowing the theft, like the hypothetical subject of envy of the Venetian Moor, 'not wanting what is stolen,' and feeling 'not robbed at all.' I have always found a skull empty enough to hold such ideas as I chose to inject into it upon such shoulders as could bravely 'carry out' the head and the hint 'swimmingly.' Methinks every very modest man like myself should keep a block-head 'of reputation and character' to father his ideas, and to give them a respectable 'out-fit' whenever they are launched into life. For you may rest assured it is far less important in this world's affairs, *what is said*, than *who says it*.

Well, this time I selected a retired dry-good merchant, who is one of our leading stock-holders, and after half-an-hour's conversation with him, he very frankly began to tell me the advantages of such a costume, and how desirous he was I should be convinced of its propriety, and that 'my objections to it' would soon 'wear off!' All this and much more he said to convince me, being all the while wholly unconscious that every word he was uttering had been coined in my own brain-pan and sucked up by the sponge of his own. 'Is it not a capital idea?' said he as we parted, and he slapped me on the shoulder, and rubbed his hands as if actually in the glow of invention of an original notion. He advocated it 'at the board,' and 'it took' marvellously. Like Wholes in Bleak House, he was a 'very respectable man,' and, like a more worthy character,

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway :

and so 'the motion was carried : ' and now, in my rail-road suit, I am as gray as a 'gray goose.'

The conductor is exposed to so much dust, and formerly always looked so travel-worn, that it is quite 'refreshing' to see him now in his more tidy habiliments. They are *adapted to the occupation*, and that is the key to their success. We were a sorry-looking troupe in our former garments, 'you had better believe.' There was Tim Buckbee, for instance, 'an example to our purpose quite,' who wore a suit of black. The collar of his coat had come in contact with his hair, and the dust of the road had met it half-way, and the combination was a permanent asphaltic surface. If he had been thoroughly brushed every half-hour, he would have been more becoming in his appearance ; but as he was, he looked like a dirt-cartman 'gone to seed.' His black hat took the hue of the pulverized yellowish compound that floats in the air of our avenue, and wherever a friendly tallow-chandler had grasped his arm or coat-tails, to assist himself in getting to or from a seat in the cars, the prints of fingers became embossed in dust as clear as 'foot-prints' in the geologist's 'old red sandstone.' Where a slatternly cook had 'greased' not his 'palm,' but the leg of his pantaloons, they had gone out of mourning 'on the spot,' and 'turned to dust.'

Holly Hopps affected a different costume. He had a passion for colors. I fear he did not always study successfully to harmonize them. In his 'Sunday's best,' his blue cravat and red vest failed to soften or be softened by his green coat and yellow pantaloons — especially as they were all made of figured stuffs. Still, when he was fresh from his tailor's hands, he was not to be despised, although somewhat tropical in his feathers. But then look at him when he had gotten his 'toggerly' fairly into 'every-day' wear ! The LORD save me from all uncharitableness ! but it always cost me an effort of the heart to avoid thinking Hopps a fool for his vanity in seeking after gauds unsuited to his business.

I tried my utmost to reason with him : it was in vain. His argument was : 'Does not young Darg, who sits there talking so merrily with your friend Fag, dress in more colors than I, and surely he looks like a gentleman ? ' It was idle to say to him, 'young Darg' had just come into possession of a large estate by the death of his uncle. It did not open his eyes to point out that 'young Darg' spent five times Hopps' wages in adorning his person, and was 'gotten up' by an extravagant but skilful tailor at ruinous prices, and changed his apparel every day, so that he never became identified with a garment, and always cast them away when their first gloss was gone. It was nothing to the purpose to tell him that 'young Darg' seldom combined more colors in a week than Hopps in a day, and that, too, every day of his life. No, Hopps was like Burke's madman, who had 'a right to shear the wolf, and would shear the wolf,' no matter what were the consequences. Hopps had as good 'a right' to dress to please himself as any body else. He was an American — and a sovereign in this matter, at least. As for material and style, he knew better than to imagine a tailor in Broadway could make better clothes than an artist of the Bowery or Cathe-

rine street. He had tried all this, and knew all about it. So my neighbor Hopps 'stuck to his colors,' and though the dust of the road generally bestowed upon him the look of a peacock 'turned out to die,' he was game to the last. When, however, the new regulation came in force, and it was a pure question of bread and butter — 'obey or leave,' he succumbed quite gracefully, and is now an ardent advocate of the Reform.

Good example is the next best teacher after experience. I believe I got these ideas from observing the dress of European travellers, and now the neighboring farmers are adopting our costume from seeing its admirable adaptation to a service in which we have many things in common. Ten years ago when a farmer came to the city, (especially if he had ever lived there, or had friends or relatives there,) he was dressed in black from top to toe. He verily believed that his respectability depended upon it. It was meant as a show of the kindest and best of feelings. He did not wish to shame his city-bred acquaintances. He thought to pass himself for a citizen — as if that were something to be desired! He quite forgot that his dress never was well made, but was unmistakably provincial. He left out of the account altogether the fact that rough country usage had destroyed its fair proportions, and that time and the tailors had changed city fashions so that he was quite out of date. There was no fitness in his costume to any walk in life. If there ever had been, it would have been left far behind in the 'rogue's march' of tailoring. But there never was.

Riding to church on Sunday over dusty roads; going to the village on market-days, and other uses on dress occasions, soon soiled his holiday garments beyond redemption, and they steadfastly maintained their shabbiness to the end of the chapter — that is, until the wearer could afford to use them in his corn-field. This is now rapidly changing; what with dusty rail-roads, and the more promiscuous mingling of trade and agriculture upon a footing of equality, and the high cash value the farmer has been taught to set upon the fruits of his toil, the farmer has begun to think he may have an *intrinsic* value and respectability, and that, dressed in a costume becoming his occupation, he is as suitably attired to meet men in the city upon all business engagements, as if he had made himself miserable in a soiled and cheap imitation of a worn-out and obsolete fashion of dress. When he dresses himself for the presence of ladies, if he has an acquaintance with those who are punctilious, of course, like any other gentleman, I suppose he must accommodate himself to the customs of those with whom he claims to mingle on a footing of equality. What I refer to as an improvement, is the costume of the farmer when attending to business. He now selects a set of neutral tints, light grays and drabs, and he always looks neat and becoming. I don't discover that he has lost a particle of respect. Self-respect he has gained, for in his former caricature of a shabby-genteel, broken-down citizen, he always looked as if he 'felt cheap' and out of place. Now he bears himself proudly, as if he had the spirit of a man within him — not ashamed of his calling.

PART FIFTEEN.

I SCORN to attack a man for his profession, or a profession for a man. All general and sweeping assertions are for the most part false. There is probably no class or set of men so wholly bad but there are good men among the number. Nevertheless, I must utter my solemn protest against *homeopathy*, as I understand it. It may be a science; I dare say it is. It may be very wise, and learned, and scientific; I am not prepared to say it is not. But I put it down from experience. I say boldly I have seen it tried and fail. I do not condemn from personal experience, else I should (as my philosopher Pembroke tells me) distrust my judgment. Still I distrust from temperament new-fangled notions when old remedies and old ideas are effectual. Yea, verily, I have seen homeopathy fail signally where old-fashioned remedies 'did the business' without any flourish of trumpets and without announcing to the friends of the afflicted patient that he was 'at the point of death.' Now I know I am treading upon delicate ground, and I am careful what I say. I weigh every word. I have not yet said (and I do n't mean to insinuate it) that all who practise the healing art upon the homeopathic plan pretend to find every patient at death's door, so as to leave him, if restored to health, so much the more struck with the marvellous power of globules. I do n't say that.

Nevertheless, I have seen the experiment of the homeopathic treatment attempted on two signal occasions, and I feel it my duty to give my observations to the world. The first 'case' was, some years ago, in the village of Cambridge, Massachusetts. I was startled one night at my boarding-house by a fearful noise in the adjoining room. It was occupied by a young student-at-law, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I arose quickly and went to his room. I found him half-dressed, moving about, with his mouth distended, gesticulating most violently. I knew him as one who sat up very late, but I was surprised to find him in the dark, and the more astonished that he did not speak to me. He made such a noise as a man might make with his mouth upon the stretch, without control of his teeth or his lips. He seemed dumb with fright and perplexity. His eyes and tongue rolled about in his head as if they had broken loose from their nerves and were beyond the reach of his volition. He made gestures toward me, and I confess I was frightened. I thought he was gone stark mad. He tried to take hold of me, and this alarmed me the more. I rushed from the room, and aroused and alarmed the family. The landlady was a kind-hearted, good soul, and was up and dressed in a trice, and fearlessly entered the room of my neighbor. She soon ascertained that so far from being dangerous he was comparatively helpless. She got him ink and paper, and he wrote in a hurried manner some hints of his difficulty. It appeared his version was, that sitting up late reading law, and becoming overpowered with the leaden dullness of his author, Grotius or Puffendorf, I think he said, he had dropped into a gentle slumber, which out-lastcd his candle, and upon arousing himself he had unconsciously yawned and gaped to such an unusual extent that to his bewilderment he had become unable to close his mouth. This story might answer for my

landlady, who was merely a woman, but I was not to be taken in thus. I had my suspicions he had dreamed what he told as a fact, but a paralysis of the jaw had in fact taken place, or that he was indeed raving mad. I inclined, however, to the former opinion.

I seized my hat and dashed into the street to look for a physician. It was pitch dark. I had no clue and knew not whither to go, but pushed blindly on until I saw a light in a window and boldly knocked. Pretending I had mistaken the house for 'the Doctor's' and availing myself of my blunder, I inquired of the murmuring inmates the residence of the nearest medical man. I was directed to one near at hand. I soon found him, thumped loudly at his door; got him out and on his way to my friend. We were soon on the spot, and found him as I had left him, staring with mouth distended, looking like a fool. The doctor understood the case at a glance. It was, as he said, a spasm at the root of the tongue. Something after the manner of the famous dog's tail that 'curled so tightly as to lift him off his hind legs.' The medicine man was, as he said, a homeopathist, and he had to ponder a little time over his book before he could select the appropriate infinitesimal. At length he hit upon it. It was *donnabella*, or *arabella*, or something of that sort, and he placed one upon the end of the patient's tongue, and sat down to wait its effect. He said that in about half-an-hour it would be time to take another of the pillulets. Before morning he hoped the patient would begin to find the strange tension of his jaws relax. We all sat down quietly and gazed in each other's faces.

At first it was very solemn. But I soon began to grow nervous, and drawing the landlady aside I begged to know if there was no other physician near. She told me of a medical student who had just come in the town to finish his studies, but he was no homeopathist, and she presumed from my selection he would not be satisfactory to me. I waited no longer, but proceeded forthwith and fetched him in. He lectured me on the way about my disregard of professional etiquette, and showed me to a demonstration that I was blasting his prospects for life by compelling him to save a victim from professional murder. But I would not listen to his scruples. I meant to get him on the spot, whether he would act or no. I detailed to him the symptoms of the unfortunate young man. But he was very grave and dignified until he entered the room.

I had heard of 'inextinguishable laughter,' but I never felt it until I heard the obstreperous roar of this medical student as he looked in upon the solemn mid-night assemblage in my friend's room. The homeopathic practitioner was sitting in dumb and profound study; the patient a model of patience; my landlady almost in tears. This sudden laughter was like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. I cannot stop to describe its effects. The medical student asked for a couple of forks, or spoons, and without saying as much as 'by your leave' to the *Æsculapian* before him in the field, he thrust them in the mouth of the patient. In a second, crack went his jaws, and his teeth snapped upon his benefactor. A benediction to the new-comer and a hearty curse upon the homeopathic *savan* almost simultaneously gushed from the mouth so suddenly released from 'durance vile,' and the man of pills

gathered up his box and book, and departed hastily without uttering a word.

The truth of the matter was, as had been asserted in the beginning, master law-student had studied rather late and had yawned so terribly his jaws could stand it no longer and showed him they were 'put out' about it and would not 'come to' when he willed it. This was the first successful failure of practical homeopathy it was my lot to witness. I afterward was told by the discarded pill-man that if let alone he would have cured my friend, and then he gravely told me he had been administering such 'remedies' as would have produced lock-jaw. He proceeded upon the principle, as he said, *similid similibus curantur* ! What all that means I don't pretend to know. Probably he was scientifically right, and would have murdered my friend in a very learned fashion.

The second 'case' was more 'striking.' I'll give a hasty sketch, as I am exceeding my limits. Late one very hot day last summer a young father was carrying his child upon his knee in my car. The child was quite a baby and was warm, and tumbled and fretful, and he cried and bawled lustily. He had evidently been out upon 'an excursion' and had a hard day of it, and was trying to avenge abused nature by this baby demonstration. The father had a little box full of lilliputian vials and a little book. First he would read a while from the book, and then selecting a tiny globule from one of the vials, would give it to the child. This was repeated again and again, but without effect. The child screamed louder and louder. The passengers in the car looked to me for relief from the nuisance. The father got out of all patience. Homeopathy, as he practised, would not answer. The father held the child before him firmly in his arms, and gazed steadily in his face, as if to read his disorder in his eyes. Instantly a thought seemed to flash across his mind. A remedy was suggested to him that the wisdom of Solomon has perpetuated, and which will out-live all the nostrums of all the schools. He threw the child, kicking and struggling, across his knee, facing the floor, and then lifting its drapery his hand rapidly fell thrice with a sounding thwack ! The uproarious screams of the little sufferer soon subsided into sobs, and in a few minutes the child slept upon his father's bosom in sweet and happy unconsciousness. Now, am I not fully justified in setting my face against homeopathic practice, both lay and professional ?

N A T U R E .

So fond is Nature of the beautiful,
 She freezes not a leaf or blade of grass,
 On the moist marge of loneliest brook or pool,
 But Art's most perfect forms she doth surpass.

Unnumbered shapes her viewless fingers mould,
 As she delighted in her own sweet powers ;
 Or would to all who love her haunts unfold
 Her skill to deck the everlasting bowers.

LINES: 'THE GATE OF PARADISE.'

'T WAS evening, and the gentle EVE,
Still lovely as the morn,
Sat in the glorious moon-light
With her loved eldest-born.
Twelve summers ripened on his cheek,
And glowed within his eyes,
'Tell me,' he said, 'dear mother,
The tale of Paradise.'

'To-morrow, when the morning sun
Doth first begin to rise,
Then will I lead you on your way
To the gates of Paradise.'
The morning came, and as they went,
She said, in accents low :
'Now shall you learn and tell to me,
What long I 've wished to know.

'First see if from the eastern gate
The flaming sword has gone,
And if the presence of the LORD
From the garden is withdrawn.
Trace every winding pathway
That once I used to tread,
And see if all my lovely trees
And all my flowers are dead.

'Then go you to the well-spring, CAIN,
Where I was wont to lave
My burning cheeks, and stoop to taste
Its cool o'erflowing wave.
Deep in the shadow of the fount
My statue saw I there,
With no vesture but its innocence
And overshadowing hair.

'When you are there, my dearest one,
Fail not to look and see,
If still remains the rose-bush
Once planted there by me :
So planted, that the crystal well
Reflected leaf and flower,
And I could see the image
From the window of my bower.

'Look — look you there ! the garden
On yonder distant swell :
O lovely spot ! my happy home !
Still, still I love you well !'
She knelt upon one snowy knee,
With lifted hands and eyes,
While her young son fled swiftly
Toward the gates of Paradise.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY NELSON LAWES.

I.

SEE Nature, prodigal in youth,
At length her fall receives;
Fair-weather friends, grown cold, forsooth,
Drop boughs, and take their leaves.

II.

My longings for the flowers of spring
Were cut short long ago :
The snow-drop in my hands I bring,
And see it dropping snow !

III.

And what antipodes of thought !
This sickly weather, haily,
When flowers the scarlet rash have caught,
Or jaundiced are, or paly.

IV.

My Johnny-jump-up 's fallen down,
The Sun-flower 's very shady ;
The Lady-slipper, from the town,
Indeed, has slipped her lady.

V.

The trees, like nine men out of ten,
Own something very weedy ;
And, like some poor, proud gentlemen,
Are in decay and seedy.

VI.

Hear rustling Autumn's russet gown
Catching to wood and briar,
While blood-red leaves come tumbling down,
As coals from a raked fire.

VII.

Like water in the distance, blows
An ever-swelling gale :
Like shaken silver sink the snows,
And the hard-hearted hail.

VIII.

Well, well ! man's spring is from the dust,
And NATURE's is from this :
In JESUS will I put my trust,
For every future bliss.

WHAT JEDD PALLFRY FOUND IN THE COFFIN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY T. B. ALDRICH.

I.

CHIMES OF MEMORY.

MERRY Christmas ?

Ah! but it *used* to be. It used to be, before the dreamy mood of boyhood melted away like a silvery mist. Merry, merry Christmas, then! The very words tinkled musically. I can hear them trembling yet, in memory, like that faint jingling of sleigh-bells which steals up from the street and in through the snow-muffled casement.

It was fine, then, to loiter in the crowded streets, gazing in the shop-windows — the El Dorados of 'fancy articles,' the Australian lands of bon-bons and rock-candy! What stereotyped visions I had of kind St Nick, with his reindeer equipage on the house-top, and his huge pack filled with trumpets that would n't blow well, and carts that would n't go well, and dear old Hans Christian Andersen's story-books, which never failed of being Arcadies of delight. Then at home, when the apples and nuts were disposed of, my grand-sire, God love his white hairs! would take me on his knee, and read about 'CHRIST in the Manger,' with such quaint pronunciation!

Touched with these memories, and sitting once more, as it were, in the happy sun-rise of life, I am moved to write a Christmas story for Ida Maye, and little Carrie, and tiny-fingered Mabel, who are sleeping in the next room. I will put it in the most diminutive of the three mimic stockings — it is all the poor author can give to the little dreamy angels! And some of these days, when this weary pen is quite tired out, when there is nothing left of me but two or three volumes in some out-of-the-way book-case, their mother, some Christmas eve may-hap, will call the darlings to her side, and read the time-worn, yellowed manuscript to them. And Ida Maye will listen thoughtfully, with the long ebon lashes resting on her cheeks; and Carrie's roguish eyes will laugh out-right, though the story is a sad one, and Mabel will clap her little hands together like two white rose-leaves!

All this may be.

But before I write, I will steal softly into the next room and look at their sweet young faces. Oh! but they are newly from Heaven, their tiny mouths are made up for prayer! An infantile glory is only half shrouded by the drooping eye-lids, and those sweet faces light up the shadowy room as the tulips do some shady nook of the summer woods. I shall be better for looking at them. I will kneel at the bed-side — perhaps I shall be weeping, for to-morrow night, when the children dance round the Christmas-tree, a little boy, with wonderful blue eyes, will not be there! and in all the presents hung upon the emerald branches, in among the red and blue candles, there will be none found

for 'Charlie!' And when we think of 'the little boy who died,' our lips will quiver, though laugh and jest go round, and the music be as gay and wild as the melody of Shelley's *Queen Mab*!

II.

THE ANCIENT UNDERTAKER.

OLD Jedd Pallfry turned down the gas a little, glanced nervously at the sombre row of coffins on each side of him, locked the shop-door and stood in the street.

It was Christmas-eve, and the snow-flakes, like tiny white birds from Paradise, were lighting on the chimney-tops and roofs, and in the long streets of the city.

Every night at that same hour, eight o'clock, for ten years, the undertaker had turned down the gas, locked the door, and placed the same key under the same mat, and stood in the same position for a moment by the window before turning into the narrow zig-zag street which, to him, ended at his supper-table.

But this time he was not going home. The antique Mr. Hans Spuyten Duyvel, whose death his amiable relatives had been impatiently awaiting for the last quarter of a century, had died that day; and old Jedd had been sent for to put the habiliments of the grave on Mr. Spuyten Duyvel's body, and two bright half-dollars on his eyes, the which small-change was afterward transferred to the pocket of the ancient undertaker.

Now old Pallfry had made coffins ever since his youth, and for thirty years really had more intimacy with the dead than dealings with the living. There was nothing in the whole world so beautiful to him as a coffin — unless it was an order for one. He had worked at his trade at all hours of the night: he had made little coffins — O such touching little coffins! — and fat ones, and slim ones; and by the ghastly flickerings of a lamp at mid-night, he had laid the cold white dead in the varnished boxes without feeling one throb of sympathy in that old iron-bound heart of his.

But that Christmas-eve he shuddered as he turned down the gas, and the long wooden tenements, with their covers off, seemed like so many satin-lined gate-ways leading to perdition. He felt as if a thousand strong currents of air were blowing him toward them! He could hardly keep from stepping into one; and it required all his strength to reach the door and lock it. Jedd drew a long breath.

'It's always so — every Christmas-eve: *she* does it!'

As old Jedd Pallfry muttered this between his thin, bloodless lips, he flattened and whitened his nose on the window-glass, and looked into the gloomy shop suspiciously. He saw nothing at first but the accustomed number of coffins, and the velvet pall folded on the counter, and those two slim black stools which we all have seen in our homes, God pity us! But as he looked, his dim almond-shaped eyes grew suddenly to orbs. A strip of the flooring had commenced swelling, and bulging, and warping! Little by little it grew into the shape of a mound: tiny emerald spears of grass shot out of it in every direction: then it was dot-

ted all over with yellow-eyed daisies, and a rose-bush, with a single white bud, sprung up from the centre. Jedd Pallfry's sight became so acute that he could see the perfume of the rose floating up in beautiful soft folds like the fumes from a censer !

Jedd rubbed his eyes, as well he might. When he looked again he saw the shadow, then the skeleton of a tree : then this took miraculous form, and a willow trailed its green lengths over the mound. And he saw the moted sun-shine falling upon the place, and heard the robins singing — singing in his shop !

Jedd looked and looked ; but when the grass and the daisies grew tremulous as in a sudden wind, and the grave begun to open, Jedd could look no longer ; and he shut out the strange sight by placing two lank, bony hands over his eyes.

' Merry Christmas, Sir ! ' said a hesitating voice at his side.

Jedd started.

' Merry Christmas, Sir ! ' repeated the voice dolefully.

And then Jedd turned his eyes on the speaker. It was a very shabbily-dressed lad. He had on a felt hat of no color whatever, a round-about jacket, and a pair of white duck trowsers, much too well ventilated for the season. His physique was as delicate as a girl's ; and if it had not been so dark, Jedd could have seen a face in which there was a strange mixture of the Madonna and the devil — the expression of boyhood and manhood contending, and a sad experience written all over it.

But the snow was falling heavily, and he only saw a very little fellow surmounted by a very shocking hat.

' If you please, Sir,' said the boy pleadingly.

' Humph ! '

And Jedd was about to bid him go his way, when it struck Jedd that after what he had seen, not even the love of his charming coffins could tempt him to turn on the gas again in his shop ; and to leave it burning until morning was a bit of extravagance not to be thought of. It occurred to him to hire this promiscuous wisher of merry Christmases to sit in the shop till he should have returned from the Spuyten Duyvel's : then he could turn on the gas and turn off the boy at the same time. So he changed his *brusque* manner, and inquired, in a tone which was intended to be extremely conciliatory :

' What's your name, bub ? '

' The last one, Sir ? ' asked bub, looking up.

' The last one, Sir ? ' repeated Jedd, mimicking the lad. ' How many have you ? '

' A good many, Sir. In Nantucket they used to call me poor Tommy, and orphan Tom, and Tomtit. But on board ship the sailors called me Nantuck — and they called Nantuck very often, and made him work a good deal.' And the boy shivered with cold, as the keen north wind swept around the corner with evident predatory designs on his tattered jacket.

' Nantuck ? ' said his interrogator, turning up his pinched nose with disapprobation, as if the name filled his venerable nostrils with a ' very ancient and fish-like smell.'

'Well, Tomtit — I like that best, you know — if you will keep shop for me an hour or so, I'll give you a shilling.'

'I do n't know how much a shilling is,' said Tomtit, *alias* Nantuck, eagerly; 'but I'll do it, and thankfully.'

'The key is under the mat. Unlock the door, and do n't touch any thing. Do n't jar those lovely coffins; they might fall on you and kill you, you know.' Jedd never once looked toward the shop. 'If you see a grave in the middle of the floor, you must n't be frightened, you know. I'm not.'

And Jedd shuddered.

'I do n't see any grave,' said Tomtit, throwing open the door.

The undertaker summoned all his courage and glanced into the room; but the mound with its daisies and the weeping-willow had vanished.

'Dev'lish strange,' he muttered. 'It *was* there.' Then, facing his clerk *pro tem.*: 'You won't steal any thing, because there is n't any thing to steal, you know.'

The boy looked wearily around him, and seemed to think that the temptation was n't very strong.

'But he might take a lid, though,' thought Jedd.

However, there was no alternative but to trust him. Some how or other, and God wills it so, the most suspicious are sometimes *obliged* to place confidence in a fellow-mortal. Not you and I, gentle reader: we would do it willingly, for it is good to believe in humanity. Among other things, the old man of three-score years had not learned this.

Tomtit glanced over the apartment.

There was only the ghost of a fire in a small stove; all sorts of grotesque shadows peopled the room, and the dim blue light, which fell like an imitation of moon-rise on the long, narrow houses of the dead, made them look frightful. A coffin is an ugly-looking thing any way one can fix it, and twenty coffins are, of course, twenty times uglier.

'Queer place,' soliloquized Tomtit. 'I rather like it, though.' And the boy smiled a sickly smile. 'He thought I'd be afraid. A man who has been on a whaling voyage —' here little thirteen-year-old drew himself up to his full height — 'is n't likely to be scared by two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, empty boxes! I guess not.'

The child must have been exceedingly weary, for he had no sooner located himself on one of the tall black stools, than he sunk into a profound slumber. His body swayed to-and-fro in a very undecided manner. At last it gave an extra curve, and Tomtit fell. He broke neither his slumber nor his neck — heroes never break their necks, I believe. The critics, however, sometimes do it for them. I know an instance.

Tomtit lay at the foot of his perpendicular bed, and there we will leave him — leave him sleeping with one of his thin, brown hands grasping the leg of the stool, and one foot in a coffin — the first time, I think, that such a fact has been recorded of any body, though we often hear of people having 'one foot in the grave.'

But while I whisper in your ear, let him sleep.

III.

THE SKELETON.

THERE is a curious skeleton in Jedd Pallfry's heart, and every Christmas-eve it turns and twists, and makes the old man feel queer pains and see strange sights.

These skeletons are very common to the human race generally. They are the phantoms of evil deeds and malignant thoughts — mental afrites that grow up in a single night, like toad-stools. Be wary, that you may not have one growing in your bosom. It will show itself. Mrs. Mac Elegant cannot drape hers with all the silks and brocades in Stewart's, nor old Three-per-cent his : it goes to the very bed-chamber with him and rides in his cushioned carriage. It walks with him in Wall-street and sits beside him at church.

But the undertaker's skeleton for the present.

There was never any body prettier than Nannette Pallfry. Indeed it would be hard to find in any woman's eyes a more enchanting light than that which lay in Nannette's. Her voice, like the poet's western wind, was sweet and low. She was as lovely and natural as a summer wild-flower, and so good that sin in her was not evil.

Mr. Theologician, you would interrupt me.

I will explain : if she had been less worthy of heaven, if she had been more worldly wise, cautious instead of loving, artful instead of sincere, in short, any thing but the very angel she was, Nannette's life would have seemed purer in the world's eyes ; but not in God's. I know that.

Nannette's history is an old story, told every day. For shame, man ! that it is told every day ! She lived, and loved, and trusted, and that is all of it, or nearly.

One December night she came in the snow to her father's door, and he turned her away — Nannette, the only thing in all God's world he loved with a human love. She did not weep, she did not even murmur : she only pressed the hand of a child who walked wearily beside her, and passed on.

Her life from that time was so full of suffering, yet so womanly and true, that the angels might sit and listen to a narration of it with delight. Nannette went far away from the city, and in a little town by the sedgy sea-shore, taught her boy to pray.

Year after year went by.

The world rolled on like a great wheel : men, and women, and children dropped off like flies, and Jedd Pallfry's hammer was busy — oh ! so busy ! Now while shrouds were being made, and coffins varnished, and the old world was turning on its axis, Nannette died.

The night of her death, just as old Jedd was fitting the lining to an infant's coffin, a grave grew up at his feet — a willow and a rose-bush, and he heard the singing of birds ! He knew what it meant. He knew that somewhere — he could not tell where — there was another mound just like the one beside him. Oh ! how blithely the little birds sang to Jedd. There were a new heaven and a new earth for some body that night, and how merrily the robins sang about it ! All this

happened while the snow-flakes were running nimbly over the house-tops like little white mice!

Every Christmas-eve, at the same hour, Jedd sees this phantom mound with its sighing willow-tree, and its lovely flowers, and its fairy birds, flitting here and there like the fragments of a broken rainbow! And at night he has a fearful dream. He fancies that four Fever-fiends are tossing him in his best velvet pall. Yellow Jack, with his great jaundiced visage, Brain-fever, shouting deliriously, Scarlet-fever, with red-hot eyes and putrid lips, and Typhoid, still and dreadful — he sees them all! and they paw him with their disgusting hands, and kiss him on the mouth till poor old Jedd is near going mad with agony and fear.

Nannette's child was adopted by a fisherman's wife, and very badly adopted; for when poor Tom was not busy catching fish, he was catching something else. So between boating and beating, the child was not as happy as he might have been with more of one and less of the other, or a gentile sufficiency of both. Having indulged in four years' experience in being whaled, he took it into his head to have a hand in the business himself. 'To be, or not to be,' was a question in the boy's mind; and 'not to be' beaten any more was his decision: so one fine morning, without as much as the cognizance of his beloved mother, Amphitrite, he placed his name on the books of 'the good ship Marie Theresa,' and sailed out of port with a light heart, one suit of clothes, and a prospect of hard work, which is all the 'rig out' a true sailor needs, HEAVEN bless him!

But Tom was too delicately made for a whaling voyage, and after wasting three years of the golden part of his life, he found himself in our great city one night, without money, or friends, or a place to die in. He wandered from street to street so charmed with the mad wrangling of sleigh-bells — a new music to him — and so dazzled by the shop-windows, that he forgot his hunger and the web of difficulties which Time and Fate, the busy monsters! were weaving for him. But hunger under such circumstances, like a renewed note, only spares one for a little while. It came back to him with interest, his hunger, and he grew disconsolate.

The city, with all its strange newness, was forgotten in turn. The snow chilled him, and the happy children buying toys in the grand shops, and the merry sleighs darting through the street like swallows, gave him an acute sense of loneliness. There were no mother and sisters to put gay presents in *his* stockings. Indeed, if there had been, they might have bought the stocking too, for never a one had Tom on those cold little feet!

Tom looked in Maillard's window at the rare pastry and confections, and his hunger grew maddening. He turned from the heaped delicacies, fearing that he might be tempted to thrust his arm through the thick plate-glass and help himself. He turned away in gastronomic agony, did Tomtit, and hearing the children cry 'Merry Christmas!' wondered what it was and where it could be!

Poor Tom, I have been looking for it these five years!

Nantuck passed rapidly up Broadway, and then, to avoid the heed-

less throng, crossed over to the western part of the town. Fate led him, for Fate deigns even to shape the lives of such estrays as Tomtit.

Once he paused at a baker's door and looked so longingly at a waiter of fresh tarts on the counter, that the shop-girl gave him one, and her glossy curls shook all over with delight at the ravenous way he devoured it.

'Poor fellow,' said the girl, sobering, 'he must have been fearfully hungry.'

He was ratherish, and he annihilated two tarts with enthusiasm.

As he turned out of one of the cross-streets which lead into Sixth Avenue, he beheld an old man looking in an undertaker's window, as if he were weary of life, and a desire to accost him and beg shelter, or directions for finding it, overcame his pride, which was but a remnant of its former self. He approached the man, who took no notice of him whatever, but continued to glare at the window with a wildness that almost startled Tom from his design. Now our humble hero was never blessed, or afflicted, as the case may be, with great colloquial powers, and he was somewhat at loss as to how he should open a conversation with the eccentric and unique individual before him. In this dilemma the words he had heard spoken a thousand times that night broke musically over his lips :

'Merry Christmas, Sir !'

Then it was that Jedd Pallfry turned and looked at him, and said :
'Humph !'

IV.

POOR TOM'S A-COLD.

WE left Tomtit floored, literally, at Chapter II.

The hours went by like shadows, and he still lay under the charmed influence of sleep — Sleep, the little sprite, from the land of Nowhere, that sits upon tired eye-lids and weighs them down so kindly. Erratic and coquettish Sleep, that will and won't, and is so very like a woman ! so hard to win, so exquisite and true when won.

Tom lay dreaming of ships, anchors, and ambergris, of Nantucket and fish, and silent fields,

'WHERE calm and deep
The sun-shine lieth like a golden sleep !'

In the midst of this the fire in the diminutive stove went out : and now commenced a combat between the warmth of the dreamer's fancy and the coldness which was gradually taking possession of the room. The alarm of a conflagration in the next street, the muffled sound of the engine, dragged furiously past the door by men who seemed like demons red-hot from Pandemonium, and the jubilant clash of sleigh-bells now and then, had failed to move the sleeper. But the silent, invisible lips of the Chill-fiend were eating into his slumber, and he dreamed of icicles ! His little embrowned hand lost its hold of the stool, and after one or two involuntary turns, he opened his eyes — to the fact that it was growing intensely cold.

It was in vain that he drew himself together, like a turtle : the cold touched the outer circles of his body, and sleep deserted him. He spied the velvet pall on the counter, and in a moment he had enveloped

himself in its dreadful folds. But the death-cloth warmed him no more than if he had been dead. In fact it threw a chill over him, and he seemed covered with a black frost, colder than the snowy tracery which grew like magic over the shop-windows! He threw the pall from him as if it had been a pest, and tried to warm his hands by the jet of gas which burned azure, and yellow, and all colors. But it only aggravated his coldness.

The idea of freezing to death took hold of Tom, and out of this grew a strange act. His eyes fell on a coffin which he thought would hold him comfortably. It nearly exhausted his strength to lay the silk-padded box on the floor. This being done, he settled himself into it without hesitation, and once more made a coverlid of the heavy pall.

Then Tomtit fell asleep again and commenced dreaming of dreary oceans and lonely isles, and 'fairy lands forlorn,' of cross-bones and eyeless skulls, church-yards and epitaphs, and God knows what! Just then a brazen-lipped sentinel in a neighboring belfry solemnly told out the hour, and, unseen save by God's own eye, high up the steeple in the snow, and wind, and sleet, a ghostly finger pointed to the cabalistic figures XII.

V.

LIFTING THE PALL.

JEDD PALLFRY was detained at the Spuyten Duyvel's longer than he had anticipated — two hours longer; and the clock struck twelve as he whirled round the corner, and brought himself up against the wind in front of his shop. The long tails of his thread-bare over-coat were flying all ways, and he looked like a great hideous owl lost in the night.

When Jedd threw open the door, he started back.

There, in the middle of the shop, just where the spectral grave sprang up yearly, lay a pall-covered coffin, the gas going out, and the boy gone! The place seemed chilly and damp like a vault, and Jedd shivered so, that the snow-flakes flew from him in every direction like sparks from a scissor-grinder's grind-stone. The stiffness in his knees gave out, and he supported himself against the counter.

Now one of those changes came over Jedd Pallfry which happen to us all at times, and for which philosophy's self cannot account. With resolute and fearless steps he approached the coffin and lifted the pall. The light, which seemed to brighten up a little, fell aslant on Tom sleeping. The strange young face, shaded by tangled curls of nut-brown hair, and lacking the soft influence of his closed eyes, was almost wild in its beauty. The parted lips seemed ready to speak, but they moved not; the eye-lids twitched, but were not lifted: and he lay a double picture — Life and Death!

Jedd started, but not with fear. He felt something trembling, throbbing, warming in his bosom. It was only his heart melting! The nature and humanity of the man had broken their fetters like reeds, and the love which had lain in a trance for a dozen years, rose up within him, and would be heard! His heart knew the little stranger in the coffin, and he bent over him with a tenderness that belongs to woman.

'Nannette!' he said softly; 'oh! so wonderfully like Nannette!'

The boy opened his eyes and looked about him confusedly. He attempted to rise, but his strength had succumbed to cold and hunger; and he sank back with a sickly smile.

'I'm so very hungry, Sir!'

'Only speak to me!' cried Jedd, hoarse with emotion; 'only say if you are Nannette's child!'

'Nannette, Nannette,' said the boy dreamily. 'Is some one calling my mother?'

The old man said not a word at this, but knelt down by the coffin and wept.

The clock struck one as Jedd Pallfry passed through the blinding sleet with something heavy in his arms — something wrapped in a pall. A drowsy policeman, ensconced in a door-way out of the storm, hailed him, and the drifted snow was more than knee-deep — but Jedd, heeding neither, struggled on with his burden.

Then a brilliant coal-fire threw a lurid and pleasant glow over old Jedd's sitting-room. The elderly house-keeper — completely dressed, with the exception of a night-cap which she had forgotten to remove — hurried to-and-fro in 'a state of mind,' collecting more jugs of hot water than would be required to warm the feet of all her Majesty's subjects in the Crimea. Close by the grate, in a Daniel Lambert of an easy-chair, sat the unconscious Tom, with Jedd soothing one of his hands and gazing anxiously in his face. So an hour went by, and then the child's eyes unclosed; and Jedd Pallfry took him in his arms, and the old man's whole heart was a prayer — a prayer to HIM who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!'

When I have said that terrible dreams and strange visions never haunted Jedd Pallfry after that night, I have said all. So is my story done.

THE snow has ceased falling, and through my window I can see the crisp stars twinkle like bits of chrysolite. The city bells are ringing a requiem for the dying mid-night, for the dying year. Silver voices from dizzy turrets are calling to each other mournfully, dolefully. A chill and a foreboding hang over all! And now the bells clang merrily:

'Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

'Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

'Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

'Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife:
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

'Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
And ring the fuller minstrel in.

'Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

'Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

'Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.'

And of all Christian souls ! I pray God. God be wi' you !

AUTUMNAL ELEGIAC.

BY THE 'PEASANT-BARD.'

THE vane points south. Damp blows the gale,
From off towards ocean's misty waste;
Aloft the rainy signals sail,
And on their stormy mission haste
I stand and hear the roaring blast,
And see the wild rack drifting fast;
And watch on Unadilla's* braces,
Where late the summer sun did smilo,
The marching mist, and scudding haze,
Like spectral rank and file !
There go the hopeful hours of Spring,
There Summer's more exalted pride,
In autumn glooms evanishing
By mournful Unadilla's side.
And other phantoms, too, I see,
Of perished objects, dear to me;
Once seen, like flowers of smiling spring.
Now all on memory devolves;
While in the blast all hollow sing
The ghosts of good resolves.

O buried time ! O vain regrets !
Yon visioned, gloomed, autumnal strife,
Minds me how fast towards autumn sets
My own bright summer bark of life !
Yes, voyager to the unknown shore,
No anchor holds that you throw o'er.
Affection's bower, e'en Love's strong sheet,
Cannot the forward tide withstand.
Blest Hope ! keep watch ; thy cry is sweet :
Land ho ! the 'Better Land !'

GUL, (Mass.) Oct. 4th.

* THE name of the stream flowing through the farm of the writer, sacred to mournful memories.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

I.

TELL us, O DEATH! why does thy touch awaken
Such shrinking awe within the trembling heart?
Why, when beloved ones from our gaze are taken,
Do we with sorrow weep from them to part?

II.

Is it we mourn that from this world of sadness
Our cherished ones are early called away,
To that fair home where all is joy and gladness,
And night is banished by eternal day?

III.

Were they not with us as some precious treasure,
Lent by a FATHER to HIS children's care?
Doth HE not prize our jewels above measure,
When HE would choose them in HIS crown to wear?

IV.

Will they not grace the glorious realms of Heaven,
Far better than this darkened world below?
Is not their struggle o'er, the victory given,
Shall not their spirits joy forever know?

V.

Let us think of them as in quiet slumber,
Within the church-yard's sweet and solemn shade,
Where rest in glorious hope a countless number,
O'er Sin and Death through CHRIST victorious made.

VI.

There is a hope that we may fondly cherish,
To meet ere long before JEHOVAH'S throne,
Dear ones for whom our love can never perish,
And though in Heaven, we still may call our own.

VII.

Though on each brow a glorious crown be gleaming,
Though changed each face, and clothed with radiant light,
Yet from the heart shall LOVE'S warm rays be streaming,
To meet and recognize each form of light.

VIII.

Oh! joy, for mortal knowledge part the power,
When those long parted shall unite again,
Where all is peace, nor clouds of sorrow lower,
And fill the weary heart with tears and pain.

IX.

Then let us hope, with humble faith believing,
The veil of death shall soon be drawn away,
And all the loveliness of Heaven revealing,
God to His perfect rest our souls may take.

AN ADIEU: TO A LADY IN HER HOOPS.

I.

THE star is divine from its distance,
And, gazing at you from afar,
I've a theory about your existence
Extremely like this of the star.

II.

Whatever the orbit they enter,
Astronomers hold it as sound,
That each star itself is the centre
Of a system without any bound.

III.

Your way 's like the course of a comet,
Requiring a very wide berth,
And whatever 's therein must fly from it,
If it be to the ends of the earth.

IV.

To wonder is certainly human,
And the only conclusion is this:
That in such a whole world of a woman
There is something more than a-miss.

V.

My fears have lent wings to affection;
And so terribly great are your charms,
I have said on the fullest reflection,
You can never return to my arms.

VI.

Love, at best, is a hazardous venture,
And 't were folly to follow, a day,
An angel who never can enter
The straight and the narrow way.

VII.

So, accept the farewells of a lover:
His heart may be yours till he dies,
But his little attentions are over,
And he trembles at one of your sighs! (*sizz.*)

VIII.

Yet let me not call you cold-hearted,
For I know your whole nature is warm,
And the process by which we are parted
Is purely a matter of form.

TAUNTON DEAN.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER TWELVE.

IN WHICH MACE SLOPER SEES SAM AND GOES OVER CERTAIN CURIOUS EXPERIENCES.

NEW-YORK is an extensive place, as we all know — perfectly loud in its extensiveness — and some of my readers may begin to think by this time that if the fact ain't pretty generally promulgated it won't be for want of blowing by Mace Sloper. But the fact is, that the munificent immensity of its vastness is so luciferously perceptible to a man who does business with the concern, that he can't help advertising it — as all good customers are bound to do. For instance, just now I wanted something new — a different style of goods from the last chapter — and so I turned in to the great shop where all sorts of observations are put away ticketed in pigeon-holes like a great pawnbroker's place, and concluded to try the following.

There was a man here not long ago, who contrived, among other ingenious tricks, to owe Mace Sloper rather more money than Mace could well afford to lose — and to get in debt to Hiram Twine to exactly the same amount.

As may be supposed, this object of specuniary interest very soon became the object of considerable many dun-colored calls, which increased in intensity until things really begun to look as if we, the duns, were in a fair way to become dun-brown — a very pretty color sometimes for a bull, but a mighty ugly one for a bear — and Hiram and I just then had become the completest sort of bears, in going in trying to claw something down out of our friend.

During the course of these visits to Mr. Adger Clausen, when we very often called for a sight without getting one, I got considerably acquainted with his clerk — a *very* smart chap, whom Hiram used to speak of sometimes as Young Satan, and sometimes, unless I disremember, as 'Stoppie-Lees,' and which I expect was some literary figure amounting to pretty nearly the same thing. Well, it became reasonably clear to me before long, that Stoppie-lees, or Young Satan, had a devilish sight more to do with Adger Clausen's affairs, and held him three or four points closer than Adger Clausen held himself; and as the latter was a pretty sharp blade, I need n't say that Young Satan became almost as much of an object of interest to me as the same gentleman's Senior does to much more serious people when they have a doubt as to where the balance lies on their books, and are taking account of stock and closing up partnership with the world.

There was something about the young fellow which made the name fit almost too close for fun. In the first place, he was n't so much 'devilish handsome' as 'diabolically handsome.' His hair came down

in the centre very low, and then walked back behind two very high temples, which were flanked off by two small but queerly-pointed ears, which he always kept moving in a distracting sort of way when talking. After his hair (which was black and a little curly, but always a good deal rumpled) had left his temples, it stood back, and was mighty apt to mind one of horns. His face was pale, and used to look old or young, according to circumstances, while his black eyes always, no matter what was up, never lost a sort of a suspicion of a smile, but which never came out plain. His eye-brows shot up toward his temples right and left, and his mouth and chin seemed to be hard and grim, while he wore a mustache which put one in mind of a Chinese — it was n't a French mustache, or a Lager-Beer mustache, or a New-York mustache, or any thing Christian — but a kind of outlandish heathen Oriental affair, as original in its way as the rest of the face; and yet for all this, Stopp-lees was a very handsome chap.

It became plain to me after a while that Adger Clausen had rather got us, and that we had a hard row to hoe. About the same time I noticed that Young Satan seemed to take a rather unaccountable interest in me all of a sudden. He would talk as long as he could — and very few men could talk better — did me several very good turns in an extra way — and began to show a genius in the way of cross-questioning and pumping me about the very last things in life I could have ever calculated he would have cared the first rusty red to know. Not being one of your 'cute sort, I did n't venture to see much with him in this talk, and let out considerably little, which did not bluff him a mite, however, or promote his modesty one fraction.

One morning I found myself engaged in the old business with Adger Clausen, or Mr. Edge-and-Claws-on, as Hiram used to sometimes call him. Though not one of your 'cute sort, I was n't quite so green as to be attempting to show Mr. Clausen that the money was justly or honorably due, or that he *ought* to pay it, or any such nonsense. No *Sir-ree*; I was simply showing him why I reckoned I could make him shell over, while he on the other hand, was trying to prove quite as plainly why he thought that he could get off. It's a very beautiful way of doing business when both parties are old hands, who reduce every question of debt whatever to a matter of gouging, and saves a great deal of calling names, to say nothing of ill-temper. Well, we drylated away calm as a game of chess, for half-an-hour. 'Do n't you see that I can *make* you do so-and-so?' 'Yes; but do n't you see that I can give you the dodge, so-and-so?' and so it went on, until at last, Young Satan, who always stood by, and occasionally addressed a word to either of us, spoke out very calm:

'Sloper, you are taking a damned sight of trouble for nothing, coming here, and arguing so with our friend. Just at this very minute you're taking up valuable time — time that Mr. Clausen ought to be devoting to collecting funds to pay you with — for he's going to pay you in full — *oh! yes, he is,*' added Young Satan, looking at Clausen as if he owned him body and breeches; 'every infernal brad of it. You need n't kick so, Mr. Clausen — by Jerusalem, you'll kick worse if you do n't. And stop — Sloper — you and Twine both run in the same

boat — glad I thought of that — Two of you — yes, Mr. Clausen, you must fork over to Twine, too — oh ! I'll be just exactly shot if you *do n't*.' he added with a patent diabolical shut-down, as Clausen turned to remonstrate : ' — yes, *Sir* — every mopus of it — interest and all : great mind to add a bonus, too, for the trouble Sloper's had with us. When shall it be ? — h'm — hum !' here Young Stopples turned over a memorandum : — ' Wednesday week ? Now, Mr. Sloper, if you'll take my word for it, and will call on Wednesday week, you'll find it here — cash or check — slugs, rags, or dollars — according to order.'

From what I had seen, I concluded, before Young Satan had done, to run the chance, and took my leave with a bow. Hiram was out of town for a fortnight, and I passed the time in wonderation and rather duberous amazement. On the day appointed I was there, and by a second thought, did n't call till rather late. If Stopple-lees intends to pay, thought I, a few hours will make no difference, and if he does, he may as well see that I believe in him. Sure enough, when I went in, he disbursed the shinplasters — my money and Hiram's in full — took a receipt, and quietly let out a civil request that we would n't say any 'hing about our being paid. And, all things considered, I concluded that we would n't. 'Every man for himself,' in New-York as in a certain other place, and when a man is so *un-common* lucky as to recover money that the debtor might have deluded payment on, there's no special call for blowing that I know of — at least not along Wall-street, where men often 'button up' for much less.

When Hiram returned and found how things had been worked by Young Stopples Satan, Esq., he pretty nigh went off with the high draw licks vulsconscious. On recovering, his first natural impulse was to offer his hat to me, and his second, to stand treat, which he did for exactly three hours hand running to all the friends he met along Broadway between Wall and Nassau-streets, in consequence of which he had such a bulging big crowd following him up to the Astor that a report was brought to Mr. Dana up at the *Tribune* office, that an impromptual mass-meeting ten thousand strong had broken out over by the Park, the bearer wishing to know if it should be local or first page leaded. After all had subsided, we concluded to lay off for more extensive eventuations.

They came a few weeks after under the head of ANOTHER TREMENDOUS DEFALCATION!!! WALL-STREET IN A PANIC! followed by a grand blow-out in all the papers on the impropriety of stealing in general, and of the perverted genius of Adger Clausen in particular, who had forged, gouged, and spread himself altogether in a high old style on the fine-nancies. Of course an investigation was rushed up, the leading resolution of which was to the effect that as not the first impartial speck of Edge-and-Claws-on was perceptible, and as his carpet-bag was likewise rather scarce, the probability was that he had slantendicularly diverged from the path of moral correctitude, and had taken out a through ticket to the other side of Jordan. Then there was a tremonstrous haul at the books, and a grand flourish of cross-cut cataqueeries at Young Satan, in the hope of vengeance, or something or other hot, all of which was met by that mild youth with answers and proofs that

he did n't know nothing — that he was a sort of model stupid clerk who copied off what he was told to, and entered as he was bid — and had, moreover, lost thirty-seven dollars salary due and a silver pencil, gift of a relative, by the sudden moving of Clausen, who had borrowed it of him, as he firmly believed, gentlemen, with the deliberate intention of not returning it.

One or two mornings after, Twine and I concluded, as things were pretty well bust up, and the rags a-flying, we 'd drop into Clausen's and see how Stopple-licks was getting along. There was a still look about the office — the books and papers were all in place — nothing going on — and Young Satan sitting high and dry on a desk smoking a segar, with the off- corners of his eye-brows drawn up higher than ever.

'Good morning, Sir,' says I.

'Morning, Sloper,' says he, without getting up. 'Twine — take a chair.'

But Hiram sat down on another desk opposite *veesytce* — and a fine couple they made facing one another. It never struck me before how much some men *do* look like the devil, and how much stronger any look grows on us when we come across one of our own stripe. There was Stopple-lees, keen and hard, and Hiram, handsome and gentlemanly — but the *Yankee devil* was marked on both of them in profile, and any body looking at 'em would have felt horse-racy, and wondered who 'd get a-head.

'Sorry to see things look bad for Clausen?' remarked Hiram.

'Bust to awful flinders!' replied Stopple-licks: '— never mind, Twine — *you're* out.'

'That's a fact,' answered Hiram. 'We're on our cotton, high and dry over the freshet and the rush-logs, with nothing to holler at, and a great deal to holler on. Now, as neither Sloper nor I are hogs, who eat our acorns and walk off without so much as looking up at the tree they fell from, we called round, thinking that under the circumstances you might be in trouble, or cornered some how, in which case we would be very happy to assist you, with pecuniary or any sort of aid. In the first place, if not intrusive, I would like to know if you are complicated or troubled in any way in the Clausen business. Do n't answer if you think it's none of *our* business.'

To this question Stopple-licks *did*, however, answer in a very novel and original style. With a very diabolical sneer, which seemed a large six-story block and back-buildings of contempt for such a trifling difficulty, he replied:

'Yap — hoo! No *Sir-ree-e*!'

'Have you reflected on your prospects in life — in any trouble for the future?'

'RIP SAM! — SET HER UP AGAIN!' was the equally lucid response.

'But have you got any bait to go a-fishing with?' I inquired.

'Poor orphan, kind gentlemen, *of* course, you know,' he answered, and I think he said this with the wickedest look by a long shot I ever saw. And as he sort of shut one eye and almost laughed with the other, he gave his left arm and shoulder a twisted flop in the air and went on:

'Thirty-seven dollars of my salary lost by my late unprincipled employer — and a silver pencil —'

'Silver your grandmother!' burst out Hiram. 'You'll do to travel. I reckon you won't be reduced to eating fried flies or baked bumble bees without butter — not this season at least. And now' — here Hiram became serious and let down his tone — 'do n't be offended if I increase the great obligations we are under to you by a word of advice. *Do n't do this sort of thing too often.* I know the horse you're riding — know him all to pieces. When I started on this New-York course I thought that there was n't but one ticket to run, and that was to stick at next to nothing and be as sharp as the very d — l. When I got older I begun to scratch that ticket. Look out. A man may go to the bank once too often.'

'Go on, Twine,' says Stopple-lees, smoking away as if a moral lesson was as good as a free lecture. 'Propel!'

'There are a good many young chaps of your stripe in New-York,' said Hiram. 'They would gouge Beelzebub out of his pitchfork and eye-teeth, if they could catch him anywhere between Beaver-street and Bleeker — in less than four seconds. They would contract to fill Tophet with brimstone in thirty days for nothing, and would then go bearing around until they roped some body into paying them for taking away the sulphur to do it with. *Do n't try it.* The sharpest blade will get its edge across a nail some day, and those that do n't are mighty apt to wear away all the steel by such everlasting sharpening, until there's nothing but a dull, soft back left. A man ought to cut his eye-teeth — he's *got* to do it here in New-York — but it's a bad plan to file them down like a cannibal.'

'Suppose you *are* a cannibal, though, old fellow,' said Young Satan; 'or a razor — or a wolf.'

'It won't do, my friend — it *won't do*. You know me pretty well; we've met down-town before this operation — and you know, to be plain, that though Smash-pipes — (what's his name? — Clausen) — got a foul snap on me this heat, I can be wolf, too.'

'True enough, Twine — nobody ever made shucks out of *you*.'

'Well, I begun long ago to get acquainted with Miss Playfair, and so did Sloper. Give her a call — she's a likely girl. And now to wind off. If we could have found a chance to do you a good turn, *we'd have done it*. If you ever get sposh — and it's very likely you may, running across the street among the stages the way you do — Mace and I, if we're about, will try to set you up spand-clean. Perhaps it was rather green-owly of us to think you might be out of brads, and some men, after smashing Clausen as about east as you seem to have done it, would n't take the idea for much of a compliment. I might have thought that any body who could spare Sloper and I such debts, would n't be out of bullion — much.'

'Easy over the stones, there, Twine,' replied Stopple-licks. 'A man may be as poor as a crow and do another a good turn. Do n't you think so, Sloper?' says he, letting out a puff of smoke, and looking me straight forward in the eyes with a very curious look, which I had noticed often before when he was talking with me. And I may say,

by the way, that it was, by a long shot, the most Christian look I had ever seen him raise. 'Do n't you think so?'

'Well,' says I, 'I'm not one of your 'cute sort, so maybe ain't a judge. But as things go, I do n't think that such good turns as yours are generally very common — that is, not *often*.'

'You would n't believe, for instance,' says Stopples, turning bow toward Hiram, 'that a man — or boy — would go without an over-coat in a Boston winter, to help suffering acquaintances that he did n't know much of, and had n't any particular reason for helping?'

'Well,' says Hiram, 'I would n't call a man a liar if he insisted on saying so. Such cards *have* turned up — even in gambling-houses.'

'Well, when they *do* happen,' says Stopples, 'they ain't forgot, not even by cannibals. *That's* so!'

And as he let this out, there was a sort of old-timesy notion came over me — a recollection of things that I thought had drifted clean out with the tide and gone down all water-sogged years ago. They were things that had n't turned up extra-often in Mace Sloper's memory, and he had to give them two or three rolls over and fluff the dust out of 'em before he could exactly make out their color. And I was slow in finding them. First I went over old times in New-York — then the boy-days of Chippety Whonk in Massachusetts; then other spots, until I spotted them in Boston, in the regular start, when Mace was a young shaver of fifteen and sixteen, just getting under way and learning the ropes in the store of Mr. Coolidge Claffin — a youth just between hay and grass, and a very different style of goods from the precious samples of juvenility which rush every morning in an expensive flood down Broadway.

In those days Mace had got just a *leetle* too old and too genteel to play props with the boys, or go shares in a 'sight' on election-day, though he was n't by any means so well off or so proud but that it was the tallest kind of a treat for him when he could afford to buy a small boiled lobster of a man who used to sell them out of a wheelbarrow in front of Boylston Market. But my more ordinary dissipation did n't generally go beyond buying two or three pennies' worth of nut-cakes, or maple-molasses candy from an old lady who kept shop in Cornhill, near the house of another old lady with whom Mace boarded on terms which would n't at the present day be considered particularly expensive in New-York for a well-grown cat.

Well, in the course of my one, two, and three-penny visits to this candy-shop, I used to sometimes meet and got acquainted with a pretty respectable-looking girl of about my own age, who used to lay out funds in the same luxuriant manner and on the same expensive scale. And Mace being naturally gallant, (though not 'cute,) always insisted on her taking the best of *his*, and in fact, often stood treat on many occasions in the most extravagant manner.

And so we candied along together, the acquaintance being just a plain good-natured, natural boy and girl acquaintance and nothing else. Now-a-days, I know, writers can't so much as make two nurses hold up a boy and girl baby face to face without rushing of them into an early but thrilling attachment, or a strange sympathy of soul, the first bust-

ing out of young love ; and really, from some facts that have come under Mace Sloper's notice, he begins to believe that the writers when they speak in that way of the present youthful generation ain't far from facts. Such, however, were n't the facts in my case — seeing as the heft of the sweetness lay in the candy and not in any courting whatever. Chirk and lively we both were, and Mace Sloper, like most boys at that age, no doubt thought himself all sorts of a chap, but the idea of sparking every pretty girl I met was rather above my bend then, and I did n't ambition it.

But I was well enough up to the fastinations of eating candy and nut-cake in good company, and had so far cottoned to Miss Mary Batchelder (that was her name) in the business, that I began to feel considerable sorry when I found that her shopping of an evening was growing scarcer and scarcer, till at last it thinned out altogether and came up wanting. I knew that Mary had a sick mother, and I also rather reckoned that she was running short of pennies, which caused Mace to come out on several occasions in a very noble manner and show a disregard of expense, which, if carried out in proportion to his funds at the present day, would have the immediate effect of transferring the big emerald-headed-diamond-snake bracelet now in Mr. Tiffany's show-case to the arm of Amelia Twiggles — but to propel !

Mary's visits to the shop at last stopped altogether and I saw nothing of her for two or three months. I rather got out of the way of going there myself, until it happened that one evening at the end of the time we met in the old place again. And she was so changed and looked so poor, and pale, and peaky, that Mace began to feel considerable wamble-cropt himself, and after laying in a double-extra stock of good things, started for a regular long walk and talk in good old-fashioned style.

Mary had got as far as the Common, keeping a pretty stiff upper lip, but when there, and she opened her mouth for a talk, the poor cosset burst into tears. She had a doleful story, one of those which bear hard on grown-up people, but which cut deep down with young ones who have never seen any serious sorrows and who perhaps cry, or come near it, when they hear of them from others. And the first trouble Mary told of was the greatest in life — the woful loss which, whenever it really touches a *heart*, gives it a different shade forever. She had lost her mother.

Mace Sloper forgot all the manly ways he had been picking up about the store, all the lessons of Boston, and remembered nothing but home and his own dear old mother knitting away in the humstead at Chip-pety Whonk, when Mary Batchelder told how *her* mother had come with them from the West, hoping to meet in Boston a brother expected from abroad, who never arrived ; how she had fallen sick and been strange among strangers and grown poor ; how she had written to relations left behind, who had never answered ; how her mother grew worse, and how, with scarcely an acquaintance to aid in sickness, she had died.

And as it grew night and the stars shone out, young Mace Sloper sat down on the little low old broken fence which was round the Common

in those days, and cried with his poor friend till both their hearts were easier. Then, bit by bit came the whole doleful story: how Mary, who was left alone with a little brother, Sam, only ten years old, had no friends, no money, no work; and in one desperate word, which with the poor is sometimes a very desperate one, 'did n't know what to do.'

Now there was never a Yankee boy yet, even when he was fresh from the country where he'd been a great 'home-boy' at that, who could n't strike out something in such a trouble, even though, like Mace Sloper, he was n't naturally one of your 'cute sort. His first question was to find out how Mary and little Sam were fixed. Their last landlady had, after being part paid, sent them off to a forlorn enough place, where they now lived in a small garret room, and were getting very fast toward the end of the small amount of money left after mother died. And what was to do when that was gone was the question; a very nice one indeed for a girl who was a mere child even for her years, and who had in her life only seen just suffering enough to nearly scare her to death at the thoughts of more.

Mace Sloper's first movement was for one not in the 'cute line, if I remember right, reasonably sensible. He made friends with his old landlady to give the sister and brother a garret in *her* house, which was, if poor and old, at least clean and in a very decent part of the town, and very different from the dismal, dirty den where they had been packed off. A great moving we had, all being done of course after dark and after store-hours, Mace carrying one end of a trunk, Mary the other, and little Sam coming after with a bundle and a basket, with a sit down and rest at the end of every block. And the old landlady was kind, and did her best by the poor orphans, and found Mary some work, and we got along gloriously. But the old lady, though kind, was poor, and Mace being a sort of proud, and thinking that he had rather stuck Mary and Sam on to her, squeezed it awful hard to pay something towards their expenses. Hard squeezing it was.

The sum total of my worldly wealth in those days was three old French crowns, which my grandfather had brought before the war-time from Canada, where he had got fifty of them at once from a Kanuck in trading. Over and above these I had laid up eight dollars to buy a handsome top-coat, and Mace Sloper had made some tall calculations as to the amount of glory he should raise while splurging round at home in Chippety Whouk at Thanksgiving in *that* coat. It was a great deal of money in those days to give for an overcoat — for me. But the eight dollars, and the three old crowns, and something over in the long run, went to the old landlady; and Mace figured away of cold mornings down to the store without an overcoat, and being a stout hardy Yankee boy, hardly missed it and never took cold, though the thermometer sometimes got down to a figure which would have turned half the fast little bloods of New-York into water-ices. But when Thanksgiving did come, and Mace had to go home, he did begin to adventure and look around considerable, and finally hired a coat for the consideration of two old books, from a clerk in a neighboring store, and by dint of extra-considerable ingenuity contrived to dodge questions and not tell lies either about it to the verdant rustics of Chip-

pety Whonk, every mortal soul of whom boarded me with the question, 'Where did ye get so much coat!'

Every thing leaks out in this world, which is the worst old basket to stow secrets in that ever was invented. Some how the old landlady found out that I meant to buy a top-coat and some how (for she was a regular Yankee and a nice old soul too) she guessed her way through the whole mystery. After a while Mary's letters reached a half-uncle in Ohio, a kind man, who had known but little of her, but who, when the news came to him in the spring that the children were in Boston, came on. Before he arrived, though, they had found friends to aid. Mr. Claflin, in whose store I was, heard through me of the story, and Mrs. Claflin lent a helping hand just when it was most needed. And so Mary Batchelder and little Sam were carried off West, and Mace was left on the pavement of Cornhill with tears in his eyes and a silver watch in his fist, placed there by the uncle, who had been faithfully informed by the landlady even unto the last cent of the good deeds of which Mace had been guilty.

All long, long ago! But Mace could very well remember something of one character who has n't come out very strong in this Boston story, though he came out most all-sufficiently strong, co-chuck up to the hub in slasher-gaff style in after years. And this was little Sam, whom I remembered as an 'all-fired 'cute' youngster, a boy with black eyes, not much of a talker, but handling a pen and ciphering like a miracle, and who had actually got himself some considerable odd chores of work and earned several dollars in the last weeks of the time he held up in Boston.

And by the time that all this had travelled through my head, I understood pretty clear why it was that Mr. Clausen's sharp clerk had had the grace to save Hiram's brand and mine out of the burning, and that that same sharp clerk, as keen and spry now in the ways of the world as an experienced old steel-trap, was nobody else but little Sam Batchelder!

He saw that I had spotted him at last, and smiled — and the smile was so different from any thing I had ever seen in him before — so gentle and so full of a 'couldn't help it' look for all the hard bluff game he had been playing against life single-handed for so many years, and looked so much like the little Sam of old times in Cornhill, that Mace Sloper felt that his heart and throat were both getting twisted up, while the tears which came into his eyes shut out the sight of the smile altogether. I rose and walked up to him and took him by the right hand, while I laid the left on his shoulder, just as I would have done twenty years before.

'And so,' says I, 'you're little Sam, and all the time you've remembered me. There are a good many people in that time who've forgotten me (and a good deal more with me) than you have done such a good turn for. Little Sam!'

'Not exactly, Sloper; you're tied up in my mind with too many things that a man never forgets. I may be rather a hard case, (do n't judge me too quick, gentlemen, here in Wall-street,) but the harder a

thing is, the more likely scratches are to stay on it. And you scratched a pretty deep line into my heart, Sloper, twenty years ago !’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘now we’re all right together, and bound to be better friends than ever. But, not to spoil a merry meeting, there’s one thing more I’d like to say, Mr. Batchelder.’

‘Do n’t *mister* me, Sloper,’ says he, looking up, but as pleasant as ever. ‘Call me ‘Sam,’ as you used to do.’

‘Well, Sam, it’s only this, and after this I’ll be shut on it. Now that I know that you’re Mary’s brother, and the same that used to be such a bright, good little shaver there in the old place, I would give all the money you’ve saved me, and twice as much again, to have found you rowing in another boat. That’s all.’

‘Tight papers, Sloper, tight —’ Here he tried a puff at the segar in his old style. But the light was out. And there was a look in his eyes as if a good deal worse fire in his heart was burning down lower than it had done for many a day.

‘I guess it’s all right,’ says Hiram in a kind-hearted, gentlemanly manner, which came in so pat and prompt that I felt fifty per cent better. ‘Batchelder, I reckon you and I had better train together for a while : a few weeks’ business with me will bring you round O. K. : you’ll like it on the whole, better than the grab game ; and won’t flunk either. It would be a confounded shame,’ he added, looking at Sam with the same admiring look he used to give a first-class trotter, ‘to see genius like yours wasted. With ability like *yours*, my dear Sir, a man can *always* afford to run on the straight-out moral figure, which you know is the shortest way to an A No. 1 credit, after which he can fly kites in peace, comfort, and security, and otherwise air his paper, to the end of his days.’

It was thus with cheerful counsel that Hiram began to boost Sam up the tree of virtue, and if some people may object that the last start was a rather easy one, it only proves that they never had a shingle hung up in Wall-street or thereabouts. And it being now about twelve o’clock and all easy, Sam opened the fire-proof, and bringing out a bottle, and two tumblers, and a china mug, invited us to draw what water we required for our brandy out of the spicket of the counting-house filter and join him in a smile. And having smiled about three fingers all round on the illustrious old ‘Paulding,’ I inquired — almost afraid to before — if his sister Mary —

‘Yes, Sloper, she lives in Cincinnati. Married well to a Mr. Redner ; and I almost think that you’d know her now. Time has let her off easier than me. I have n’t seen her for about a year ; but there’s a lady up at the Astor — a very intimate friend of hers, who can —’

‘Why, LORD bless my soul !’ cried Hiram. ‘You do n’t mean to say Mrs. Redner’s *your* sister ?’

‘Well, I *do*.’

‘Why, I know her and her husband like a book ; it’s only yesterday I asked Ned Sandford about forwarding some dresses to her that Mrs. Twiggles bought. And, Mace, Mrs. Twiggles is just the most intimate and dearest friend Mrs. Redner ever had. If there’s a secret about

your early acquaintance with our friend here, or any quiet little story, I'll have it out all straight — *via* Cincinnati.'

'You need n't go so far for it, Twine,' replied Sam. 'I'll spin you the whole over a segar this evening.'

'And I,' said Hiram, 'will spin you another about Sloper here and a certain widow——'

'Come, now,' says Sam, 'this is comfortable. I begin to feel as if I had found some relations. Things *do* work round queer sometimes, that are a fact, as they say out West.'

'It just exactly *ar*,' replied Hiram; 'and talking of that puts me in mind of what I was just saying about a widow. I say, Mace, is it known yet when a certain wedding is to come off between a celebrated dealer in Wamsquatequa and Yonkville? and——'

'They say that Yonkville's a very good stock,' says Sam, all at once: I had a notion that he did n't like seeing me plagued.

'Yes, a sort of a rising fancy. Do you know how Mace bulls it up? About a year ago all the folks round town were utterly flummixed to find in the KNICKERBOCKER a parcel of cock and bull stories, which have been kept up from month to month. Sometimes they're about one thing, sometimes another; but one thing they're *always* about, and that is, the praise, honor, and glory of those same particular stocks. Gov. Hueston and Clark rebelled at first, (Clark raised thunder, in fact,) and said that they would n't have the Magazine made a bellows of, to blow up the best stock this side Jordan; but Mace, some how or other, keeps puffing away at them, and I believe every once in a while bones some flunkey or other with a few shares. I should n't wonder if he contrived to lug them in some how into the very next number.'

'Sam,' says I, 'you *know* that 'Wamsquatequa' is an elegant investment for any body — and 'Yonkville' a *sure fortune for him that buys enough of it*. I ain't one of your 'cute sort; but I can tell you that it's a-going.'

'Well,' says Sam, 'I *did* hear that you anted off a thousand shares of Yonkville on Kimball, or Cordova — which was it? — in trade for Texas lands. That looks as if it might be good. It ain't easy to stick either of those chaps — not in a general way.'

'Well,' says I, 'I reckon this is about as much stock-puff as the KNICKERBOCKER'll stand for one number any how. Folks only need be put in mind of it, after all.'

'Great snakes!' says Hiram. 'I believe he's going to pay me up for bantering his confounded old stock, by showing me up and all I've been saying in that blessed old pillory of a Magazine. Look out, Batchelder, he's dangerous!'

And with this we put on our *chappose* and vamosed. There was a grand dinner that afternoon up at the Astor, in which all hands — Amelia and the Boutards, Hiram and Sam were '*in*,' and more good old stories of good old times were brought *out* than you could shake a stick at. It was one of the times such as we read of — a regular Thanksgiving made perfect — a bender of friendship preserved in the syrup of pleasant recollections, and made lively with the strong spirit of merriment. And, so far, Hiram has a way of dating recent occurrences from 'that dinner where we first saw SAM.'

ANNETTE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

COME, ANNETTE,
 Sit upon the sofa near me,
 Closer, love, you need not fear me,
 Do not pout, but only hear me:
 I will tell you what I heard
 Yester-night
 From a little singing bird,
 Or a fairy, or a sprite,
 In the meadow dewy-wet
 Where I love to go a-roaming
 When the day is done,
 In the gloaming,
 Languor-laden,
 While the blushing twilight lingers,
 Like a coy and bashful maiden,
 As the eve with wanton fingers
 Gathers up the glowing tresses of the sun.

There, ANNETTE,
 Sat this bird or sprite or fay,
 Perched upon a swaying spray,
 Furled his tiny wings of jet,
 Drooped his ruby-crested head
 On his breast of ruddy flame,
 Then looked up and sang or said,
 Sweetly, sadly, some one's name,
 ANNETTE!

'Ah! ANNETTE! thou wandering fairy!
 Tell me whither dost thou stray?
 In what secret region tarry
 Far away?
 Very sad and very weary,
 I thy fairy lover,
 Follow thee the wide world over,
 Seeking vainly to discover
 Thee, of fairy-land the pet,
 From my gaze forever hiding,
 Sweet ANNETTE,
 Now so long with mortals biding,
 Sixteen summers from our side,
 From us yet,
 Now perhaps a mortal's bride,
 Lost ANNETTE!'

Up in anger then I started:
 'Get thee gone, thou saucy sprite!
 Vanish, thou presuming elf!
 I have kissed her lips to-night,
 I myself!
 And the fairy bird departed,
 Heavy-winged and heavy-hearted.

Ah! ANNETTE!
Now I know your wickedness,
And whence came your weird art,
Coaxing, shrinking, glancing, smiling,
All your manifold beguiling,
Such as I can ne'er express,
Such as I can ne'er forget,
Luring lovers to distress;
Now I know how you could get
My wild heart
Tangled in the meshes of a net:
Yes, ANNETTE!

Washington, (D. C.)

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

AN IMPORTANT STEP.

FINDING that no amount of patience, perseverance, long-suffering, or forbearance, no incitement by examples, no representation of the pleasures of knowledge, could induce my pupils to make a single effort to walk in its flowery paths, and experience the advantages cultivation could bestow, I resolved to give up the attempt. It was a labor which had no reward, and sooner or later it must be evident that there were no fruits, which must be owing to the incapacity of her who taught, or of those who pretended to learn. But how was it possible to tell parents that their children were incapable of learning; or, being too vicious or too indolent for application, were equally beyond the reach of human effort? If there had been any harmony between those who guided the household, there might have been some hope; but the severity of one led to the injudicious leniency of the other, and faults which would prove their destruction if permitted to go unchecked, were studiously concealed to save them from the effects of unbridled passion of the other. The one set an undue value upon acquirements which the other looked upon as useless; and while one was enjoining upon them diligence, and offering every aid and reward to incite them to earnest effort, the other was sneering at learning and the learned, and lending her influence and the practice of every art to free them from restraint and preserve them from the consequences of disobedience. How could there be any hope of reconciling such jarring elements? — and equally impossible would it be for an honest mind to remain in a position which imposed dissimulation and involved false pretences.

Beside this, as great as was the appreciation Monsieur had of knowledge, it was not less so of all that was good for the nourishing of the body, and the preparation of which was Madam's great aversion. She wished, therefore, that whoever initiated the children into the myste-

ries of knowledge, should, when not thus employed, devote her time to initiating servants into the mysteries of cooking, doing up sweetmeats, seeing to wardrobes, and similar trifling labors that were necessary to the keeping of the head of the family in good-humor, and which she had neither the taste nor knack of doing. Knowing how useful those are often expected to make themselves who are 'treated like one of the family' in such positions, it had been one of the stipulations in my contract, that the school-room was to be my only scene of labor. But though well understood, it was not the less a disappointment to Madam, on whom were heaped all the reproaches when things were not done. There were plenty of servants, but Monsieur insisted that English matrons carried the keys of their several larders and laundries at their girdles, and silver and china should on no occasion be trusted to menials; but he did not seem to realize the difference between the duties of her who has domestics who are part of the household, attached and faithful, and the inefficient, ignorant, unreliable help, changed every month, which constitutes the corps which an American woman must marshal into service and drill to order. He did not realize either the infinite difference between a woman who has all her life been accustomed to an establishment where the 'go and he goeth, and come and he cometh' there are none to dispute, and her who has been accustomed to the humble requirements of poverty, and not till age has subdued her enthusiasm, and sickness paralyzed her limbs, is called upon to assume the direction and superintend the appointments of a palace. I pitied her but could not help her. I began to lose my zeal for doing good, and to think the world might as well wag its own way. My labors had in them no pleasure because I accomplished nothing; yet I had received benefit, because I had been diverted from one course of thought to another. 'Misery loves company,' and however miserable one may be, I had found that there was no danger of being alone in it, and there is an endless variety. I had seen abundant evidence to convince me that fortune or misfortune might have placed me in a condition to me more unendurable than any I had experienced.

The suffering caused by the separation and absence of those we love is not so great as that caused by the presence of those we hate; and quite impossible it seems to be, for two persons who love each other in youth, to be at all certain that a few years will not find them so dissimilar, developed by circumstances, that hatred takes the place of love. I could now pray fervently: 'May God tear every object of affection from my heart, rather than permit me to become the life-companion of one from whom my soul shrinks.'

In my daily walks I had met almost every day a poorly-clad, delicate, melancholy creature, whom the children called Crazy Nell, and at whose name all sneered as at something it was contamination to behold. I had asked her history, but could learn nothing but that she had been a woman of bad reputation, and was now partially if not wholly deranged. She lived in a little hut, if the shelter she had made for herself deserved even this dignified appellation, which nestled beneath a huge rock and over-hanging tree, half-a-mile from any house, at the foot of a little hill. There was only one room, a cot, and a few of the simplest

utensils required to prepare food for human beings. The materials for her repasts she begged, never allowing herself the luxury of a meal at the tables of her benefactors, and never asking any thing better than the crumbs which fell from rich men's tables, and which were usually not so good as those they threw to their dogs. She was harmless, so that even little children did not run at her coming, but stopped to listen to her murmurings, which were incessant, whether she sat alone in her cell or hurried through the streets, seemingly indifferent to all whom she met or who passed her on the way. Her figure was slight, and there were still upon her features traces of a beauty which it was not difficult to imagine had caused her ruin.

We had noticed that every day, whatever the state of the weather, and however long her walk of necessity, she did not return without prolonging it by turning aside from the common street, and pursuing a winding path, that as far as our eye could see, led only to a solitary wild, and from which she always came back with more hurried step, and wild gesticulations that indicated a spirit in no wise calmed by what she had seen or heard. Curiosity led us to follow her one day, and learn what could be the one only object of interest to a being so forlorn. We saw it, but to us it indicated nothing, being a large white house, evidently the residence of a gentleman of fortune, and whom, on inquiry, we found to be a respected magistrate, holding honorable office under government. Nell did not enter the dwelling, but first walked around it, and then seating herself beneath an arched window, leaned her elbows upon her knees, and her face upon her hands in moody silence for an hour. The caprices of those whom reason has deserted need not surprise, but one could scarcely help the supposition that there must be a cause beside madness for so methodical a caprice as this. Of an old lady, who was neither peasant, serf, nor servant, at whose cottage we often rested and drank a glass of milk, we learned the secret. Poor Nell was not so crazed that wrong was effaced from her memory, or revenge from her settled purposes.

'Poor Nell!' said the old lady, 'her story is like hundreds of others, except perhaps that insanity saved her from sinking into the depths of vice and degradation. She was once betrothed to the worthy magistrate who flourishes unrebuked in yonder villa. He cruelly betrayed the trust she reposed in him, and deserted her. They then lived in a distant part of the country, which he immediately left, hoping to be free from the danger of meeting her. But she traced his steps, after wandering in bewilderment several years; and when she found him, the law and a solemn ceremony had pronounced another his wife, and both were equally honored and respected, notwithstanding his crimes. She was at first wild with rage, but still possessed of sufficient reason to understand that the only alternative for her was submission, and to make an effort to subdue her anger. For years she has been as you see her, but the daily visit which you noticed has never been omitted, and had for its first object to humble her whom she considered the usurper of her rightful position.

'But the lawful wife is a woman who has no sympathies for the wrongs of woman, and feels only contempt for those who are wronged.

She knew the story, and had not the less respect for her husband, and would have married him all the same had there been a hundred to surround her dwelling with the wailings of despair. Nell was mistaken in thinking her miseries would add a bitter drop to the cup of her rival, for she had not the sensibility to suffer from wounded pride. She at first exclaimed, in her proud rectitude, that 'the vile creature ought to be sent to the hospital or the work-house, and not be allowed to offend the presence of virtuous wives and daughters : ' but the story had become old, and she had become accustomed to her strange freaks, so that now she sometimes sends her bread, of which the poor creature knows not the source ; otherwise she would trample it under her feet. This is the way of the world,' said my friend. 'It is eighteen hundred years since CHRIST came into the world to set a perfect example to men, and though one of His most conspicuous deeds of mercy was to pardon and bless a Magdalen, there has not been a single instance yet in which this example has been followed in the true spirit of Him who said : 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.' It was HE, too, who went among mechanics and fishermen, and chose for his companions the humble dwellers in cottages, and for the objects of his compassion those who were afflicted with leprosy and blindness, and all manner of diseases, and who said, When you make a feast, go out into the highways and hedges and bring in the poor, the halt, and the lame ; but who of all those who profess to be His disciples, give feasts, and clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, ever deemed it their duty to go and do likewise ? It is a strange world, and will never get righted in my day.'

I was learning that it was a strange world. Some new phase was developed every day, but I was not permitted to learn in this sphere any longer, and I was not compelled to the necessity of making known the resolution I had formed, or definitely stating the useless nature of my labors. I was suddenly stupefied by the announcement that my father was at the point of death. A paralysis, or some affection of the heart, had in an instant deprived him of the power of motion and the knowledge of what was passing about him. I was encouraged to hope if I came immediately I might find him alive, but his days were numbered. Without stopping for an hour's rest in travelling a day and two nights, I reached home and found myself at the bed of death. No sign of life returned after the first moment of prostration, and only a slight pulsation indicated the presence of the spirit till it took its flight a few moments before I arrived. What would I not have given for one word from those pale, cold lips—one look from those glazed and colorless eyes. That they had scarcely ever looked upon me but in sternness was now forgotten, and I pressed my lips to the icy brow, upon which the hot tears fell and rolled off as from a marble statue. I had never seen that form even in the repose of sleep. What a transition ! I had seen him last in the vigor and stature of health, and now cold and lifeless in shroud and winding-sheet. It seemed like a terrible dream, and I moved about scarcely less cold and dead myself. Then followed the coffin and the solemn train, accompanied by the pomp and parade which custom bids attend on grief, and I was again alone with the past and its weight of woes, the present and its poignant suffering, and

the future more dark and fearful in its void, like a chasm over which one must walk without seeing a foot-hold or distinguishing its boundary.

When pecuniary matters became the subject of investigation, there was revealed a fearful tale of speculations and losses, and death had probably been caused by sudden reverses and fear of approaching ruin. Man's disappointments are different from those of woman, and often more fatal, for his stern nature does not bend to the blow, but breaks. We cannot say we consider this a misfortune.

My own little fund was safe, though I had never till then known where it was deposited. The quarterly payment had never failed to reach me on the very day and hour it was due, and this was all which it was necessary for me to know. Not a single form of business had ever been taught me, but this I could easily learn, and I had enough to enable me to live, with the economy which had been the most thorough lesson of my life, and therefore would not now become a new affliction.

At present I could not form plans, and the good old lady who fulfilled her promise of giving me no care, seemed scarcely to regret an event that compelled me to become her companion.

We soon settled quietly into our old ways with this important difference, that I was now sole arbitrator. The cottage, the garden, and green hill-side were mine to till and adorn, and though put in possession of it by a sad calamity, I could not help feeling, how sweet is liberty ! But it did not overcome the other longing of planning and executing. I still found myself unable to be content with the life of the lilies of the field, which take no thought for the morrow. To eat, and drink, and clothes for the body, are called the absolute wants of nature, but there is another not less absolute in all natures richly endowed with vitality, and this is activity. I had more than ever before food for reflection, for I had seen the world, and from my description of it, Aunt Ida was sure I ought never to want to see any more. 'How could any body ever want to live among such wicked folks ?'

Alas ! I did not dare to reveal to her my psychological state, for she would have concluded I had 'taken unto myself seven devils worse than the first,' and consequently resolve to flee from my presence.

The neighbors 'wondered I had not picked up some body' in my wanderings who was willing to take me for better or for worse ; that so likely and capable a girl had not got married before now, was really a mystery ; only that she was remarkably plain, and now that she was getting along in years, it was n't likely she ever would. One old lady had 'heern tell that she had been kind o' disappointed,' and another had been told that she had wanted some body once that she could n't get, and all in solemn conclave had wondered how any woman could be guilty of such a thing ; for their parts, they thought girls better wait till they're asked. I had plenty of documentary evidence to prove that this had been my policy decidedly, and that all their guessing and conjecturing were not at all to the point, but did not choose to avail myself of my abundant means of defence, for I should thereby have deprived them of a great source of entertainment, and had there not been another sufficiently conspicuous to interest their benevolence and enlist their sympathies in behalf of her happiness for life, there would have been an

utter dearth of material for gossip, the only spice they had for their dull lives.

Still I did persist in a general way after the fashion of all damsels that 'I remained single from choice,' that 'I had had ever so many offers,' and 'could be married any time,' but preferred to be independent, a life which no woman in the world ever preferred; and this persistency very much resembled that of gentlemen who assert with such pertinacity that they were never refused, when one may be sure they have grown quite irritable under the very recent depreciation of their charms. But I have always noticed that the third refusal invested them with a very interesting tinge of humility, a virtue which nature seems to have denied them, while lavishing others in such profusion; and by this new acquisition they are compensated for the loss of any amount of conceit, which led them to imagine that the only answer to a certain interesting question which they alone are permitted to propound, is: 'Yes, I thank you!'

But it was true all this time, dear reader, though I have not shared with you this confidence, that some body had desired to pick me up and appropriate me; but while I was diverted and employed, I was not disposed to dwell upon the proposition, however honorable and eligible it might be. It was a proposition of marriage from one who did not dally with sentiment, and who had very little understanding of the love which seemed to me absolutely necessary in such a contract. He was a widower, and had been a kind husband, it was said by those who had known him; he wanted a wife and could offer her a home, an establishment even; he wanted a mother for his orphan children, and a lady to make cheerful his cheerless abode. That he would not take 'No' for an answer, and preferred his loneliness unless it could be relieved by me! began to have its effect upon my heart, especially now that my own loneliness began to be oppressive. I at length consented to think seriously of the matter, and alas! for the citadel when the garrison consents to a parley!

The symptoms that my mind was not in its usual state of imperturbability began to be apparent, and Aunt Ida began again to be seriously troubled. She received answers which in no manner corresponded with her questions, and was called upon to eat compounds which were not at all palatable, where I had used salt for sugar and forgot the saleratus. The hems of her sheets were half upon the wrong side and half upon the right, and tea and gravy often 'ruined her clean table-cloth.'

'Why, I never saw any body grow so stupid,' she exclaimed; 'some kind of brain disorder must be coming on.' She did not know that the disorder lay deeper, and there had been no visible signs by which she could judge. 'Nobody had come to marry and nobody had come to woo,' and she did not seem to think that there were other ways of 'bringing things about,' than by talking. But we were too good friends for me to allow her long to remain in ignorance of my plans, and from the advice she had given me long before on a similar occasion, I had no doubt of her approval. What was my surprise then, at her consternation and evident displeasure, when I made known to her, not the certainty, but possibility of my accepting the new life which was offered.

'Yes,' she said, 'go through the swamp and take a crooked stick at last.'

'Why, Aunt Ida, in the first place I have never been through the swamp, and then how can you tell whether I am taking a crooked stick or not?'

'An old widower with half-a-dozen children,' she contemptuously murmured. 'I would wait a good while before I undertook to take care of other folks' children.'

'Oh! not half-a-dozen! only two,' I said; 'and the poor things need some body to take care of them. Why not I as well as any body, seeing I have nothing better to do?'

'He is old enough to be your father.'

'Well, I am no longer young; and 'when ladies are getting advanced' you know 'they must not be so particular.' I am tired living here in this dull way with nothing to do.'

'Nothing to do. I'm sure you keep busy all the time; and it's no duller now than it always was, when you seemed contented enough, and might have done better too!'

'We should probably disagree in our definition of *better*, and I certainly disagree with most of the world about the meaning of *well*. But I wish something to do that will exercise my mind as well as my hands. It is very foolish and wicked, I know, not to be content. There are hundreds who envy me, and who think my life is only another name for bliss. But I am not content, therefore it is useless to fold my hands and cry 'peace.' I am almost envying those who live in the midst of revolutions, who are called upon to be martyrs, for it seems to me any species of torture would be sweeter than stagnation.'

'In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.'

'All that is very well for men,' persisted my good friend, 'but what have women to do with being heroes? Such a fuss as there is now-a-days about doing good. There was no such parade in my day, and I do not see as the world is any better now than it was then.'

'Perhaps not; but it might be, if we were all set fairly to work. though I have began to doubt whether society, with all its machinery has improved at all upon humanity in a state of nature. But here we are, and must make the best of it. I cannot very well go to the wilderness, so I think I will accept this opportunity of going to the city. By-and-by you will perhaps take a fit to leave me, and then I shall be indeed alone.'

'It is no matter about my being left alone, I suppose.' And I saw the tears trickle slowly down her cheek.

I understood now the secret of her dissatisfaction, and quickly exclaimed: 'O my dear Aunt Ida! how can you dream of being left here? Wherever I go you shall accompany me.'

'No,' she said, she should never know how to get along with those mincing city folks, and wondered how I could want to live among 'em, and she was sure I should some day be sorry.

‘But, Aunt Ida, what shall I do here when I get old and can’t take care of myself?’

‘Why, do as others have done; people have lived and grown old before now.’

It was useless to contend, and so I kept silence, and perhaps if they were present to argue the matter, I should find it as difficult to reconcile in the minds of my readers, this seeming business way of settling a question upon which I have previously discoursed so differently.

I laid bare once the recesses of my heart; it is not necessary to do it again. Its great want was love, this alone could fill the vacuum. The want of the mind was activity. I had not resolved upon a change so important without believing that I was securing food for both. To have gone through life, living upon a remembrance, which could henceforth have little more reality than a dream, would have been more like a heroine, and very beautiful in the eyes of those who had only to look on and pronounce judgment; but I had seen those who grew old upon dreams, upon remembrances, and who wished that before it was too late they had secured for themselves something more substantial. If I had possessed any talent which would have secured to me activity, I might have tried to stifle the hungering of the heart by increasing the exercise of the mind and body; but I had not, or if I had, it had never been developed till it was now too late. If I had possessed money I might have chosen to acquire the title of Lady Bountiful, and by doing good to others, forget that I needed to be ministered unto; but money I had not, and for these reasons and for the more important one that I believed I was to be happy in the giving and receiving of a love which would satisfy the soul, I resolved upon accepting the more humble title of Lady W——, and the position which would require of me to perform the difficult duties of second wife and step-mother!

So, by degrees, my good friend became accustomed to the idea, and the busy days of preparation commenced. But now I manifested no propensity to sew seams wrong side up or inside out. The squares in the bed-quilt all matched delightfully, and the roses and tulips in the white spread stood out so life-like one was ready to pluck them. The salt and sugar and saleratus were exactly proportioned in the cake, and it came out of the oven light as a feather. The flowers were properly trained in the garden-patch, and above all, I was astonished to see how amiable I grew all at once! It is exceedingly wicked, say the cynics, to be better and kinder when one is happy than when one is not, yet it is almost impossible not to be. ‘We should rise above the influence of circumstances,’ says the theologian, ‘and control them instead of allowing them to control us.’ ‘Whatever may happen we should be bright and cheerful, and resigned;’ but alas! for poor human nature: ‘it is more easily said than done.’ I have seen very nice people, but it is only in books that we have perfect ones. Those interesting ‘Diaries,’ which are ‘written only for the fire,’ but some how never get burned till they have been published to all the world, are the only records we have of ‘faultless monsters which the world never saw.’

The neighbors ‘hoped I was not going to throw myself away,’ and presumed ‘I should have done full as well if I had n’t waited so long in

hopes to do better.' They were horrified that I should 'marry an old man for his money,' and 'guessed I would have a time of it when I got to be step-mother,' and said it all with something that looked very like spite, had it been possible for people exceeding the Pharisees in righteousness to harbor any thing so unchristian.

It had troubled them so much that I was 'getting along in years,' with no prospect, that they could see, of any such good fortune, that I confidently expected their warmest congratulations when they should learn that I was not doomed to a life which they deemed, if one might judge from their words, entirely without honor and almost disgraceful. It was a painful proof of friendship, and taught me another lesson in my study of humanity. But I was now so happy that what would once have been looked upon as mountains were converted into mole-hills, and I could smile complaisantly upon those who I knew were hoping my happiness would speedily be turned to misery. There was one who appreciated me, and as to the rest of the world, it was all the same to me whether they did or not. The time and the event were hastening that would take me forever from their vicinity.

I had determined to rent the cottage because I did not forget that calamity might overtake me in the midst of prosperity, and it would be a pleasant feeling to be sure of this little refuge, too insignificant for the rains and the floods to beat upon and destroy.

There was no need of great preparation, and I had no fancy for parade. It was ever mysterious to me how, at a wedding or a funeral, people could wish to become the objects for the gaze of the staring crowd. The solemnity is about the same at the one as at the other, and when one is solemn one cannot help wishing to be alone. It was an innovation upon country fashions to be quietly married and quietly depart, and did not serve to conciliate those who would have been very good friends in adversity, but had no sympathy with prosperity.

But I persevered in my resolution to give no food for gossip; what they said of me and my *trousseau*, of my blushes, or my pallor at the altar, of the prospect of my being 'loved and cherished,' and the amount of obedience which would probably be required of me, they must imagine and manufacture. A June morning was appointed for the bridal, and the bridegroom arrived only the preceding evening. I arose early to listen to the birds, and rambled late to talk with the flowers. I went once more alone to the little grave on which I had shed so many tears, and watered again the violets and daisies which covered it in beautiful profusion. How many ties there were to sever; how dear was every tree and twig and bending blade.

Then the room in which I had held so many sweet and solemn vigils, in the shadow of the great elm, through whose branches I must watch, for the last time, the struggling moon-beams that seemed to me almost to have life and sympathy. I was ready to embrace the naked walls, to whom I had poured out my heart and been comforted, though they could not answer. The little table had soothed my aching head, when rent with anguish, and was sole confidant of the sighs I breathed and the burning tears I shed. The little drawer, with its magic

key, had been the depository of every letter, speaking with 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' and had never revealed my secrets. I had never learned to lisp the sacred name of mother, but it was here she gave me life, and I had never ceased to believe a ministering spirit had watched over her orphan child. How my soul clung to every object on which she had gazed, and again and again I knelt where I knew her heart was wont to pour out its agony. No sleep came to my eyes during all the watches of the night, and it was well that there were no un pitying eyes to bear witness to the grief I could not conceal, the bitterness with which I said farewell forever.

FALLING IN AND FALLING OUT.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

WHEN autumn winds were sighing,
And autumn leaves were rosy,
And the year was dying, dying,
'T was then I met with JOSEY !

Her hair was soft and brown,
And her voice was sweet and low :
Her words were flocks of singing birds
That fluttered to-and-fro !
She was just the daintiest gipsy
A mortal man could know !

When autumn winds were sighing,
And autumn leaves were rosy,
And the year was dying, dying,
I fell in love with JOSEY.

I would I had not met her !
I would I could forget her :
For 't is saddening to remember
The russet woodland places
We haunted in November,
And to think how cold her face is,
Now I meet her in December !

When autumn winds were sighing,
And autumn leaves were rosy,
And the year was dying, dying,
Then I fell out with JOSEY !

G O L D D U S T .

Oh! the sunny hours of boyhood !
Do you ever now remember
The long days in our old homestead by that northern river's shore.
The wide hall hung with antlers,
The low rooms decked with pictures,
And that watching mother, leaning o'er the old half-opened door ?

Then the garden, all box-bordered,
Where the guelder-roses blossomed,
And the tulips ranged in order, flaunted in the sun-shine gay ;
I have crossed the golden tropics,
But no groves of orange blossoms
Ever bore the fragrance breathing round those flower-beds far away

And the arbor by the river,
With the spreading chestnut o'er it,
Where we sheltered from the sun-beams in the hottest of the day,
To read o'er some olden legend,
Or some wild and wondrous fable,
Some tale of love or sorrow that for years had passed away.

And thou, fair and stately HELEN !
With those large eyes filled with weeping,
Think you ever of that garden, and the river sweeping by ?
How we acted those old stories ?
Some were heroes, some were victims ;
But the lover and the loving, they were always you and I !

Now our arbor was a palace,
And you a sleeping beauty,
And I a brave prince waiting for a glance from that dark eye
Now it was a rock uprising,
With the wild sea-surges dashing,
And you were ANDROMEDA with your white arms tossing high !

Then a gayer legend taking,
You were ARIADNE straying,
When the tide beneath the alders left the sands all red and bare ;
Not like ARIADNE sighing,
But like ARIADNE smiling,
With the purple clusters clinging all about your shining hair.

Now I waken in the mid-night,
In a land more wild and wondrous
Than any that we read of in those legends strange and old ;
And from my tent I listen
To the rippling of the waters
Of a river whose bright current rushes over sands of gold.

But you light another's dwelling,
Another's child caressing,
And what care I for the treasure I have gathered all too late !
"T will not buy me back my boyhood,
"T will not bring the lost and loving ;
For the full and perfect meeting I can only trust and wait !

T H E E A S T E R L Y W I N D .

BY THOMAS MACKENLAK.

I.

I DREAD the bleak wind —
The heart-cutting wind !
That blows from the sun-rising quarter,
And sweeps o'er the land
With a double-edged brand,
And marking its track-way by slaughter.

II.

The pulse of the sick
Grows fevered and quick,
And the time of his parting draws nearer,
As leaving behind
The storm and the wind,
His glimpses of heaven are clearer.

III.

His sensitive frame,
Like a flickering flame,
Or the tremulous leaf of the aspen,
Feels the change of an hour,
And, smit by its power,
The victim is helpless and gasping.

IV.

The sturdy and strong,
Who think to live long,
And dreams of delight vainly cherish,
Turning mortally pale
In the poisonous gale,
Like frost-bitten flowers soon perish.

V.

Oh ! I dread that bleak wind,
That deadly east wind !
It robs me of friend and of neighbor :
They fall to the ground
Ere summer comes round,
And lonely I'm left in my labor.

VI.

Pray, pray not to die
When the chill breezes fly
On the wings of the storm from the east ;
But in Nature's sweet prime,
The soft autumn-time,
Then, then be our spirits released.

said a voice within me ; ' the enchanted Islands of Prospero, and Ariel and Miranda ; the still-vexed Bermoothes, of Shakspeare, and Raleigh, and Irving ? ' And echo answered : ' Why not ? ' It is but a day-and-a-half to Halifax ; thence by a British mailer across to those neighboring isles. Say a week on the salt-water and you are amid the magnificent scenery of the Tempest. ' A fortnight ? ' said I. ' I will take a month for it ; ' and in less than a week I was bidding farewell to some dear friends at East-Boston wharf as Captain Lang, of the ' Canada,' in a very briny voice, shouted out : ' Let go the starboard bow chain. Go slow.'

It would be presumptuous in me to speak of the Atlantic, from the limited acquaintance I had with it. The note-book of an invalid for two days at sea, with a heavy ground swell, and the wind in the most favorable quarter, can scarcely be attractive. As the breeze freshened, and the tars of old England ran aloft, to strip from the black sails the wrappers of white canvas that had hid them when in port ; and as these leathern, bat-like pinions spread out on each side of the funnel, there was a moment's glimpse of the picturesque ; but it was a glimpse only, and no more. One does not enjoy at first the rise and dip of the bow of a steamer, however graceful it may be in the abstract. To be sure there were some things else interesting. For instance, three brides aboard ! And one of them lovely enough to awaken interest on sea or land, in any body, but a Halifax passenger. I hope those fair ladies have had a pleasant tour, one and all, and that the view they have had of the great world, so early in life, will make them more contented with that minor world, henceforth to be within the limits of their dominion. Lullaby to the young wives ! there will be rocking enough anon.

' And this is Halifax ? ' said I, as that quaint, mouldy old town poked its wooden gables through the fog of the second morning. ' This is Halifax ? This the capital of Nova Scotia ? This the city that harbored those loyal heroes of the Revolution who gallantly and gayly fought, and bled, and ran for their king ? Ah ! you brave old Tories ; you staunch upholders of the crown ; cavaliers without ringlets or feathers, russet boots, or steeple-crown hats, it seems as if you were still hovering over this venerable tabernacle of seven hundred gables, and wreathing each particular ridge-hole, pigeon-hole and shingle with a halo of fog.

It was an inspiring morning, that which I met upon the well-docked shores of Halifax, and although the side-walks of the city were neither bricked nor paved with flags, and the middle street was in its original and aboriginal clay, yet there was novelty in making its acquaintance.

There were a few vehicles on the wharf for the accommodation of strangers ; square, black, funereal-like, wheeled sarcophagii, eminently suggestive of burials and crape. Of course I did not ride in one on account of unpleasant associations, but placing my trunk in charge of a cart-boy with a long-tailed dray and a diminutive pony, I walked through the silent streets toward ' The Waverley.' Every body was asleep in that early fog, and when every body woke up it was done so quietly that the change was scarcely apparent.

But the 'Merlin,' British mailer, is to sail at noon for the Shakspeare Island, and breakfast must be discussed, and then once more I am with you, my anti-bilious ocean. It chanced, however, I heard at breakfast, that the 'Curlew,' the mate of the 'Merlin,' had been lost a short time before at sea, and as there was but one, and not two steamers on the route, so that I would be detained longer with Prospero and Miranda than might be comfortable in the approaching hot weather, it came to pass that I had reluctantly to forego the projected voyage, and anchor my trunk of tropical clothing in room Number Twenty, Hotel Waverley. Let the 'Merlin' sail ! I will visit, instead of those *Islas Encantadas*, 'The Acadian land on the shore of the Basin of Minas.' Let the 'Merlin' sail ! I will see the ruined walls of Louisburgh, and the harbors that once sheltered the Venetian sailor, Cabot. 'Let her sail !' said I, and when the morn passed I saw her slender thread of smoke far off on the glassy ocean, without a sigh of regret, and resolutely turned my face from the promised palms to welcome the sturdy pines of the province.

The city and hill of Halifax rises proudly from its wharfs and shipping in a multitude of mouse-colored wooden houses, until it is crowned by the citadel. As it is a garrison town as well as a naval station, you meet in the streets red-coats and blue-jackets without number ; yonder, with a brilliant staff, rides the Governor, Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, and here, in a carriage, is Admiral Fanshawe, C. B., of the 'Boscawen' Flag-ship. Every thing is suggestive of impending hostilities ; war, in burnished trappings, encounters you at the street corners, and the air vibrates from time to time with bugles, fifes, and drums. But oh ! what a slow place it is ! Even two Crimean regiments with medals and decorations could not wake it up. The little old houses seem to look with wondrous apathy as these pass by, as though they had given each other a quiet nudge with their quaint old gables, and whispered : 'Keep still !'

I wandered up and down those old streets in search of something novel and picturesque, but in vain ; there was scarcely any thing remarkable to arrest or interest a stranger. Such, too, might have been the appearance of other places I wot of, if those staunch old loyalists had had their way in the days gone by !

The Province House, which is built of a sort of yellow sand-stone, with pillars in front, and trees around it, is a well-proportioned building, with an air of great solidity and respectability. There are in it very fine full-lengths of King George II. and Queen Caroline, and two full-lengths of King George III. and Queen Charlotte ; a full-length of Chief-Justice Haliburton, by West, and another full-length of another Chief-Justice, in a red robe and a formidable wig. Of these portraits, the two first-named are the most attractive ; there is something so gay and festive in the appearance of King George II. and Queen Caroline, so courtly and sprightly, so graceful and amiable, that one is tempted to exclaim : 'Bless the painter ! what a genius he had !'

And now, after taking a look at Dalhousie College with the parade in front, and the square town-clock, built by his graceless Highness the Duke of Kent, let us climb Citadel Hill, and see the formidable protector of town and harbor. Lively enough it is, this great stone fortress, with

its soldiers, swarming in and out like bees, and the glimpses of country and harbor are surpassingly beautiful ; but just at the margin of this slope below us, is the street, and that dark fringe of tenements skirting the edge of this green glacis is, I fear me, filled with vicious inmates. Yonder, where the blackened ruins of three houses are visible, a sailor was killed and thrown out of a window not long since, and his ship-mates burned the houses down in consequence ; there is something strikingly suggestive in looking upon this picture and on that.

But if you cast your eyes over yonder magnificent bay, where vessels bearing flags of all nations are at anchor, and then let your vision sweep past and over the islands to the outlets beyond, where the quiet ocean lies, bordered with fog-banks that loom ominously at the boundary-line of the horizon, you will see a picture of marvellous beauty ; for the coast scenery here transcends our own sea-shores, both in color and outline. And behind us again stretch large green plains, dotted with cottages, and bounded with undulating hills, with now and then glimpses of blue water ; and as we walk down Citadel Hill, we feel half-reconciled to Halifax, its queer little streets, its quaint, mouldy old gables, its soldiers and sailors, its fogs, cabs, penny and half-penny tokens, and all its little, odd, outlandish peculiarities. Peace be with it ! after all, it has a quiet charm for an invalid !

The inhabitants of Halifax exhibit no trifling degree of freedom in language for a loyal people ; they call themselves 'Halligonions.' This title, however, is sometimes pronounced 'Alligonians,' by the more rigid, as a mark of respect to the old country. But innovation has been at work even here, for the majority of Her Majesty's subjects aspire the letter H. Alas for innovation ! who knows to what results this trifling error may lead ? When Mirabeau went to the French court without buckles in his shoes, the barriers of etiquette were broken down, and the Swiss Guards fought in vain.

There is one virtue in humanity peculiarly grateful to an invalid ; to him most valuable, by him most appreciated, namely, hospitality. And that the 'Alligonions' are a kind and good people, abundant in hospitality, let me attest. One can scarcely visit a city occupied by those whose grandsires would have hung your rebel grandfathers (if they had caught them) without some misgivings. But I found the old tory blood of three Halifax generations, yet warm and vital, happy to accept again a rebellious kinsman, a real live Yankee, in spite of Sam Slick and the Revolution.

Let us take a stroll through these quiet streets. This is the Province House with its Ionic porch, and within it are the halls of Parliament, and offices of government. You see there is a red-coat with his sentry-box at either corner. Behind the house again are two other sentries on duty, all glittering with polished brass, and belted, gloved, and bayoneted, in splendid style. Of what use are these satellites, except to watch the building and keep it from running away ? On the street behind the Province House is Fuller's American Book-store, which we will step into, and now among these books, fresh from the teeming presses of the States, we feel once more at home. Fuller preserves his equanimity in spite of the blandishments of royalty, and once a year, on the Fourth-

of-July, hoists the stars-and-stripes, and bravely takes dinner with the United States Consul, in the midst of lions and unicorns. Many pleasant hours I passed with Fuller, both in town and country. Near by, on the next corner, is the print-store of our old friends the Wetmores, (the Williams and Stevens of Halifax,) and here one can see costly engravings of Landseer's fine pictures, and indeed whole port-folios of English art. But of all the pictures there was one, the most touching, the most suggestive ! The presiding genius of the place, the unseptried Queen of this little realm was before me — Faed's Evangeline !

The largest settlement of the Acadians is in the neighborhood of Halifax, and in the early mornings you sometimes see a few of these people in the streets, or at the market, selling a dozen or so of fresh eggs, or a pair or two of woollen socks, almost the only articles of their simple commerce. But you must needs be early to see them ; after eight o'clock they will all have vanished. Chezzetcoók, or as it is pronounced by the 'Allegonions, 'Chizzencook,' is twenty-two miles from Halifax, and as the Acadian peasant has neither horse nor mule, he or she must be off betimes to reach home before the mid-day nuncheon. A score of miles on foot is no trifle in all weathers, but Gabriel and Evangeline perform it cheerfully, and when the knitting-needle and the poultry shall have replenished their slender stock, off again they will start on their mid-night pilgrimage, that they may reach the great city of Halifax before day-break.

We must see Chezzetcook anon, gentle reader.

Let us visit the market-place. Here is Masaniello, with his fish in great profusion. Codfish, three-pence or four-pence each ; lobsters, a penny ; and salmon of immense size at six-pence a pound, (currency,) equal to a dime of our money. If you prefer trout, you must buy them of these Micmac squaws in traditional blankets, a shilling a bunch ; and you may also buy baskets of rain-bow tints from these copper ladies for a mere trifle ; and as every race has a separate vocation here, only of the negroes can you purchase berries. 'This is a busy town,' one would say, drawing his conclusion from the market-place ; for the shifting crowd, in all costumes and in all colors, Indians, negroes, soldiers, sailors, civilians, and Chizzincooks, make up a pageant of no little theatrical effect and bustle. Again, if you are still strong in limb, and ready for a longer walk, which I, leaning upon my staff, am not, we will visit the encampment at Point Pleasant. The Seventy-sixth Regiment has pitched its tents here among the ever-greens. Yonder you see the soldiers, looking like masses of red fruit amidst the spicy verdure of the spruces. Row upon row of tents, and file upon file of men standing at ease, each one before his knapsack, his little leather household, with its shoes, socks, shirts, brushes, razors, and other furniture open for inspection. And there is Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, with a brilliant staff, engaged in the pleasant duty of picking a personal quarrel with each medal-decorated hero, and marking down every hole in his socks, and every gap in his comb, for the honor of the service. And this Point Pleasant is a lovely place, too, with a broad look-out in front, for yonder lies the blue harbor and the ocean deeps. Just back of the tents is the cookery of the camp, huge mounds of loose stones, with grooves

at the top, very like the architecture of a cranberry-pie, and if the simile be an homely one, it is the best that comes to mind to convey an idea of those regimental stoves, with their seams and channels of fire, over which potatoes bubble, and roast and broiled send forth a savory odor. And here and there, wistfully regarding this active scene, amid the green shrubbery, stands a sentinel before his sentry-box, built of spruce boughs, wrought into a mimic military temple, and fanciful enough too, for a garden of roses. And look you now! If here be not Die Vernon, with 'habit, hat and feather,' cantering gayly down the road between the tents, and behind her a stately groom in gold-lace band, top-boots, and buck-skins. A word in your ear, that pleasant half-English face is the face of the Governor's daughter.

The road to Point Pleasant is a favorite promenade in the long Acadian twilights. Mid-way between the city and the Point lies 'Kissing Bridge,' which the Halifax maidens sometimes pass over. Who gathers toll nobody knows, but I thought there was a mischievous glance in the blue eyes of those passing damsels that said plainly they could tell, 'an' they would.' I love to look upon those happy, healthy English faces; those ruddy cheeks, flushed with exercise, and those well-developed forms, not less attractive because of the sober-colored dresses and brown flat hats in which, o' summer evenings, they glide toward the mysterious precincts of 'The Bridge.' What a tale those old arches could tell! Who knows?

The 'Himalaya,' Oriental screw-steamer, leaves to-morrow and we must be up betimes to see her off.

No gun broke the silence of the Sabbath morning as this giant ship moved from the Admiralty and silently furrowed her path ocean-ward. A long line of thick bituminous smoke, seen above the house-tops, was the only hint of her departure. It was a grand sight to view her vast bulk moving among the islands, almost as great as they. Less than a week ago she brought two Crimean regiments from Malta to Halifax, which, with her own complement, made twenty-five hundred souls on board. Think of this moving town; this portable village of royal belligerents, covered with glory and medals, breasting the billows! Is there not something glorious in such a spectacle? And yet I was told by a brave officer, who wore the decorations of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol on his breast, that of his regiment, the Sixty-third, but thirty men were now living, and of the thirty, seventeen only were able to attend drill. That regiment numbered a thousand at Alma!

It is Sunday, and after looking in at the Cathedral, which does not represent the usual pomp of the Romish Church, we will visit the Garrison Chapel. A bugle call from barracks, or Citadel Hill, salutes us as we stroll toward the chapel; otherwise, Halifax is quiet as becomes the day. Presently we see the long scarlet lines approaching and the men with orderly step file into the gallery pews. Then the officers of field and line, of ordnance and commissary departments take their allotted seats below. Then the chimes cease and the service begins. Most devoutly we prayed for the Queen, and omitted the President of the United States.

As the Crimeans ebbed from the church, and floating off in the distance, wound slowly up Citadel Hill against the quiet clear summer

poured down upon the luckless pilgrimage ! There were the ' Virgins ' of Masonic Lodge No —, (all men by the way ;) the army Masons, in scarlet ; the African Masons, in ivory and black ; the Scotch-piper Mason, with his legs in enormous plaid trowsers, defiant of Shakspeare's theory about the sensitiveness of some men, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose ; the clerical Mason in shovel hat ; the municipal artillery ; the Sons of Temperance, and the band. Away they marched with drum and banner, key and compasses, BIBLE and sword, to Dartmouth, in great feather, for the eyes of Halifax were upon them.

To-morrow, gentle reader, if the fates permit, we shall visit Chezzet-cook. Simple Acadia, there, still survives. Among ' the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,' we shall see those peasants of Normandy, those off-shoots of the colonies planted by Henry of Navarre and Richelieu ; and whatever is note-worthy, believe me shall be faithfully recorded.

R O S A M O N D .

OH ! hand in hand with ROSAMOND,
I wandered to the dim, old wood,
When June her roses all had donned
With cooling fragrances imbued.

Her footsteps light bent not the grass,
That, daisy-dimpled at her feet,
Looked fondly up to see her pass,
Looked fondly up her glance to meet.

And still with coyness, by my side
Went ROSAMOND, without one word ;
I saw her cheeks with blushes dyed,
Her beating heart was all I heard !

The jasmine scents made sweet the air,
Its gadding beauties all a-bloom,
And tawny minstrels everywhere,
Trilled fondest songs from out the gloom.

The dewy moss was soft beneath,
The heavy shadows thick above,
While rosy lips seemed half to breathe
A response to my burning love.

And then with sudden boldness grown,
My arms entwined her, like a vine,
Whose glossy sprouts doth proudly own
Its velvet leaves and bloom divine.

Her lips' rare vintage, ripe and red,
'T was mine its freshness first to know,
While jewelled arms buoyed up the head
That rested on her bosom's snow.

Rose of *my* world, I whispered then,
Mid kisses raining fast and sweet ;
And lips drawn back only again
In dewy ecstasy to meet !

R. A. OAKES.

A H E A R T M E M O R Y .

ONE joyous summer-time I wandered,
 Wandered where the fair flowers grew:
 Where the earth was filled with beauty;
 Where fell soft the evening dew:

Where the hills in stately grandeur,
 Reared their stern but graceful forms;
 Where the valleys, clad with verdure,
 Laughed in glee at welcome storms:

Where the sun went down in glory;
 Where the evening stole apace:
 Where the moon arose in silence,
 Smiling on *one* lonely face.

Yes, a face so full of beauty;
 One as fair as fair could be:
 Like the Morn when full of blushes,
 Wandered she aside of me.

Wandered we in joy together,
 O'er the hills and quiet vales:
 Through the forest, through the meadows,
 Ever most where beauty dwells.

Over waters calm and tranquil,
 Rippled by her tiny hand,
 As o'er the little skiff she dropped it,
 Like a fairy's magic wand.

Glide we onward, onward, onward!
 'Neath the bright and clear blue sky,
 E'en the lilies' pallid faces
 Seem to smile as she passed by.

Mossy seats all framed by nature,
 Welcomed us to rest awhile:
 And gently seated, thus together,
 The rosy summer hours beguile.

In her eyes I saw reflected
 All the joy that shone from mine:
 Every little word she uttered,
 Was a gem I would enshrine.

'Shrined they *are* in Memory's pages:
 In my dreams they come anon,
 Floating like all earthly pleasures,
 Still most sweet to dream upon.

And her face — can I forget it?
 Say, will age or distance sever
 Thoughts that in my heart are dwelling?
 Ah! the wind is sighing — never!

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight,
'T is only seen by ONE
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon-form ;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band ;
Yet there with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand !

Their leader is a GOD-like form,
Of countenance serene ;
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple Cross is seen.

His captains, FAITH and HOPE and LOVE,
Point to that wondrous sign :
And, gazing on it all receive
Strength from a SOURCE divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm :
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot :
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot :

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze — to GOD.

Y E W E S T E R N S T A G E .

BY L. J. BATES.

ONE morning in January I took a seat in the one-horse line of stages between this ilk and Grand Haven, having business in the latter locality. 'and thereby hangs a tale'—*my* tale. The 'stage' consisted of a rickety pair of bobs—an open box, of course—two miserably gaunt horses, and a Dutchman. The day was raw and gusty, and with the prospect of a long and tedious journey before me, an ill-humor with which I set out soon subsided into a worse taciturnity. Looking out for number one, I therefore established myself in the back seat, seized upon a double allowance of buffaloes, wrapped my shawl closely about my throat and ears, lit a segar, and prepared generally to be as disagreeable company as possible, should any one venture into very close proximity to my quarters. I was the first passenger aboard; but before we left the town the driver had picked up two rough-looking lumber-men, a sleepy, sheepish-looking lawyer, and a good-looking German girl. The damsel was the latest comer, and either that she disliked the looks of the other passengers, or that she was 'cute enough to notice my double allowance of buffaloes, she insisted upon a seat by my side, when she immediately seized upon a little more than her fair share of room and the buffaloes also. If I was cross before, this rendered me doubly so, and I puffed away in a very gloomy sort of dignity for a mile or two; but at the end of that time, I began first to console and then to congratulate myself on my luck in securing such a *compagnon du voyage*, for she 'snuggled up' without a particle of prudery and doubled the warmth of my former comfortable quarters. By the time, then, that my segar was out, I threw the stump and my ill-humor overboard together, and discovered that my partner was as pretty as she was warm.

When, therefore, I wished to renew my smoke, I drew out a second segar, and turning to her, I asked if it would be offensive, with as much good humor and politeness as though I were addressing Miss Jones; and Miss Jones, be it known, is worth a cool twenty thousand dollars in her own right—therefore Miss Jones is to be addressed with the highest respect. No, she rather liked segar-smoke; whereupon the sleepy-looking lawyer established a light at the end of a villanous long nine, determined, as he said, to 'help me gratify the lady.' I immediately set him down as an ass.

However, this little episode broke the spell of silence which had thus far pervaded the party, and we immediately fell into a general conversation, which lasted all the rest of the day.

After dinner, which we procured at the half-way-house, (a log tavern,) the weather improved, and we were all in excellent spirits, particularly the two lumber-men. One of these was generally known as 'Old Slum-keg'—a weather-beaten, jolly old rif, who told large yarns, but sturdily

refused to believe any body else, whatever were the nature of their assertions. The other was a more cross, taciturn man, with one eye always half-shut and the other squinting upward, a yellow, dry complexion, and a perpetual 'No you do n't,' for every observation that strained his credulity in the least. He was always looking out for a sell, and invariably suspected, where he could not see, a trick of some kind. His whole figure, *tout ensemble*, and countenance, was 'No you do n't,' and nothing else — so much so that his favorite aphorism had become his title. Both these two worthies were past forty, and both ignorant, rude, and conceited.

Slumkeg had with him a little yellow cur, as homely and uncouth as his master — an animal which formed 'part of his countenance' at home or abroad; and he was as proud of the vixenish, gaunt, ill-looking slut, as a man well could be. As soon, therefore, as we were well under way, he commenced a general history of the good qualities and mighty deeds of his favorite, declaring that 'This here critter can run the legs off any dog as ever stuck to a deer's tail, and she was the greatest, tallest, most 'cutest beast on a scent as was ever know'd in them woods — never was flambergasted but oncet — never !

'That time,' he continued, 'I was bamboozled myself, and all by a confounded, sneakin' old coon, too. Tell you *now*, folks when any beast in the woods gets the start o' me and this here snorter, (nodding to the slut,) he's smart, now — do you sense that? Wall, that thar coon kept a comin' into my corn-field and smashed things for about every night nigh onto two months, and I arter him every night; but devil a chance did I get at him either. He jist made a run for a bend in the creek, where there was a log over the water, and there we always lost him, though nothin' ever got Beauty — that 's the slut — off the track afore. After tryin' about twenty times and gettin' fooled, I got mad, I did, and ripped a little. My old 'oman — you see she 's h — l on provokin' me — used to keep up an everlastin' pesterin' about the critter. Every time any thing went wrong she 'd up and ax me if I 'd sarcumbobulated that thar coon yet; and that took all the starch out o' my ideas quick, now.

'Wall, as I said, I got mad, and I swore a big oath like to myself that I 'd fix that thar cussed varmint in less nor a week, or die tryin'. So I went down to the creek and took a look at things. I made up my mind that the critter always cum to the eend of the log, 'cause his tracks ended there; and that night, about ten o'clock, I went down and set traps all about the place, and then started to rout him out. Folks, you may n't believe it, but it 's a fact — it did n't work !'

'No you do n't !' put in his companion, 'not by a d — d sight !'

'Dry up ! you parchment-skinned, ugly-faced old rip ! What in h — l do you know about varmints ?'

'No-You-Don't' was on his feet in a moment. He would have pitched into Old Slumkeg, but that a jolt of the bobs pitched him into a snow-bank by the roadside. The team was stopped, the passenger recovered, and after harmony had been, with some difficulty, restored, Slumkeg proceeded :

We routed out the tarnal critter in no time, and down he went on

the old trail to the creek, and there we lost him ag'in. How in cre-a-ation it was did, blast me if I could make out. There was the traps all right, but no coon. I jest took the slut and crossed over the creek and we hunted up and down the other bank for a mile above and below the log, but narry track did we find. Then I hunted the other side, but no better luck. Next night I tried it ag'in, and blast me if Beauty did n't get into one of the cussed traps, and like to a-sp'iled her fore leg. Hero's the scar now.

'Wall, folks, I went home and tuk sick immejetly. That thar coon troubled my mind tremenjussy, and the old 'oman could n't shet her jaw for a half a day on account of it. 'You're a smart feller, you be,' sez she, 'to be bothered by a coon! You're a hunter, you are! O LORD!' and then she'd laff so provokin' like, it come near a killin' me. One day I jest got rippin' mad, and so I up and went down to the old log and cut it in two, so as to burn it up and fix the old cuss's bridge for him. When I'd got it half cut, blast me ef I did n't find a holler place in the middle, and there was mister coon, all safe. I settled his hash, now you'd better believe, quick! The critter would run and jump onto the eend of the log and go out to the middle of the creek, and there he jumped down onto a big flat stone and run into the holler on the under side.

'No you do n't!'

Another explosion came near following, but the lawyer quelled it by quietly remarking, that he had no doubt Slumkeg was right—he'd seen stranger things himself.

'Animals sometimes very nearly approach reason in their cunning,' he remarked, in a sleepy, listless, and yet agreeably pleasant tone; 'I have n't any doubt of it. The physical elements of mind are possessed by almost all created animate things; and I doubt if the closest reasoner can tell where the faculty of instinct ends, and the reign of reason begins. Theory and fact draw one in a perfect maze, when he begins to speculate on the relative reasoning powers of men and animals. I have studied the subject long and earnestly, and could refer you to thousands of well-attested instances, where animal sagacity has apparently over-stepped the bounds of mere instinct to confound and perplex all our received opinions relative to the extent of reason in brutes. One I well remember, since it came within my own personal experience. With the permission of the company, I will relate it.'

The man's voice had a spell in it. He was disagreeable at sight, sleepy and dull in appearance, but spoke in a sweetly modulated tone; yet I fancied a sell was on the tapis, though he was apparently both too dull and too serious for a joke. At any rate I wavered a little in my opinion of him; though my companions were instantly won to any thing he chose to say. His voice certainly had a spell in it—I could n't help liking him, as he spoke; and I saw the rest were attracted more than myself.

'Of all things in which one would look for sagacity,' he began, 'a snake is of the last; yet my story is of a snake, and a wise one, too. Men have studied them unkindly since the creation, when the GIVER of life pronounced them the most 'subtle of all the beasts of the field;'

and the consequence is that their wisdom and importance have been greatly overlooked and derided. Dull and stupid as they apparently are, yet they far excel, in intelligence and something like reason in emergencies, many animals supposed to be akin to man in the nobler attributes of physical life, as I shall prove.

'I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent most of last year. I don't know why, but I was constantly watching them, and constantly testing their sagacity, by placing them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds, I experimented most with rattle-snakes and copper-heads.

'One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read, (for I always had a book or newspaper with me,) and had been enjoying myself for some time, when I espied a copper-head making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and segar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred, the rascal made a grand rush for the hole; but I caught his tail, as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try the hole again. After awhile, he started for it, stopping when I stirred to coil himself up; but, as I kept pretty quiet, he recovered confidence, and again went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he touch the ground than he made another grand rush for the hole, *in a straight line for my legs!* But that did n't work, for I got out of the way, and gave him another flirt.

This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped, and wiggled his tail as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so; and quicker than a flash, he drew his head out and came within about a quarter-of-an-inch of striking me in the face! However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out next time. Well, he tried the same game again; but it would n't work; I was too quick for him.

'This time he lay in a coil perhaps half-an-hour without stirring. At last, however, he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, by heavens! he got the start of me by one of the 'cutest tricks you ever heard of!'

'How was it?' we all exclaimed in a breath.

'Why,' said the narrator, sinking his voice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest and sober as a man could look, 'why, he just turned his head toward my hand, *and went down that hole tail first!* I saw the rascal's eyes twinkle as he did it, too; as much as to say: 'What do you think of that, eh?' and since then, I have believed that snakes have souls.'

There was a dead silence for a moment or two. The manner of the narrator had so impressed his auditors with the idea that he was telling the truth, that their brains were slow to credit the impression of a sell. After awhile, however, Old Slumkeg suffered the expression of credulity, which had gradually stolen over his features, to pass away, as the con-

viction that he was bamboozled worked its way into his brain : and, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, quite excitedly :

‘That’s a —— LIE ! stranger ; and if I thought you was imposin’ on me, —— me if I would n’t spoil your figger-head !’

As for old ‘No-you-Do-n’t,’ he remained so absorbed, as yet, in trying to get the whole meaning of the last end of the story through his wool, that his countenance yet wore the most puzzled expression I had seen in a long time. He was completely tangled up for the moment ; but the roar that burst from the lawyer, the girl and myself, opened his eyes a little, and before our mirth had quite subsided, he had taken in the full extent of the sell.

‘Sold, by Gorsh !’ he exclaimed. ‘Stranger, here’s my hand on that ; you’re the first man that ever got the start of me : and you’d better b’lieve that I never’ll b’lieve *any thing* ag’in !’

And during all the rest of the day he maintained a profound silence, and a crest-fallen appearance, which were irresistibly comical.

About night-fall we arrived at our journey’s end : and so ends my tale. I may yet resume the subject, and give the world a few more *stage* incidents ; but enough for the nonce.

Grand Rapids, (Michigan,) 1856.

IMITATION OF BERANGER : SONG.

I.

THEY say it’s wrong for you and me
To love each other, girl, so well ;
But why it should be I can’t see,
And sure I am that you can’t tell !
And if it is, what shall I do ?
I cannot help it : MOLL, can you ?

II.

Propriety forbids such things,
Society in vain repeats ;
I fear such pleasant wanderings
My heart will go on while it beats.
And if it does, what shall I do ?
I cannot help it : MOLL, can you ?

III.

So many little tnings are sins,
To which I feel myself inclined,
Where Duty ends or where begins,
I can’t well settle in my mind.
And if I don’t, what shall I do ?
Who cares to help it ? MOLL, do you ?

H O U S E H O L D S O R R O W .

A SHADOW broods over the household,
 A sorrow still and deep:
 I feel its presence around my heart
 Like a thrill of suffering creep.

It hushes the baby's laughing voice
 Though the child can dream not why:
 But the half-smile dies on its rosy lip
 And a wonder fills its eye.

I look far out in the sun-shine,
 That bathes the earth in light:
 And the voice of Nature murmureth low
 Her manifold delight.

But the shadow—oh! close it falleth
 Through the dim and dusky air:
 And we whisper low, and with light foot-full
 We press the echoing stair.

And yet so soundly she sleeps above,
 In that chamber cold and dim,
 No noise from this busy world without
 Can reach *her* world within.

The shadow cast from the old pine-trees
 Flickers upon her face,
 Mocking the play of the features, rare
 In their pure and chiselled grace.

And the wind stirreth tresses long and brown,
 'T is but the wind alone:
 Sad tears are filling our eyes, to see
 How stilly she sleepeth on.

The sorrow that broods o'er the household
 Marks every weary brow:
 Hers only is quiet and peaceful—
 She heedeth *no* sorrow now.

She whose warm heart felt ever
 The woes of other hearts;
 Whose sympathizing eye would draw
 The sting of suffering's darts.

The shadow over the household,
 The shadow from DEATH'S pale wing,
 Shall fill our souls with the anguish
 Of a life-long sorrowing.

FAUSTA.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE COURT OF NAPOLEON: OR SOCIETY UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE. BY FRANK B. GOODRICH, (DICK TINTO.) New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON, Number 119 Nassau-street.

If there was ever a temptation in the way of a book, it is this elegant volume. To see it in the hands of another man is to have all the envy in your nature rampant. To find it lying on a table, 'with nobody over near,' is almost sufficient to make one break the eighth commandment, unless one is possessed of a strong moral sense, like MACE SLOPER. '*Napoleon's Court*' is one of the most beautiful specimens of American typography that we ever had the pleasure of admiring. The book is printed on a new font of pica type, cast expressly for the work, and bound in Turkey antique, with some very charming designs by SOMERVILLE. The illustrations, sixteen in number, from original portraits in the galleries of the Luxembourg and Versailles, are executed by M. JULES CHAMPAGNE, the most celebrated artist in this line in Paris. Each plate is colored by hand, and the number of sets used in a single edition must have cost the publishers a small fortune. The various periods treated of are illustrated by their remarkable women: the Reign of Terror by its heroines:

CHARLOTTE CORDAY and Madame ROLAND.

The Directory by its celebrated beauty, Madame TALLIEN; and the Consulate and Empire of NAPOLEON by the wits and belles of the Imperial era, namely:

MADAME RECAMIER, whose love was sought by NAPOLEON and LUCIEN BONAPARTE, BERNADOTTE, MURAT, JUNOT, the MONTMORENCIES, (father and son,) AUGUSTUS, Prince of Prussia, and Lord WELLINGTON, and 'whose beauty threw at her feet every man who had once looked upon her.'

PAULINE BONAPARTE, the most beautiful princess in Europe, and whose fantastic and uncontrollable caprices gave her brother constant annoyance.

CAROLINE BONAPARTE, wife of MURAT, and Queen of Naples.

JOSEPHINE and MARIE LOUISE, the two Empresses.

HORTENSE DE BEAUMARNAIS, daughter of JOSEPHINE and mother of LOUIS NAPOLEON and the Count DE MORNAY.

GRACE INGERSOLL, the belle of New-Haven, transferred by marriage to France, and subsequently one of the beauties who frequented the Court of the Tuileries.

Mdlle. DU COLOMBIER, NAPOLEON's first love, with whom he used to eat cherries at six in the morning.

MADAME REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY, a peerless beauty, one of whose replies to NAPOLEON has become historical.

MADAME JUNOT, Duchess D'ABRANTES. This lady refused NAPOLEON's brother in marriage; her brother would not accept NAPOLEON's sister, PAULINE; and her mother, Madame DE PERMON, refused NAPOLEON himself.

MADAME DE STAEL, the first literary woman of the age.

MADAME LENORMAND, the sybil of the nineteenth century, and the intimate confidante of JOSEPHINE; of whom it was said that 'she contrived to obtain credence in an age which neither believed in God and his angels, nor the devil and his imps.'

MADAME GEORGES, the tragic actress, and the protégée of NAPOLEON.

Mr. GOODRICH has done his part 'excellently well.' The prose is spirited and compact. We have room for only two excerpts, which we take at random.

MADAME REGNAULT'S REPLY.

'MADAME REGNAULT was one of the many women who had incurred NAPOLEON's dislike. He never treated her with even ordinary politeness, without, however, alleging any motive for his conduct, and probably conscious of no reasonable ground of aversion. On the evening in question, he was out of humor, and made his customary round of the company with evident distaste. He stopped opposite Madame REGNAULT to examine her toilet. This consisted of a simple dress of white crape, trimmed with alternate tufts of pink and white roses. The glossy black of her hair was relieved by white roses deeply imbedded in its tresses. Her toilet was considered faultless; for the events of the night caused it to be critically examined and canvassed. As his MAJESTY prepared to address her, she presented as perfect an embodiment of youth, beauty, and taste, as was to be found in the court. NAPOLEON was all the more incensed at her irreproachable appearance. Justice was the last feature which characterized his criticisms upon ladies, and the remark which he now made was certainly the last which a regard to truth and the most ordinary courtesy would have suggested to him. With a bitter smile, he said, in a deep, sonorous voice:

'Do you know, Madame REGNAULT, that you are looking much older to-night?'

'These words were uttered in the hearing of several hundred persons, half of whom were women, doubtless gratified at the beauty's humiliation. She hesitated for a moment, as if framing her reply. At last she said with a smile, and in a voice sufficiently firm for all who heard the attack to hear the rejoinder:

'What your MAJESTY has done me the honor to observe might have been painful to hear, had I reached an age when youth is regretted.'

'The NOISE of the court was hardly twenty-eight years old. A murmur of approbation ran through the room, which not even the presence of NAPOLEON could repress. The Emperor afterward regretted his treatment of Madame REGNAULT. He was told at St. Helena, in 1816, that she had manifested constant attachment to him during his confinement at, and upon his return from, Elba. 'Is it possible?' he exclaimed, with marked satisfaction. 'Poor lady! How badly I treated her! Well, this compensates for the ingratitude of the renegades for whom I did so much! How true it is, that we can neither judge of the heart nor the sentiments until they have been exposed to trial!'

TALMA.

'It was said of TALMA, that his head and profile presented the Greek type in all the purity of an Athenian medallion struck in the time of PERICLES. His physiognomy, completely under his control, was naturally melancholy, but became at will terrible or placid, winning or repellant. His voice was penetrating and magnetic, and he possessed the art of speaking audibly in an extinct whisper. His gestures were the perfection of grace; his pantomime, whether illustrative of the text, or itself supplying the place of language, was singularly expressive. He was the first to bestow attention upon the art of costume, consulting medals, statues, manuscripts, black-letter folios, for authority upon the accessories of dress, armor, and drapery. He never had a rival upon the French stage. His immediate predecessor, LEKAIN, who enjoyed an immense reputation, was unequal and incomplete. Perfect in the delineation of the more violent passions, he failed in representing them when in repose, in rendering passages of transition from agitation to tranquillity, and in descriptive recitation. In all this, TALMA was as effective as in the more startling features of his art. The French classic stage is indebted to him for the present system of dramatic declamation. It was the custom previously to make both the sense and the punctuation subordinate to a distinct coupling of the rhymes. Each Alexandrine fell in cadence, and the duty of the actor was specially to impress upon the ear of the listener the rhyming syllables at the end of it.

TALMA reversed this habit, and made it the object of his delivery to preserve the sense even if he somewhat slurred the rhyme. He breathed at the pauses; his predecessors had always taken breath at the ends of the lines. This avoidance of the jingle of rhyme was a happy innovation; and in thus improving an art intimately connected with oratory and elocution, TALMA is likely to exert a more durable influence upon literature and rhetoric than usually falls to the lot of an actor, however great he may be.

Throughout the Consulate, TALMA remained on terms of intimacy with BONAPARTE, being habitually present at his levees, upon a footing with MONGE and LAGRANGE. When NAPOLEON became EMPEROR, he thought it prudent to cease his attendance at the palace. He was summoned, however, to the Tuilleries on the morning of the day when the authorities were to compliment the EMPEROR upon his elevation to the throne. His MAJESTY compelled several deputations of government functionaries to wait without, while he took the tragedian to task for alleged exaggerations in the performance of NERO. On another occasion, speaking to TALMA of his tendency to over-act, he said: 'You visit me often, TALMA; you see around me princes who have lost their dominions, princesses who have lost their lovers, kings who have lost their thrones; you see generals who aspire to crowns; you see disappointed ambitions, eager rivalries, terrible catastrophes; you see afflictions exposed to the public view, and you may guess at many sorrows nursed and hidden in the heart. Here is tragedy, certainly: my palace is full of it: and I myself am assuredly the first tragedian of my time. Do you ever see us lift our arms in the air, study and prepare our gestures, take attitudes and affect airs of grandeur? Do you hear us utter cries and shouts? Certainly not; we speak naturally, as every one speaks when urged by interest or inspired by passion. So have done before me the various persons who have occupied the attention of the world, and, like me, have played tragedies upon the throne. Here are examples to meditate upon!'

Again, one morning after the performance of '*La Mort de Pompée*,' NAPOLEON said: 'I am not entirely satisfied: you use your arms too much: monarchs are less prodigal of gestures: they know that a motion is an order, and that a look is death; so they are sparing of both motions and looks. For instance, how often has it happened to me to awaken to activity three hundred guns by a sign of my little finger!' TALMA profited by the advice thus given: and if the second part of his career showed a marked improvement upon the first, the criticisms of NAPOLEON may be supposed not to have been without influence in inducing reflection and reformation. During the Revolution and under the Directory, he had been clamorous, turbulent, demonstrative; under the Consulate and Empire, he became simple, impressive, majestic. He produced his effects by more natural and legitimate means. 'No one but TALMA,' wrote Madame DE STAEL, 'ever attained that degree of perfection in which art is combined with inspiration, reflection with spontaneity, reason with genius.'

THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY: OR THE SPIRIT AND BEAUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.
By the VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Translated by CHARLES I. WHITE, D.D. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY AND COMPANY.

IN the midst of that fierce and horrible period of French history known as the Revolution of '93, when that 'most Christian country' abolished Christianity, and a degraded woman, clad as the GODDESS OF REASON, was set upon the altars and adored, ARMAND HENRI, Vicomte DE CHATEAUBRIAND, wrote the work now under review, as a counter-poison to the infidelity of his countrymen.

Portions of it have been before translated, but this is the only complete English version we have met with. The Rev. Mr. WHITE has performed his task with evident love for and admiration of the original, a love and admiration which indeed it well deserves. The work was written to exhibit the reasonableness, beauty, utility, and even necessity of Christianity. He set forth in eloquent language the glories of the religion of CHRIST, as manifested in its sacraments and mysteries, its virtues and moral laws, its poetry and artistic beauty, its consecration of common and family life, its power to dig-

nify what was otherwise held trivial, and its grand, solemn, and wondrous mission to prepare the human soul for a higher and eternal state after its separation with the clay which had been its casket.

Thus wrote CHATEAUBRIAND; and France stopped to listen even amid her intoxication; amid the horrid blood-drunkenness of that awful time. To him is that noble country as much indebted for her salvation as to any other human agency. All that is said of Christianity is compared with what attempts to be its parallel in Paganism, Mohammedanism, or other systems; and few can read without recognizing the supreme superiority of the creed of Christendom.

As a fine specimen of the style, both of writer and translator, we copy the splendid passage upon Christian Ruins:

'THE ruins of Christian monuments have not an equal degree of elegance, but in other respects will sustain a comparison with the ruins of Rome and Greece. The finest of this kind that we know of are to be found in England, principally toward the north, near the lakes of Cumberland, on the mountains of Scotland, and even in the Orkney Islands. The walls of the choir, the pointed arches of the window, the sculptured vaultings, the pilasters of the cloisters, and some fragments of the towers, are the portions that have most effectually withstood the ravages of time.

'In the Grecian orders, the vaults and the arches follow in a parallel direction the curves of the sky; so that on the gray hangings of the clouds, or in a darkened landscape, they are lost in the grounds. In the Gothic style, the points universally form a contrast with the circular arches of the sky and the curvatures of the horizon. The Gothic being, moreover, entirely composed of *voids*, the more readily admits of the decoration of herbage and flowers than the *fulness* of the Grecian orders. The clustered columns, the domes carved into foliage, or scooped out in the form of a fruit-basket, afford so many receptacles into which the winds carry with the dust the seeds of vegetation. The house-leek fixes itself in the mortar; the mosses cover some rugged parts with their elastic coating; the thistle projects its brown burrs from the embrasure of a window; and the ivy, creeping along the northern cloisters, falls in festoons over the arches.

'No kind of ruin produces a more picturesque effect than these relics. Under a cloudy sky, amid wind and storm, on the coast of that sea whose tempests were sung by OSSIAN, their Gothic architecture has something grand and sombre, like the God of Sinai, of whom they remind you. Seated on a shattered altar in the Orkneys, the traveller is astonished at the dreariness of those places: a raging sea, sudden fogs, vales where rises the sepulchral stone, streams flowing through wild heaths, a few reddish pine-trees scattered over a naked desert studded with patches of snow — such are the only objects which present themselves to his view. The wind circulates among the ruins, and their innumerable crevices are so many tubes which heave a thousand sighs. The organ of old did not lament so much in these religious edifices. Long grasses wave in the apertures of the domes, and beyond these apertures you behold the fitting clouds and the soaring sea-eagle. Sometimes, mistaking her course, a ship, hidden by her swelling sails, like a spirit of the waters curtailed by his wings, ploughs the black bosom of ocean. Bending under the northern blast, she seems to bow as she advances, and to kiss the seas that wash the relics of the temple of God.

'On these unknown shores have passed away the men who adored that Wisdom which walked beneath the waves. Sometimes in their sacred solemnities they marched in procession along the beach, singing, with the Psalmist, *How vast is this sea which stretcheth wide its arms!* At others, seated in the cave of Fingal on the brink of ocean, they imagined they heard that voice from on high which said to Job, *Who shut up the sea with doors when it brake forth as issuing out of the womb?* At night, when the tempests of winter swept the earth, when the monastery was enveloped in clouds of spray, the peaceful cenobites, retiring within their cells, slept amid the howling of the storm, congratulating themselves on having embarked in that vessel of the Lord which will never perish.

'Sacred relics of Christian monuments, ye remind us not, like so many other ruins, of blood, of injustice and of violence! Ye relate only a peaceful history, or at most the mysterious suffering of the SON OF MAN! And ye holy hermits, who, to secure a place in happier regions, exiled yourselves to the ices of the pole, ye now enjoy the fruit of your sacrifices; and if among angels, as among men, there are inhabited plains and desert tracts, in like manner as ye buried your virtues in the solitudes of the earth, so ye have doubtless chosen the celestial solitudes, therein to conceal your ineffable felicity!'

In his chapter upon the '*Organization of Animals and Plants*,' M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND condenses the following from a passage in the great German NIEUWENTYT's '*Treatise on the Existence of a God*,' as furnishing new proofs of the bounty of PROVIDENCE:

'In treating of the four elements, which he considers in their harmonies with man and the creation in general, he shows, in respect to air, how our bodies are marvellously preserved beneath an atmospheric column, equal in its pressure to a weight of twenty thousand pounds. He proves that the change of one single quality, either as to rarefaction and density, in the element we breathe, would be sufficient to destroy every living creature. It is the air that causes the smoke to ascend; it is the air that retains liquids in vessels; by its agitation it purifies the heavens, and wafts to the continents the clouds of the ocean.

'He then demonstrates, by a multitude of experiments, the necessity of water. Who can behold without astonishment the wonderful quality of this element, by which it ascends, contrary to all the laws of gravity, in an element lighter than itself, in order to supply us with rain and dew? He considers the arrangement of mountains, so as to give a circulation to rivers; the topography of these mountains in islands and on the main land; the outlets of gulfs, bays, and mediterranean waters: the innumerable advantages of seas: nothing escapes the attention of this good and learned man. In the same manner he unfolds the excellence of the earth as an element, and its admirable laws as a planet. He likewise describes the utility of fire, and the extensive aid it has afforded in the various departments of human industry.

'When he passes to animals, he observes that those which we call domestic come into the world with precisely that degree of instinct which is necessary in order to tame them, while others that are unserviceable to man never lose their natural wildness. Can it be chance that inspires the gentle and useful animals with the disposition to live together in our fields, and prompts ferocious beasts to roam by themselves in unfrequented places? Why should not flocks of tigers be led by the sound of the shepherd's pipe? Why should not a colony of lions be seen frisking in our parks, among the wild thyme and the dew, like the little animals celebrated by LA FONTAINE? Those ferocious beasts could never be employed for any other purpose than to draw the car of some triumphant warrior, as cruel as themselves, or to devour Christians in an amphitheatre. Alas! tigers are never civilized among men, but men oftentimes assume the savage disposition of the tiger!

'The observations of NIEUWENTYT on the qualities of birds are not less interesting. Their wings, convex above and concave underneath, are oars perfectly adapted to the element they are designed to cleave. The wren, that delights in hedges of thorn and arbutus, which to her are extensive deserts, is provided with a double eye-lid, to preserve its sight from every kind of injury. But how admirable are the contrivances of nature! this eye-lid is transparent, and the little songstress of the cottage can drop this wonderful veil without being deprived of sight. PROVIDENCE kindly ordained that she should not lose her way when conveying the drop of water or the grain of millet to her nest, and that her little family beneath the bush should not pine at her absence.

'And what ingenious springs move the feet of birds! It is not by a play of the muscles which their immediate will determines, that they hold themselves firm on a branch: their feet are so constructed that, when they are pressed in the centre or at the heel, the toes naturally grasp the object which presses against them. From this mechanism it follows that the claws of a bird adhere more or less firmly to the object on which it alights, as the motion of that object is more or less rapid; for, in the waving of the branch, either the branch presses against the foot or the foot against the branch, and in either case there results a more forcible contraction of the claws. When in the winter season, at the approach of night, we see ravens perched on the leafless summit of the oak, we imagine that it is only by continual watchfulness and attention, and with incredible fatigue, they can maintain their position amid the howling tempest and the obscurity of night. The truth, however, is, that unconscious of danger, and defying the storm, they sleep amid the war of winds. BOREAS himself fixes them to the branch from which we every moment expect to see them hurled; and, like the veteran mariner whose hammock is slung to the masts of a vessel, the more they are rocked by the hurricane the more profound are their slumbers.

'With respect to the organization of fishes, their very existence in the watery element, and the relative change in their weight, which enables them to float in water of greater or less gravity, and to descend from the surface to the lowest depths of the abyss, are perpetual wonders. The fish is a real hydrostatic machine, displaying a thousand phenomena by means of a small bladder, which it empties or replenishes with air at pleasure.'

THE work is elegantly gotten up, with a fine portrait: and in typographical beauty compares favorably with the best classic works of the day.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HORACE SMITH AND JAMES SMITH, Authors of '*The Rejected Addresses*.' Portraits, and a Biographical Sketch. Edited by EPES SARGENT. New-York : MASON BROTHERS.

FOR nearly half a century the Brothers SMITH flourished in the literary society of London : welcome always and everywhere : wits, poets, and connoisseurs : club-men, men of ton, and gentlemen. JAMES was a lawyer by profession, but was a good deal more fond of his song and his joke than of briefs and special pleas. He took more to the stage-box than the jury-box, and to the nine muses than to the twelve men on a panel. HORACE was a broker — a money-maker ; and withal a man of uncommon generosity and the most genial temper. He was a reliable friend and an agreeable companion. Both were fond of the theatre, and wrote for it with more or less success. Both wrote verses ; and HORACE wrote poetry of a very high order. Both became famous by the publication of '*The Rejected Addresses*,' one of the most remarkable works in literature, and a book that is still reprinted, and read with as much zest as on the day of its first appearance. It has passed through some thirty editions, and is still one of the best selling books on MURRAY's trade-list.

The SMITHS, when young men, were intimate with CUMBERLAND, and were connected with him in several literary enterprises. The memoir, prefixed to this collection of their poetical works, gives us an amusing account of the commencement of this acquaintance. Anecdotes of the distinguished dramatist, of HOOK, MATHEWS, CROKER, and the literary guests of TOM HILL, make this biographical sketch very agreeable ; and it gives us a lively portrait of the two brothers to whom it is more especially devoted.

Many of HORACE SMITH's poems are familiar to many American readers : but they are now for the first time brought together in a volume, in company with '*The Rejected Addresses*.'

SHELLEY was very fond of HORACE SMITH, and thought highly of him as a poet ; and there are certainly some touches in his verse that could have been accomplished only by the true inspiration. What can be more exquisite than his '*Hymn to the Flowers*' ? There is a flow to the verse of '*Sicilian Arethusa*' like that of molten silver, or of the stream it describes :

'*Thy liquid gush and gurgling melody
Have left undying echoes in the bowers ;
Of tuneful poetry. Thy very name,
Sicilian Arethusa, had been drowned
In deep oblivion, but that the buoyant breath
Of bards uplifted it, and bade it swim
Adown the eternal lapse, assured of fame,
Till all things shall be swallowed up in death.*'

'*The Murderer's Confession*' is a remarkable poem, for its originality and boldness both of conception and versification. It is in a different vein altogether from HORACE SMITH's other writings in verse, and more like HOOD's touch in some of his delineations of domestic tragedy. '*The Invocation*,' written in the neighborhood of Abbotsford during the last illness of Sir WALTER SCOTT ; '*Dirge for a Living Poet*,' written of SOUTHEY, during his latter days ; '*CAMPBELL's Funeral*,' and '*The Life and Death*,' in commemoration of his friend CHARLES MATHEWS ; all testify to the genial and

admirable qualities which belong to the *man* SMITH, and exhibit his claims to 'kindred' with the brotherhood of genius, sympathy with whose sorrows and fall was the inspiration of these lays. If we may regard them as what are sometimes called 'occasional poems,' in the nature of monodies or elegies — of which the English miscellanies for the last hundred years are full — we know of nothing that surpasses these exquisite poems in natural feeling, in delicacy and beauty of expression, and in their adaptation to the events that called them forth. If we could decide which of these four poems is the best, we would copy it, but we must refer the reader to the volume, to decide the question for himself. Our impression is, that the magnificent tribute to CAMPBELL must bear away the palm.

There is a fact in HORACE SMITH's history worthy of note, in connection with a few stanzas inspired by a philosophy which not only prompted his verses, but regulated his life:

'Unpossessed Possessions.'

'Whose are Windsor and Hampton, the pride of the land,
With their treasures and trophies so varied and grand?

The QUEEN's, you reply:

Deuce a bit! you and I

Through their gates, twice a week, making privileged way,

Tread their gilded saloons,

View their portraits, cartoons,

And, like CAESAR, are monarchs of all we survey.

'And whose are our nobles' magnificent homes,
With their galleries, gardens, their statues and domes?

His Grace's, my Lord's?

Ay, in law and in words,

But in fact they are ours, for the master, poor wight!

Gladly leaving their view

To the visiting crew,

Keeps a dear exhibition for others' delight.

'And whose are the stag-haunted parks, the domains,
The woods and the waters, the hills and the plains?

Yours and mine, for our eyes

Daily make them our prize:

What more have their owners? The care and the cost!

Alas! for the great,

Whose treasures and state,

Unprized when possessed, are regretted when lost.

'When I float on the Thames, or am whisked o'er the roads,
To the numerous royal and noble abodes

Whose delights I may share,

Without ownership's care,

With what pity the titled and rich I regard,

And exultingly cry:

'Oh! how happy am I

To be only a poor unpatrician bard!'

HORACE SMITH was a broker, but unlike the broker described by a Roman namesake, who, smitten with a passion for retirement and a country seat, called in his money in the idea, but loaned it out again in the kitchen. He was an attentive man-of-business in early life, but was so wise as to know when he had enough. This is a knowledge few live to acquire. The sentiment which pervades his *'Unpossessed Possessions'* was genuine with him, and not poetical. He retired from the pursuit of wealth when he had gained a reasonable independence: and thereupon devoted himself to

tirely to literary avocations. To this course he was indebted for many years of tranquil enjoyment, undisturbed by vicissitudes of fortune.

There is a motive and a moral in every poem of HORACE SMITH, and they are finished with a neatness and point of expression that never leave one at a loss to comprehend his meaning. This may be regarded as a blemish with the admirers of some of the new schools of verse; but we confess that it gives us pleasure to derive a distinct impression from what we read, and that we never fail to understand as we go, when we pore over CAMPBELL, BYRON, or WORDSWORTH, who surely may be considered three of the masters of English song. SHELLEY and KEATS, we must confess, bid us pause sometimes, and are now and then quite past our understanding: but when we come down to the later gods of the poetical world, they seem to be so blurred and bedimmed in their ideas that they are little better than 'heathen Greek' to us for all the pleasure that we derive from them. Because we can always comprehend him, we enjoy HORACE SMITH, and think with FORSTER of the '*London Examiner*,' that he is a 'delightful' writer in verse. We know of few small poems in the English language more perfect than '*The First of March*,' or the '*Invocation to the Cuckoo*:' and yet, with all their fancy and imagination, they are as intelligible as a demonstration of EUCLID. Among the other pieces in this volume most infused with the 'faculty divine,' we would mention, '*Death*,' '*The Dying Poet*,' '*Farewell*,' '*The Birth-Day of Spring*,' and '*The Poet's Winter-Song to his Wife*.' The last we copy:

'THE birds that sang so sweet in the summer skies are fled,
And we trample 'neath our feet leaves that fluttered o'er our head;
The verdant fields of June wear a winding-sheet of white,
The stream has lost its tune, and the glancing waves their light.

'We too, my faithful wife, feel our winter coming on,
And our dreams of early life like the summer birds are gone;
My head is silvered o'er, while thine eyes their fire have lost,
And thy voice, so sweet of yore, is enchained by age's frost.

'But the founts that live and shoot through the bosom of the earth,
Still prepare each seed and root to give future flowers their birth:
And we, my dearest JANE, spite of age's wintry blight,
In our bosoms will retain Spring's florescence and delight.

'The seeds of love and lore that we planted in our youth,
Shall develop more and more their attractiveness and truth;
The springs beneath shall run, though the snows be on our head,
For Love's declining sun shall with Friendship's rays be fed.

'Thus as happy as when young shall we both grow old, my wife,
On one bough united hung of the fruitful Tree of Life;
May we never disengage through each change of wind and weather,
Till in ripeness of old age we both drop to earth together!'

Of the comic pieces by HORACE SMITH, the style is his own, though the anecdotes on which they are founded are sometimes borrowed. And though many of them are old favorites with us, we have read them in the new guise in which they appear with as much zest as if they were just out of manuscript. '*The Auctioneer and the Lawyer*,' '*Rabelais and the Lampreys*,' '*The Fat Actor and the Rustic*,' '*The Collegian and the Porter*,' '*The Poet and the Alchemist*,' though old acquaintances, will be welcome, if for nothing else, for the company in which they are found.

We have gossiped so much about HORACE SMITH, that we have hardly left ourselves room to speak of his more worldly, but equally clever brother. JAMES SMITH did not possess the poetic faculty to any great degree, but he was a polished versifier, and a man of decided *esprit*. He ought to have been the laureate of London. His verses are the suggestions of London life, and yet of general application. His style is condensed and pointed, and marked by epigram and antithesis. In its way, there is nothing better. Neither KIT ANSTEE nor PRAED, the most successful writers of the *vers de société*, surpassed JAMES SMITH. But his sphere was limited. He was a lyrist of fashion, as HOOK was a novelist. If his verses were understood and well received at Lady BLESSINGTON'S, he was content. It has been said that his part of '*The Rejected Addresses*' is the better part; but the imitations are all of the first excellence, and it is difficult to say which possesses the most merit. It must be conceded that the work stands without a rival. Neither before nor since has any thing appeared to compete with it. Time and again it has been tried, here and in England, and yet nothing has ever been accomplished that has survived. But '*The Rejected Addresses*' is as popular a book as the day it was written.

But we must take our leave of the 'Brothers SMITH,' with a word of thanks to the Brothers MASON, for the beautiful manner in which they have issued the volume before us, and to the editor for the very entertaining memoir which it contains.

THE RIFLE, AXE, AND SADDLE-BAGS, and other Lectures. By WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. With an Introduction by Rev. J. MCCLINTOCK, D.D., and a Portrait of the Author on Steel. In one volume: pp. 309. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

FROM the moment we saw Mr. MILBURN led forward by our friend Mr. WESLEY HARPER at the Book-seller's Festival at the Crystal Palace, and turn his almost sightless orbs upon the vast crowd whom he was to address, we have felt an interest in him 'which we can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.' It was the first time we had seen him. We had heard of 'the Blind Preacher,' and of his simple, natural eloquence; and when he began in a voice clear, deep, and full, without being loud, and plunged at once, without ambiguity or circumlocution, into what he had to say, we saw that he had not been over-rated. But Mr. MILBURN'S history, and his professional and literary characteristics, are too well known to the country to require reference or elucidation at our hands. Turn we rather to the volume under notice; wherein, as is truly stated by Dr. MCCLINTOCK in his 'Introduction,' the reader will find no ambiguities of phrase; no wandering or meaningless sentences; no paragraphs 'put in to fill up;' but lucid narrative, glowing descriptions, earnest thought, and genial feeling everywhere. The contents of the volumes consist of seven spoken lectures, under the annexed titles: 'The Symbols of Early Western Character and Civilization;' 'The Rifle;' 'The Axe;' 'The Saddle-Bags;' 'Songs in the Night, or the Triumph of Genius over Blindness;' 'An Hour's Talk about Woman;' and

'French Chivalry in the South-West.' All these themes, and they are all of interest, are very fully and eloquently treated, and abundantly illustrated by incident and anecdotes. We were struck very forcibly with *one* feature of this volume. A hundred years from now, reader, when we are in our graves and out of them in impalpable dust, it may be quoted in proof of the toils and sufferings of the early Methodists, in spreading the 'glad tidings of salvation' throughout the wilderness of the until then untrodden West. Our limits will permit of but a single extract: a passage from the lecture, *'Songs in the Night, or the Triumphs of Genius over Blindness.'* Mr. MURBURN is speaking of the inferiority of the Blind in the matter of 'spoken eloquence':

'THERE is a popular fallacy that this is a profession wherein the blind may readily excel; to which Mr. WIRT's celebrated description of the Blind Preacher, in his letters of the British Spy, has given still greater currency. I will not charge that distinguished person with intentional extravagance; but his picture is an exaggeration. His own mind was in a morbid and excited state, profoundly impressed by the Sabbath-like stillness of the forest; the grassy turf illumined by flashes of sunshine, and speckled by the twinkling shadows of the leaves; while through the trees appears the modest country church. Brooding over a youth mis-spent, haunted by the phantoms of remorse and despair, he crosses the threshold of the house of God, to hear if any word can be spoken that will dispel his gloom. An aged man stands in the dusk. Silvery locks fall down his shoulders. His voice is tremulous from age. His manner of simple fervor betokens the deepest earnestness. As the hearer looks more narrowly, he perceives that the speaker is blind. His own condition, the scene, the sightless apostle of the truth, all combine to arouse him to a pitch of enthusiasm; and he pronounces WADDELL the most eloquent of men.

'That Mr. WIRT on this occasion may have found him so, I do not question. But that the audience, under ordinary conditions, would have been affected to the same, or to an approaching degree, I cannot believe. Excel as the blind may in literature, the magic wand of the great orator cannot be given to them. Shall I demonstrate my position? When you are engaged in conversation, is it not requisite, in order to the fullest interest and animation, that you have the tribute of your companion's eye? Is it possible for you to sustain a prolonged and exciting conversation in a dark room? Can you make a friend or intimate of any person, who, when you speak to him, averts his glance? No, is the unmistakable answer to this question. Why? You come to your deepest acquaintance with others' sensibilities, whereby your own are kindled, through their eyes and your own. The sweetest and mightiest tie which binds us to each other—sympathy—whose glow kindles our enthusiasm, whose magic power enables us to transfer our life into another's life, to pervade our own imagination with another's being, reveals itself, not through the poor ministry of words, but in the divine expression of the human face, which concentrates and glorifies itself in the electric flashing of the eyes. These orbs are the mirrors of the soul; the lights which kindle the fires of friendship and affection.

'Again; you are a public speaker. Suppose you are called upon to address an audience from behind a screen; or with your face turned to the wall; or with a bandage across your eyes. Would your words have power, or your nature inspiration? Picture DEMOSTHENES or CLAY addressing an audience, their hanging breathless on his lips, when suddenly the lights go out. No poise of character, no self-possession, no absorption of the speaker in his theme is equal to such a crisis. No spell of eloquence is mighty enough to hold an audience together under such circumstances. There can be neither speaking nor hearing in the dark.

'What is the secret of the richest, greatest eloquence? Neither in finish of style, nor in force of logic, nor affluence of diction, nor grace of manner, nor pomp of imagination, nor in all of these combined, is it to be found. It may be accompanied by these, it may be destitute of them. It is in the man—feeling his theme, feeling his audience, and making them feel the theme and himself. He pursues the line of his thought; a sentence is dropped which falls like a kindling spark into the breast of some one present. The light of that spark shoots up to his eyes, and sends an answer to the speaker. The telegraphic signal is felt, and the speaker is instantly ten-fold the stronger; he believes what he is saying more deeply than before, when a second sentence creates a response in another part of the house. As he proceeds, the listless are arrested, the lethargic are startled into attention, tokens of sympathy and emotion flash out upon him from every portion of the audience. That audience has lent to him its strength. It is the same double action which characterizes every movement of the

universe: action and reaction; the speaker giving the best that is in him to his hearers, they lending the divinest portion of themselves to him. This tidal movement of sympathy, this magnetic action, awakening and answering in the eyes of speaker and hearer, by which he is filled with their life, and they pervaded by his thought, is to me the secret and the condition of real eloquence; and clearly this condition is one unattainable by a man destitute of sight.'

'Ah! but,' dear Mr. MILBURN, please look at the *other* side of the picture. Tears came into the eyes of hundreds who heard your eloquent and most touching address at the Crystal Palace, who would have been unmoved had they not known that you were painting from an upper and an inward light. *You* thought not of this, but your *auditors* did; and no man, with 'all his eyes about him,' as the phrase is, could have wrought half the sensation which your simple narrative created. We have done scant justice to this exceedingly attractive volume; but by glancing at the head of this hurried and imperfect notice, our readers will know how and where to obviate this defect, by obtaining a copy of the work in question, and enjoying its perusal, 'without note or comment' neither of which, in fact, does it in the least require.

PAUL FANE: OR PARTS OF A LIFE ELSE UNTOLD. A Novel: by N. P. WILLIS. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. Boston: A. WILLIAMS AND COMPANY.

THIS work was originally published in chapters in the '*Home Journal*,' and its announcement excited much interest. We among others, gladly hailed its advent, and eagerly perused its first numbers; but a growing sense of disappointment took the place of interest, and caused us to discontinue the weekly reading, and patiently await the completion of the story, trusting that when published all together, it might impress us more favorably. The book is now before us: we have read it carefully and kindly; but the result is the same. There is an artificiality about it, and the characters move through it like so many automaton; and though each one does and says just the right thing in just the right time and just the right place, yet it is done as stiffly as though they were made of paste-board and pulled by wires. There is great affectation of expression, and many of the incidents strike us as unnatural. In 'BOSH BLIVINS' we recognize a strong likeness to our old friend FORBEARANCE SMITH, the subject of one of the sketches in the '*Inklings of Adventure*;' but in vain we look in the present work for the touching simplicity, the graphic description and mirth-provoking incidents which so forcibly distinguished Mr. WILLIS's earlier works. Who does not feel as though JULIA BEVERLY and BLANCH CARROL were old friends? — but we think none of us will care to cultivate such acquaintances as Miss FIRKINS, or to become intimate with the Princess C ——. The letters which are exchanged between the hero and his mother are certainly beautiful specimens of composition, and serve to exhibit most charmingly the holiness of a mother's love, and its influence on an absent son. Let not our readers be biased by our opinion, but read 'PAUL FANE,' and judge of its merits for themselves.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The editor of '*The Gotham Chronicle*,' who sends us a few extracts from his forth-coming sheet, seems to have 'taken a leaf out of the book' of the Editor of '*The Bunkum Flagstaff*.' If the communication did not come from an entirely different direction, and in a totally different hand-writing, we should almost be inclined to consider the two journalists identical. The article upon '*Street Hogs*' is pregnant with a wonderful want of appreciation of the true nature of things, great obtuseness, selfishness, and vanity, mixed with simplicity of feeling:

'We often think of the remark made by a very unsophisticuff old countryman, but not of the old country, who in drinking what is called milk-punch, in which some strong liquor was infused, rolled up his eyes, smacked his lips, and said: 'Goodness, gracious! *what kéows!*' A slight mistake; and we think our friend labors under a slight mistake. The milk of his reasoning has got a little infusion of self-interest into it. This running of pigs in the public street has come to be a practice too much tolerated in this community. We, however, give his communication, and recommend his case to the *common* Council.

'To the Public.

'I WANT my hog to be let alone. It is a blinding shame to tease a poor hog, or any other, down to the veriest worm that scrawls. Sir, the cold winter is coming on when the thermometer, by the help of Zero, makes it very sharp, and Consumption, like a worm in the bud, skates through the ice. When I have a refuse hog which has been my hitherto custom, I, having no nubbins for him during the severe season, out of humanity's sake, I say, have been accustomed to dispense with him from the pen and release him into the street, where he hurts nobody, and the poor creature can do a little somethin' for himself. He has as much wright there as I am aware of to the contrary notwithstanding, as a cat, an horse, an cow, a ass, or a chicken. Just the same whatever. And it is enough to make the heart of a modern philanthroper bleed to see him on a freezing day when the potato palings, all stuck fast to the ice, nosin' in the ashes, or peek behind a barrel until the big boy and big dog gone by, and then come out again and try to get somethin'! Last winter my hog was abused. When he came back to

me one of his ears was off: he had a beautiful curl tale — all gone: his eyes nearly out, and thin as a shingle. I had to pet him up with cooked charvings and decay apples, before he was any way fit for killing. I hate inhumanity. One day in February Mr. DANBERT, almanac-maker, in the middle of the day was standing in the street with a spy-glass, quodroon and other chemical instruments, gazing up at a star named WEXTS like a fool. He might as well look for the burning sun among the stars as for a star among the sea. Just then my poor hog come along run against his legs and knocked him head over heels, as he ought to be. He got up in as white a rage as this piece of paper, put his dam eclipse-notes and quodroon observations into his pocket, and ran after the creature into a big yard (this man DANBERT) without his hat and his coat-tails streaming in the wind. He got a large kitchen back-log about six feet long by two in diameter, stood in the gate-way while the boys drove out the pig, when he let it fall right on the back of the poor crittur, which bruised him considerabel. Sir, I hate inhumanity. In Europ they got a Sassaity to prevent cruelty in the infliction of animals. Now I think Corporation of our town ought to be held responsible for property of this kind, which is mutilated simply because they do n't pass some astringent game-laws to protect it. If your horse fall through where they are digging for gas and break his legs, you recover — not your horse, for he's *hors-de-combat* — but the Corporation are milked in heavy damages. All right. But a poor hog must be vexed to death by brutal boys and dogs, and not the valy of a red cent in satisfaction. If a horse is property, why is n't an hog? Can any body tell us? — and why not recover for an hog well as a horse, when they are mutually malefactors, and *civ vives*? He wants no nskins, that's true; while by his bristles alone he is the source of more neatness than any other quarter whatever. Sir, I mean to sue if a single bristle on the hair of his back is hurt. I WANT MY HOG TO BE LET ALONE.

‘FROM OUR ENGLISH FILES.

‘THERE is no kind of nobility that we pay enough respect to in this country. It is very different with JOHN BULL, as witness the following remarks at a public meeting. Mr. SCORIMMONS said:

‘In rising to reply to the Noble Lord, he hoped that the Noble Lord would do justice to the sentiments of respect which he cherished for the Noble Lord. He also begged that the Noble Lord would, in that spirit of liberality which distinguished the Noble Lord, understand that he was prompted by no desire to think differently from the Noble Lord. He believed that the Noble Lord and himself had always hitherto agreed on all matters which concerned the common weal; and if the Noble Lord would be pleased to remember, he had stood side by side in many a well-fought battle for ancient privileges with the Noble Lord. As to the present subject, he would inform the Noble Lord that if there was a diversity of opinion betwixt himself, he meant to say betwixt the Noble Lord and himself, and there undoubtedly *was* a diversity, (*hear, hear,*) that difference was no more than the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. (*Applause.*) But he would assure the Noble Lord that if the Noble Lord would search the records to satisfy any doubt which might remain on the mind of the Noble Lord, the Noble Lord would find that the facts which he should present ought to have some weight on the mind of the Noble Lord. A few of these had already been presented by the Committee for the consideration of the Noble Lord, and he would ask the Noble Lord to go with him while he should make other statements to the Noble Lord, if he might presume to claim, for a few moments, the attention of the Noble Lord!

‘FOR THE GOTHAM CHRONICLE.

‘MR. EDITOR: Mr. TIFFIT gives his advice to a friend on the subject of temperance much in this wise, which, in my opinion, is jist as good as no advice at all:

‘I'm not starved, I'm not over particular, but if you valy your own health or *standing*, do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.

'Ef you 're in the mountain Highlands, and the old gentleman sends you up a leetle potion of Mountain-Dew in the mornin' as you lie in bed, it is pure, and is the custom of the country. Take it, but *do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'I would not say if you made a morning call upon a friend and wine were offered that you should look sour, and say it was too early, and that you never imbibed before dinner. Never forget your politeness, but do n't be *a-drinkin' all the time.*

'When you take your lunch, if ale is on the table, and others drink it, it ain't for you to be singular — it may do you good at that hour if any — you may drain your tankard; but *do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'When dinner comes, if you have the best of wines, then it is lawful for you to partake liberally, and do n't be stingy of them if you have a friend; but *do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'If a night-cap shall be given you before you go to bed, do n't throw it down jist like the monkeys in the fable. *Try it on — your head — but — e-ck-uc — do n't be a-drinkin' all the time.*

'We think such advice is callated to do harm.

PHILPOT.

—
'FOR THE GUARAN CHRONICLE.

'MR. EDITOR: NO SIR-REE had a pretty long run, and is not out of date quite yet. But one of the quaintest, quietest, most musical, and most engaging forms of acquiescence is in the new and popular phrase of '*That's so,*' which is working its way into common parlance. It is a great creation of genius, like all other great creations formed of nothing, for who can tell where it first came from? Who first enunciated the acceptable phrase? It is so slightly peculiar, so modestly proverbial — three words alone and one abbreviated by apostrophe — so relieved from the vulgarity of No Sir-ree — so almost suited to an Attic dialect, that many and many a time you may have heard it before the sensitive ear began to suspect that it was slightly tinged with slang. It is a soothing assent, grateful to the auricular sense of one who speaks perhaps oracular nonsense, when the placid hearer removes his pipe a moment from his mouth, rubs up his eyes, and with a cast of countenance most amiable, and expressing perfect satisfaction with all which has been said, replies, '*That's so!*' A compliment indeed! The thing is proved; no further argument is necessary. It is a harmless, inoffensive form of words which we are sure will flourish, when vulgar No-Sir-ree is heard no more. I had been telling a plain tale, a plain statement of facts, to a most comfortable-looking man, with a belly somewhat corpulent. He had that introverted, quiet look, which those have who wear spectacles. When I had got through, the light brought itself to a focus in his glasses as he looked up, and without the least attempt at controversy, simply answered: '*That's so!*' It was like a bar of music, like a cadence which comes from a 'harp of a thousand strings — sperrits of just men made perfect.' CRITIC.'

Right, Mr. CHRONICLE: '*That's so!*' - - HAVE you seen '*Darley's Margaret?*' was among the very first questions asked us, (save the usual salutation,) by the very first friend we met in town, after a prolonged absence of some ten days. Fortunately, we could answer in the affirmative. We *had* seen it: and our *first* feeling was one of unqualified pleasure, that *we* had hailed the author of '*MARGARET,*' at the outset, (when others passed his work by with cold neglect,) as a man of true genius: and we ask our old readers *now*, to turn to our notices of '*MARGARET*' and '*RICHARD EDNEY,*' and see how surely we predicted the ultimate appreciation of the

writer's wonderfully natural and truthful feelings from NATURE. And DARLEY was 'his man' to 'embody' his characters to the eye; and he has *done* it; and done it too in a manner so appreciative, so lovingly, that we can only say, BRAVO, ARTIST, AND ARTIST! — 'you will find that' Mr. WILLIAM CULLEY BRYANT, than whom there is no better critic, either of literature or art, in our metropolis, says well and truly of this work: 'We only repeat the unanimous judgment of the first critics and artists in America, when we pronounce it the most beautiful gift-book ever issued from the American press. The thirty illustrations contained in it are the fruit of eleven years of assiduous and loving study, by an artist who, perhaps, has no rival in the department of art which he has chosen. They are exclusively American, or rather Yankee, in subject and treatment, and re-produce, with most admirable fidelity, the peculiar phases of nature and of human character which characterize the rural localities of New-England. The tale of 'MARGARET' itself stands without an equal as a portraiture of the homely scenes of country life in Maine. The familiar personages, the landscapes, the every-day occurrences, the periodical festivities — such as the bee hunts, the camp-meeting and the husking — and the dash of tragedy which once in a life-time, possibly, may break the monotonous annals of village history, are all sketched with a vividness and truth of local coloring which would put to shame the pencil of an artist with a genius less original and sympathetic than DARLEY's.' Every word true: and we have but three or four lines to add, 'in conclusion:' and they are to the following effect, viz.: In the first place, 'MARGARET' is a god-send 'in society.' Is your company dull? Here is a *night's talk*, comparative, artistic, suggestive, all before your eyes: some fair one leaning over your shoulder to look, as you explain; others stretching their beautiful necks to *see*, as well as hear; and all and every body about the table agog to survey what is so felicitously depicted. It was well that such luxuriance of paper and print, such lavish expenditure in the production of *externals*, should have accompanied such artistic excellence; and that REDFIELD, Number 84 Beekman-street, should 'be the MAN to see it done.' But what else could be expected of *him*, by those who know 'his works and his ways?' - - - We cannot resist the inclination, and we are not going to *try* to do it, to present an extract or two from the *Preface to K. N. Pepper's New Volume*, heretofore mentioned in the KNICKERBOCKER as being then ready for the press. It is by the great Poto's relative, and 'next friend,' and is an extremely characteristic production. How fervent his admiration, how warm his eulogy of the '*Genius*' PEPPER! — extending back to his earliest years and his 'first efforts' to 'climb *Pegasus*!' But read — read:

'My young friend, the Editor and part Author of this book, informs me that, having wrote a great many prefaces for it — some Hundred, I think I Understood him to say, and finding the last one somewhat poorer than the first, which he Declares was not fit to be perused before a Dog or other animal, he will Depend on me to Do it for him. I gladly Undertake almost Any thing for a friend like what he is: but I Confess my pulse runs to 80 when I Surrender myself to the Task.

'Preface is hard to write for the Generality of Mankind. Mankind are not use to it. When they go to write on it, they can Not think of any thing to say. It is Completely so now. Mr. M — said, (I remember his Words): 'Now, no Fooling, Mr. POND.

None of your nonsense. Be plain, brief, and to the point.' To *Say* this is uncommonly easy; but to *Do* it is particularly Different.

'In my Opinion, a Work of Literatour ought to be its *own* Excuse: or else it should be Consigned to the fire, or perhaps Mutilated by Tairing. As long as the Wonderful genus of PEPPER consents to Illuminate a Book, that Book, in my opinion can Not need a Excuse. I may be Mistaken, but that is my Opinion.

'But to think Different, is the Lot of Mankind. Mankind scarcely ever Agrees. Mr. M—— thinks perhaps he himself has not Done as well as he might, and says he is Afraid he will be Overshadowed by Mr. PEPPER's genus, and throwed into a unpleasant Shade by that Individual. That Effect will of course be Produced. I expect to share that Gloom with him. But we should be Proud to Prostrate ourselves at the Foot of GENUS, regardless of its Size; and let our Gaze wander up his lims and body, until it rests with Satisfaction on his glorious Feachers. Mr. M—— has (1) Talents and (2) Education, but no (3) GENUS: Mr. PEPPER has (3) GENUS and (1) Talents, but no (2) Education; (1) and (3) hiding (2) Pretty Much. From this Statement—made not without Study—it is so vividly Apparent as to be quite Plane that PEPPER is (to Em-ploy the Language of Racers and inferier men) A-head.

'Upon my showing the Foregoing to Mr. M——, he Remarkd that I had Done it. That is what I intended. I Meant to Do it. I am glad he is Satisfied. He says he will not Detain me any Longer, now, and will Continue the Subject of himself *himself*, in another Department.

'My Readers must not be Offended if I take my Leaf before an Introduction. I act for Another; and when he Demands, in a Imperative voice: 'Go,' I must of course Stop.

P. P. P.

Mr. POND accompanies his preface with a small package of biography, the 'better to unfold his revered relative from that buckler of obscurity which was once the principal garment of that infant Genus.' We subsect a 'piece-t:

'A CREEK. A House, a lowly Tenement, on that creek. A Boy, a Small boy, in that creek, Paddling. Geese in the Distance. That Creek, every Drop of which is sacred, is Squab Creek. That Tenement is the Residence of the elder Mr. PEPPER. Geese are his. But who is the Child with the Golden Locks? That is the future Individual, Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq. He Paddles as only a Poet *can* Paddle: and grows up, as only a Poet *can* grow up.

'Genus tells him he must not mind his Father: and he does Not mind that Father. He had been destined to Dig. Genus *Dig*? Genus can Not Dig: genus *does* not Dig! He Soars, living on Apples. But that great and mighty Spirit could not express itself in a manner to do justice to hardly Any thing. It often felt Ashamed of itself. Only once: (in its twelf year) did it do much. But what more do we want? What will we *have*!

'Here it is, with the stile preserved. It has been in my Possession upward of ten year; and I know it is Genuine. Notice how Brief it is.

W. fishin.

'WEN I go a fishin
I kepe a wishin
With al mi mite
fur fish to Bita.
Wen I ketch smal I
I fele no fun
Wen I ketch biger
demonstene 4 corne 5 guly.

I say thats the figer
ef you wos moar fish
ide hev mi wish.
after al ive tryde
I ant Satisfyde.
fishin is smal
onles you git good Hol.

'How Wonderful and Good that is! Genus was then but *twelve*!

'As Mr. PEPPER may Prefer to write an Auto Biography of himself *himself*, I cannot be asked to Do it without Pain. The World would rather I would not. The World will wait with Pleasure for Mr. PEPPER. It will be enough if I say that after his Feast of Genus at twelve I watched over the tender Twig of Mr. PEPPER's Brain until it grew into the Hardened Wood you now see it.

'He often had pains in his Bowels. Severe as they was, he bore them. It does me good to write: He Bore Them. His Genius told him not to take Campher. He did not take Campher. No true Poet will repine at the Severity of internal Pains. They School him: they make him Great.

'If he had not gone into the Country, to be alone, and commune with the Voice of NATURE, he would not have wrote to me. Then my name would never appeared to a Note in the KURIERPOSTER. But when that letter came, I knew it belonged to the World. And in giving it to the Owner, I found my Humble Name throwed in.'

And now begins the 'Gossip' proper. - - - A THOUSAND-and one times has the question been asked us, 'C—, why do n't you go abroad? I am sure you would be delighted: you enjoy so much even the brief trips which you occasionally make from the metropolis.' To which query it is our wont to reply, 'Dr. FRANKLIN says that *'time is money;'* we have n't *'time'* to go.' Ah! but *should n't* we love to visit Europe, though! How many times have we *dreamed* of walking about London; visiting Westminster Abbey, St. PAUL's, the Tower, etc. ! And one night, not two months since, so vivid was the vision, that we said to ourselves, (strolling at the time through Westminster Abbey,) 'Well, *now* we are really in London! — *now* we are in Westminster Abbey: we can touch its venerable walls:' and we saw in our dream that we reached forth our hand and touched the side of the wall in 'Poet's Corner;' but it was only the cool wall of our bed-room, that brought us to ourself: we 'awoke, and behold it was a dream,' once more. But after all, since we can't go, we do feel sorry for foreign travellers: like DIBDIN's sailor, who 'pitied the folks ashore,' in such a storm as he was having at sea. Ha! ha! what sad times they *do* have, 'to be sure!' Just listen to the lamentations of only one of them:

'THE pleasures of travelling! Where are they? I have chased them on the ocean and by land, on the mountain and in the valley, and in every part of the globe. What fools men and women are to seek pleasure in travelling! To eat unwholesome food, dealt out at hotels by the plate-full. Cooked! Well! 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' To sleep in beds, where all kinds of unclean persons have slept before you; made up slovenly and never suited to one's taste; too short, too narrow, too warm, or too cold; to attempt to talk another language than your mother-tongue, and to fail miserably, and, therefore, to be taken to be a fool by ignorant cab-drivers and lazy porters; to be the plaything of gens-d'armes, and the butt of proud officials; to have your luggage pried into by custom-house officials, those pests of commerce; to be under constant excitement about the next place you stop at, and dreading an arrival and a departure as equally entailing upon you numberless drafts upon your purse and your patience; to be a lonely being, without kith or kin, without a friend, and then, when from the necessity of the case, you try to pick up travelling acquaintance, you are repulsed or flayed; to throw away hard-earned money by the handful for all this; to be constantly in doubtful company, (for as an old traveller, I may as well confess it, the better people of a country stay at home;) to be led about, like a big baby, by guides, into old ruins, antiquated churches; to celebrated spots, beautiful views, and places of historic interest; and to listen to the cold and parrot-like gibberish of these guides, who for once change places with you, and talk to you as bad English as you talk French or German, (and there is a little gratification in that;) to ride on obstinate donkeys, or to be cramped into a stage-coach, or hustled into a rail-road-car, where always some body has been before you and occupies the best place, (in your opinion;) to have all your ideas of the superlative greatness and beauty of your native land successfully questioned, by the ever-ready sophism: 'What made you leave it and come here?' to get out of conceit with your own country by running round the

world and seeing so many beautiful spots, where, by looking at the outside, you think folks live happy; to spend dollars for nothing, and then to remember how 'the folks at home' save cents to be humbugged on tinsel show — grandiloquent sign-boards — deceitful rail-road, steam-boat, or other advertisements, and to have to call all this 'splendid,' 'beautiful,' or to get into some other superlative, transcendent, descriptive mood; in short, to be a waif, cast abroad by your own restlessness; or by the advice of a doctor, who sees nothing to cure in you, sends you adrift to be cured by hard rubbing; to be a moving 'thing,' the property of travelling agents, hotel-keepers, cabmen, porters, chamber-maids, guides, gens-d'armes, custom-house officers; of any body but yourself; to be so full of travelling cares as to forget your home cares; and then, after all this, to be taken for a spleeny *Englishman*. No, no! the Russian is right: '*The earth is beautiful everywhere, but at home it is best!*' I will go home, stay at home, and when 'Lord SPLEEN' knocks again at my door, I will laugh at his promptings, and enjoying my family meals, my well-made, clean bed, my own home, my own home scenes, laugh at the troubles of that loathsome mass — the travelling world.'

There, fellow 'home-bodies' from compulsion, read the foregoing and be happy. Who wants to travel? It's a miserable waste of time and money, is n't it? 'Jes'-so — yes!' - - - JOB 'BYLES,' a Boston correspondent of '*The Tribune*' daily journal, in one of his epistles before the election, said: 'It seems to me that some arrangement should be made as to duels between Northern and Southern men. The only safe place for both parties will be exactly along MASON AND DIXON'S LINE. The Northern combatant should stand on the Free side of the Line, and the Southern man on the Slave side, and fire across it!' This reminds us of an occurrence which happened in our State before duelling was abolished by one of the laws of its Legislature. A member of the Assembly, if we remember rightly, from St. Lawrence county, was challenged by some valiant HORSBUR, for personalities in debate. The challenge was at once accepted; but being the challenged party, he selected broad-swords, and they were to stand opposite to each other, on different sides of the St. Lawrence, where it was about a mile wide! 'Surely, you cannot be serious! — this is *subterfuge*, Sir!' was the indignant response of the second. 'Why,' asked the intended victim of the code, whose origin was in Yankee-land, 'ain't I the challenged party? Hain't I a right to choose my weapons and the place?' 'Yes, but not *such* weapons, with such a *position*. Why not take the *gentleman's* arm?' 'What's that? — pistols?' 'Certainly.' 'Very good: pistols be it. We'll meet on 'Sugar-loaf-Hill,' (it's all clear on top,) at six o'clock to-morrow morning.' This was 'satisfactory:' and in the morning they went as appointed. The terms were, that they were to 'stand back to back, march forward ten paces, and then turn and fire. The word was given, and they stepped off; but by the time they had taken the last pace they were out of sight of each other, on opposite sides of the conical hill! The challenger's second was furious, and his 'principal' rampant. 'You are a *coward*, Sir! — a COWARD!' 'Wal, I know that, and so *did* you, or you would n't have challenged me!' was the only answer vouchsafed to the discomfited duelist. In company with his second, he marched down the steep hill which they had toiled up at so unseasonable an hour, muttering curses not loud but uncommonly deep. This was the last 'duel' that was (or rather *was n't*) fought in St. Lawrence county. - - - THE 'Commissioners of Works'

in England have reflected high honors upon themselves and their country in their liberal proposals for a model of a mural statue to the DESS of Westminster, to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The proposals are open to all artists, native or foreign; and we look for lively competition on this side the water. The very liberal prizes offered are: for the nine most approved designs, seven hundred, five hundred, three hundred, and two hundred pounds respectively, and one hundred pounds each for the remaining five. 'The foremost man' has the option of contracting for the work. AMERICAN SCULPTORS! go to sculpin' to-once-t! Again: certain street and architectural improvements are to be made in the neighborhood of Whitehall, London. The proposals of designs for these are also open to our AMERICAN ARCHITECTS. Three designs are required, which are thus presented by our contemporary, Mr. YORSE, of 'The African' weekly gazette, with whom are the plans, measurements, etc.:

'One is to comprise a scheme for concentrating the principal Government Offices on a given site. Another is for an official residence for the Foreign Secretary, with all facilities for the transaction of the business of his Department. The third is for the use of the Secretary for War and the various officers serving under him, but without the arrangements for entertainment or dwelling, demanded in the case of the Foreign Secretary. For the latter, 'all the requirements of a Nobleman's Town-House,' are to be planned; and these include *inter alia*, a state dining-room to accommodate fifty persons, and five drawing-rooms *en suite* for the reception of fifteen hundred visitors. Every injunction betokens the wish for combined convenience and solidity, and bespeaks a splendid edifice. The prizes offered are liberal. For the three most approved general designs, five hundred pounds, two hundred pounds, and one hundred pounds respectively; for the seven best, for the two buildings to be erected, prizes in each case of eight hundred pounds, five hundred pounds, three hundred pounds, two hundred pounds, and three of one hundred pounds.'

That there will be a very general competition in both of the above-named instances, is perhaps not to be doubted. The money-inducement, simply, is certainly not large, in comparison with American orders for the works of American artists; but the credit of success, in a competition of this sort, should weigh somewhat in the balance. - - - THROUGH a friend, writing from Hudson, Wis., we derive the following pleasant *salmagundi*:

'PERMIT me to relate the following, brought to mind by the perusal of your September number.

'Mr. G —, a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of MERRICK, who in olden times had a difficulty with a cabinet-maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a good deal of interest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals effected a compromise, by which MERRICK was to take, in full of all demands, the cabinet-maker's note for forty dollars, at six months, 'payable in cabinet ware.'

'Lawyer G — was called upon to draft the necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which, having been duly executed and delivered, the latter was supposed to be fully and amicably arranged.

'G — saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. MERRICK came riding furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming: 'I say, 'Squire, am I bound to take *office*?''

'It seems, on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet-maker had refused to pay him in any other way!

'Quite a different mode of presenting a case to a lawyer is exhibited by some of our German citizens:

'J —, a jeweler in the neighboring city of Stillwater, (we have no *villages* here,) was lately sued in an action of replevin for a watch. The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of his statement of the case, as drawn up by himself, and submitted to his legal adviser. The original I found in a law-book which was unaccountably returned, after having been borrowed, and in which the document had been used as a mark :

'EXPLANATION of the facts in the case of BROOK against myself the respectful undersigned which will be before the justice of the peace of Stillwater the 18th day of September, 1856.

'Wednesday the 10 day of September, a young man by the name of BROOK, made appearance at my office: he brought with him a silver sllinder watch in order to get it repaired, to keep good time, *which it did not before as he said*. He asked me what it would be worth to fix said watch, which of course I could not tell him, because it is impossible to see outside, what wants to be done inside of a watch. After that BROOK demanded to know what I intended to do with his watch, which in my opinion nobody's business is what means I take, to bring watches given to my care, in regular time, and *even therefore* it is not his (BROOK's) business do know it. I told him I will fix the watch right, and will charge him what is earning to me honestly.

'By this single thrust, BROOK was satisfied and left the watch whit me, as he said he wants to get it bak well done, on the next day. I therefore to go every trouble out the way be sure on that very same day, to get my work done by the promised time.

'Next day BROOK came in, brought the ticket, given to him by me as usual, and I handed his watch to him, which was at that time in the best order. He, however, refused to pay me the price at \$2⁰⁰ charged to him honestly for my work: he offered to pay me 50 cents, whit which as he said, and as he understands this work, I would be very well paid. As I never can agree for such a trade, I explained the accuser in fair manner, in presence of my wife and some other persons to pay me, or return the watch: he however refused to do either one of both. I therefore in order to get what I fairly and honestly charged, was bound to take back said watch: he however, mad from my doing made in presence of my lady the mark g — d —, and rose his hand to knob my show-case in pieces, whilc intention however my lady interrupted, as she kepted back his arm. As, however the accuser seen that he could not do what him pleased, left the office and sewed me up at the justice of the peace. Mr. JOHNSON, the sheriff of the county, then made his appearance, and demanded the watch, on instruction of the justice of the peace — told me however that I would get the pay after the trial was over.

'If this way is lawful in the Terr. of Minnesota is unknown to me, and I therefore give it in the hands of my Attorney Mr. TOMSON which will better know it, and will take the most necessary means to beware myself in the future from such interruption

'Very Respectfully, 'O. C. J —.'

'I have not learned the result of the suit, but presume the following questions were argued and settled on the trial:

'FIRST: Whether, under the circumstances, the accuser ought not to have had time?

'SECOND: If the watch was injured in the scuffle, what effect that would have on the case, and whether the plaintiff ought to have brought an action on the case or an action on the watch?

'THIRD: Whether the sheriff would have the right to carry the watch, *pendente lite*?

'FOURTH: What became of the chain?'

'In consequence of the legal acumen which we have heretofore displayed in the decision of knotty law-cases in the KNICKERBOCKER, the foregoing is submitted to us for final adjudication. We will take home the papers, and report (D. V.) hereafter. - - - We removed our household gods and goods on one occasion, 'in the spring-time o' the year,' to Number Seventy, Seventh-street, two doors from First-Avenue. (By the by, an inconvenient direction to give; for 'once a man' he took a load of hickory wood for us up to *Seventy-seventh-street*, two doors from First-Avenue! mistaking the number for the name of the street!) We had at last got 'all moved.' It was the second day of May, and very warm: and we had been

hard at work since morning, 'putting things to rights,' hanging pictures in the sanctum, etc., assisted by an old friend, the 'willingest creetur' that ever was,' and the 'handiest man about a house' — six feet and upward in height, and stalwart in proportion. By and by we became an hungered: dinner was out of the question in the house: so, 'accoutred as we were,' without a vestment, save under-clothes and thin sack-coats, we repaired to a restaurant, at the head of the street, kept by a 'color'd gemman.' Every thing looked neat and tidy: and we ordered two nice 'stews' of oysters, and two glasses of pale ale. All were forthcoming, and presently devoured with abundant relish. 'How much are we to pay?' 'Three shillings, gentlemen.' We felt for our change; but *vest-pocket* there was none, because there was no *rest*. We explained to our friend our 'fix,' and asked him to disburse. But as DOGBERRY says, 'Fore heaven, we were both in a case!' He had left his waist-coat behind, in the pocket of which he was wont to carry alike bank-notes and small silver, and 'had n't the first red cent.' We put on our hats, remarking that the money should be sent up at once from the house. 'No,' said the sable *restorateur*, 'I want my money *now*. I don't keep i'ster-house on tick.' We explained that we had just moved into the street, and gave him the number; repeating that by mere chance we happened not to have the money. 'Can't help *that*,' was the surly reply: 'seen sich chaps as you *afore*.' Our tall friend began to be 'riled.' Drawing himself up to his full height, he said: 'Do I look like a man who would cheat you out of *three shillings!*?' The negro gave his long-tailed stew-pan a shake over the grate, and ran a rapid glance over the questioner, and replied: 'Yes, I think *you do!*—any way, I want my *money!*' How do you think we got it, reader? Why, we left our tall friend in pawn; wickedly prolonged his confinement, 'just for fun;' and finally redeemed him. How loftily he walked down the street, after his discharge; and how often we have laughed at so eminently presentable and 'personable' a man being 'placed in pawn for three shillings!' He has never forgotten it, and never will. - - - A VERY good specimen of American newspaper humor is afforded in a burlesque account from the Cuba '*American Banner*,' of the first passage of an old scow-built, bass-wood-bottomed canal-packet, called the '*Mount Morris*,' on the Genesee Valley Canal, 'bound to Cuba, and thence to Olean.' Her captain was FINK, and he was armed with a pocket-pistol loaded to the muzzle with (spiritual) ammunition, that would kill at eighty rods:

'In the afternoon all our resident population gathered upon the banks of the Canal to witness the arrival of the gallant bark. But alas! for the uncertainty of human events! The last rays of the setting sun gilded the horizon; the dews of evening were falling fast on that anxious crowd, who were every moment expecting to hear the bugle-blast of the approaching packet; but an ominous silence rested upon the scene. Seven o'clock, and no signs of the expected boat. But hark! the clatter of a horse's hoofs is heard from the direction of Cadyville. Soon a solitary horseman is seen galloping across Mud-Street Bridge. His gallant steed covered all over with foam, mud, and glory, so that HALL, the owner, did not recognize him. It proved to be HAMMOND, the first-mate of the boat, with dispatches to the Canal Office.

"What of the packet?" is the simultaneous shout of the assembled multitude, 'and is it all well with the brave and chivalrous FINK?'

'The haggard look, the tearful eye of the rider, anticipated the sorrowful intelligence he brought, but we give it in his own words:

"We arrived at Summitville at eight o'clock; inquired the way and examined the

pistol. Proceeded to Black Creek corners, where we made another *long* examination, and then hastened to the dock, where we arrived at precisely nine. Capt. FINK sent out a foraging party of one for some lunch, and then commenced getting the tow-line ready, reefed the maintopsail, hauled in the quarter sheet, spread the canvas on the jib-boom, manned the yard-arms, and prepared to weigh anchor.

'At this time the skies were calm, and every thing bade fair for complete success. The packet was under full head of canvas, and captain and crew three sheets in the wind.

'At ten o'clock the boatswain's shrill whistle called all hands to their posts. Clouds began to gather, but nothing could daunt our gallant Captain. Placing the speaking-trumpet to his mouth, he thundered forth: 'Weigh anchor!' and up came the massive 'brick' with which it had been so securely held. 'Hard up to the starboard!' again belched forth the trumpet; and just then the gathering storm struck her mid-ships, careened her on the lee-shore, carried away both the main and mizzen-masts, and left her a helpless hulk at the mercy of the waves and winds. Another fearful gust of wind, a wild yell of agony and despair, and a gurgling of the waters as she went down, is all I can tell you of the ship or her crew!

'Thus our village, which in the morning was all enthusiasm and joy, is at evening filled with mourning and lamentation, for one of the most terrible accidents that ever occurred on the Genesee Valley Ca-nawl.'

'ROLANTHE,' who sends us some lines entitled '*Young Farmers' Wives*,' is a boy of fifteen. 'Pretty good,' 'very fair,' Master 'ROLANTHE,' for a boy, as two verses will show:

'BUSY in the kitchen
With the cheese and milk,
Dressed in gowns of gingham,
Looking good as silk;
Now the cream a-skimming
Out of shining pans,
Then the butter working
With their busy hands:
Not a moment losing,
Precious is the time:
Thus the wives of farmers
Lay up many a dime.

'Forms are sound and robust,
Never knowing 'stays';
Cheeks as red as roses,
In the summer days:
Each a goodly model,
Healthy, active, fair—
Spirits ever cheerful,
Caused by country air:
Doubly blest the farmer
With a wife like this:
His a goodly portion
Of Earth's fleeting bliss.'

'ROLANTHE' may 'try once more.' - - - Two 'little things' more from *The Children*. Let 'em talk: by-and-by they will be children no more, until (belike as old men and women) they renew the Childhood of the South in a 'Better Land.' (Would that our friend E. S. were here now, to sing for us, '*I would I were a Boy again!*') A lady-friend, whose kind and flattering 'good words' cheer us as we write, says: 'A little cousin of ours, quite unwilling to go to bed, as her mother thought was the rule for all lisping children, was one night persuaded to say 'Good night' to the circle, and to go quietly with her to her room. Not a token of resistance was made; and after LULU was laid in her little bed, her mother bade her 'Good night,' and was leaving the room: 'Say 'Good morning, LULU,' mamma,' said the little one. 'Good morning, LULU.' 'Then let me get up, if it is *morning*,' was the cunning reply.' — EVERY body's crows are of course the blackest: but our '*last*, not *least*,' a wee bairn of 'four-and-an-aäf,' is 'pooty peart' too. The other day, we were carving a famous Turkey, and were helping a friend to a 'bit' which he desired, as an accessory to the main 'supply' upon his plate: 'Fäder, what is *that*?—what is it?—what *is* it?—what is it, Fäder?'—reiterating the query, which wouldn't have ceased until now, had we not interrupted it by answering: 'It is thö '*Pope's Nose*,' little boy—the last thing that jumps over the fence with the hen. '*Poke's*

Nose, Fader?' 'Yes, darling.' 'Does he *poke his nose over the fence, Fader?*' 'Comment is unnecessary.' That child, young as he is, can discriminate beans intuitively; and when it commences to rain, the celerity with which he 'comes in' would do credit to maturer years. - - - 'HAVE you ever read,' asks 'M. E. S.,' 'the following lines? I clip them from a collection of 'good things' belonging to my brother. They were probably written by one of the 'B'hoys' to his inamorata:

'AND when the reverend sire shall say,
'My son, take thou this daughter,
I'll answer him, in joyous tone,
'I shan't do nothin' shorter!'

'Will you, my son, support and nourish
This flower I give to thee?'
I'll give my yellow kids a flourish,
And answer, 'Yes, Sir-ee!'

Not quite new, 'as we do guess.' - - - THE subjoined, from a correspondent, who appends it as a kind of note to a brief poem, is curious and well told: 'In a pleasant, quiet valley of the good old commonwealth of Connecticut stands '*The Old House*.' It was a stately place in the beginning, when the red men looked out from the solemn woods which drew close around it, upon its peaked gables, or sought the warmth of its ample hearth; and even now, in its green old age, it has a noble aspect. Benedictions be upon it, for it was a haunt of my childhood! There is a curious incident connected with its early history. Its first proprietor was a Royal Arch Mason, devoted to 'the ORDER,' and like SOLOMON, he 'builded his house of cedar.' The walls within were curiously painted; the halls with urns, surrounded with flowers. There was one large chamber, which was designed for meetings of the 'Lodge.' On one of the walls, the 'carpet' or symbols of 'the ORDER' were painted. A great, calm EYE, into which the artist had thrown strange power, looked down from the top, with the legend around it, '*Sit lux et lux fuit*;' and beneath were the heavenly host, and the stately pillars, JACHIN and BOAZ, with a springing arch above, and a BIBLE opened at Psalms, with a pair of compasses upon it, and triple candles burning before it; NOAH's ark with the dove returning on wearied and drooping wing; the level and the square; and a black coffin, with ghastly bones crossed upon it, etc.; and on either side, the motto, '*Amor Honor et Justitia*.' The opposite side of the room was wainscoted, with an arching cornice. Now the wife of the proprietor had a curious, inquiring mind; so she caused the workman to remove a small portion of the floor in the garret by the broad square chimney, and to cut a hole in the cornice, of the size and shape of a human eye. Dropping down there during the frequent meetings of the 'Lodge,' and putting her eye to the aperture, she could over-look the whole proceedings. Presently, the members became conscious that something was wrong. The Great Eye looked at them with singular pertinacity and significance, and SOLOMON's temple refused absolutely to be builded. After a while, they learned that the lady had 'spied out their secret ways,' but not until she had organized a *Female Lodge*, and initiated half-a-dozen members, all of whom they incorporated, under the sanction of their own oaths. Many

a time in my young days have I looked up at that opening in the ceiling and wondered at that strange, brave woman, and her knowledge of 'occult mysteries.' And always, through years and changes, that still, unwinking Eye follows me; and the influences of that old 'lodge-room' have done much in moulding both my mind and character.' - - - It is astonishing what an enormous quantity of knowledge a human noddle, not bigger than a shaved cocoa-nut or a middling-sized summer-squash, can hold! 'Such were our reflections,' when we read the long epistle of 'T. P. S.' of Oneida, imparting to us 'information' concerning the Indian character, manners, customs, etc.; 'information' with which every school-boy of fifteen years, in the State of New-York, we venture to say, is entirely familiar. And as for ourselves, weren't we born almost among the Red Men, within eight miles of Onondaga 'Indian Castle?' Haven't we seen the 'White Dog' burnt there? Haven't we seen half-a-dozen Indians asleep at a time, with their moccasin'd feet stretched out toward the beech and maple wood-fire that of a cold winter night roared up the broad jambs of our old homestead? — old 'JIM BEECH-TREE,' among the rest, who whiskey loved, and cider? We say 'Thank'ee,' of course, to our correspondent for his trouble, but we've 'been there.' When his book is out, 'T. P. S.' must send us a copy. It is an Indian story, called '*The Wockenquack, or the Yell'd-to-Death of the Wickenquock.*' The title is 'suggestive!' - - - One of the 'good things' which accrue to a candidate 'up' for an honorable public station before the people, is the opportunity which it gives him to set at rest, and forever, some old calumny against his character. This thought occurred to us, in reading a little pamphlet, issued previous to the election, by Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, of Hornellsville, in this State, who was the 'American' candidate for Congress, from the district of Steuben and Yates counties. It was in reply to certain charges against his faithfulness and honor as a businessman, which had been before disposed of and forgotten: and yet *not* forgotten either, for political opponents forget *nothing* that can be brought up, or distorted, against an antagonist, during a heated canvass. The reply in question is open, manly, explicit; meeting every *feature* of the charges with an emphatic denial, and as emphatic *proof*; and the whole conveyed in language as dignified as it is earnest and effective. There: for twenty years, reader, you never encountered so much 'politics' in the KNICKERBOCKER before. But we know Mr. HALLETT, having journeyed and sojourned with himself and other friends, in our trip across Eastern Ohio, and down the beautiful river of that name to Cincinnati, Louisville, etc., last year: and we had occasion to see how, in intricate entanglements of railroad and mining accounts, Mr. HALLETT's clear and quick mind 'brought order out of confusion,' and placed the result in plain black-and-white, so that all was thenceforward 'plain-sailing in'an open sea.' Such a man was wanted upon financial committees in Congress; but 'the sovereigns,' as partisans, willed otherwise, it seems. - - - 'ALAS! what have we do!' to be so afflicted? Ah! reader, if you did but know under what circumstances our present departments have been written, you would appreciate the pursuit of editorship 'under difficulties.' First and foremost, there comes

us a 'run-round' on the end of our pen-finger, the second of the right hand. Seven days it continued, and exquisite was the tenderness and pain thereof: even the light cedar shaft of one of ELLIOTT's paint-pencils touching it, almost made us howl. Now so it was, that when *this* began to get well, there came on the first joint (from the hand) of the little finger of the same dexter member, a — CARBUNCLE! Have n't had boils since boyhood, and *never* a carbuncle before! If JOE had had carbuncles instead of boils, he never could have stood it — *never*! He *must* ha' 'gin eöut!' The whole hand, the whole arm, to the elbow, was one throb of excruciating pain. And in this state we wrote every line of our part of this number. Forgive 'short-comings,' therefore, for it was hard work. - - - It certainly was not our intention to 'commit' our piquant correspondent to a series of pictures of Life in the Metropolis: 'it was but our thought:' and our readers will not be at all sorry to hear from her again, in a parting glance at the glories which surround, and make the charm of, the Connecticut River Valley, in the neighborhood of Northampton:

'DEAR READER: Our EDITOR has promised you that my letter of this month shall be a graphic description of the metropolitan life; but the party most concerned not having been consulted, I do not feel at all obliged to follow this hint, but shall dash a-head as I usually do on the first topic that presents itself:

"But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine:
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

'By-the-by, have you noticed in one of the weekly journals of this city an attempted imitation of my letters? I should not be surprised if you had not, *for truly they* were such a feeble attempt, that I should never have suspected it myself, if it had not been pointed out by a friend.

'And now I wish distinctly to state, that when I say 'dear reader,' I *do not* use the phrase, as other writers do, merely as a form of expression intended for the public generally.

'These letters are not written for the world at large, but for the gratification of the few who are really and truly dear to me: for those who will read them lovingly because understandingly, and dwell on them lovingly because I write them, as for others, those who choose to sneer, and criticise, and *disparage* they are welcome so to do, if it give them pleasure. I heed them not, for they are no more capable of understanding me than the mousing owl is of *discussing* the eagle when he comes to bask in the sun-rays.

'I have been told that the old volumes of the *Kentucky* have opened of themselves to my articles, and I am just as sure as I can know that there are dear eyes, whose light I *do not* see, but whose brightness brighten as they read my careless lines, because of the pleasant memories they serve to recall; memories of golden hours, when I, *as a young man*, was of the thought that they can never be brought back again, but they can be *renewed* forgotten either:

"For there are memories that will not fade
Thoughts of the past we have in every glance
To show the old days passing from our sight
For we may *forget* but we can't *hide*
It is not in our power that we can *hide*
That is a power we *cannot* *hide*."

The heart may be a dark and closed-up tomb,
But Memory sits a ghost amid the gloom.'

Our EDITOR's suggestion keeps coming up to my mind, and makes me think of the time when I used to write 'compositions' on given subjects for my friend Mr. Mc M —, and I wonder whether, among his other 'Souvenirs,' he has any remembrance of those days,

'Those merry days when I was young?'

and if in all his 'Saunterings' he has ever encountered such a troublesome little chatter-box as I used to be? Ah! I can see him now, as he used to look up at me with an assumed gravity that did n't sit very well on his young shoulders; and there was a twitching round the corners of the mouth, and a merry twinkle of the eyes, seen in spite of the spectacles, that showed me my jokes were appreciated, though they were reproved with such becoming dignity! Yea, those were happy times, those days of BLAIR'S Rhetoric and ROLLIN'S History, and it was n't my tutor's fault that more of them did n't get into my head.

'My thoughts have been busy with the past to-night, and as I sat here in the twilight, memory wandered back to Round-Hill and brought back a pleasant chain of remembrances connected therewith — first among which stands the image of my lovely friend, Mrs. H —

'A WOMAN of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
 and would that on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry and weariness a name!'

'I frankly confess I lost my heart to her, and it is certainly the first time I ever fell in love with a woman!

'You do n't want me to write you about city life, do you, dear reader? Let me tell you more about Round-Hill, for I love it better than this great city, with its dust and smoke, its follies, its fashions, and its flirtations.

'Our expedition to Springfield stands out in bold relief among the pleasant remembrances of the summer. How happy we all were that afternoon: our hearts were as light and our spirits as gay, as so many children: we laughed and chatted, and made horrid puns all the way there. And then, such a supper as we ate!

'Broiled chickens and oysters, coffee and milk-toast, waffles and honey, disappeared from before us like magic; and the poor gentlemen had to work so hard to keep us supplied, that they stood but a slim chance themselves. The waiters looked on in astonishment, and the landlord said he was sure we came from 'a water-cure,' by the manner in which we 'stowed away the provisions!'

'On the way home, some of us slept, some paid attention to their digestions, and some looked out upon the stars, and quoted poetry, and grew romantic, and — I believe I won't tell you any further particulars. Suffice it to say, that we arrived at our journey's end in safety, without mishap of any kind to mar the pleasure of the trip. The next morning there was a feather taken off my head, and my friends were unkind enough to say that it had grown there in consequence of the number of chickens I had eaten the evening before. I felt hurt at the allusion, but bore it in silence.

'How we used to gather chestnuts, and what a time we had scouring the country after cider; and when it was finally obtained, how we used to sit in my room in the evening, roast the chestnuts and drink the cider, laughing and chatting merrily the while by the cheerful light of the wood-fire: sometimes we fell into

reveries, and watched the shadows flitting on the wall, and built our castles in the air, and sometimes we — fell asleep.

Stealing pumpkins to make pies of, was one of our favorite amusements; and sometimes we stole apples, by way of variety; and on one of these expeditions we got lost in the mazes, and drove into a corn-field with a skittish young horse, and did not break our necks; and no one can accuse us of having

— 'EATEN our venison lean, our apples green;
Drank our pipe wine, or driven our colts unbroken.'

And now, dear reader, as this letter is rather short, and I am too lazy to make it longer, I intend to close it out with some lines of poetry, or whatever you please to call it:

'CANST thou forget me?
Speak, unforgotten one! speak! was it a deceit?
Is all that's past a dream — a cheating dream?
O unforgotten one! stretch out to me
The old right-hand of Friendship — stretch it here!

'Canst thou forget
The beauty of the earth, the brightness of the sun?
The flowers, whose summer lives were almost done
When we two met?

'Was it our own rejoicing hearts that threw
O'er land and sky that strangely glorious hue?
For ne'er have I since that remembered hour,
Seen the same beauty in earth, sky, or flower!

'Canst thou forget
How dear that hour was deemed by thee and me?
How strangely fateful, yet how brief it seemed?
How sweet, how passing sweet, the dreams we dreamed,
If dreams they be,
Which have so strange a power o'er heart and brain
To make life lovely, or a path of pain.
Dreams are unreal; therefore, call these not
Dreams, which thus beautify or cloud our lot!

S. P. S.

'New-York, November 24th, 1850.'

Such is our 'DIE VERNON!' - - - 'The following,' says a contemporary, 'which recently appeared in an English journal, shows the gross carelessness and utter want of thought manifested, on the part of some writers, in preparing their works for publication.' The case referred to is, indeed, an extreme one; but its main feature, the illegibility of copy, unhappily characterizes the manuscripts of many who write for the press:

'THE late SHARON TURNER, author of the 'History of the Anglo-Americans,' who received three hundred a year from Government as a literary pension, wrote the last volume of his 'Sacred History of the World' upon paper which had been used as the covers of periodicals — gray, drab, or green — written in ink, some with, and some without small print; of shreds of curling paper, uncut, and with scraps of other papers pasted upon it; of the white wrappers in which his proofs were sent from the printer. The paper was sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written upon with a quill, and was so much ink-plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that letters were frequently washed off in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. One gentleman, who was working on it, saw their dinner vanishing in the table perspective, and he was so crowded over it a whole day for ten-pence. One poor fellow wanted to return the paper that he could not earn enough upon it to pay the rent and buy the food for his mouths to fill beside his own. Is the hope of making a name or a fortune by the sale of stout white paper well paid for by the trouble and the loss of the ink? It could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy.'

Bad copy does not 'obtain' in the printing-office of the *Kentuckyian* simply because it do n't get there. If a correspondent can't write plain enough to be easily read by the printer, he will be sent by express to the

pages. Articles, otherwise mainly plain, perhaps, in which proper names are carelessly written, are sometimes sent us and published. Corrections of these same names are afterward tendered us. They never appear, and never will. A man who will write so arbitrary a thing as a proper name illegibly, ought to be punished for his carelessness. 'A special edict. Respect this. Tremble and repent!' - - - ONE of the most felicitous *Little Book Enterprises* of the day, is the series of '*Dickens's Little Folk*,' published, in small, compact, and handsomely-printed volumes, by REDFIELD, Number 34 Beekman-street. We had no idea that such complete stories could be *segregated* from DICKENS's varied works, having 'unity, sequence and consequence.' But here, in these little books, we have, in their 'entirety,' the stories of 'TINY TIM,' 'DOT,' and 'The Fairy Cricket,' from the 'Christmas Stories;' 'The Boys JOE and SAMUEL WELLER,' from 'The PICKWICK PAPERS;' 'DOLLY VARDEN, the Little Coquette,' from 'BARNABY RUDGE;' 'The Two Daughters,' (ah, Mr. PECKSNIFF!) from 'MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT;' and 'Dame DURDEN, the Little Woman,' from 'The Bleak House.' And there will be others, of course: for example, 'Little NELL.' Each volume is illustrated, 'to *begin* with,' and well-printed, upon good paper. The 'Prefaces' to each little book we could wish had been dispensed with. The necessity of stating what DICKENS means to represent by his characters, is less apparent, we may assume, than the *pre*-sumption which marks the *as*-sumption that any reader needs to be instructed in this regard. Let us hope to see these adscititious and somewhat ostentatious 'explications' abated. DICKENS never fails to explain himself: he 'knows what he means,' and so do his readers. - - - THE other day, going down to town in the ISAAC P. SMITH, (our favorite boat *par excellence*, and since her recent improvements, as fast a steamer as there is on the Hudson river,) we were exceedingly amused with a half-seas-over individual who was trying to 'play sober.' He would fix his lack-lustre eyes upon you, purse up his mouth, the corners of which were stained with segar-juice; stand up so straight that he leaned over the other way; and sway backward and forward like a loose 'liberty-pole' in a gale of wind. He had a 'long-nine' segar between his teeth, the upper end of which was crushed into the semblance of a tobacco-quid. It had holes in it, evidently; for in smoking it he played upon it as HAMLET played upon the pipe: he 'governed the ventages,' gave it breath with his mouth, and it disgorged most execrable fumes. He spat upon it; rolled, unrolled, and re-rolled the wrappers to it; and patched it with pieces of dirty newspaper. While thus engaged, a white-neckcloth'd clergyman came forward to look after his carpet-bag. 'Hillo!' ejaculated the inebriate, 'that is Dominie D——! He's a smart man, but he do n't—— 'Mornin', Dominie D——: goin down - t - New-York?' 'Yes — that is my purpose,' answered the minister, with dignity. 'Good! so be I — and d — d glad to get good company. I say, look o' here, Dominie, I heerd you last Sunday: you preach pooty good — got a good woice, and your words is smooth as 'ile: but you do n't understand the Skripters. Now I've *read* the Skripters, and I know what they be. I read 'em twice - t, when I was a boy, and once sence. I tell you what 't is, Dominie, *it takes a hoss to understand the Skripters!*' The clergyman re-

inquished the search for his travelling-bag, and very suddenly retreated toward the after-cabin. - - - THE obliging friend whose gossiping letter to the Editor concludes with :

'Let my epitaph be this :
'He fished, and bred fish :''

shall hear from *us*, and our readers shall hear from *him*, 'when time and place shall serve.' It is difficult to think of summer-trouting

'WHILE the chained streams are silent as the ground,
As DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand!'

Meantime, (if we are alive and well,) we *will be* of 'that party,' and *see* whose luck it shall be to 'wile the biggest trout' from 'the best holes.' We profess to — But no matter : 'BRAG is a good dog,' but a good string of trout, which you caught yourself, 'is better,' 'as the feller said.' By-the-by, did you ever notice, that when a man in a social circle makes use of a 'funny' phrase that does n't 'bite,' he invariably adds, (finding it too flat to be claimed as original,) 'as the Irishman said,' or, more commonly, 'as the feller said!' How much stupidity 'Irishmen' and 'Fellers' have had to father! - - - WE know of no book-publishers in the United States who are doing so much toward establishing a correct literary taste as MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, of Boston. We sincerely hope and trust that they 'find their account in it : ' that the patronage of the public is ample, if not more than liberal. We have spoken repeatedly of their noble collection of '*The British Poets*,' 'from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH,' beautifully printed, illustrated with portraits, engraved in the first style of the celaturic art, and of the most convenient size for 'handy' and pleasurable reading. The same publishers have another series of rare old English works, which must secure a wide sale, not alone from their internal and external excellence, but for the ease with which *any body* can compass their possession — for the volumes are 'ridiculously cheap.' In the package just sent us, we find that fine salutary and keenly-ironical series of papers, called '*The World*,' in three volumes — over portions of which we have guffawed until all the sanctum-echoes were awakened ; and that other most entertaining series of papers by HAWKESWORTH, called '*The Adventurer*,' also in three volumes. We shall have somewhat more to say (*Deo volente*) of these books hereafter. - - - 'L. P.' has his six pages of *xx*. for nothing. The whole is a spun-out version of the anecdote of the merchant from a small town in the far west, who, being in our city, purchasing goods, received from his new partner, (who, after he had left, had sold out his store, pocketed the proceeds, and ran away with his wife,) this brief dispatch : '*Things is workin'!*' - - - HERE are two 'bits' of '*Child Perception*' which we think are worth 'booking.' In the town of B — , in Maine, the pulpit of a clergyman who was ill, was supplied by a neighboring minister. It happened to be 'Communion-Day' and the clergyman was, with BRONX, unfortunate in his 'understanding.' While he was administering the Sacrament, this fact was related by a *very* little boy : and when arrived at home, he asked his mother 'What was that for?'

the DEVIL who preached to-day?' 'Why no, my child: what do you mean? He was Mr. —.' 'No, mother, it *was* the DEVIL, because I saw his *cloven foot*, two or three times, sticking out from under the table!' (So much, by the by, for individualizing *physically* the 'EVIL ONE' to the minds of children.) This same little boy's brother, a year and a half younger than himself, when his mother was endeavoring to explain, one Sunday evening, how all sinners 'must be born again,' suddenly interrupted her with: 'I do n't *want* to be born again, mother,' said he. 'Why not, my boy?' asked the mother. 'Cause, I'm afraid I should be a *girl*, and I do n't *want* to be a girl!' Another, yet similar 'Lesson to Parents' - - - 'J. E. H.,' of Alabama, has our thanks. The lines '*To my Absent Children*,' we must admit are amusing enough: but *affection*, after all, is the theme, and ought not to be made sport of. - - - 'A. R. S.,' writing from Fort Desmoines, (where young people are 'gathered from all parts of the States,' and where, as we may well judge, there is 'a good deal of fun going on,') gives us an amusing account of two young men going home from a convivial party, late at night, who 'cut up' the subjoined 'shine,' which was witnessed by a friend who followed them, unobserved, and which we condense: They saw a doctor's horse standing, saddled and saddle-bag'd, before a patient's door. One said to the other, in a slightly paralyzed and 'unknown tongue,' '*Lesgiton!*' 'Good!-go-ahead! There's *two* horses: *Yougiton-fust!*' They both mounted *the same* beast, and rode off. An angry discussion arose: 'I got the best horse,' chuckled the forward rider. 'No, *Sir-r-r!*' said the other: 'you got a saddle—I have n't—ridin' bare-back'd. You just *wait*, and *see which'll come out fust*: *Go-o-o l-a-d-ng!*' It is not yet known 'which beat!' - - - UNDERNEATH NASMITH'S beautiful portrait of ROBERT BURNS in the sanctum — a present from a friend now thousands of miles away in the 'Golden Land,' whose genial lineaments and cordial friendship are recalled every time we look at it — there now hangs, in a small gilt frame, with a lustrous dark back-ground, a sprig, in perfect preservation, of '*The Bonny Blooming Heather*,' plucked near the 'childhood's home' of the esteemed donor, from amidst the purple-clad mountains of 'Old Scotia.' The association is complete: and after repeating some familiar strain of BURNS, our heart has warmed toward it as if it were *itself* a sentient thing. - - - SOME year or so ago, a Paris correspondent, if we remember rightly, of *The Daily Times*, recorded an amusing anecdote of an American minister at a diplomatic *soirée*. He did not understand a word of French, and in consequence was much embarrassed. He was somewhat relieved, however, upon being informed that Count B —, another minister present, spoke very good English:

'Our minister begged an introduction, and was presented, and in a moment was in conversation with the gentleman who spoke his mother and only tongue. The motive of the introduction not being understood by Count B —, the conversation commenced and terminated as follows:

COUNT B.: '*Mais vous parlez Francais, Monsieur?*'

MINISTER: '*On poo!*' (*Un peu — a little.*) '*Vous — parlez — English?*'

COUNT B.: '*A small!*'

This reminds us of our friend 'J. H. G.,' of this city, who while in Leipzig, had occasion to visit one of its large book-stores. He inquired if there

were any of the clerks who spoke English. He was answered in the affirmative, and shewn back about a quarter of a mile through the immense establishment, to the desk of the 'English clerk': 'Do you speak English?' asked our friend. The answer was clear and to the point: 'Yaw — a few!' And 'a few' English was all that he could speak, and even that little with most barbarous imperfectness. — — — HARK! Hark for a single moment to the sound of the merry sleigh-bells in the street beneath your window, and then read the subjoined lines, sent us from the beautiful 'Forest City' of Ohio, nearly a twelve-month since:

'Hark the sleigh-bells! how they jingle
With their joy-inspiring chime;
How their merry changes mingle
In the pleasant winter-time!
Ever chiming, changing, ringing,
Ever mirth and pleasure bringing.

'Gliding quickly by the mill-side,
Flying through the street or alley,
Climbing slowly up the hill-side,
Dashing swiftly through the valley:
Wildly shouting, laughing, singing,
And the forest echoes ringing.

'Snow-flakes thick and fast descending,
White enshrouding hill and dale,
Ever rushing, mixing, blinding,
With the chilling winter-gale!
Covering every autumn flower
In its most secluded bower.

'And the merry sleigh-bells jingle
All the live-long winter's day;
Faces, flushed and glowing, tingle,
As we dash along the way
At a speed that's quite alarming
Is n't such a sleigh-ride charming?'
N. B. C.

Yes it is: but here in town, when Broadway is full of sleighs, and 'coaches,' and 'pungs,' and all snow-vehicles, 'of high and low degree,' it is not pleasant to think how the elements which are friends of the 'conquerors' and the joyous, have become the enemies of the poor and wretched, the 'old and sore,' who in sunken cross-streets, within sound of the bells of the sleighs, gay Broadway, bemoan their sad fate:

'The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground:
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound.'

Out of the depths of that winter, ye who pay twenty-five dollars for a double-sleigh to the High-Bridge, or elsewhere, and for every extra mile in proportion, think of this as you dash along the 'highway,' and quaff your cup of good old wine, or smoke your 'purple haze.' (But do too much, either, of the two latter.) — — — The 'express' which reaches us from Chicago, (ILL.) is a fortification with an 'express' of the difficulty with which a deaf-mute writes the newspaper.

'MY SWEET FRIEND: I write to you a few lines to let you know how we are. (that is) I am in the P. O. to help my P. M.: and I don't say to you any more and yet I am improving. I am proud for it. Write my P. M. a letter from me to you, for it is snowing and raining very much; and I am very glad to get a letter from you every evening, for I must write and send some letters from you to say to you I am happy, for I have a new thick book for you and others.

'A bad man went to a bad place to get some shaving, and then he went to the house and made the two women and rode in the stage to the depot, and out in the stage to the depot and got off and ran away to Mr. —, who a woman and out with some and out with some and out with some to the prison, and immediately many men and out with some and out with some they wanted him to go away from the prison but he would not go away. A few men are in Prison, but the whole of the world is not in the prison. A few men are in the prison enough: and he took them to the prison. The whole world is not in the prison.

baby. I put my thumb on my nose at them, and 1 boy kicked me, and the boys who approved of me let me to kick him. This is true, but a few is fun. I have nothing to tell you more.'

'Do you not remember,' asks our correspondent, 'the time when 'a new thick boots for rains and snows' made *you* also happy? The little fellow's allusion certainly brought back forcibly my own youthful raptures on the same account. How graphic, too, the writer's description of our friends, the Hibernians! The election is not so far passed by, but that here we have a vivid recollection of '*a few men who is Paddy*,' breaking windows, and heads too, in our Seventh Ward.' - - - READER, suppose you 'take your eye and throw it' over the following. It contains a world of good advice, in a very brief compass:

'Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, smooth forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,

Adopt this plan:

'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,
A hale old man:

'Avoid in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot:
Devoted to domestic quiet,

Be wisely gay:

So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

'Seek not, in MAMMON'S worship, pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure:

The mind, not sense,

Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

'This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,

Whate'er his state;

But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.'

If you do n't think of all this now, you will by and by, when you reach the viaduct which crosses beneath the River of Death, and is known as 'The Turn of Life;' when the human system and powers, having reached their utmost expansion, begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. - - - We laughed, not long ago, with a thousand other Americans, at the manner in which the *London Times* was hoaxed by 'Mr. ARROWSMITH,' of Liverpool, in his story of the six duels fought from a Georgia rail-road train in a single trip. As '*The Times*' never retracts, this fabulous account will doubtless pass into history. This 'sell' recalls to mind a circumstance of a somewhat similar character, which was exposed one pleasant Sunday in our town-sanctum. A young and talented Englishman, who had recently arrived, called upon us on that day, with a letter of introduction from a friend in London. He was a handsome, pleasant, enthusiastic, gossiping person, who knew every prominent literary man and woman, and every distinguished actor and actress, in Great Britain, and gave numerous anecdotes of each and all of them. In short, he made himself extremely agreeable. After dinner, while we were all in the sanctum, he asked permission to read us a few of his 'first impressions,' as he came up the bay one glorious day, etc. He *did* so, describing the scene with a faithful and glowing pencil. At length he came to a passage something like the following: 'When we reached the lower end of this truly magnificent thoroughfare, (Broadway,) the first thing which attracted our attention was a small oval park, called 'Bowling-Green,' in the centre of which was playing a large fountain, the falling water tumbling, with great splash and splatter, over a picturesque column of rough and ragged rocks. This fountain, which is called the '*Bowling-Green Horse-Fountain*,' is erected over the spot where

many years ago were buried, with appropriate ceremonies, *the remains of the horse which General Andrew Jackson rode at the Battle of New-Orleans!* We looked at Dame KNICK — our *kind* of glance was returned. It was *too* much. It was impolite, we know: but we burst into a laugh — No matter: 'we recollect it yet!' 'Who in creation,' we asked of our wondering guest, 'could have given you *that* information?' 'A very polite and respectable-looking person,' he replied, 'who was leaning over the railing, of whom I asked a few questions, as I was pencilling some memoranda in my note-book. He walked up Broadway with me, and told me many *other* things, connected with the city and its public edifices.' And the wag *did*, too, it would seem: among the rest, that the Astor-House was originally an *hospital*, and that many of its 'wards' were still in operation! We undeceived our new friend, and put him on his guard for the future. 'You are a queer people, d'ye kno,' said he, 'after all.' We admitted the fact, as quite undeniable! - - - OUR old friend Captain FOLGER, late of the '*Old Seventy-Six House*,' at Tappaäntown, of which our readers have more than once heard, is now at the head of '*Folger's Knickerbocker Hotel*,' lately occupied by P. RIKER HERRING, near the village of Piermont, which is not only large and commodious, but is being decorated, ornamented, and *picture-fied* beyond example, for an hostel of its character. All the choice edible and potable wants of *man* he promises to supply, served up in the best manner; nor has he forgotten the *animals*: his 'stabling accommodations not being excelled by any in the county of Rockland.' Aside from paintings, engravings, wonderful and rare agricultural productions, etc., which garnish his capacious 'refreshment-room,' the place is a perfect Museum in itself. Among these you shall find such authentic objects of interest as the following: An *Old Trumpet*, exhumed at Bunker-Hill, while making excavations for the great monument, (presented by J. MACLEOD MCKENRY, Esq., of Brooklyn Navy-Yard;) the old '*Washington Stone-Basin*,' often washed in by himself and his officers, at the old Head-Quarters in Tappaäntown; an elaborately-carved *Powder-Horn*, captured at Stony-Point; articles picked up on the '*Massacre-Ground*' at old Tappaän, which belonged to the old Continental Troopers: nails from ANDRE's coffin, and other objects of great revolutionary interest; Indian weapons, implements, and trappings; with many more things alike 'curious' and unmentionable at this present — the whole forming a unique collection. Captain FOLGER is a deservedly popular landlord, and '*The Knickerbocker Hotel*' will prove a commodious and well-kept house. - - - We do not know how it may strike others, but this slight incident, in a metropolitan criminal court, eight years ago, '*hit us*.' A poor woman, whose boy had been sentenced to a long term at the Penitentiary, for some not-well-proved offence, said: 'Won't YOUR HONOR give him a shorter term? He is a good boy to me, YOUR HONOR — he always was. I've just made him some nice new clothes, YOUR HONOR, which fit him beautiful;' (and she looked, as she said this, as only a MOTHER can look at her boy:;) 'and if you give him a *long* time to stay in prison, the clothes won't *fit* him when he comes out — he 's a growin' boy!' Poor MOTHER! — she had saved much *time* and

from scant earnings, to clothe her boy 'like the neighbors' children.' This was too much for her son. He melted—he wept—he repented—he was forgiven. *And he is now one of the most promising, enterprising, and honorable young merchants in our City.* Every word of this is true, and known to be so to very many persons. - - - Mr. L. A. GODEY, publisher of '*The Lady's Book*,' Philadelphia, writes us to say, that he is not to be 'counted in' among those in Philadelphia to whom the late EDGAR A. POE proved faithless, in his business and literary intercourse. His conduct toward Mr. GODEY was in all respects honorable and unblameworthy. The remark which elicits the note of Mr. GODEY was copied as a quotation into our pages from the '*North-American Review*,' in a recent notice of that venerable and excellent Quarterly. - - - STEALING newspapers is an evil which our country contemporaries are often called upon to inveigh against, with 'all the energies of their nature.' But who ever heard, until now, of *such* a newspaper thief as is mentioned in the paragraph below?—a paragraph which we clipped from a far-western journal, the name of which we have not preserved, we are sorry to say:

'An esteemed lady friend of ours, sent us word the other week that she did not get her paper. This intelligence was as strange to us as to our carrier. The paper was certainly thrown over her back-fence at seven minutes after seven, every morning of the year. Where did it go to? Determined to find out, we placed a sentry, flat on his *epigastrium*, with a SHARP's rifle and orders to bore a hole through any body who might invade the sanctity of a private back-yard to steal a newspaper. Must it, can it be believed! A bull-calf was found to come up regularly, and make a morning's meal out of it! The lady ordered the animal to be lassoed and brought before her; when he manifested so much sagacity by wagging his tail and giving other evidences of intelligence, that she bade JOHN to take him down into the country.'

'Prick me that bull-calf till he roars!' would have been *our* order for the punishment of that culprit. - - - We understand that the Express Agents, in numerous localities, where choice butter, poultry, game, and country produce are abundant, are coöperating with our enterprising fellow-citizen, A. L. STIMSON, Esq., in supplying several hundred families and hotels in this city, this winter, with the above-named edibles, at the smallest possible advance upon the country prices. This is the commencement of an important reform, designed to abolish several superfluous grades of 'middle-men;' and our citizens ought to accord it their support promptly. In doing so, they will not only aid it, but serve themselves. Mr. STIMSON, at Number 8 Broadway, is already in daily receipt of excellent supplies of butter, poultry, venison, game, etc. - - - FROM 'J. H. W.,' receiver at the Crystal Palace, we derive the following, 'in the hand-writing of the author:'

Goodlettsville Davidson City Tenn

TO THE CHRISTAL PALAS NEW YORK, N. Y. — I have under stood that you have all the fine arts of the world and what i want is to no the forse and power of the best pump and beles for Blowing and melting iron and raising water to any high i hav One in Constrution that super seedes any thing i ever saue in my life. i dont want to go no farther with it un till i find ought wether thear is sum of the same plan in Operration My pump acts with only one wheel for water or wind I wold like for you to send me the Best models you have in the palas, and if i shold Get a patent you shall bee remembered ancer as soon as you can
i have no dught but it will bee a benafet to the world i will give you a better history the next time.
C. C. McC — .

'Nov. 1st, 1856.'

If 'CHRISTAL PALAS,' Esq., were to send to Mr. McC — Dr. NEHEMIAH DODGE's improved pump, now come into such general use in ships, large factories, and other similar establishments, he would break his machine that 'acts with only one wheel,' and give up farther pump-improvements, for the present at least, in despair. - - - THERE is something very touching, to our conception, in the 'Report of Rev. James Selkirk, Missionary to the Ottomans, at Griswold:' 'a mission-station, so named by the Bishop after that venerable soldier of CHRIST and leader of the hosts of the LORD, so well known and revered by the CHURCH, whose memory will brighten as time rolls on to the perfect day.' We annex a single passage. It should be premised that the writer is 'broken down with age and infirmity,' and that he has spent the best portion of his years in labors among the Indians:

'THE sun of the red man's glory has sunk behind the mountains of the west. There is but a remnant left, but that remnant are seeking to be guided to the hill of Zion by the LORD GOD of Sabaoth.

'The band over which I was sent, have listened to the trumpet call of the Gospel; have put on their armor, and done battle on the field against sin, the world, and the devil, and all but one have come off conquerors through HIM that has loved them. The old bald-headed chief who met you and received the sacrament of baptism at your hands, fell by his enemy, and had a bloody death. The tall chief, his successor, died with victory on his lips; and his son, once a wild savage, bowed to the cross, and is an example of piety to his people. About twelve desire confirmation. They have been united in marriage according to the rites of the Church.

'Last February my interpreter perished in the snow, on a severe night, with his gun by his side, and open knife in his hand, trying to kindle a fire after a fatiguing day's hunt, and having returned almost to his camp, telling his companion to go on while he rested a little, and he would be in soon after; but not returning, his little daughter encountered the snow and the frost, and early in the morning found her father leaning against a stub, in his long, last sleep. He had been with us from the first. Our camp looked lonely; the pines around us seemed to sing his solemn dirge, and the tears dropped fast from the mourners' eyes, as they surrounded his corpse; for through him they had received those welcome notes that led them to see that they had offended the GREAT SPIRIT, and that He had cancelled their broken obligations by the purple cross, which streamed from the side of His dying Son, while nailed to His cross. They are numbered among the faithful. I have given myself to their service in word and deed; but the battle of life with me is near its close; still I have deposited my trust where the hosts of Hell cannot break a bolt nor pick a lock. Our Captain has a 'rest' in the white stone, and a new name which no one knoweth but him who received it.'

Of such were the early laborers in the LORD's vineyard; amidst privation and suffering, willing to 'spend and be spent,' if peradventure they might make the means of bringing lost sheep into the fold. Of such men, we may well say, were SAINT PAUL and his fellow-apostles. - - - THE capable and appropriate literary critic of the 'New-York Daily Times,' in a deservedly complimentary notice of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company's *Series of the British Poets and Essayists*, (a superb collection, which every man, even of moderate means, may and should have in his library,) speaking of THOMAS HOOD, says: 'His poetical reputation was a flower that grew in his year.' It is sad to reflect how unconscious the world was of the true value of poetry within the man. Sweeter cadences of the human voice than that which never vibrated in the human breast. He is known among the great of the immortals now.' All true: and yet it seems as if he were forgotten by THOMAS HOOD. Why he? Well, he could afford to be careless, by the professional joker, whose whole life was one great jest. The friend of ERNEST ARNOLD, 'The Bridge of Sighs' and 'The Bridge of Love' and 'The

for centuries after Hook's long, prosy romances and premeditated puns are buried in the dust of oblivion. - - - A PARTY of aërial adventurers who accompanied Mons. GODDARD in a recent balloon-ascension at Philadelphia, speak of the clearness of sound of 'all things earthly' that pervades the upper air, even at the height of ten thousand feet — the baying of a watch-dog, the cackling of hens, etc., being distinctly heard at that elevation. As we read the description of this aërial voyage, we thought of a passage in a sermon which we once heard from the eloquent lips of the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, at the 'Church of the MESSIAH,' in Broadway. He was speaking, if we remember rightly, of the influence of supplication, of prayer, to the great SOURCE of all Good: and illustratively in effect said: 'It has been assumed by certain philosophers, that no voice which rises from the earth is lost in the illimitable air. Even the inarticulate moanings of dumb beasts, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers, are not drowned in the great deep of the sky.' The *thought* of Dr. DEWEY, we well remember, was 'something like to this:' but the reverend speaker's *language*, we must add, only himself could supply. - - - THE celebrated business epitaph, upon a tomb-stone erected by a widow in the Père La Chaise at Paris, is quite out-done by the following 'Obituary' from a late English provincial journal:

'DIED, on the eleventh instant, at his shop, Number 20 Greenwich-street, Mr. EDWARD JONES, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock, to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house in town. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.'

There! — if that is not 'killing two birds with one stone,' we should like to know how that operation *is* performed. - - - Our 'new Rochester correspondent, LUKE,' was in good business when he sent us for our November number an old joke, formerly published and illustrated in PUNCH, as having occurred with his own little boy. 'Small potatoes,' Mr. LUKE — *very* small. So 'JOHN PHOENIX' thinks, and so think 'WE!' - - - A BEAUTIFUL figure is the annexed, from an old worthy of the English Church: 'A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comfort; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my FATHER's house, and my heritage.' - - - WE visited *Burton's New Theatre*, the other evening, for the first time. We never should have known the edifice, so changed is it from the old 'METROPOLITAN.' The proscenium and private-boxes are 'beautiful exceedingly.' The house was crowded to repletion, and yet all were comfortably seated, with 'ample room and verge enough' for all their limbs. Mr. and Mrs. DAVENPORT were the bright-shining 'stars' of the evening, including BURTON, who is a large planet. The performances were every way admirable. - - - OUR medical readers will

said we were in the following from a weekly newspaper of Khirna, in
 the East. — "Our art had need to poison herself with strychnine: 'It
 was thought she was dead at first, but a St. George's
 was applied to her stomach, and the poison disengaged.' . . . What's
 the story touching Lager Beer's being not only toxic, but the
 . . . This was CHARLEY B. — 's joke, the distinguished artist. We
 were his instructor, and scratched it off from his lips for the KIRKMAN
 ROOM, in which it first appeared. . . . At the time we write, we
 have not been made aware where Mr. E. D. Palmer's *Statuary Gallery*,
 through which by the urgent request of a committee numbering among
 them some of the first citizens of the metropolis, is to be placed. The
 daily journals, however, will tell. Go and see the works of a sculptor
 who we believe has no living equal. . . . The next in the
 splendid series of prints which 'The Albion' weekly journal has been
 wont to present every year to its readers, will be a 'Portrait of Florence
 Nightingale,' that noble and beautiful woman who ministered to the wants
 and sufferings of Albion's sons on the Crimean battle-fields. WAKEN
 ROVER, the distinguished artist, has executed it expressly for 'The Albion,'
 and it is to be engraved in the very best manner, by Mr. WALLSTON of this
 city. Nothing could be in better taste. . . . Some body who has read the
 fine lines, 'Dying by Inches,' in our November number, (page 166,) has
 bethought him of the following capital anecdote, no somewhat 'in a com-
 nation accordingly.' 'A wag residing in Boston, who had been for many
 years a patient of Dr. INCHES, of that place, was at length advised to con-
 sult Dr. PHYSIC, of Philadelphia. After remaining a short time under the
 care of the latter, he returned home greatly improved in health; and he was
 asked which of the two methods of treatment he preferred, replied, that
 he 'would rather live by PHYSIC than die by INCHES.' . . . We have re-
 ceived, through a friend, four different kinds of *Household Paper*, from an ex-
 tensive establishment for its manufacture at Little Falls, near Newburgh, in
 this State. This is a great, a wonderful invention; and is destined to exert
 a powerful effect upon the paper-trade of this country. The tone is true
 it takes printing-ink clearly and beautifully; it is then spread out
 out spreading; and, save only in respect of color, is like the best of
 paper. The white paper has a yellowish tinge, yet every one will find
 the inventor hitherto has tended more and more to perfect it, so that
 which it is believed will soon be entirely overcome. Good bye, then,
 farewell, chifferiers! 'Your service will be gratefully acknowledged by the
 management.' Think of the abundant use to be made of the paper in the
 forests of America! Nor, it seems, is it to be used in the same manner as
 played. All soft words are gone. . . . 'There is a new kind of
 Best Paper' of which we hear from Southern States, and which is
 able laughter, arising from a misapprehension of a well-known
 kind of caricature. 'Take the case of . . . 'The
 to 'A of Dyer's' for Lind water and . . .
 well, when the season arrives we must give you the full story of the
 and that this very peculiar . . .
 Saint . . .

marks incidentally as follows, in a recent note to the EDITOR: 'I have but a trifling portion of this world's goods, and my occupation is of so humble a nature that even the best specimens of my workmanship are invariably trampled under foot. In short, I am a follower of St. CRISPIN, and shoe-making is not a promising business, by any means. It raises houses, but it dwarfs men; it enriches the employer, but it deprives the workman of health, which is his only capital.' Of *such* mechanics, let our friend remember, have been some of our most distinguished public men. - - - Do n't overlook the Advertisement of '*The Illustrated Knickerbocker Gallery*,' in our advertising-sheet, 'for our sake.'

Books Received and awaiting Notice.

WE have received and read the following works, and 'until farther notice,' can only cordially commend them to public favor, for various yet distinctive merits:

McHARG's '*Life of TALLEYRAND*,' SCRIBNER: 'ALGER's Oriental Poetry,' WHITTEMORE, NILES and HALL, Boston: BAYARD TAYLOR's '*Cyclopaedia of Modern Travel*,' APPLETONS': 'Whaling and Fishing,' MOORE, WILSTACH, KETS and COMPANY, Cincinnati: 'BOKER's '*Plays and Poems*,' Philadelphia: 'American Poulterers' Companion,' (a new Edition, profusely illustrated;) ABBOTT's '*Confidential Letters of NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE*;' and BONNER's '*Child's History of Rome*,' HARPERS: CHANNING's '*Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory*,' TICKNOR and FIELDS, Boston: 'KET's Poems,' ROBERT CARTER and BROTHERS: 'The Torch-Light through the Wood,' DERBY and JACKSON: MRS. FARNHAM's '*California, In-doors and Out*,' DIX, EDWARDS and COMPANY: 'WARRE's '*JULIAN, or Scenes in Judea*;' 'ALLEN's WUENISBOO, or the Vale of the Hoosatunnuk,' JEWETT and COMPANY, Boston: 'AUDOBON, the Naturalist of the New World,' (with two excellent Works for Children,) C. S. FRANCIS and COMPANY: and 'The Two Lights,' LIPPINCOTT and COMPANY, Philadelphia.

The annexed new works have appeared, and *most* of them have been received by the EDITOR:

STEWART's '*Brazil and La Plata*,' and IRVING's '*Illustrated Life of WASHINGTON*,' PUTNAM: GOODRICH's '*Recollections of a Life-Time*,' MILLER, ORTON and MULLIGAN: 'The Hills of the Shattemuck,' APPLETONS': 'PORTER's '*Chemistry*,' BARNES and COMPANY: 'Story of COLUMBUS,' SCRIBNER: CARKER's '*Hand Books of Iowa and Minnesota*,' JEWETT and COMPANY, Boston: MRS. ELLEN KEY BLUNT's '*Bread to my Children*,' and DORE's '*Travels in the East*,' LIPPINCOTT and COMPANY: WHITMAN's '*Leaves of Grass*;' 'Virginia Agricultural Report;' 'Never Mind the Face,' and 'The Great Elm,' (children's books,) HARPERS: 'WIDDIFIELD's '*New Cook-Book*,' T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia: EMILY TAYLOR's '*Tales from Saxon History*,' FRANCIS and COMPANY: Etc., etc.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL. — The second number of this new quarterly, profusely and elegantly illustrated, has been out some time. It contains a great variety of interesting matter on art, and the list of works (between three and four hundred) to be distributed among the subscribers in January next. We have not space to notice this Journal as it deserves, but we cannot pass, without commendation, the beautiful engraving of SATURDAY NIGHT, a print which is cheap at three dollars, and which will be an ornament in any dwelling. We paid WILLIAMS and STEVENS four dollars for the same work not a year ago. We again commend the Association to our readers, and refer them to the advertisement at the end of this number.

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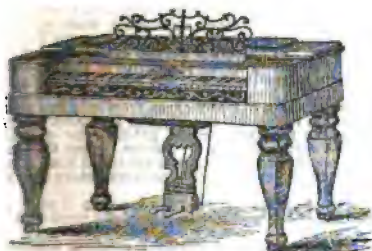
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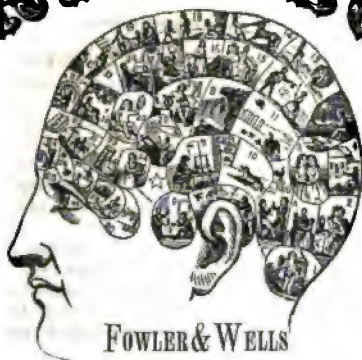
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5. IDEALITY.—Love of home and country. (ness.)
6. COMFORT.—Application, finishing up, consecutive.
7. VITATIVENESS.—Clinging to life, repelling disease.
8. COMBATIVENESS.—Defense, resolution, force, courage.
9. DESTRUCTIVENESS.—Extermination, severity, hardness.
10. ALIMENTIVENESS.—Appetite, relish, feeding, greed.
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16. FIRMNESS.—Stability, perseverance, decision, pendency.
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18. HOPE.—Expectation, anticipation, trust in the future.
19. SPIRITUALITY.—Intuition, prescience, prophecy, faith.
20. VENERATION.—Worship, adoration, devotion, deference.
21. BENEVOLENCE.—Sympathy, kindness, goodness.
22. CONSTRUCTIVENESS.—Ingenuity, manual skill, (ment.)
23. IDEALITY.—Taste, love of beauty, poetry, and refinement.
24. SUBIMITY.—Love of the grand, vast, endless, and infinite.
25. IMITATION.—Copying, mimicking, doing like. (blindness.)
26. MIRTH.—Fun, wit, ridicule, facetiousness, joking.
27. INDIVIDUALITY.—Observation, desire to see and know.
28. FORM.—Memory of shape, looks, persons, and things.
29. SIZE.—Measurement of quantity, distance, etc. by eye.
30. WEIGHT.—Control of motion, balancing, hurling, etc.
31. COLOR.—Discernment and love of colors, tints, hues, etc.
32. ORDER.—Method, system, ruling by rule, keeping things.
33. CALCULATION.—Mental arithmetic, reckoning, in place.
34. LOCALITY.—Memory of places, position, etc. (falls, etc.)
35. EVANTUALITY.—Memory of facts, events, history, etc.
36. TIME.—Telling when, time of day, dates, how long, etc.
37. TUNE.—Love of music, singing and playing by ear.
38. LANGUAGE.—Expression by words, acts, tones, looks, etc.
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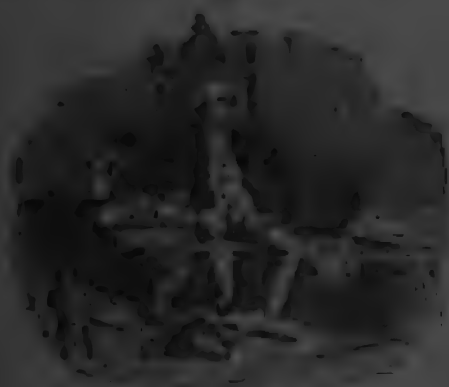
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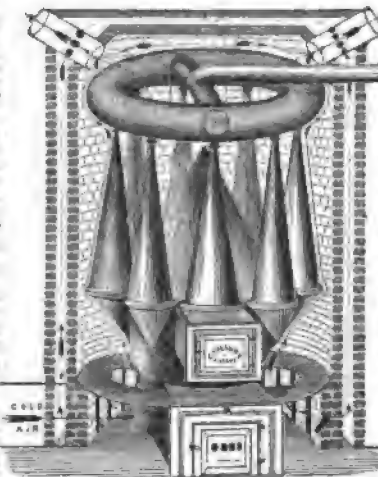
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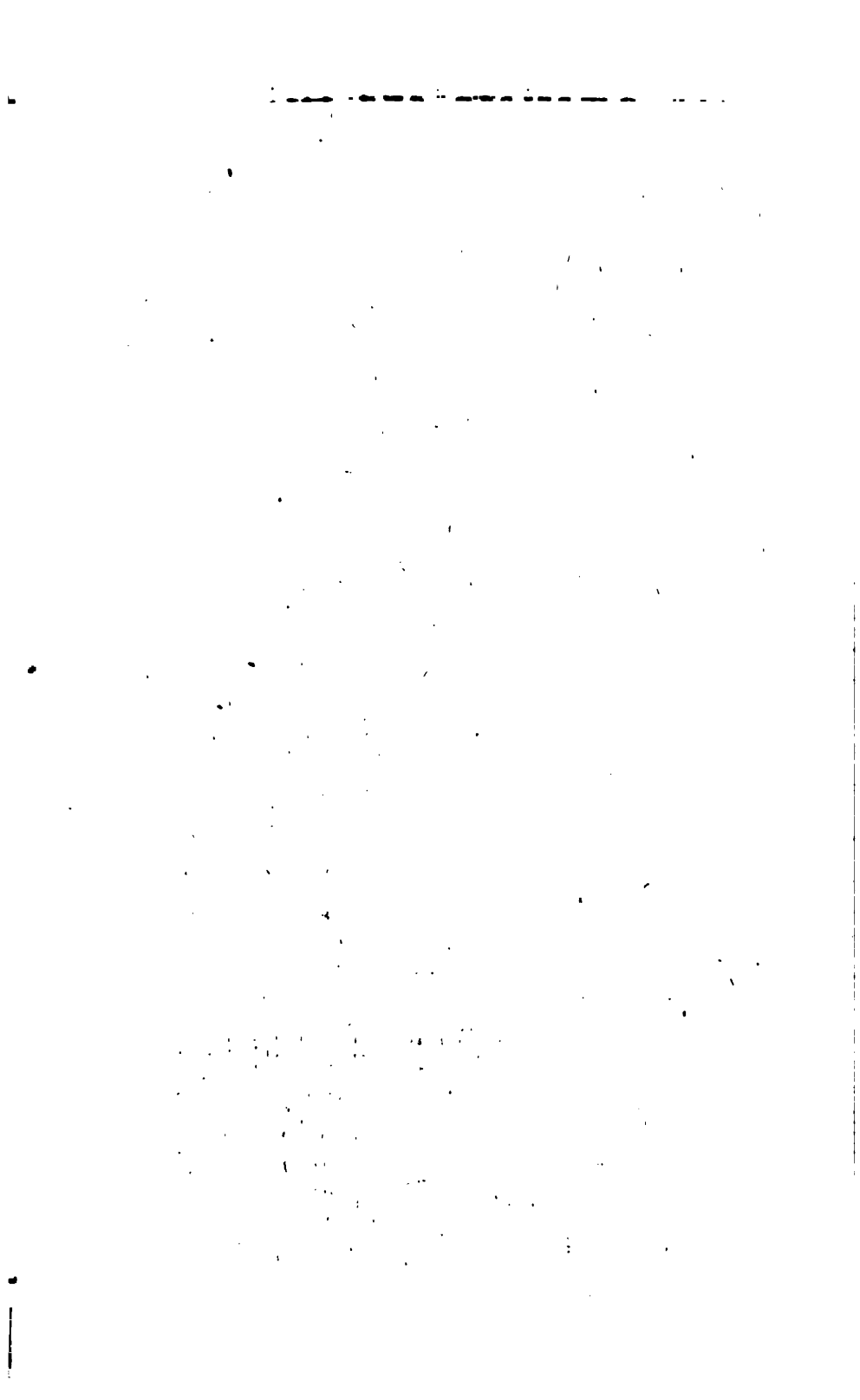
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American and Original.

The Knickerbocker Magazine,

F o r 1 8 5 7 .

THE Forty-ninth Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number or January, 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of ST. LEGER, and the SPARROW-GRASS, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. MR. COCKERS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and MR. KIMBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, Rev. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MACK SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly, and MR. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the TABLE of MR. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *as fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

"But there is a quiet body, in the plainest of plain blue covers, that comes to us as certain as the moon, unadorned with wreath or poesy; not an 'embellishment' to bless itself with; not a fashion-plate or a leaf from Punch, or a pattern for a gusset or a robe *à la mode*; the good old-fashioned KNICKERBOCKER, the ancestor, the veritable Nestor, of American monthlies. But there is no trouble in its utterances yet; the fabric for 'the lean and shaggy pantaloons' has not been woven and fashioned for it; its hose are well filled out; its knee-buckles are not unlaced; its meerschaum is not discarded; it was baptised in the Fountain of Youth."—*Daily Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

"KNICKERBOCKER is a great favorite of ours; he never bores us with a long story, or leads into a labyrinth of plot and narrative out of which there seems no way of escape—as he dashes us into his articles at a full gallop, and brings us at a most comfortable and free-and-easy trot. KNICKERBOCKER's accomplishments are various—he is a wit, a humorist, a poet, a novelist, a romancer, a sentimentalist, an essayist, and we know not what else. May his shadow never grow less."—*Democrat, Kingston, N. Y.*

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T E R M S :

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MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER THIRTEENTH.

PROFESSIONAL mendicants compose a not inconsiderable portion of the population of the City of Mexico. Indeed I am not aware that any one-horse town in the land can complain of a stint in that particular; but the solicitor of alms generally seeks the best entertainment that his circumstances allow, and no other place offers half the inducements, or is so lavish of the comforts of life as the metropolis.

To testify their grateful homage to the queen of the valley, ten thousand *lepèros* hang upon her skirts. From the fluctuating nature of this class of humanity, it is difficult to assign to them any local habitation or particular quarter as a permanent abode. They are to be found anywhere and everywhere. Crouching down under the shadow of a marble palace, the *lepèro* seems to be an inanimate bundle of rags, until starting up he begs the passer-by to give him a light of a cigarito; and the request is made with such politeness and grace, that the accosted one must be a niggard indeed if he refuse a donation of coin, or its equivalent in tobacco. In the market-place he sports his sallow figure, and picks up an honest penny in any way but by working for it; and then, when seen moving in the joyous fandango, to the sound of guitar and castanets, he seems to be gifted with ubiquity and the utmost freedom from care.

Like the lazzaroni of Italy, born and bred to the profession, no false shame prompts them to despise their birthright. Allusions to poverty cannot chafe them, although they are keenly sensitive to any contumelious epithets, or other indignities, which it were unbecoming in *caballeros* to silently bear. They find it necessary to the prosperity of their avocation to scatter about, and to mingle with the more opulent, where there may be a chance of good picking, and yet they are 'gregarious' in their habits. We have seen as many as four or five thousand, of all ages, in a dense pauper-throng, on a holiday; and holidays are frequent with them. They do not slight the memory of any of the principal

saints in the calendar, but take advantage of any gathering of grandeur to be very devotional, and kneeling down by the side of worshippers of all degrees, become so absent-minded as not to know one pocket from another; and on such an occasion, the most dexterous in manipulations pries into the secrets of his neighbor's pockets, while the less skilful is left to his whine and temporary deformities to obtain boons. The festivals in honor of some modest ex-member of their own calling, who has been canonized, command their most enthusiastic attentions. Then it is that they swarm in the open squares and market-places, and perfume the air, as they flaunt their tattered rags, and celebrate the glories of the sainted tatterdemalion.

When an insolent assemblage of *lèpèros* blocked up the streets on any of their festal days, it was seemly and prudent withal for the decent citizen to make a circuit, to avoid a too close contact with subtle fingers. We *militaires* did not observe any such ceremony. When the passage-ways were so choked up that not a chink was visible in the dense rag-wall — so suggestive of paper-mills — we used to strike spurs into our horses' flanks, without deviating an inch from the line of the street, and apparently unaware that the hoofs almost touched the bodies of the shrinking vagabonds, as they opened a channel. At first they charitably made allowance for our defectiveness of sight, and deigned not to move a bit; but the up-lifted fore-feet of the horses admonished them that the track was to be cleared without unnecessary delay. A wave of heads surged on either side, and we left them wiser if not better people. It must be presumed that the members of this class are really devout on their own saints' days. Then it is that, for a few bits of silver, paid into the hands of some abandoned clergyman, they may be purified of the most enormous sins — sins that were committed with the intent that they should be repented of, and with the assurance that the most complete absolution could be obtained therefor for a trifle, and many of which were paid for in advance. Conscience is stifled by the penitential act, and other atrocities may at the moment be contemplated, with the intent to expiate them in like manner. We could see enough to remind us of the pious models of rascality painted by Cervantes, and exemplified in all whose extraction is common with that of his people. The clerical worthies show compassion to them all the readier because they perhaps have themselves experienced the proneness of frail humanity to give way to the worst of passions. I refer now to the abandoned priesthood.

Let us turn the other side of the picture. The poor people have been charged with being grossly ignorant, a wholesale aspersion which it is my humble office to correct. Many of them can read and write, while others are expert handicraftsmen, and might gain an honest support, were it not that early education and prejudiced notions would check any such falling away from the customs of their fathers. Among them are artists who can carve a crucifix, in elaborate and not inelegant figures, or paint a St. Peter in full regimentals of the present day, giving the complexion the tint of an Indian, and completing the picture with other little anachronisms pleasant to behold. They are

smart people in many particulars, and unequalled in artifice and roguery.

There is a spice of aristocracy in their allusions to ancestry whose station was in life was no less respectable than their own ; and with a very justifiable pride, some of their number recount the deeds of their progenitors. Not many care to go back to Roncesvalles to look up their ancestors ; but when it comes to the first revolution, when Padre Hidalgo and his ten thousand ragamuffins, a horde of Indians as much to be feared by the Creoles as were the Spaniards, then it is that all look knowingly, and the frosty pate, who sports a leg that the carpenter made him, becomes, for the time being, 'cock of the walk.' Surely many of that valiant army would have had the honor to die by the fire of the royalist troops, but for a circumstance not generally mentioned by the dusky chroniclers. The patriot army marched imposingly toward the city, relying upon the average of one musket to each ten men, when lo ! just at the moment that the besieged city was about to surrender, a faintness of heart came over the patriots, and they ingloriously fled. It was not because they feared to meet the well-ordered Spanish troops that the panic seized them, for they had smelled gunpowder before. History informs us of another instance of panic no less unaccountable, when Germanicus and the Germans were about to engage in mortal strife. The Romans and their enemies, without any apparent exciting cause, all at once felt just such a qualm, and, without striking a blow, both armies fled in an opposite direction, and neither side looked back until out of fighting distance. If the patriots took to their heels when victory was within arm's length, on one occasion, it was a solitary instance in their history. In ignorance of the effect of artillery, or to show contempt of the haughty Spaniards, the people of mixed blood rushed fearlessly up to the cannon, into the mouths of which they thrust their *sombreros de patate* (flag-hats) to stop the balls, just the thing the old fellow did in the Irish rebellion, only he thrust his wig into the muzzle of the cannon. The scene that ensued baffles description, for which reason the native historians touch lightly on it. The slaughter did not cease until the Spaniards, exhausted with their bloody work, sank to the ground that was covered with Hidalgo's soldiers ; and at this late period, few indeed can be found that had a hand in that sanguinary encounter. The common people claim the full honors of that contest, and the better classes evince no disposition to dispute the palm with them.

It is difficult to draw a line of demarkation between this most despised class and others bearing a striking resemblance to them. There are several castes among those swarthy republicans ; but the most numerous class is that of the *Mestizos*, the most wicked race of natives, of mixed white and Indian blood, in whom predominate all the faults, moral and physical, of their progenitors, the *Blancos* and *Indios*, and they are represented as giving a pretty accurate idea of the *canaille* of Paris, in all but the color. Then come the mulattoes, sprung from whites and negroes, the *Sambos*, the offspring of Indians and negroes, and a few whose origin cannot be even guessed at. These various classes furnish the vagabonds known as *lepèros*, and

called by our soldiers 'greasers,' the etymology of which is unknown to me. While discussing the shades of color, it must not be forgotten that there is the full-blooded Congo darkey, whose dress is all the blacker when nature is unadorned. Such an one will frequently take offence at being called a black man, and will display a certificate from the government, which recites that for the payment of so many doubloons Señor So-and-so is declared to be a white man, and consequently entitled to all the immunities, privileges, franchises, etc., belonging to the most favored races of the land. As the sable gentlemen are quite as ambitious as any of their naturally pale brethren, it is not surprising to find them among the aspirants for the highest offices; and if they were a little more lavish of cologne-water, they would more frequently succeed in reaching the legislative chambers. Another distinct race is the unmixed copper-colored Indians, who are made the beasts of burthen, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and have so been for so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and there is also the most superior of all the mixed races, the Creoles, not inferior perhaps to the native Castilians, and who do not think themselves behind any people in intelligence. Ask any of our army, who served among them, and who knew what was what, and they will be willing to make a solemn affidavit that the Creole ladies are the prettiest, the jolliest, the best conversationists, and the most patriotic, and, in a word, the most charming of their sex in all that land.

The common people are politicians as well as warriors, and to hear their discussions of the prominent questions of the day, one would suppose that the fate of the nation depended upon them. Some of them have at times been so led away by Cromwellian zeal as to assist in overthrowing governments and making new rulers. Such an exploit is termed a revolution. The commonwealth is frequently agitated by those popular ebullitions which, but for their brevity, would more often be attended by direful consequences. One of rather recent occurrence eventuated in the slaughter of two mules, and caused the untimely demise of a poor starved old crone who ventured from home to buy food and was struck by a random shot. It requires some art to manufacture a revolution in Mexico. Don Somebody being in funds, gives a banquet and makes an inflammatory speech. The crowd becoming highly indignant at the mal-administration of the laws, and the non-appointment of their host to lucrative office, immediately proceed to depose Don Somebody-else. True it is that the regular chief-magistrate in the morning feigns ignorance of the fact that three revolutions have taken place while he has been asleep; and he heeds not that the chair of state has been so disturbed that its oscillations have scarcely stopped with the dawn when the police awoke. True it is, scornfully as the President may treat the whole narration, that he had been deposed by some fellow with a name as long as his arms; that the deposer, the *de facto* President, has been in his turn deposed; and that the deposer of the first deposer has been deposed and put into the prison of La Acordada, and the original powers restored. The ingrate at the head of government may treat the matter with bitter irony; but that does not alter the

truth a whit. The principal partisans may have been thrust into the jug for disturbing the public peace, and the grand out-burst of popular sentiment may have been contemptuously treated as a brawl: nevertheless, it was a revolution, and a faithful historian should not be deterred from recording the deeds of the people for the admiration and benefit of posterity.

From the difficulty of always distinguishing the poor wretch known as a *lépero* from those a grade higher in the scale of mendicancy, it is better to treat all the jolly beggars as one class. They have a community of interests, inasmuch as each deems himself entitled to all that he can lay his hand on. The reins of the national government are, by the force of circumstances, beyond their control; yet this clamorous democracy maintain an acknowledged head, an *imperium in imperio*, for their social government.

Some demagogue or other rises on the billows of popular tumult, and once in power, he sways a sceptre of almost regal potency, using the mob as 'a harp of a thousand strings' for him to play upon at pleasure. Under the leader are many grades; and they have a social police acting in direct opposition to that of society. Although by far the greater number of the rascals continue to use the only means of locomotion that nature has given them, or the wooden substitutes bestowed as the reward of military services, still there are many exceptions to the rule. The thrifter who have made successful hits on the high-way, or have obtained generous loans from total strangers, make their morning-calls upon horse-back, and by that economy of time and labor, these favored gentry are enabled to spend their afternoons in the *pulquerias*, or low grog-shops, whence, refreshed, they are ready to sally forth in the prosecution of their nocturnal pursuits. As for the lordly personage who assumed the dictatorship, his authority and consequence would rapidly wane, were he to demean himself by pedestrianism. Even his studied imitation of the costume and manners of fashionable society, his thread-bare cloak folded so as to give the idea that he has a shirt under it, his spurs weighing nearly a pound-and-a-half, like small-sized wind-mills, which make a clattering music as he ambles along, all those minor accessories could not prop up his precarious dignity, were he to walk while on his thieving or begging excursions. We had heard of beggars on horse-back before that time, but had not seen them; and we can testify that when so mounted it did seem that they were fulfilling the adage, and were riding just where that said a beggar on horse-back would ride.

It must not be inferred that these people are rude in manner or vulgar in conversation, like our abandoned classes are in large cities. Genteel breeding has its warm advocates among them, and their education in refinement and politeness make them far more tolerable than they otherwise would be. Fancy two of them meeting in the street. Their shabby gentility of dress, so jauntily worn, and the cavalier grace with which they remove cigaritos with thumb and fore-finger, and the extreme graciousness of salutes, sometimes stagger the belief of strangers, who may be pardoned for supposing, through the medium of eyes and nose, that they are really decayed gentlemen. Habits of youth seem to

be fixed upon them unchangeably and unchanged. Their sonorous appellations and salutations come sweeping like the tornado over a forest, varying in tone like a full peal of bells, and turn to a dirge-like intonation, nay, sometimes attain a melancholy profundity, as if brooding over the memory of woful decadence. My friend May, of the Ninth, could imitate them in the most laughable style.

'Don Pedro Fernandez de Frias y Miraflores ! I greet you on this blessed occasion, and earnestly pray that your health be unsurpassed.' The speaker has thrown back the rusty relic of traditional gentility from his shoulders, and with a mixture of obsequiousness and dignity, bends his body and raises his hand.

'May *Neustra Señora de Guadalupe* reward you, most excellent Señor, for such solicitude !' returns the other caballero with no less gravity. 'No one can experience a higher gratification than does your humble servant at beholding his esteemed friend Don José Maria Torrelblanco de Tordesillas in the enjoyment of good health.

Ere the caballeros wend their way about their business, as slowly and majestically as the old grandees of Spain, they mutually express a hope of again meeting in the enjoyment of such inestimable blessings as health and *segars*. Their desires savor neither of presumption nor improbability, for in the natural course of events they may meet half-a-dozen times a day with both the one and the other.

The holy virgin invoked by the first speaker, is the patron-saint of the city of Mexico, having attained that position by displacing Tonantzeire, the Mexican Ceres, and yet she holds not undisputed sway, for *Neustra Señora de los Remedios*, whose shrine is in a quarter some leagues from the city, has her ardent votaries. When Cortes and his men had nearly all life beaten out of them by the doings of *La Noche Triste*, it was necessary to do something to revive the drooping spirits of the soldier. The leader found a small alabaster doll about eight inches high in the knapsack of one of his men, and then he published the announcement that the Virgin Mary had sent down her image. The nose was broken and one eye was gone ; but the devout Spaniards, looking at it with a single eye of faith, thought the wonder all the greater, that such an object could perform miracles. For three centuries have candles burned before her altar, to light up her wardrobe worth a million of dollars. Such is a short history of one of the above-mentioned saints, and — not to be invidious — I do not remember which. Among my curiosities are several ribbons on which are printed the names of both of those saints ; and as a blessing is annexed to each of the pious emblems, I shall take good care of them. Having disposed of the objects of worship, now we will return to their worshippers.

If it be necessary to overhaul a stray traveller, they throw an air of suavity into the performance that takes away much of the offensiveness of the act itself, and appeals to the better feelings of the victim. Listen to them :

'A thousand pardons, Señor, but pressing demands compel me to solicit a small loan from you. May I trouble you for your watch and jewelry ?' As if by the merest accident, the robber displays the hilt of a long knife, the effect of which is not lost upon the other, who wincingly replies :

'Since you desire a loan, Señor, I most cheerfully accord you the same. Here are my jewels and watch. Now, allow me to say to you. *Buenas Dias.*'

'Excuse me, most gracious Señor,' says the robber; 'I stupidly neglected to mention your purse.'

'Nearly empty, my friend; hardly enough left to purchase the remission of my numerous sins of the past year.'

'Then, generous Señor, I will not impose upon a liberal spirit by depriving you of what you so much require: begging, however, that you will remember the failings of your benefactor and friend, and say a few prayers for me. The benisons of all the saints go with you for such profuse liberality.'

They seldom attempted to rob any of our soldiers, knowing well that they would make day-light shine through any yellow-skin on the least advance; and as the Americans were always armed, and at night generally took the middle of the street, particularly when their sight was dimmed by too much attention to the cup, the *lepers*, 'greasers,' or *ladrones*, rarely gained much from them.

The common people have property qualifications for the respectability of the thing, although the same is not always available. In proportion as the smiles of fortune alight upon their respective houses, they maintain a show of worldly welfare. Some of them even own real estate; but that is of such a kind that the more a man owns the poorer he is; for the soil requires tillage, which the rogues cannot find it in their hearts to do, for fear of losing caste. The taxes of government become due, but no bailiff can be found who has the temerity to make a bag and sale of the valuables of these outcasts. Horses for the more wealthy, and dogs for all the remainder, constitute their principal live stock; and miserable indeed must be the condition of the *lepero* who does not keep at least one of the canine species, while the crowds of mongrels that infest the suburbs and make night hideous with their noises, indicate that no one has cause to complain of a scarcity of such wealth. The disputed ownership of these latter animals is sometimes sufficient to involve a whole neighborhood in an impromptu civil war, and not unfrequently to plunge a family into mourning. A couple of us were one evening returning through a narrow street to our quarters on the outskirts of the city, when the screams of women and the loud language of men invited our attention to a gathering of people. Behold the scene!

Two sturdy fellows uncover and draw their knives. Each holds his thick *sombrero* in his left hand as a shield to parry the thrusts of his adversary. They are as motionless as tigers about to spring upon their prey, and glare wildly upon each other. A ring forms around the combatants, and speculation is rife as to the fall or deliverance of the respective champions. The interest has become so intense that some of the crowd let the fire of their cigaritos die out, and the more remote in the crowd tread upon the heels of those before them, in their anxiety to see all the transaction. Presently a stroke is made, but the assailed has turned the glittering edge aside. The crowd hold their breath as they catch the sparkling fires of ferocious jealousy that dart from the dark eyes of the combatants. Now one makes a feint, but it is unsuccessful,

for the other thrusts his broad-leaved hat into his face, makes a quick stroke, and then coolly wipes his crimsoned blade in the corner of his *serape*. Holy Virgin ! how well that was done. A looker-on, probably a relative, flies off to bring the nearest monk or priest to shrine the dying man ; while the victorious gladiator stalks off about his business, out of the track of the police. In a few hours all but the immediate friends will have ceased to think of the occurrence, or will speak lightly of it as a mere matter of course, a chance medley of no particular importance. We did not feel disposed to interfere after the harm was done, for it was over too soon to enable us to draw our swords upon the mob ; and we had some objection to meeting a similar fate by intermeddling. Those people eat too much peppers, which fires up their blood on most trivial occasions. A sturdy beggar had enticed the affections of a scraggy cur from its rightful master. The latter, deeply incensed, made use of opprobrious epithets, touching the honor of his rival. Rash were the words, because they were addressed to one who unhappily was over-strung in a sense of dignity, and who longed for the flow of hot blood. The dog-larceny may have been but a pretext to cloak the real cause of the fray. I give the story as it was told to us on the spot.

In the tinkling and thrumming of guitars, the echoes of madrigals and canzonets and sarabands, and the drawing out of ballads, we soon forgot the tragedy.

W. H. BROWN.

'STOOP TO RISE : ' AN INCIDENT.

THE Empress EUGENIE has alarmed and horrified the whole European world. She had the *gaucherie*, upon a court-occasion, to stoop and pick up a diamond which had fallen from her diadem !

L.

WE love the beautiful parvenu Queen,
Who could stoop 'mid the pomp of a courtly scene
To gather a gem, the gift of France,
From her diadem shed by an adverse chance :
At her feet it lay like a crystallized tear,
A dew-drop congealed from its starry sphere,
And like the star on the lonely height,
Seemed a broken heart with a cheerful light.'

II.

Should she trample it down with the Corsican pride,
Whose roots in the soil spread deep and wide ?
Ah ! no ; may the Empress ever forget her rank,
To raise the fallen with impulse as frank.
And should such be the fate of her living gem,
Like Bourbon Lily cleft from its stem,
Oh ! then may France with as gentle hand,
Raise JOSEPHINE'S child for their sunny land.

GUTHRIE.

C H A R I T Y .

THOU who by thy fireside sitting,
Hear'st without the winter-storm,
Which but makes thy heart more cheerful,
And thy home more bright and warm :

Think of those who have no fireside,
Of those homeless, friendless ones,
Whom though all forsake and shun them,
Yet the winter-storm ne'er shuns.

For the storm-fiend hath no pity
Even for the babe just born ;
And his blast he never tempera,
Though the lamb be closely shorn.

Thou whose bounteous board is burdened
With each luxury wealth can give,
Who hast every joy that renders
It a pleasant thing to live :

In the midst of your enjoyment,
Give, oh ! give a single thought,
To the poor whose life 's a burden,
And the hungry who have naught.

And not only just remember
That the poor are in distress,
But from out thy heart and substance
Help them in their helplessness.

For the LORD hath blessed thee greatly,
And HIS SON hath said to thee,
He who feeds and clothes the needy,
He hath done it unto ME.

When thou givest give not coldly,
As one throweth to a dog ;
But with words of cheer and kindness,
For remember, 't is to GOD.

Charities, when coldly given,
On the heart as coldly fall,
Like the shielding snow of winter,
Which protects yet chilleth all.

But when warmed by words of kindness,
Then thine alms refreshing fall,
Like the genial rain of summer,
Which revives and strengthens all.

Charities may in their measure,
Differ not a single grain,
Yet be like each other only
As the snow is like the rain.

Oh! the luxury of giving,
Though it costs us but a mite,
Yet there's naught beneath the heavens
That can give such pure delight.

No! not even in the heavens
Do the saints such pleasure know,
Only on this earth 't is given
To relieve a brother's wo.

Then, as did the old Egyptian,
Cast his seed upon the Nile,
Trusting, in its proper season,
He would see a harvest smile;

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
And if done in faith and love,
Thou shalt reap a golden harvest
In those fruitful fields above.

R. N. P.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER TWELVE

REALITIES.

THERE is one special advantage of change of position, circumstances, and fortune, which we have learned fully to appreciate — that whatever of joy or sorrow we may individually experience, teaches us the wants of others in the same condition; and if we have 'hearts to feel for others' woes,' not only awakens sympathy, but guides us as to the most acceptable way of proffering it and the most delicate means of lending aid where more than sympathy is needed. It is not possible for those who have been always rich to understand the sorrows of the poor, but it is quite as true that happiness and riches are not synonymous, and there are sufferings compared with which cold and hunger may be called blessings, and these may be endured by those who are revelling in luxury.

But I did not mean, and have no occasion to begin the chapter concerning our matrimonial felicity with moralizings of any sort. We had the ordinary experience of those who were 'never so happy in their lives,' during the little period called the 'honey-moon.' And during this period the ordinary moon contributed her share toward shedding brightness upon our path. We strolled where she alone could light us on our way, for, of course, according to the fashion of those who are rich, we made 'a tour' which took us not only to fashionable watering-places, but to rural glades by silvery streams, through sunny vales and woodland haunts.

How I enjoyed those journeyings ! Never did sky, and vale, and river, and wood, gleam, and sparkle, and glow with freshness like that which now seemed spread over every mountain, lake, and vale. I have not yet described my husband ; but not because it was impossible to paint him young and handsome, nor because I feared to exhibit one whom all the world would say : ' Surely she never married for love.'

I had married one whom I believed it possible to love, one who was many years older than myself, one respected in the world, and honored by his friends. He had lived soberly and righteously all the days of his pilgrimage, accumulated a fortune by his industry, and conformed his style of living to his means. I was a teacher, and for aught he knew, entirely dependent, when he offered me the position which the world would consider so ' advantageous and desirable,' at the head of his household.

My friends, one and all, considered it impossible that I should dream of rejecting such an offer. ' Why, he is rich,' said one. ' I would marry any body that asked me, if he was rich.' ' If you respect him you should marry him,' said another.

' I do not consider this all that is necessary,' I replied. ' The man whom I marry must be personally agreeable, as well as rich, honored, and respected. I do not wish to shrink from him, as very possibly might be the case, even though he were possessed of every mental and moral perfection.'

' Nonsense ! a woman making such a confession. That is a consideration she should blush even to think of, much less to aver. A man who is worthy, she should love, if he seeks her, and leave romance for fiction and fools.'

Alas ! that it should be possible for so few to indulge in what the ignorant and vulgar term romance. ' I am alone, I am dependent. I shall soon be old and homeless.' This is the soliloquy uttered by most women who take into consideration an offer from any source, and not what they may hope to enjoy, but what they may endure, is the balancing point in their decisions.

' Are you marrying a man you love ? ' was a question put to a maiden about to take upon herself the vows ' for better or for worse.' ' No,' she replied, ' but I shall love my children and so my heart will not be utterly void.'

But while I do not blame those who thus act in accordance with the fate which has been woman's in all ages and all climes, I should have preferred to it the dungeon or the scaffold myself. I loved my husband, and, in addition, experienced the deliverance from darkness and uncertainty—the quietus to the nameless restlessness of the heart, which every woman feels when she has the fortune to be settled in life.

But notwithstanding the knowledge I had gained in loneliness, I was in danger immediately of forgetting the duty it imposed on me.

What a powerful magnifying lens is a little trouble ! What dark shadows it throws over the past, present, and future, and how a little positive happiness will give a ' silver lining to every cloud ! ' I began to think how foolish I was, ever to have been oppressed with sadness, for-

getting how sorrow came unbidden, and remained unwelcome in spite of will and resolution. When love buoys the heart it will dance lightly under many a grievous burden, that would otherwise have crushed out even life itself.

How I enjoyed those journeyings! How entirely at ease I felt whatever accident might happen! No longer oppressed with anxiety, how airily and fairly bright fancies floated through my brain, and imagination ran riot unimpeded by 'baggage.' I had now and then a glance of compassion for those poor creatures who were obliged to take care of themselves, but was in danger of bestowing it in a way that evinced a consciousness of the superior dignity of my position. It was quite astonishing how soon I learned to say 'husband,' repeating it so loud, so often, and withal so naturally, that one would have supposed I had been actually saying it for ten years, looking around so complaisantly, to be sure I had not spent my breath in vain.

I had journeyed alone, and experienced in full the terror inspired by 'bills,' and 'tickets,' and the 'time and tide' that wait for no man. What inestimable relief the thought that now continually recurred, 'Husband will see to every thing.' With what importance was I now clothed in the eyes of the gazing multitude! I had no longer to answer that 'I was alone,' dependent on any body who was kind enough to exercise compassion; and how I wondered that I ever reached the end of my journey taking care of myself. Yet I did once feel quite strong in my self-reliance and determination to fear nothing. Strangely indeed 'circumstances alter cases,' and change the current of thought and feeling. A strange thing is the human heart; or perhaps I should say woman's heart! How indifferent to all the world beside it becomes when once the first object of love and solicitude to another; how doubly sweet to one who has felt all her life the bitterness of neglect!

But all the pleasures of journeying were as naught compared to that of 'seeing to the ways of my household.' The mistress of a home! What woman does not comprehend the length, and breadth, and depth of happiness which this conveys? It is indeed something to feel 'settled in life,' to have no longer that gnawing, restless anxiety concerning the future. We begin to compassionate those who are content with this and this alone, so deeply do we experience what this must be to a homeless woman. She might wait a life-time and not meet one who would bring to her heart the fulness of perfect love; and the more single, and pure, and holy she is, the less the probability of such a rich blessing.

So she accepts a home; it gives her an object in life, furnishes her with employment and sufficient food for thought to preserve her from the corroding effects of a void which is more destructive to health and life than any positive sorrow, and may furnish her with a love which will renew her being and make life bright.

Those who saw me enter upon my new position doubted not, as I had obtained it, that I had coveted 'an establishment;' but a house filled with luxury may also be the dwelling-place of love, and joy, and peace, and without these it is a wilderness whatever else may adorn it. What it had been under the superintendence of my predecessor I did not in-

gone, and could not to know. I had no higher ambition than to superintend a home and make its inmates happy.

I cannot say I was quite indifferent to the whispers that buzzed around me as I entered the church with all my blushing honours thick upon me. I could not help realizing how vastly my importance had increased with my new title. I was Mrs. — Mrs. Watkins, and must be more than mortal not to feel my head whirl a little in looking down from the *very height*. I did not array myself in a bridal dress that would render more conspicuous the disparity between myself and husband, as if the morns of winter and the roses of summer had concluded to walk side by side: yet in every direction I heard it whispered as I walked up the aisle: 'That is the bride.' And as I took my seat at the head of the pew, the sixth from the pulpit, I was conscious of the gaze of the multitude who endeavored to divine the character of one who had been so suddenly exalted. I could not help the self-gratulation that I was now a lady of position.

Aunt Ida was installed into the domestic office of 'seeing to things,' and fretted more during the first three weeks of her new majesty than I had known her to do in all the time of our acquaintance, for she despaired of ever getting things 'fairly seen to,' or of becoming inured to the hardships and privations to which she was subject in such an establishment. 'City-help' and city milk were a terrible trial to her equanimity. She had never seen biscuit made in her life without cream. She could not make them rise, and the Johnny-cakes were as heavy as lead; and 'No wonder,' she exclaimed, 'mixed with such milk-and-water stuff.' She had never passed a Sunday morning without the steaming brown loaf, proportioned by a 'thing full of Indian, a thing full of rye, and a thing full of wheat-bran,' mixed up with 'night's milk skimmed next morning;' but now she was obliged to dispense with this luxury altogether. No ingredients she could procure could be moulded into the right consistency, or come out of the oven with the genuine brown or good country taste.

She saw to every thing herself. Yet the best she could do, the vegetables all had a 'dish-watery taste,' and 'how could any body venture to eat beef without knowing whether it was fattened on fresh corn-meal and boiled mealy potatoes and pumpkins?' Poor Aunt Ida, I did not dare to tell her where the cows and sheep very probably acquired their title to 'fine condition,' or enlighten her as to the adulterated nature of half the things she might be called upon to eat.

She was indefatigable in her efforts, and though it took some time, she did at length succeed in teaching Irish servants 'to put things to rights,' and keep store-room, kitchen, and pantry in the 'apple-pie order,' which she considered necessary to 'any thing like comfort.' What a ransacking there was from attic to cellar, marking of linen, labelling of boxes, bags, and bundles, 'so that there should be no excuse for not knowing where things were and keeping them in their places.'

Very resigned the good lady grew at last, and quite happy in her city home, where she wielded the baton of authority as *supreme* as in the cottage, though she ruled over beings and affairs in *quite* respects so different. Her most serious trouble was with the 'beaux,' which

every evening filled the servant's parlor. She thought it was 'greatly out of character' for them to be 'sitting up every night with nobody knew who or what.'

'Did you never have beaux, Aunt Ida, when you were young?' I asked by way of exculpation. 'You must at least have had one, and I presume you were not married without some preliminaries, which you probably settled on some old-fashioned settee, alone together — you and your lover.'

'But what have they to do with getting married, poor, miserable creatures, with no homes, and nothing to look to?'

'They have hearts the same as you and I — warm, loving hearts, without which they would be brutes. As for homes, if they waited for one which you would call comfortable, and 'something to look to,' they would never be married, most probably.'

'Never, to be sure, and I think it would be as well; there would not then be so many poor starving creatures begging through the streets.'

'I am not sure but there would be more, and in a more starving and miserable condition. Those who think they are wise above God and Nature and attempt to improve upon His laws, do not insure a better state of society, or a more virtuous community. I have provided a light and pleasant room where the servants may receive their company respectably, and where I wish them to receive it openly, as something proper and freely allowed, so I shall have to beg you not to interfere with such an arrangement. Those who have toiled all day must have some relaxation, and those who are ignorant are the most dependent upon social intercourse. Nature will not be restrained. If her demands are not openly and properly granted, there will be secret plots and machinations.'

Aunt Ida was not given to arguing, and when our conferences developed some new idea, she settled into quiet contemplation, and by 'pondering these things in her mind,' finally came to believe and acquiesce.

That 'there should be no sitting up nights,' was my opinion as well as hers, and by granting what was reasonable we soon had no trouble with unreasonable demands.

My husband's first wife's sister did not approve of second marriages. 'Second wives do twist their husbands round so.' 'It was strange how men could be led by the nose and think all the time they were having their own way, by some women.' This good lady was a pale, cadaverous-looking woman, who in her youth had been remarkably handsome, with a beauty that on its departure left her remarkably homely. Nervous head-aches and indigestion had made terrible devastation with the plump form which she once boasted, and the unceasing fretfulness with which she bore them, had as fatally destroyed any evidence, if it ever existed, of cheerfulness or good humor. Her husband being a right jolly man, a good liver, and taking the world easy, was still youthful in appearance and blithe of spirit, which made an unfavorable contrast, though it did not seem to trouble him as it did her. Aunt Ida thought if he should ever be subjected to the 'twisting process' so much dreaded

by his loving spouse, he might get a more favorable opinion of women, for he concluded from the examples constantly before him, that they were a bundle of ills and ails, doing little else than filling the world with repinings.

This vigilant 'Inspector' of my internal affairs, lived 'next door,' so that to cross the back-yard and enter the gate, which was only a step or two, brought her to my door, the consequence of which was that I was never secure of an hour without intrusion. The privacy of my dressing-room was invaded at any hour without scruple; every drawer and box and basket examined with the curious inquisition of one who was searching for some proof that would justify the execution of a writ or the signing of a death-warrant. To have remonstrated would have incurred the open and relentless enmity of not one only, but a whole nest of relations, who were scarcely endurable as friends, and would have persecuted me even unto death as enemies. I therefore smiled graciously while enduring what seemed to me like the tortures of the rack from my tormentors, who were neighborly to a degree which convinced Aunt Ida that 'to run in without ceremony' was by no means the prerogative of people living in cottages among green hills, and smiling valleys.

'Never did I see such impudence,' she would exclaim, 'such ill-breeding, never anywhere did I see such a set of vulgar people. I would as soon live among heathen or cannibals.'

'I think about the same, dear woman, but there is no help for it. They have never been educated in the first principles of politeness or delicacy, and nature denied them the perceptions which never need educating in order that a person may know propriety and be in no danger of intrusion.'

'But they have lived always in the city, and surely might have learned something before this time. How can they help knowing better than to be meddling all the time with other people's affairs, giving advice unasked, and finding fault with all you do?'

'They do know better than this. Their meddlesomeness is the result of malice rather than ignorance. But nothing would please them more than to witness our resentment, and a family-quarrel would thoroughly satisfy their love of gossip. So a truce to all rebellious manifestations: a family-quarrel is, to my ideas, the height and depth of vulgarity, to avoid which I prefer any amount of endurance. We will endeavor to be always prepared for the reception of the vigilance committee, and 'maintain our souls in patience,' whatever the ordeal by which we are tried.'

This was unnecessary advice to the good lady, who had no warlike propensities, but sat meekly and silently sewing during any amount of rummaging, as if she supposed it a duty we, as inferiors, owed to those who were city-born and city-bred, though I could always tell the state of her mind by the increased earnestness with which she devoted herself to her labor when annoyed almost to the point of remonstrance. She would sometimes revert to the quiet days in the cottage, though not in a tone that indicated repining, or that she thought I had reason to regret not heeding her advice. Her perceptions were too delicate to allow

her to remind one of fatal mistakes, if she really considered they had been made, and her love for me would have prompted her to relieve, rather than increase, any species of sorrow.

My husband, like all men, could not understand the weight or importance of little trials, and answered, 'La ! it is n't worth minding,' to a relation in which I might indulge concerning my *menage*. He was decidedly a quiet man and a lover of peace, without great depth of intellect or feeling, but indulgent to excess. If he came home and found his house always in order, and the rooms in which he wished to sit or stroll, quiet, he was satisfied, finding no fault, and exercising over me no control, with regard to matters within the province of my authority, taste, or judgment. I was a wife but not a slave. When I had become familiar with his tastes it was not difficult to please him, and if by misfortune there was a jar, as there will ever be now and then in all households, I did not tremble at the sound of his foot-steps, or feel driven to artifice and manœuvring to blind him to calamity. If I were in pain or trouble he could pity me, though it was evident that he would much rather I would not be in pain or trouble, as it disturbed the order of things, and was in many respects disagreeable. I loved him for he was lovable, and gratitude often being the foundation of the strongest attachments, I could scarcely help feeling slowly and surely grow up in my heart a species of idolatry for one who loved me and surrounded me, as far as lay in his power, with all that could promote my comfort and happiness.

I have not yet alluded to the element in my position, which is usually considered first, and sure to be conducive to misery. I was a step-mother. What legions of evil spirits awake at the name ! and who does not tremble at the thought of the responsibility it implies ? I soon found that I was not to be exempt from the ordinary trials of those who assume the guardianship of 'other people's children,' as Aunt Ida had expressed it.

I found confided to my care two young girls of the ages of twelve and fourteen, already old in those airs which city-life is almost sure to confer, having been indulged in more than womanly idleness, and left to form habits which are not necessary even to those who wish to languish in uselessness and live like the tenants of Eastern harems.

My first observations filled me with evil forebodings, and struck terror to my heart. What was to be done with those who seemed to have grown up without ever thinking of others, except with reference to their convenience, who looked upon servants as slaves with scarcely human feeling, and commanded them to come and go as if weariness could never be to them the consequence of labor. They came in from shopping 'almost dead,' having seen such 'loves of ribbons,' and 'killing hats,' 'such sweet new styles for robes,' and 'O such splendid shawls !' and 'so cheap,' and, throwing themselves on a sofa, rang for a waiting-maid to pick up and fold any article which was carelessly dropped upon carpet, sofa, or chair, as most convenient.

Then lunch was ordered up three flights of stairs, to be carried by a poor creature who was weary with her daily routine of duties, but was kept running this way and that for an hour, till the misses wished to be

quiet and sleep away their fatigue, which required till it was time to 'dress for dinner.' During this process we learned the full import of 'confusion worse confounded,' as the wardrobes of two or three different maids were put in requisition, the services of two dressing-maids, and such an amount of fretting and fault-finding as ought to be suffered for a year, under positive aggravation. Neither gloves, stockings nor any other article could be found without a regular hunt, for having no appointed place, they could not deposit themselves anywhere in particular: first one dress was put on and then another, till half-a-dozen were strewn over bed and floor, and ribbons, laces, and jewelry made up the medley. But when they were dressed they looked as 'neat as wax,' and entered the parlor as 'smiling as a May morning.' What indeed was to be done to bring order out of such confusion? Aunt Ida said the neighbors were right, 'that I should have a time of it, surely, when I got to be step-mother,' though one could not help being amused at her consternation as she looked on.

'Not by reproof,' I said, 'or by making any sudden revolution, is the reform to be made; we must first gain their confidence and love, and patiently and quietly let them see the better way by example.'

Kind and judicious friends had impressed it upon their minds that a step-mother could be nothing less than a 'blue-beard,' and they had made up their minds to immediate and uncompromising rebellion. When they learned they had nothing against which to rebel, they subsided into respectful deference in their deportment, and in time were ready to listen to suggestions. Tact is a much more potent instrument of discipline than authority, and love will subdue a heart which commands could never reach. One who looked in upon them three years afterward would not have recognized either them or their surroundings.

Madeline, the youngest, was a demure little body, very far from pretty, with a constitutional predisposition to melancholy, which had given to her face an expression so conformed to melancholy, that one would think she had experienced the woes of half-a-century. Her natural diffidence constrained her manners to an awkwardness which was painful, and which there was little hope of being overcome, in cause, as is often the case, it was the result of vanity and love of applause. She could not cross a room with ease in presence of company because she was flattered by the consciousness that every eye was upon her. Jealousy and envy, too, were conspicuous traits in her character, but there was also in great proportion the element of conscientiousness, and as she developed an earnest effort to eradicate the evil and cultivate the good, was so far successful that she was universally beloved, and considered remarkably free from the very traits against which she was obliged most perseveringly to struggle. She would never learn to perform manual labor quickly like her mother, though ignorant of the same amount of instruction. She was much longer in learning to see dust and notice disorder. Her drawers and boxes never came up to Aunt Ida's standard, and she continually 'wandered and wandered' till there could be such a difference between two persons born and brought up exactly alike!

They must necessarily be impressed with the idea that there was no

grading, when they saw it performed only by the degraded, and in no other way could they learn to appreciate the services of those whom necessity obliges to 'earn their bread by the sweat of their brow,' than by actual experience of the drudgery of toil. It was presented them in a way to seem an adventure, that in order to make easy a charge of servants in the persons of cook and chamber-maid, they should take their places and preside *de facto* over baking, boiling, and stewing, washing, scrubbing, and dusting.

It was at first a cruel process for their delicate hands, to be burnt and parboiled, for the pale blue of those slender fingers to be turned a dingy brown by the merciless suds, and the rosy-tinted palms and tips to be made callous by constant pressure and friction against brooms and dusters; but they soon became expert and accomplished in their several departments, and found that instead of being degraded they were in reality elevated by this new species of knowledge. A lady has not arrived at the true dignity of her title who is not able to treat with delicacy and consideration those lower than, and in inferior positions to, herself, who does not know how to blend dignity with affability, and save from the feeling of humiliation those who are in danger of becoming servile by a life of servitude.

Mary and Madeline soon skipped as merrily in the morning-cap and checked apron to the music of culinary and household utensils, as they had ever done to the music of the harp in the evening dance. They learned to value Aunt Ida as a true friend and counsellor, instead of looking upon her as a 'prosy country-lady,' who could not understand their position and appreciate its peculiarities; and by their respectful manner and friendly consultations greatly increased her happiness. When servants were again installed in their several offices, there was no more commanding, and no looks of contempt as they fulfilled their duties, no exacting or heartless tyranny, and the smiles were no longer a street and parlor ornament, but diffused their sunshine through the house.

Mary's versatility was like magic in whatever she undertook. They were both termed good scholars by their teachers, both intellectual and intelligent; but Mary did not like quite so well to trace the labyrinths of abstractions. She would not make labor of either toil or study, and while she laughed wildly over the misfortunes her ignorance or carelessness occasioned, her less volatile sister would weep in despair. If the dinner was spoiled she had no idea of suffering martyrdom in the cause of ducks and turkeys, but constituted herself the heroine of a scene in which the comic and tragic were so amusingly combined that neither cynic nor epicure could mourn the occasion. I could not help loving her best, thought her thoughtlessness gave me more anxious hours than the less conspicuous faults of her sister. She could never learn caution, and as she mingled with the world the deficiency of this phrenological development continually brought upon her false accusations, for the natural misconstruction of words and acts, perfectly innocent in themselves, and which proceeded from no evil in her heart. But I will leave her character to be understood as it develops in the story.

T r a v e l .

WRITTEN BY H. P. L., ON THE TOP OF A HAT, WITH A BRICK IN IT, IN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES BY A STOP-WATCH.

RAIL-ROADS, steam-boats, stages, wagons;
Iron horses, snorting dragons:
Side-wheel ducks with heads of steam on,
Four-horse drags unfit to dream on:
One-horse teams! at these do n't cavil,
What's the odds? — WE 're bound to travel.

II.

Down the grand, broad MISSISSIPPI!
Go 'way small streams, this will whip ye:
Bluffs and sand-bars, snags and sawyers,
You 're, for steam-boats, sad destroyers.
BIG-OLD STRONG! your praise I give ill,
Never mind, WE 're bound to travel.

III.

Foam and mist and spray and thunder!
Go 'way Europe, stand from under!
Here's NIAGARA, our own roarer,
Of all other Falls the floorer!
Come here, cockneys, and be civil,
Come and learn the way WE travel.

IV.

In the rail-road o'er the prairie,
Fast we fly, light-winged and airy:
Whirr! up fly the prairie-chickens,
Whish! the deer run like the dickens.
Come here, cockneys, and be civil,
Come and learn the way WE travel.

V.

Flying sparks and dust and cinders,
Coming in at doors and windows:
Bad hotels, and awful eating,
Rum hack-drivers, death on cheating;
Clothes begrimed with grit and gravel,
This is what WE catch, who travel.

VI.

Mountains, valleys, hills, and rivers,
Each one to the landscape givers,
Granite-hills and rocks, we greet ye!
Valleys, rivers, glad to meet ye!
Each and all these words unravel,
'Hurrah, rip! it's good to travel!'

T H E B L O O D Y R U N .

Among the objects of interest at Niagara there is none more worthy of note than that portion of the river called the Bloody Run, about a mile below the Whirlpool. Perpendicular rocks of nearly two hundred feet in height inclose it in a narrow channel, through which the river rushes furiously along, piling up through the force of the current, and the accumulation of the water above, some seven or eight feet in the middle higher than upon the sides. During the old French war, a detachment of the British army retreating from Fort Schlosser, about five miles south, were decoyed into an ambush of French and Indians at this spot, and men, women, and children, in all three hundred souls, with their baggage, artillery, etc., were thrown into the chasm below, notwithstanding a brave defence. But two escaped — one, a drummer, concealed himself in the branches of a friendly tree during the confusion attending a night attack. The other, a man named STEPMAN, after fighting with desperate courage, cut his way through the thickest of the enemies' ranks, and trusting to the fleetness of his horse, made good his escape. After peace was concluded, the Indians believing this man to be under the especial protection of the *Owasag Sarrar*, and struck with admiration at the valor he displayed, gave him all the land he had encircled in his flight, extending from Fort Schlosser to the scene of his exploit, including the Falls themselves.

I.

'We have upheld our country's flag, sustained our country's fame,
Have made these distant valleys ring to Britain's glorious name:
We have thus far repelled a force that far excelled our own,
Have Gallic arts and Indian wiles by valor overthrown:
But now, alas! we have no hope of succor from without,
Our walls are weak, our strength is spent, and though our hearts are stout,
Yet while we can let us retreat with all the rights of war,
With banners flying, arms in rest, with military store.'

II.

Thus spake the chief of Schlosser's fort, unto the gallant band,
Which had so long, without a word, obeyed that chief's command.
They fought for life and glory too, without one thought of fear,
Except for those these noble men than life held far more dear:
The women and the children there had fired each soldier's heart,
Had steeled his soul, and nerved his arm to act such noble part:
And now they march with saddened look, with slow and measured tramp,
Along Niagara's rocky banks, toward the British camp.

III.

Two hundred feet beneath, the furious river flowed,
Its angry waters seethe and swell within their narrow road:
The bravest tremble and turn pale at thought of falling there,
There are none so reckless but who tread upon the brink with care:
When sudden on the front and flank the Indian slogan rose,
The French war-cry and murderous shots reveal their treacherous foes;
And though they charge at once with zeal, and make no slight attack,
By numbers they were slowly pressed, each minute, further back.

IV.

In vain they fought each inch of ground, nor even wasted breath
To ask for quarter from a foe who granted none but death:
At last the women's shrieks proclaim the victims first to fall,
The children next, and then the men; full fifteen score in all,
Without regard to sex or age were hurled in the abyss:
Was ever warfare known as base, or carnage foul as this?
Long shall the memory of the spot where this dark deed was done,
Be known as the fatal scene of the famous 'Bloody Run.'

V.

But two escaped to tell the tale: one lay all night concealed
 Within the branches of a tree, by darkness unrevealed;
 The other fought full well I trow, until his chief was slain;
 But when to force him o'er the edge, upon his horse's rein
 Fell hands were laid, he smote them down, his bloody spur then plies,
 And charging through their densest ranks in safety from them flies.
 The Indians gave him all the land encircled in his flight,
 His courage shone so proudly forth upon that dreadful night.

D. W. C. J.

Ringside, Dec. 6th.

E L L A S - L A N D .

NUMBER TWELVE.

THE Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-road is, among us, the theme of earnest debate. Ellas-land without this road is one thing: Ellas-land with the road is another and different thing. We speak of it as a road. At present it is only a project. The only part of the matter truly accomplished is the formation of a company to make the road surveys, which prove that there is ground enough to build a road upon, and acres of land convenient for depots. Yonder on the map are China, Japan, and numerous islands: yonder, also, the Atlantic coast, the Atlantic itself, London, Paris. In this balloon we go up. We see cars thundering along laden with riches of the Orient; dropping morning-papers yet moist from printing-presses of the Pacific cities: travellers of all tongues, multitudes like which the populous north poured never from her frozen loins. In the great chancery of the imagination we consider that to be done which ought to be done. We speak of the way things were before the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-road. We count upon it as a present fact. Acres at Ellas-land in price have jumped upward a pretty figure.

Soon after the return of Mr. Heminway's surveying party, editorial notices of the following purport appeared in our daily papers:

'GENEROUS PROPOSITION. — Recent surveys having demonstrated the feasibility of a location of the Principal Depot of the Grand Trunk I. O. R. R. for this city on land owned by the wealthy Mr. HEMINWAY, that prince of noble souls, and wishing, as he says, not to add to his present ample fortune, he proposes, in case the depot shall be located there, to give the proceeds of ten acres of the ground at whatever price, say one hundred thousand dollars, for an orphans' college; on the single condition that an equal sum shall be raised by subscription from other sources. The college to be under the control of that religious denomination, being Protestant, which shall contribute the largest amount toward the sum named. All that remains to secure this magnificent bequest, is for ten gentlemen to step forward and subscribe ten

thousand dollars each ; or in consideration of tightness of the times, say twenty gentlemen, for five thousand dollars each ; or if need be, one hundred gentlemen for one thousand dollars each. The college will be erected on the ground, just back of the city, owned by Mr. Heminway, known as the — tract, admirably adapted for an educational suburb ; a sufficient quantity of which will be sold by Mr. H. for a merely nominal sum. The name of the institution is not yet fixed.'

'Thus we have added to the auspices of the city already the Queen of the Valley, a Rail-road, which places us on the world's chief highway, and a magnificent college, commencing with an endowment of two hundred thousand dollars. The intention is understood to be to organize a corps of professors, composed of young gentlemen, with talents and ambition to take the same relative rank with their generation, which Humboldt and Agassiz take in their respective generations. Our beautiful city will thus be crowned with the signal honor of presenting to the American continent a focus of literature and philosophy, rendering our society a charming combination of the graces of art, the abstractions of science, and the vivacious energy of practical life.'

The meeting of citizens called to hear the result of Mr. Heminway's explorations was largely attended and full of expectation. The engineer was called upon to report. He exhibited a hasty map of the route which he had last explored, declared it to be entirely feasible, and in summing up the estimated cost, he made the aggregate some two hundred thousand dollars smaller than the previous route.

Mr. Heminway arose. He hoped the recent survey would reconcile the interests of all parties. There was one consideration which compensated him for his own fatigues. His friend, Mr. Blodget would not now be compelled to desecrate the ground selected for a family mansion to the purposes of commerce. True, these things might appear too personal and inferior to be thought of, but in the commencement of a great enterprise, the feelings of its friends might be fairly taken into account. When a man feels right he is right, and Mr. Blodget would be acknowledged on all hands to be deserving of their best regards. There was perhaps no individual whose influence and experience was more valuable than Mr. Blodget's. His own early travels through that country had never been supposed by him to be destined to trace the route of the commerce of Asia ; but it was his good fortune to be able to contribute a mite to the stock of knowledge. The report of the engineer seemed to place the matter on granite foundations. It was as solid as a rock. That was no mistake this time.

'WAVE, wave, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.'

Mr. Heminway resumed his seat amid storms of laughter and applause. His arrangements had resulted in appearances of public favor and success. Perhaps his manner indicated too much the shadow of a shade, too much of the elation of personal triumph.

Mr. Blodget was very cool and demure. He wished to make an inquiry or two. But before doing so, he wished to acknowledge the

friendly and handsome terms used by his friend Mr. Hemiway, and to express his high gratification at the *apparent* results of the survey : he used the word *apparent*, because, in computing distances and expense, many things were to be considered. The curves and grades of a road were matters beginning to attract great attention among men of experience. A few thousands of dollars saved in first cost by an increase of grade or curvature, was found to be not a real saving. The increased expense and risk of running a road, especially a road of the importance of this road, might easily run up to a greater sum per annum than the interest on two hundred thousand dollars. He did not say or believe it would be so here, for he must acknowledge that he was pleased with the report. He would like to put a question to the engineer. Were the grades and curves on this line the same they were on the line first reported ?

Engineer. 'No, Sir, not exactly the same : the difference consists chiefly in —'

Mr. Blodget. 'That was my impression. They are not the same. The precise difference and its value, is of course a question of detail. He would ask if that difference had been carefully computed ?'

Engineer. 'It had not, but the two routes could be soon compared and —'

Mr. Blodget. 'That is very true. They can be compared ; but for the present the result of the comparison is not before us. We will take time to look at that. Suppose either route to be more risky than the other, say for instance, that on either route one engine per annum is broken by reason of grade or curvature. Here is a single item that runs up to simple interest on two hundred thousand dollars. But perhaps other property would also be lost, and human life endangered.'

Mr. Hemiway. 'Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him ? Suppose it should turn out that the last route is better in those particulars than the other ?'

Mr. Blodget. 'I am sure we ought to hope it may ; but what I say is, we do not know which is best, and until we know, of course we cannot settle so grave a question.'

Here General Cleaver was discovered standing in an attitude to speak, looking red in the face, and endeavoring to assure himself. The attention of the meeting was soon concentrated upon him in expectation. He made a few gestures, muttered a word or two, which nobody understood, and in great vexation of spirit sat down. Mr. Blodget was about to proceed with some further remarks, when General Cleaver, apparently regaining his self-possession as he reached his seat, audibly and distinctly, and with no small chagrin, pronounced the following short oration :

'Damn it !'

It is wonderful what a great fire sometimes a little matter kindleth. General Cleaver's explosion brought down the house with an uproar of sympathy and frolic ; during which the General again got upon his feet. Perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, and rolled in large drops down his cheeks.

'I want to know,' said he. 'I should like to find out. It is time, I should think. Mr. Chairman! What is this road to cost?'

Mr. Blodget. 'Does General Cleaver mean the cost of the road prepared for the superstructure or entirely finished, with depots and rolling stock?'

Gen. Cleaver. 'I mean tee-totally done for: the last shovel-full dug; the last spike druv; every thing, all, tip-top done, ready to let on the whistle; all fixed to let her rip!'

Mr. Blodget said he presumed the engineer could explain the matter. The engineer said that no very exact estimate could yet be made. If they did not have to make a tunnel under certain hills, nor bridge certain rivers, he estimated the expense of grading the road, all ready for superstructure at ten millions, one hundred and thirty-seven dollars, and eleven cents. The superstructure and rolling stock could be supplied at the same figures; making in all twenty millions, two hundred and seventy-four dollars, twenty-two cents.

General Cleaver then asked where this money was to be got?

Mr. Blodget said there were already five hundred thousand dollars of stock subscribed, payable in cash, and rights of way, at cash valuations. And that, he said, brought him to the point he had intended to mention; which was, that the people on all the contemplated lines should have a fair chance to compete for it. If you decide to locate the road to begin with, you will get no more subscriptions, and will have to pay double price for right of way. If well managed, we will obtain one to two millions of dollars of stock subscribed along the line.

General Cleaver wanted to know where the other eighteen millions were to be had?

Mr. Blodget said that when the road was graded, the company could sell bonds for all the rest of the expense.

General Cleaver said that still eight millions would be wanted to complete the grading.

Mr. Blodget said he thought contractors could be found who would do the work for two millions cash, and eight millions stock, and would subscribe the other eight millions.

General Cleaver wanted to know where the contractors would get the money?

Mr. Blodget could not undertake to pry into people's private affairs, but contractors could be found who were understood to have good backing.

General Cleaver said he was fresh in this kind of business, but in case the contractors should subscribe eight millions of stock, and other folks two millions, it seemed to him that the contractors would elect the directors and president, and engineer, and control the company; so that when the two millions of real subscriptions had been used up, the contractors might stop the road.

Here Mr. Heminway interposed, and inquired of Mr. Blodget, whether with two millions subscribed in cash, or in depot grounds and rights of way, and eight millions by the contractors, to be paid in work, it might not be considered a *bona-fide* subscription of ten millions of dollars, on which to issue and sell bonds?

Mr. Blodget considered the question one which bordered on casuistry, but he was confident that as soon as it should be in their power to represent that the company had a *bona-fide* subscription of ten millions, they could issue bonds for ten millions more and sell them, which would make twenty millions. But he would beg to suggest that questions of finance would more properly be discussed by the Board of Directors.

'No—no—ot by a damned sight!' ejaculated General Cleaver, which ejaculation again brought down the house, and by recalling his thoughts to the dignity of his own personal position, as one of our highly respectable citizens, moderated the intensity of his expressions. 'I meant to say,' continued he apologetically, 'that the thing is all in my eye. I hope the road may succeed. I don't doubt any body's integrity, but what strikes me is that the whole affair is a— is a ; the whole calaboodle is a—damned humbug.' With this explosion General Cleaver, very red in the face, and excited by his first effort at public speaking, resumed his seat.

Mr. Heminway said the scheme was only begun. No one could safely in advance pronounce it a humbug. Thar was no man who could deny the amount of commerce ready to be done between Asia, Japan, and this country. No one could deny that it would be more pleasant to ride from New-York to San-Francisco on a six-foot gauge in a splendid car, than to make the same journey with an ox-team or on foot, driving cows. No one could deny the immense advantage to the country of building this great link in that road. Why, then, did his friend declar it a humbug? Why did his friend declar it to be a damned humbug? Why did his friend, General Cleaver, declar, in this profane language, his want of faith that thar could be such a road? Thar is no impossibility; thar positively is none. We are a go-ahead people. Let me say to my friend: 'Oh! ye of little faith! I declar unto you:

'THAR'S many a thing true enough in itself,
You never did dream of in your philosophy, HORATIO.'

As soon as Mr. Heminway ceased speaking, Mr. Blodget took the floor. He wiped his mouth daintily with a white handkerchief. He looked over his audience, sipped from a glass of water, and paused. Here several persons, impatient of delay, cried: 'Blodget! Blodget! Blodget!' Others less reverential shouted: 'Move on the team!' 'One more pull and she goes!' 'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!' and the like. Mr. Blodget, after due deliberation, stretched forth his hand with a gesture commanding silence, and said:

'*Fellow-citizens!* We are in the last half of the nineteenth century. The great feature of this century is physical development. But, seen from a higher point of observation, the soul of the universe seems to be making itself visible on the surface of things. The earth is strung with telegraphic wires, and thought speeds from one latitude to another, as quick and noiselessly as impulses of our own will from our own brain to our fingers and toes. Peoples rise up, and with united will command state to be bound to state by iron bands: the impulse is obeyed, and the rail-road train, like a sightless courier of the wind, passes under mountains and over valleys which before were solitudes. It is as if one peo-

ple should say to another : Brethren, let us embrace ! The soul of the world is too strong for obstacles ; the day of universal brotherhood advances. The sky is already a-glow with its coming, and cavils are dispersed by its effulgence as mists before the sun. What the peoples will is already half-accomplished. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans are calling for companionship. Deep calleth unto deep, and intervening mountains clap their hands. Let those express incredulity whose minds have dwelt but little on such subjects. Who shall say that this work is too big for us ! On whichever side I turn mine eyes I behold all full of courage and animation. Our children will be ashamed of us if we cower and shrink back from a work so imperatively demanded by the spirit of the age. I pronounce the present project, formidable as it may seem to the superficial observer, to be absolutely trifling to what will soon follow. We are now proposing only to find a way along valleys, and to pass along the surface by seeking mountain defiles and passes. The time is not far hence when a gigantic tunnel will be bored under the Rocky Mountains and ——'

Here General Cleaver interrupted Mr. Blodget, and ' begged to inquire whether such a hole as that would not be a devil of a bore ? '

' Think ! ' said Mr. Blodget, ' of the priceless value of immortal souls ! We are now sending missionaries entirely around the Cape, at a great expense both of time and money. Every missionary sent to the Sandwich Islands, to Asia, or to New-Holland, has thus on an average, lost at least three months' time ; three months from his period of usefulness, three months from proclaiming truth to lands lying in darkness ! I will not pursue this painful theme, The time thus lost altogether would equal the entire time of the entire missionary force now in those dark regions. I see a minister of the Gospel among us. I appeal to him as a man whose privilege it is to bathe his soul in the eternal sunshine of divine favor, to say if I am wrong ? '

Here Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., being called on thus directly, said that the view taken by Mr. Blodget, presented the whole subject to him in a new and interesting light. It struck him as eminently just. While he was on his feet he would inquire whether it was the intention to carry missionaries and their families and ministers of the Gospel over this road free ? Mr. Heminway answered with more than common eagerness of manner :

' Yea ! and children half-price.'

Mr. Blodget awaited the conclusion of this episode with calm assurance, and then proceeded :

' I was right. If what I said was true of losses on spiritual things, how much more certainly on things commercial and temporal. Life may be properly measured by the number of thoughts or emotions comprehended within it, and the amount of good accomplished, or the amount of knowledge acquired. It is not likely that any means will be found to restore the average length of life to what it was when Noah, Abraham, and Methusalah lived. But the means are already devised by which, if we are true to our age and opportunities, we can see more, learn more, feel more, do more in every valuable sense, live more in three-score and ten years than Methusalah did or could in one

less than a thousand. But I deem it unnecessary to argue further. know that this meeting does not intend to be diverted or discouraged. What we want is, in a practical manner to set about the work in good earnest. And to this end I move the appointment of a committee of three, to canvass the chances on each of the proposed lines, and report amount of subscription on each, the cost of rights of way, and to make a careful estimate of the relative advantages and disadvantages of the several routes.'

Mr. Blodget's motion was adopted, and as a matter of course, he was placed at the head of the committee. Mr. Heminway was for this time defeated, and Mr. Blodget walked off with the game in his own hands, much as Heminway had done at the previous meeting.

Several days had passed, and the events of the rail-road meeting had been, in my mind, over-laid by a succession of other matters, when I met General Cleaver on the street. He grasped my hand very cordially and inquired :

'How did you like it?'

I did not for a moment know what he referred to ; but while I was hesitating he said :

'The rail-road meeting, you know : how did it go off?'

'A great deal of spirit,' said I.

'Yes,' said he, 'I know it. I can't hold in. When the old boss starts he takes the bit in his mouth and goes it at the rate of two-forty.'

From this I perceived that the General was inquiring not of my impressions as to the character of the meeting, but as to his own particular part in it.

'It seemed to take !' said he. 'It came devilish hard, but it really did seem to please 'em, I thought.'

'The demonstration,' I replied, 'was decided. Your mind struck to the very centre of the difficulty. Did you notice how much effort Heminway and Blodget were obliged to put forth to counteract the effects of what you said? Do you intend to make an active opposition?'

'That 's the devil of it,' said the General. 'I do n't want to oppose the road at all. But you see I'm not used to public speaking. All right here, perhaps,' (putting his finger to his forehead ;) 'but had no training, you know. Mrs. Cleaver and I talked the thing up till very late the night before the meeting. We agreed that as I had obtained a certain position, you know, that is, PROVIDENCE had favored me, it became my duty to take some part in these transactions. The public perhaps would expect something of me. I *can* take as much stock as Blodget or Heminway, if I've a mind to! Mrs. Cleaver and I agreed it would be proper for me to make some sort of a speech to show, you know, that I knew what I was about. Well, we contrived up a considerable of a speech in favor of the road. I said it over to Maggie, Mrs. Cleaver, and she thought that probably neither Heminway nor Blodget could mend it much. I really think it had some pretty good points, you know. Well, I never did say nothin' in meetin' in my

life. When I got up I could n't think of a single damned word ! Was n't it a cussed pickle to be in ? Every thing gone from my head. Empty as an old contribution-box and no mistake. Now tell me, for I really want to know if other folks are bored in that way ?'

I assured him nothing was more common for persons not accustomed to public speaking.

'Fact is,' said Cleaver, 'I had to make a tee-total cussed failure and stick my thumbs in my mouth, or pitch in somewhere, hit or miss. Well ! I did n't care so much on my own account and Maggie's, that is, Mrs. Cleaver, because you know we are as we are. As the tree falleth so it liea.'

'General,' said I, 'you and Madam Cleaver are as you are. Your friends have got used to you just as you are. We do not want you to change. No one possesses every thing ; but we who know you both, know where to find you when kind acts are to be done, or true and staunch qualities are in request. We say to ourselves, there's the General and there's Madam, or perhaps we say, Laughing Maggie ; they are as sure to be found in the right spot as the sun or the moon. No, General ! I would not wish you to change.'

'Well ! well ! I know it,' said Cleaver. 'You and I always did understand each other. We pulled together when we were at the foot of the hill ; now we are getting to the top, we would be devilish fools to try to work ourselves over into some body else ; that's a fact. I know it. But there's Adeline, though I say it who should n't, as tidy a girl and handsome as the sun shines on. She goes with the Blodgets and Heminways and that set. She's got learning up to the notch ; and she shall have as good a setting out as the best of 'em. Some how I'm kinder proud and childish about her. Do you think it will hurt her prospects to have an illiterate old fellow like me for father, who is not quick at public speaking ?'

'General,' said I, 'my honest opinion is, that any young fellow who sees himself in the line of favor with Adeline, and can stop to inquire into the literary acquirements of her father or mother, is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. He has no music in his soul. It would be a blessing to be rid of such a whey-blooded spooney. You ought never to be the grand-father of such a man's children, and you never shall, with my consent ?'

'Well, then,' said the General, 'I do n't care beans for the rail-road, not a single old red-eyed bean, nor a string-bean. But what shall I do ? I'm committed against it.'

'You can be convinced,' I replied. 'It is no discredit to any man to be convinced. Heminway and Blodget both made good speeches.'

'Not by *them* !' said the General. 'They hold their heads too high. They got rich a few years ahead of me, and think they have nothing to do but step in everywhere and hang up their hats. I won't be convinced by *them*. If you'll make a speech on the subject I can knock under the natural way and all right.'

'What says Madam Cleaver ?' I inquired. 'What does she advise ?'

'Well,' replied the General, 'I told it all over jest about as it hap-

pened. She was sort of struck of a heap to find I had got on the wrong side, but she says it will never do to knock under. She waked up in the night after talking it over, and hit me a dig and waked me up. Says she to me, says she: 'I bleeve you *did* get the right side arter all. Them idees of yourn,' says she, 'have been running in my head. They're all right. Stick to 'em.' 'Do n't have things running in your head,' says I, 'Maggie!'

'She has proved a pretty safe adviser in most cases, has she not?' I inquired.

'That woman's got sense,' said the General. 'She do n't often miss fire, I can tell you she do n't. Worth thinking of any how, and may-be she is right. They did seem to applaud, did n't they?'

And the General passed on.

Here I must mention a neighborhood item. Little George Massie is dead — raisin-colored George! Who would have thought of *his* dying? Many a pleasant lad might have been taken away and not be so much regretted. You have heard me say how much his father looked like famous Daniel Webster, and he is the only person I ever saw bearing even a remote resemblance to that great man. Of course Massie lacked the strength of face and superb intellectual character of features which have come to be far known as Websterian; but in general structure, port, bearing, *tout ensemble*, they were so alike, that at ten rods' distance, and dressed alike, they might have been mistaken for each other. The resemblance to me was greater, because the first time I saw Mr. Webster he was in his fishing-boat, at Marshfield, crowned with a rough-and-ready hat, and other loose habiliments to correspond. He was enjoying his freedom. Thus might have looked Napoleon in his old gray coat, at Elba. Thus looked and still looks Joe Massie, the mulatto livery-stable man, who has given you and the rest of us so many pleasant drives. Thus erect upon broad shoulders, surmounting the ideal of a well-developed chest, rises his majestic neck and head: thus stands he, firmly planted, in oratorical attitude, like one who should command men instead of horses: thus rounded with a certain dignified and comfortable fulness of abdomen, which is not out of proportion: thus, also, the large eye-ball, seldom seen but apt to be taken as an evidence of superior organization: thus covered by the broad hat freely turned up or down, as who should say, there is nothing under *this* hat which fears to be called in question for non-conformity: thus, also, the cunning hand of nature has contrived to adjust the proportions and parts of a symmetrical human figure, not large in itself, so as to produce a certain architectural and scenic effect, as if it were colossal, and as if it were no incredible thing for such a figure to be visited with glimpses of the superhuman. Massie, or 'Joe,' as we call this august nigger, is from the South. With his black blood, who shall disclose what other blood is mingled? He has no negro affectations, but bears himself always with decorous modesty and self-respect. With his negro blood so much white is mingled that he is of the color of fresh raisins, and in looking at him I often think,

'A man's a man for a' that and a' that.'

Little George was the old 'Joe' in miniature. There never was a brighter or handsomer lad. Joe and George were almost always together, and looked as much alike as a large turtle and a little turtle. Joe could not write; George could. It was pleasant to see George perched on a stool at his father's desk, so high that two or three pairs of such little legs as his would be required to reach the floor; and to see with what deference Joe, the magnificent, referred his customers to the boy for their accounts.

At length Joe met with a cross. His own position among colored folks he did not seek to change, but the boy George must have opportunities. A thriving man was Joe, and the boy George was heavily laden with expectations. What money could buy for other boys, money *should* buy for George. But the schools and seminaries refused George admission among white children. Many a time have your father and mahogany Joe bewailed the hardship of excluding so fine and bright a boy from the schools. It was finally decided that George must go to Oberlin. For once in my life it seemed well to have an Oberlin College.

The last time I saw George was after a year at Oberlin. He was on the cars with a sister, as handsome as himself, both prettily clad, happy and bright. After a long absence, returning, I met Joe; his stately form some shades less grand, and, as it were, stricken. I put the accustomed question:

'And how is George?'

'George is dead, Sir!'

Those large eye-balls were suffused, and I could plainly see what grief had taken possession of him. Such words of sympathy as I could give, I gave from the bottom of my heart. But alas! I *know* how vain are such words, how vacant they seem, failing to bring back our dead.

'I am going to leave this place!' continued Joe, with sad decision of purpose. 'They will not let me bury George in the Cemetery. I have tried to buy a lot. George wanted to be buried there, but they shut me out. For twenty years I have tried to build up a character for myself. Every body professed to love George, but they would not let him into their schools, and they will not sell me a lot to bury him.'

His strong frame shook with a profound mortification and agony. I explained, as well as I could, that it was a private cemetery, and chiefly valuable to lot-owners, because not open to general occupancy; but told him that he might bury George in my lot. I would give him a place near the spot intended for myself. Joe shook his head. He would choose a place where they could all rest together. When the last trumpet shall sound, I wonder if a nice scrutiny will be made to find out mixtures and shades of blood?

Alas! little George! Alas! poor Joe! There may, I hope, be room in heaven for us all.

C H R I S T I N A .

I.

I HARDLY dared to push the door,
I shrank to cross the threshold o'er,
For *Her* should I find there no more !

II.

Stilly my heart ! thy beating low
Breaks on the sacred, backward flow
Of silent thought, to her we know.

III.

How very lonely is the place !
And yet a nameless, airy grace
Caught from her gentle, loving face :

IV.

Faint, like the dreamy dim perfume
Breathed from the dying violet's bloom,
Lingers within the hallowed room.

V.

Just here she sat, her hand in mine,
The while I traced each jetty line
That fringed her downcast eyes divine :

VI.

And felt its slightest quiver thrill
My very soul, which trembles still
To Memory's throb, despite my will :

VII.

And watched the thoughtful shadows play
About her mouth ; faint, pure they lay
Cast by her spirit's inner ray ;

VIII.

And revelled in each curl so fair !
Eddying curls of tameless hair,
Flowing down her shoulder bare :

IX.

And lingered on her throbbing tone,
Its every cadence *hers* alone,
And shrank — so harshly jarred my own :

X.

And felt — but this is weak, I fear,
One moment more I'll linger here ;
Hush ! evening shadows gather near.

Lyon.

M Y S O N .

I.

ASLEEP — thy own dear child! again I creep
Close to thy little couch, to pray and weep
Under the pure light of yon holy star:
Heaven and Earth mingle here without a jar.

II.

Does my cold worldly heart an influence throw,
(Even as my shadow darkens now thy brow,)
And chill thy spirit? No, I need not fly,
Thou canst get nearer much to GOD than I.

III.

On thy young brow, thy murmured evening prayer
Still lingering, throws its radiant sweetness there:
And thy pure spirit for a time more free,
Holds closer converse with the DEITY.

IV.

Eight years ago thou wast not, now thou art,
Mysterious being! of myself a part
And part of GOD; with wondering awe I gaze,
Earthly, immortal! in thy little face.

V.

Another self! each lineament I trace,
But fair and soft, with superadded grace:
Thus shall I be, when freed from care and sin,
My MAKER makes all glorious within.

VI.

Those smooth round limbs, shall they in devious wild
Far from his home and GOD e'er take my child?
Ah! no: where'er his thoughtless footsteps roam,
His grace will surely bring the wanderer home.

VII.

It will, or else half-beast, half-devil I,
To raise a living soul from dust, to die:
Else it were well to let thy spirit free,
And pluck the awful risk, my child, on me.

VIII.

Preposterous thought! If to thy lightest pain,
My heart with answering beat throbs back again,
Sure HE who made the human heart to feel,
Will keep thee safe through every wo and weal.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BENT.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'You heard it last night, and the night afore, and the night afore that,' said Sampson, with a broad grin upon his face. 'Massa, this old woman here has said that every night for the LORD knows how many years, and she'll keep on saying it till she gets deaf as a dead Ingin, and then I 'spect she'll hear it louder than ever.' The old lady still looked hard at me, and kept her hand raised in the same position.

'Yes, indeed, she hears that clock strike ten every night, and there aint a night that she do n't say : 'I hear it agin.'

'Do you hear any thing now ?' I inquired ; and still keeping her eyes fixed upon me, she answered : 'No !'

I did, but I said nothing about it. A large yellow cat, tigerish-looking in color, though probably a most amiable creature, came quietly from the closet, where she had been counting the hoops on a meal-tub, and calculating the number of rats she had chewed up within the last six months. Quietly she came out of the closet in her velvet slippers, and rubbed her soft sides against the tall-backed repository of African feminality.

'Good gracious me, what's that !' exclaimed old Mary ; but perceiving the cat, she subsided from her alarm, and Sampson and I both laughed at the incident. Whether old Sampson had heard what I heard, I did not know. If he had, he had reasons that prevented his admitting the fact ; at all events, he went on counting something or other on his fingers, in which employment he seemed to be very soon entirely engrossed.

'Ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, fifty, sixty,' he muttered something to himself beside, 'one hundred, two hundred' — again he muttered and laughed, and then stopped counting, but only stopped for a moment — 'three hundred, six hundred.' At this, he looked once at me, and with a broad grin upon his face, continued, addressing himself directly to me : 'Massa, it's more than six hundred, up and down, down and up, cross-ways, and every way, all over, it's more than eight hundred,' and then he went to work with his ten black slate-pencils, ciphering away, nodding his head, grinning, and then looking very solemn, and then grinning again, and then again looking very solemn. In the latter mood he turned to me, and I could observe an anxious, a really melancholy look in the old man's face. He raised his eyes and looked all around the room, gazing intently for an instant at each article of furniture and relic, as his eye fell upon them, and when he again turned his face toward me, there were tears in his noble old eyes, in those faithful, true old eyes. In an instant I understood all about the matter, but I waited with a species of delight, until

I could see the whole of this natural pantomime played out. I felt that it was in my power to drive that tear back to his warm old heart, and bid it never come back again ; but I wished to see in full the depth of this uneducated being's feelings, the holiness of those powerful emotions, that I knew filled every fibre and vein of his loving spirit.

The old woman had ceased troubling herself about the out-door, or it might have been the in-door sounds, and was gradually getting into an excited state of sympathy with her black lord and master.

'Yes, master, there is more than six hundred acres on this farm : there's the big meadow where the mill is, that's forty-five acres, but it's full of brambles and young trees ; then (counting on his fingers) there's the old blacksmith-shop lot, twenty-five acres ; the cow-pasture ten acres, that's fenced in ; then the swamp-land, Lor bless your soul, there's more than one hundred there ; then the wood back of the saw-mill, there's more than two hundred acres there, too. Mary !' addressing his wife, 'did n't Mass Billie survey some land back of that just before Mass Richard got married ?' 'Yes, indeed he did,' she answered ; 'but he did n't do nothing with it, but turn the hogs in it to eat the acorns — it aint fit for any thing else, but to feed hogs and 'possums in.' Sampson waved her into silence. 'Then there's the old farm old master's father bought from the Injins, away up in the mountain, that must be some three hundred acres ; and there's the piece Mass Richard took up from the State for taxes, that's good two hundred. Mass Richard was going to build a house up there, you can see where they dug the cellar, and the big piles of stones they carted there, and the logs, dead and rotten, laying all around. Yes, indeed, there's more than eight hundred acres in this tract ; but it aint worth much, unless a gentleman had a good gang to work it. It aint been worked this many a year ; nobody seems to care about it, and I thought nobody ever would ; but it's healthy, that it is, and there's plenty of nice apples in the house-orchard, and Mary and me has kept the garden pretty well — that's what we live on pretty much, 'cept some pigs we raise — that was some you eat a little while ago.' 'And very nice it was too, Sampson,' I said, 'and aunt Mary cooks it just as I like it cooked,' (in this section, and indeed all throughout the slave States, the whites use the terms uncle and aunt to the old slaves ;) 'and Sampson, if you have taken as good care of my horse as she took of me, I shall be perfectly contented.'

'Bless your soul, Massa, I rubbed him down, spread clean straw under him, and gave him plenty of corn and fodder, and water too. I'll bound he aint going to grumble : but Massa,' here Sampson looked all round the room again, and then at Mary, and then he got up and fixed the fire, by putting two fallen chunks together, as if the thought that was then uppermost in his mind suggested the act, and as he was putting the tongs in their place, he finished his remark. 'Massa, is you got a wife ?' I told him that I was a single man. 'Now that's queer,' he said ; 'I thought that white folk in big cities all got married, and that made the cities so big.' 'I am not married, Sampson, and I think, by-the-by, that you and I and aunt Mary here, will have to come to some agreement about our house-keeping. You will take me

on trial if I buy, and if you like me, why I am sure I will like you ; and you and she will be my old uncle and aunt, and take care of me when I am sick, and I will take care of both of you when you are well or sick either, and you will take care of my horse, Sampson, and she can take care of my house and darn my stockings, and cook my little meals for me, and feed the chickens, and fatten the pigs, and do any thing she likes, except run away and leave us both here alone in the woods.' As I spoke in this half-familiar, affectionate way, I saw a smile passing from one face of my listeners to the other, until like the sun parting a black cloud, and showing a bright and happy spot beyond, their dark features widened into a grin, and I could distinctly see, away down in their ebony hearts, a ray of contentment, a perfect heaven of happiness, at the knowledge that in the event of my purchasing, they would not be turned away from the cradle and the graves of their ancient friends. It was this dread that had been working in old Sampson's mind, when he was looking around so fondly at all the familiar souvenirs that adorned his palatial kitchen.

My segar was now finished, and it was high time for me to be thinking of my roost for the night. How I was to be accommodated was as yet a question not touched upon, though I had been informed by my friend in the city that a room in the turret was always kept in some sort of order by the old servants, more from respect to certain associations than from any necessity to do so. There was a chance, however, that some other arrangement might be more convenient to my hosts, but at all events I was certain that some mode of passing the night comfortably would be prepared for me.

The clock was within the quarter of eleven, and my fatigue, after having ridden nearly sixty miles that day, induced me at once to broach the important subject of my lodgings.

In answer to my question if they could make me a 'shake-down,' the old woman started from her erect rush-bottomed chair and said :

'Why, young massa, to be sure we can — and no shake-down either, but a good bed, and clean sheets, and a warm blanket, too. Sampson, light the candle,' (we had been sitting in the more pleasant light of the fire,) 'and get the boot-jack.' The boot-jack was forthcoming, and I was soon made comfortable in a pair of slippers, which providentially I had stuffed in my valise, and which I would recommend every gentleman to travel with.

The candle, too, was brought, and after bidding the old lady a respectful 'good night,' I followed Sampson out of the room.

After passing through the door-way by which I had entered the kitchen, we turned up a flight of steps, that in those low ceilings soon brought us to a small landing. Here another door was to be opened, and the next moment I found myself in the open air. A sort of covered bridge connected the Hut proper with the tower. The wind almost extinguished the candle ; but in one or two steps I found myself within the turret portion of the building. Closing the door after him, Sampson stopped a moment, and felt in his pocket for a key. That was found, and speedily the door of an apartment was opened, and while he led the way, I followed him and entered.

'This was Massa Richard's room, and we keep it just as it was when he was alive. Bless your soul, Massa, I really did forget to make a fire, but if you'll wait one minet I'll bring kindlings and soon have the room warm enough. It aint damp, Massa, but it's little frosty.' I told him that I would not need a fire, that I never used one in my bed-room, but that I was sure I would get on very nicely if he would see that the bed was all right.

'I know that well enough,' he said, 'for old Mary comes up here every day and airs the bed and brushes off the dust—where the dust comes from I do n't know—and fixes things just as if Mas Richard and Miss Emily were living here yet. She raised him from the cradle when old Missus was ailing, and she took care of him till he grew to be a man, and the old critter never would believe that Mas Richard was any thing but a little boy. She found out he was n't a little boy when it was too late. Yes indeed, Massa, it was too late for poor old Mary.'

He placed the candle on a table, and promising to wake me at any time I wished, and also to feed my horse and rub him down, and bring me water fresh from the spring in the morning, bade me good night, and I was alone.

I listened to the old man as he closed the turret-door after him, and then I heard him descend the steps to the kitchen, and after that I heard sounds of conversation between the worthy couple, sounds of earnest and most important conversation upon matters of life-interest to them, and which continued long after I had crept into bed.

Before retiring for the night, I thought I would indulge a slight curiosity I experienced, and make an examination of the locality and topography of my position. For that purpose I took the candle, and opening the door, stepped out into the narrow passage, by which I had approached the room from the bridge-door. The passage was bordered on the other side by the outer wall of the Hut. It was not more than twenty feet in length; indeed that was the width of the tower; and at the end opposite to the door it descended by a flight of steps into the lower portion of the structure. Another flight of steps turned abruptly at the entrance from the bridge and wound up into the tower, ending, as I then supposed, in some other chamber above the one in which I was to sleep. After having made these observations, including the fact that the bridge-door was unlocked, I returned to the room in which Master Richard had so often found repose.

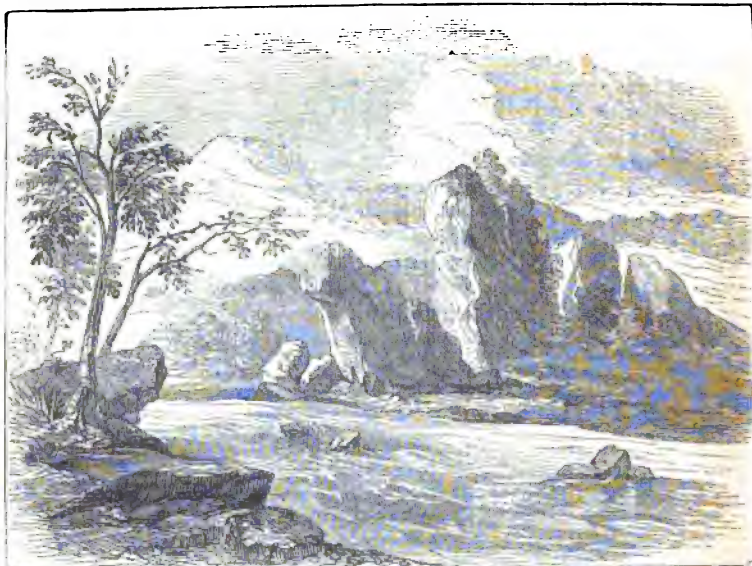
Let me describe my sleeping apartment. In the first place, it was in the second story of the tower. The ceiling here was more elevated than in the passages I had passed through in the other wing of the building, and higher by some two or three feet than the kitchen itself. There was a large window with a bow top, and from it you could see, some fifty feet distant, the river, running on, on forever. My observation of the window, however, did not verify the assertion entirely of old Sampson, that Mary kept the room exactly as Master Richard had left it, unless Master Richard was partial to night-air at all seasons, and broken panes were in his eyes picturesque as well as useful. Two of the panes were out upon this occasion, and the sash that had confined

them was shattered. The branches of the oak, sturdy in their stiff antiquity, were gently touching the mossy sides of the old tower. Outside, the night was gray and a white frost covered the lawn. Dark lines of rock waded knee deep into the river, and, far beyond, dim and vague clumps dotted the opposite shore. In the distance sounded the cataract. It was natural that I should scrutinize the minute features of a scene, that in all probability was to be my home — my home always.

Unfortunately there was nothing in the room in the shape of an extra blanket to stuff in the broken window, but I thought little of the inconvenience when I examined my bed. It was an old-fashioned French bedstead, with curtains of faded red damask hanging around it and suspended from the ceiling by a time-stained, gilded ring. The sheets were as white as snow, and would have looked as cold, had I not discovered peeping from beneath one of the folds the red border of a blanket, one of those blankets with cobweb-shaped marks in red sewed in the corners. Then the quilt was a perfect picture, or rather a sight that would have pleased a Dutch enthusiast in tulips, for it combined every color that the earth ever gave forth in flowers and buds. Surely here were pieces from some sweet damsel's silken skirt, and there a scrap that had braced in the swelling bodice of some dame exultant in her beauty. Was there any thing of Emily's here? of that Emily so linked with the name of Richard, at whose name mentioned, old Mary looked sad, as if the pain of memory was as deep as the pain of love. Such a counterpane it was a bliss to sleep under, and as I gazed at it in no mock sentiment of old association with my own past home, now sad and desolate, when my poor mother used to bring the neighbors to our country house and sit up, in merry laugh, the girls with needles flying and the young fellows with their hands all busy handing round cakes, and apples, and the brisk cider, I could not hesitate about buying the place, bed-clothes and all. While I stood over the bed, wrapped in admiration of the wonderfully variegated cover, whose roses seemed to bloom and give an odor to the air, I heard the branch of the oak scrape harder against the side of the turret, and upon a stronger current of air, the sound of the water-fall was borne into the room, now rising in its turmoil, now subsiding as the wind sighed itself out and went away.

The sides of the room were in panel, and on one of the panels was a picture, painted with no small capacity, of a shepherdess sitting beneath a tree, and a shepherd stretched at her feet. All around them were sheep and lambs in various attitudes, and close by the female's side, eating flowers from her hand, was a pet lamb with a pink ribbon tied around its neck. The shepherdess and shepherd were dressed in the usual pastoral costume. What the picture meant I could not at that moment tell, but I felt assured that they were portraits; perhaps, indeed I felt certain they were, of Richard and Emily. I found out afterward that I was not mistaken in my conjectures. I will have to describe both their portraits hereafter, and so will not dwell upon them now. This was the only picture in the room.

There was a rich carpet on the floor, and in front of the fire-place there was a screen, and by the screen was a large velvet chair, the



THE CASCADES ABOVE THE HUT.

wood-work of black walnut. Over the back of the chair hung a single guitar-string. It looked very old. I looked at it, but did not touch it. Two superb vases were in another part of the room, exquisite in workmanship. They seemed to be either veritable antiques or exact copies after some of the old Greek workmen. Wherever I turned my eyes they fell upon some object that indicated a refined taste, a highly cultivated feeling. Placed in such a situation as to catch the light from the window, was a Parisian mirror. A Cupid sported in its border, and birds flew from branch to branch and took their kissing lessons among the leaves from the young god of love and trouble.

Beneath this glass was a table — a dressing-table. Here and there upon it were little jars, whose perfumes had long since fled, and even the ribbons that adorned their necks, like summer cravats around the necks of petted children, had faded out of color, but still like that famed aroma of the song, 'the sentiment still lingered round them,' and spoke of female wants — her gentle wants and gentle ways. Had I not known how deeply was implanted in the breasts of the humble servants of a good family, the feeling of reverence and love for those who had departed, without ever having wronged them, I would have been in complete amaze at all that I found before me. But knowing the nature of the negro's heart in its quiet repose of country and anti-city life, I felt at once the full force of the possibility of those old, tender, ever-tender and true hands of Mary, Richard's nurse, guarding each sacred relic of her dead hero, her foster-son, as Catholics guard the relics of their saints, whose greatest miracle is that they can inspire a feeling half-worship and half-fear.

CHAPTER IV.

THE night was wearing on, and I was not yet in bed. Some men are so lazy that they go to bed; others are not lazy enough to go to bed, and some are so lazy that they sleep about in chairs, so very lazy that they will not take the trouble to undress themselves and go quietly to sleep in an honest gentlemanly way. No one will be astonished at my sleeping out of bed all late that night, when they reflect upon my novel situation: upon the novel old things that were about me; the old man and the old woman; the queer old house; the loneliness of the place: the furniture of the room reminding me of events that I had but imperfectly up to that time become acquainted with, relative to the last inhabitant of the Hut. Myself so young, I was only twenty-five, my scheme of living by myself so strange in the eyes of all my friends. I seated myself upon the side of the bed. I dared not sit in the chair guarded by that string lying over its back, and which bound the present to the past by its now dumb memory of music: perhaps it had once been touched by fair fingers that smote it into melody, making the old turret whisper through all its crannies of the dulcet airs, that reminded it of songs sung when its timbers were growing upon the far hill-side. I had sought solitude and it was mine. Who finds what he seeks? Few, very few; but at once, by only riding away from a city through woods and barren fields, many a weary mile to be sure, without any great effort, without having to fight with dragons and giants, I had found the thing I sought — solitude. A place to think in, or not to think in, as I pleased. I sat on the bed, I pressed the coverlid of flowers. I could have wished to gather those scentless emblems in my hand and place them in those old vases, that I might realize their former use, when tender hands crowned them with the rich blossoms of the fields, and the gorgeous product of the garden. Memory brought back to me a thousand things of which I had been robbed, and laid them at my feet a withered mass of nothings, like ashes of the dead, useless, worthless, that are gathered at the grave whence the spirit had departed to eternity. Dreams came over me with pleasant faces smiling, and pleasant voices talking, but all as if they smiled and talked to me in a sleep in a sleep too, themselves, the smokers and the talkers.

I was away from all the world, away by my own choice, but driven to that choice by an inexorable fate, whose mandate, when it was uttered, I could not disobey, and whose decree afterward I could not even murmur at. The loneliness was now heavy upon me. If I knew myself, and I thought I did, I knew that it would all pass away in time; that I would no more feel the pang that then pressed against my side: but I knew that months would have to roll by before that period came, and I was willing to await its coming, await it with calmness, hoping for its coming, praying for its coming, almost happy till it came, for I knew that it would in the end bring me happiness. Then I sat upon the side of that old bed as Jacques sat beside the running brook upon the daisied bank and saw the wounded stag leap into the water so I saw the wounded past pass by me, weeping. It seemed as if the past was nothing but myself. The past and I were so linked together

that at times I feared there never could be a separation, that I could never get beyond the duality of my existence and once more hail the future as an expected friend. Only at times I thought so, but those times were very bitter. Bitter though they were, I smote my breast and lifted up my eye to the JUDGE, to my CREATOR, to my GREAT FATHER. I leant against His bosom as the clouds lean against the sky, weakness upon strength, and ultimately I gathered force enough, as vapor gathers lightning, to sweep away the mists malignant that beset my path. It was not long before all those dread tortures left me, left me, as I had been once before, when I was too happy ever to have been miserable. Such thoughts, I say, filled me that night as I sat on the embled flowers, and from that night the change began; it began in darkness and it ended in light, and that light shall appear more hereafter on these pages than the darkness. I have unburthened myself for once and for all, and whenever these writings shall bear the impress of sorrow, it will be more for others than myself.

I blew out the light and the air grew stiller and stiller every moment. My breathing was almost the only sound I heard, save now and then the scratching of the old oak limbs against the tower. To be alone, is to be with every body and every thing. To be in company, you are only with those few who are sitting in chairs, or standing talking around the room. Your mind is concentrated upon the minority of things and beings and subjects present. You are in prison, and Society, the jailer, has locked you in with his family, and you talk of the prison discipline and grumble at the prison fare, and give up all hope of ever getting out into green fields and by the shores of lakes. A park is an apocalypse. So that night, the first night in this old Hut, was to me a voyage round the world. I sailed with Captain Cook, and helped to elevate the cross with Columbus; I flew with the eagles of Napoleon, and trotted with the dogs of the Esquimaux; I soared the summit of the Alps with Lord Byron, and milked cows in the valley with the peasants; I got crowned with Charlemagne, and lost my head with Louis the Sixteenth; I made love with Cleopatra, and jumped hand in hand with Sappho from Cape Luccas, because of unrequited love. Then I thought of sheep jumping over a fence; of a field of waving grain; of showers falling on the earth, and went to sleep thinking that I had an umbrella over my head made of a mushroom, and wondering whether I would be up as early in the morning as one of those early-rising vegetables.

The last thing that I heard as I sank into the traveller's sleep, was the old oak scraping against the tower. The wind was so low that I heard it not, nor did I then hear the repetitions of the sound that had so startled old Mary in the other wing of the building. I had listened as the irresistible drowsiness came over me, and once I thought I heard it, but nearer to me than when it first struck my ear; but it was in one of those moments when it is impossible for the mind to distinguish the truth of sounds, and when experience teaches us we are not judges even of the most positive facts. So I went to sleep with whatever of superstition there was about me, comfortably quieted beneath the blankets. This is no after-thought that comes to me as part of a story,

but until now I had forgotten to say that from a habit of the life I had been leading for some years, a habit of wandering here, there, and everywhere, I had placed a pair of travelling-pistols underneath my pillow. Every man is safe who has something about him to make him feel safe, and few men are perfectly comfortable when they enter a strange farm-yard at night without a good cudgel. Who knows whether the dogs are amiable or otherwise? So I had my pistols under my head, and I felt as safe as a sentinel with his musket on his shoulder at half-cock when he walks his distance on the outskirts of his encampment.

It is impossible and it is unnecessary for me to say how long I had been asleep, but suddenly I was awakened by a heavy tramp outside of my room. It seemed as if some one was dragging a heavy body along the passage, and when they passed the door I heard the door jar as if the body had been pressed against it. I sat bolt upright in my bed and listened attentively. The sounds passed the door and went down the steps into the lower part of the tower, and then I heard a rush up the stairway again, and a rustling noise went up the steps that conducted to the upper rooms. Then there was perfect silence, when suddenly down the steps again came the rustling, pushing, struggling movement. My door shook, and down into the lower rooms went the confusion. I made up my mind what course to pursue, and was just getting out of bed to open my door and discover the cause of all this tumult—it was the same that I had heard when I was in the kitchen—when a dark form for a moment came between me and the gray light that came in through the window. This object seemed to pause for a moment to examine the apartment. There was a general light of the gray night diffused throughout the room, but my bed was in the shadow, and while I was out of sight of mundane intruders, I could from my place of concealment observe, with no great distinctness, however, whatever occurred in the room. I held my pistol straight before me as I heard a heavy fall upon the floor. I could see the old picture in the wainscoted wall, dim and strange-looking. My clothes hung over a chair and took the form of a man without a head, sitting in it, with his slouched hat thrown upon the table, and his head in his hat; but I could not see, nor could I imagine what had so shaken the room all of a sudden. Before I had time even to collect my thoughts, I heard a muffled tread pass by the bed-side and approach the door, but I could see nothing, nothing in the shape of ghost or living being, but the muffled tread stopped at the door and then came the rushing sound in the passage of hurrying feet. I could stand it no longer, and so I jumped out of my bed and opened the door. In doing so I stumbled against a soft object that at my touch struck me. I opened the door leading into the passage, but all was dark and still, and I had no means to discover by the lighted candle the cause of these strange noises. Indeed I guessed them, and without more ado, I crept cosily into my bed again and slept and was disturbed no more. The sun had been up some time when I heard old Sampson opening the bridge-door, and in an instant after his honest face was presented to my view.

'This tower is haunted, Sampson,' I said to the old gentleman. Sampson's eyes dilated, but whether with alarm or fun, it was impossible to say.

'Hanted, Massa? What's hanted?'

'This tower is haunted, this room is haunted.'

Sampson laughed for a moment.

'Massa b'lieve in ghosts?'

'I believe in cats, and what's more, I believe that window is broken and if I have my way about it, the cats shan't come in this room here a night to catch rats that run up and down the steps and along the passage. I do n't wonder at old Mary getting frightened at such horrid noises as they make. We must have these gentry attended to, Sampson; else they'll carry the house away with them, and we must get a carpenter at work at once, or the furniture will all be ruined before the winter sets in.'

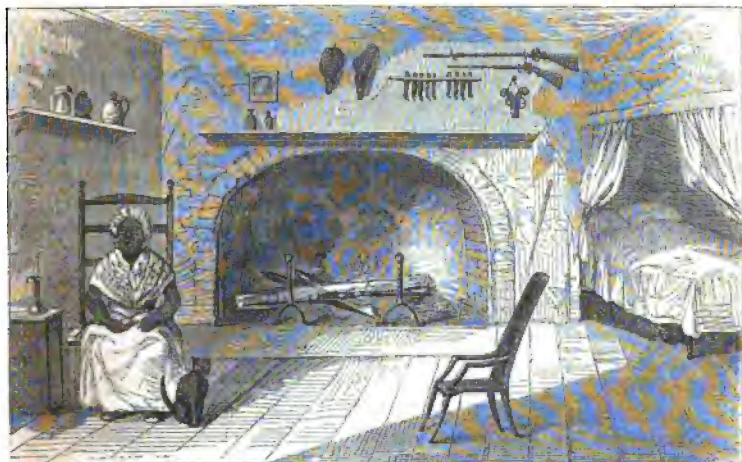
'Yes, indeed, Massa, that's so; old Mary gets scared every night at the rats, and though I tell her what it is, she won't believe me, for she says she never sees 'em here in the day. She's mighty brave in day-light. She will believe in ghosts, and if you tell her it aint so, it won't make no difference with her. She likes to believe in 'em, it's nearly all she's got to do the long winter nights but b'lieve in ghosts. There's an old black man lives two miles up the creek that does carpenter's work, and he promised the other day to come down and mend the window-sash; but I spect he's gone hunting with Benny Brown, the Injin.'

'Have you any Indians on the property, Sampson?'

'Only one, Massa, only one. All the rest dead and gone long ago. Benny can't stay here very long now, for he's getting on in years, older than I am, a good deal older than I am. He do n't do any harm, and he do n't do any good; but to tell the truth, I do n't know as much about his ways as Mike does; Mike's the carpenter. He and Mike are old cronies, all the time prowling round the woods together, and talking to themselves, and to the trees, and to every thing but any body. Dare say we'll come upon 'em to-day when we go round the place. Old Benny, he'll look mighty funny when he finds some body is going to take the place; he thinks he owns the whole of it, and he do n't mind the governor, or the militia-training, or any thing; he's proud as he can stick in his old red skin. He aint even a Christian, but talks about catching coons long with dead folks when he dies. Old Mike talks religion to him. Old Mike's a real Methodist-preacher, and he's worked hard enough to convert Benny, but Benny won't hear of it, and so Mike says he's going to leave it to old Benny's conscience when he comes to give out in the end: but now you're most dressed, and old Mary's got coffee and ham and eggs for you down stairs, and do Massa, try to get the fidgets out of her head about the ghosts.'

I would not have told the adventure with the cats and rats, with all the particulars, just like a real ghost-story, except that I wanted to let the reader into the whole matter of the beginning of my Hut-life, just as I really experienced it; and I want him to follow me in all the humble by-paths of my solitude, and I can only get him to do so by telling him the truth, just as things happened to me. I am not writing the history of a nation or the biography of a hero. The simple annals of *my* experiences is the history of a human being, mixed up with event of comparative magnitude, and of affairs too small for the notice of

kings and great folk, but to be found scattered about among the more obscure, who too frequently have neither time nor inclination to open their budgets to the world. Let me now go down to breakfast and finish it without any display of my skill in eating fried ham and eggs, and drinking countrified coffee.



OLD MARY.

I took occasion during my breakfast to talk with old Mary, who quietly occupied her high-backed chair near the fire-place, for the morning air was cool, and the white frost lay heavy upon the fields, and my good old Mary had drawn close to the hickory blaze, and was barricaded against all my endeavors to unmistify her about the turret and its ghosts. In the time of the Romans, when Coriolanus went to the house of his enemy, Tullus the Volscian, he seated himself in the kitchen chimney-place, because he well knew that safety dwelt where the domestic gods held their residence, and so old Mary was safe by her kitchen fire-side, safe from my attacks upon her ghost belief, for there in the corners, among the burning embers, in the hissing wood, in the curling smoke, up and down the chimney, dwelt all her sprites and witches and witch-charms, all her gossiping religion; for there in that spot how long had she not listened to tales of 'Jack o' my lantern,' and 'Will o' the Wisp,' of broomsticks with female equestrians astride of them, of crooked pins in blankets, of death-watches in walls, of crickets in hearths, and all the wide world of weird elfs and thingumbobs, that puzzle the negro's noddle and the magician's wand.

'Cats or rats,' she said, in reply to my logic, 'sounds is sounds, and steps is steps, and there is something in the tower. Now young Massa, it's no use, deed it aint, honey, talking to me about that cat,' pointing to her bosom-friend that purred with its tail up, like a witness testifying with up-raised hand in a court of justice, and possibly remembering the gentle tap she had given my leg the night before. 'She aint any ghost,

I know that well enough, and rats aint ghosts neither, but spirits is spirits.' Of course I knew as well as she did that cats were not ghosts, but then I knew that her ghosts were cats and rats, and leaving her to the luxury of her terrors, I sallied forth from the conference, eager to see by day-light my promised home, my already half-purchased haven of rest — would it be rest ?

A VAGARY OF ONE SICK.

BY CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

I.

SHROUDED phantoms flit before me, ghastly faces meet my gaze !
Spectral arms with bony fingers clutch the air !
Hist ! that sad sepulchral moaning — worlds of anguish it betrays :
Anguish as of damned spirits, panting in the nether blaze,
Uttering forth a late repentance, in wild regretful prayer,
While their tones sink ever lower, as they lapse to mute despair.

II.

Now the pallid ghosts are gathered from each dark and weltering tomb,
Where they brood o'er livid corpses cold and stark ;
And the goblins hold their revel, even here within my room,
Moving fleetly to-and-fro amid this dull and mid-night gloom,
Goblins wan and melancholy, dwellers of the sunless dark,
From the dusky shores of ORÆUS echoing with trifaucal bark.*

III.

And the agile gnomes come hither, elf and elemental sprite ;
Restless riders of the tempest and the wind :
How the myriad mingled demons my whole shrinking soul affright !
Mingled of divine and human, finding fierce malign delight ;
Finding sharp, exulting rapture in this torment of my mind :
How they follow, with grim purpose, each some other close behind !

IV.

Thronging denser still and faster, yet the apparitions come ;
Skeletons and gliding shades in sombre train ;
Gaunt and haggard shapes of slain ones, as if called by beat of drum ;
Famished lips and eyeless sockets : I would shriek, but I am dumb !
All my swollen heart is bursting with an infinite of pain :
Oh ! the cruel, boundless horror of this fever of my brain !

Orono, on the Penobscot, (Matine.)

* CERBERUS hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personal' Virg. Æn. Lib. vi.

* Ore trifingui. Hor. Lib. ii., Car. xix., et Lib. iii., Car. xi.

THE WRECK OF THE *BLANCHE-NEF*.

A BALLAD.

The public generosity of Henry the First of England about the middle of his reign, was much counterbalanced by a domestic calamity which befel him. His only son, William, had reached his eighteenth year, and the King, desirous to have him recognised successor by the states of the kingdom, had carried him over to Normandy, that he might receive the homage of the barons of that dukedom. On his return, the ship in which William was carried, by the heedlessness of the sailors struck upon a rock, where she immediately foundered; and the prince, with all his retinue, perished. Henry entertained hopes for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked that he never after was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.—HOMER.

Now softly blow, ye gusty gales,
Nor gentle breezes tarry!
O'er the waters wide a bark doth glide,
And royal freight doth carry.

The sky is clear, the coast is near:
Good steersman, yet be wary!
Now, foul-faced birds, why be ye here,
What evil omen bear ye?

What ho! she's struck! Now CHRIST us save,
And save our royal burden!
Whoe'er shall keep him from the grave
That yawns beneath the weltering wave,
Shall have a knightly guerdon!

The waters rush, the waters roar;
Pull yarely, men — push free!
'Tis vain! No more ye'll tread the shore,
No more ye'll track the sea!

Down many a fathom 'neath the foam,
The '*Blanche-Nef*' sinketh she:
And the sea-birds sail with ceaseless wail,
O'er the wild and wasting sea.

FITZ-STEPHENS clings to a drifting spar
With quick and gasping breath:
He sees afar the waters war,
The waves bestrewn with death!

The petrels fly with ceaseless cry,
Their warning did not fail;
The engulfing waste sweeps all from view,
And only two of the gallant crew
Are left to tell the tale.

And then quoth he: 'Ah! wo is me!
And wo this fated day!
My liege, Prince WILLIAM—now, in sooth,
I'll not behind thee stay!'

Then headlong into the darksome depths,
FITZ-STEPHENS plungeth he;
While the sea-gulls sail, with ceaseless wail,
O'er the wide engulfing sea.

Now rest the souls of those drowned men,
As they sink beneath the billow;
For no priestly kind, save the ghostly wind,
Chant mass o'er their choral pillow!

But who dare bring to the waiting king
This tale of ruth and sorrow?
His heart e'en now is smit with fears,
And tardily cometh the morrow.

Three days, with weary pace, drag by,
Three nights of sad foreboding;
Nor any dare the news to bear
That shall turn to certain wo the fear
Which the royal heart is goading.

No longer may the courtier train
Resist his stern appealing:
A little child, with folded hands,
Before the king is kneeling.

With folded hands, and eyes of wo,
He bows before the throne:
'The white ship sunk three days ago!'
His simple task is done.

The king is pale, his pulses fail,
He falls in sudden swoon;
With short relief, his gathered grief
Revives, alas! full soon.

'Wo worth the day! my noble boy!
My Only! for with thee
Hath perished all that wrought me joy:
Now welcome, misery!'

No more he said, but bowed his head,
And stricken was his brain:
Forever more, through many a year,
His heart was locked to words of cheer,—
He never smiled again.

THE ROCK AND THE SKELETON.

BY KIT KELVIN.

TUMBLLED together, and expressing the vast sublimity of the ALMIGHTY, is the range of mountains in Western Massachusetts. Hard toil and continuous industry have shorn their rugged peaks here and there of their primeval dress, and given creature comforts to man ; fed the mad engine tearing along below, throwing its shrill thanks in its lightning speed, to its towering provider far above ; made red the glowing furnaces that melt the ore for all mechanisms, and imparted cheer and gladness among the family circles that nestle in the green valleys far down their beetling crags. The home of the bear and the lair of the fox have been routed by the chopper's shanty, and the silence that once was, is now forever broken by the woodman's axe and the rude song of the driver.

As formerly, there is still, a strange fancy inducing many to pitch their tents and take up their abode high above the babbling brook and soft valley in the fastnesses of the mountains, where, stranger still, between the struggles of nature and the determined will of man a maintenance is derived ; but not accompanied with the palatable trimmings of easier life. Among these mountaineers you find endurance with patience, generosity without the ampleness of means, and a certain intelligence applicable to such cases of emergencies as are often transpiring among them. There are instances, also, but more, formerly, than now, where the cultivated mind fled hither for a city of refuge, to linger in solitude as a penance for early transgressions, or to shut from one the world in which neither affiliation nor gratitude has been found.

Among the earlier settlers of this range there were two families, Berry and Perrôt. The former was much the elder in residence by many years. He had selected a locality between two peaks on a rising ground, and which over-looked a small portion of the valley, while above and around him was nothing but tree and rock. Eccentric in manners, he was rarely seen in the settlement, and in all his necessitous intercourse with mankind, showed unmistakable repugnance to forming any friendly relations. Various rumors were put in circulation. That he had been a Cain, and had done dark deeds upon the high seas, and had fled inland with his booty, as well to secure it as himself. No one doubted his uncommon intelligence, and his bearing was like one who had seen and known much of the great wide world. Connected with his natural and unvariable taciturnity, was another circumstance which the artless inhabitants below him construed into mystery, and which led them to look upon this man Berry as 'no better than he should be.' It was his daughter who comprised his entire family ; Lina by name, and a maiden possessing great personal beauty and attraction. Her complexion was more of the land of the olive and the vine, than the rough climate of the north. She was the sole mistress of the mountain-hut.

and bore this unnatural solitude without complaint. She loved her father, and Lina, in her beauty, was to be admired in her obedience.

Berry had been established in the mountain, some years the sole resident of the peak. Below and around him the world gathered its usual fragrance and poison — with him a matter of indifference. There existed but one medium between perfect solitude and civilization. This was one Hack Williams, a well-known hunter of the region. Hack (as he was familiarly called) was a blunt woodsman, ignorant yet shrewd, cunning and cool, and very jealous of his reputation as a successful marksman.

West, and beyond Berry's, was a famous hunting-ground, known as 'Slaughter-Field,' where Hack pursued his wild life with undiminished success. It was here where Hack and Berry first met. The hunter had just brought his fox to the ground, and was putting down a charge of whiskey for luck, as Berry came upon him. And there, face to face, stood two beings, in this mountain solitude of peculiar and diverse character; the one like a sealed book, the other, candid, blunt, cool, and undaunted. Berry looked upon Hack with the eye of an eagle; while the intrepid woodsman, still holding the flask to his lips, eyed the approacher with the same calmness with which his eye was wont to rest upon his barrel that spoke death to his game. As he pouched his cup, Hack broke the silence:

'If you do n't wish to jine, yourn is n't a kindred sperrit. What's your name? *Mine* is Hack Williams, a feller ready to do a pious or a devilish arrant, as the natur' of the case may be.'

Berry stood, still reading Hack with that scrutiny which had so far served him. At length, stepping forward, he extended his right hand:

'Hack! I believe you. I should like to know more of you.'

'The devil you should! If your name is *Berry*, I can't understand why you want to know me. They say you hate Gon's manufacture in the shape of man. Say! how is it? If your name is n't Berry, beg pardon for talking so plain.'

'You have guessed right, Hack. The ALMIGHTY writes a legible hand on every man's face, and if I can read his chiropgraphy right, I can trust you, eh?'

'Do n't know nothing 'bout *kirog-raffy*, and *leele* 'bout Gon; but I kin tell you, so far as my interest goes, you can go a *trifle* over your length on a trust. Human natur' is human natur' the world over, 'spose. Hullo! there's old Bet!'

At this moment Hack's hound sounded up the ridge, and throwing his fox over his shoulder, he started for the point.

It was this seeming indifference that hastened Berry to a parley, and calling after the hunter, requested an interview with him at his hut on the following night.

'I know where 't is,' came back his reply.

The name of the other family, as I have before mentioned, was Perrôt, consisting of father, mother, and son — Pierre. The former had come from France in early life with his father, who had suddenly died upon the voyage, leaving him to push his fortune alone in a strange country. He had supposed his father's purse was heavier than he

found it on arrival at port, and he could not dismiss uneasy surmises as to the correctness of the captain's conduct in regard to the whole affair. He had, however, no tangible proof to aid him, and a new land to discourage him withal, he had allowed the matter to pass. Entering into trade, he had prospered and married, but, subsequently, speculations had reduced him, and he had sought this mountain for a little investment and retirement. He had been upon the ridge but a few months previous to Hack's interview with Berry.

Pierre was young and enthusiastic ; of alight figure ; agile, and well calculated to mould himself to a mountain life. He had often met Hack in the settlement as well as upon the peaks, and both entertained for each other a brotherly feeling. Hack thought Pierre a gentle, generous youth, vastly above him in education, to which he did not object, willing to adapt himself to present circumstances, and a *protégé* for the field, which exceedingly pleased Hack, inasmuch as he was considered the hunter of that region. Pierre saw in Hack a daring man, cool in danger ; one in whom he could trust, and in a fearful emergency worthy of all confidence. Hack was strong at the bottle, but never with excess, and Pierre, like all young men, partook as were the contingencies. They often met at the valley hostelry, and while one delighted the other with hair-breadth 'scapes of a hunter's life, Pierre charmed Hack with his flowing words descriptive of La belle France, its vineyards and dark-eyed grisettes, as he had received it from his father.

Perrôt had chosen a locality above a mile west and beyond Berry, with an ample and delightful view of the valley. Hard by his house ran a mountain rill, clear, musical, and sweet its waters ; while north, an unobstructed view gave him continual evidences of life below him. Two high ridges, with their ragged caps, intervened between himself and Berry, and as the latter's taciturnity was known by Perrôt, he had sought no interview, and they had never met.

Such were the relative circumstances existing between the two mountain families at the time of the interview of Hack and Berry on 'Slaughter Field.'

During the following day Hack as many times hesitated, and as many times concluded to visit Berry ; but finally decided to know the wish of the misanthrope, and turned his face toward his abode. He arrived at the village hostelry at the foot of the mountain at night-fall, where he found Pierre, an unexpected meeting to both parties.

'Glad to see you, Hack. How is this ?'

'Wal, I have a kind of *serous, religious* arrant just above,' putting his eye up the mountain ; 'Berry has invited me to tea with him,' shutting his mouth closely ; 'but I think natur might be lifted leetle bit better here. Come, Uncle Bill's flip is better than raw water,' and taking Pierre by the arm, Hack ordered the slings. Smacking his lips over the glass, Hack looked Pierre full in the face :

'Own up, boy ! something 's on your mind. Sick, or turning pious ?'

'Hack, you are blunt, rough, and meddlesome to-night. But if you are for the mountain, we will go together.' And Pierre finishing the glass, settled his cap upon his head and left the room, followed by Hack.

'Wal, Pierre, say I'm blunt as an ash sprout—it's true; I'm nobody but Hack Williams, but I've got jest as strong a hand and as stout a heart as them fellers who have fine coats and soft hands, and if you did n't call it kind o' bragging, I should say an almighty sight more in my favor.'

'So you have, old fellow. I meant nothing. Do you know old Berry has a pretty daughter?'

'Umph! knew 't was a gal affair. Wal, what of that? Are you afraid to do your own kissing?'

'Wish I was in your place to-night.'

'Aint *jellus*?'

'No! But, Hack, I wish you would take some observations, and if it comes convenient, put in a word for me.'

'Sposing I should go hankering arter her myself?'

'Then good-by to old 'Sure Hit.''

'Got me there, boy! Now that are gun and myself never part company till death doth us sever, as some of your big writers say. I don't know but 't was one of those holy fellers. Wal, what shall I say to her in case I see the gal?'

'You can judge better at the time, Hack. But bear me in mind and come over my way and stay with me to-night.'

'Wal! now *that*'s human. Think I *will*. I'll kind o' look at her and think of you.'

As the twain separated Hack soliloquized:

'I see! Guess it's a kind of courting counsel Berry wants to see me for. Must have been recently convarted. Getting civilized at last.'

Arriving at the hut, Hack knocked. The door was opened by Lina.

Now Hack was no gallant; boasted of no beauty, and thought more of a gun than a girl. But when this mountain-maiden stood before him in all the simplicity of unadorned beauty, and spoke to him in a gentle tone, he was entirely confounded. Instead of pursuing a very natural inquiry for her father, he stood and gazed upon the girl with wonder and delight.

'Goah! how pretty! He said she was.'

'Is this Mr. Williams?' interrupted the blushing damsel.

'W-w-why yes. How'd *you* know? Ha! ha! yes! Hack Williams.'

'My father expects you to-night and you will find him at the little falls above.'

'Do you know Pierre?'

'I have seen him, Sir.'

'Wal! I do n't wonder at it. He's taken a liking to you—so 've I as for that matter—but I'm too old; and he's a nice boy, and—beg pardon—you're a nicer gal. If you want enny help I'm ready. Kind o' hope *can* help you. Wal! do you like Pierre?'

Lina hardly knew what to answer; but rallying herself and the ingenuity of her sex immediately presenting itself, she replied:

'I should like to see him again, Sir.'

'And you shall, pretty one. Where and when?'

'To-morrow, by the lake, as usual.'

Hack threw out his broad, hard hand :

'There 't is! I 'll do any thing for you. I 'spose there 's angels, and if so, my idee is, they 're kind o' like you. But if they 're all so pretty, could n't sarve 'em all 'like. But I should just lief die doing on 't. That 's honest.'

The bewildered hunter turned, and Lina closing the door, sat looking steadfastly at — nothing.

The lake Lina spoke of was half-a-mile from her father's — a wild, lonesome, romantic place, rarely visited, as there was no living thing in its waters ; hemmed in by moss-grown trees, saving a space of some three rods, in which, alone, was a gigantic oak. At its base was a ponderous quartz rock and within a few feet of the water. The rock was partially against the oak, and beneath it the earth had been displaced, as if the little lake had once been 'troubled' and sought but in vain to undermine it — succeeding partially, however, and forming a shelter of some six feet square.

It was here Pierre first surprised Lina, and they had made it their place of meeting since.

Hack followed the little run up some fifty rods to the falls and found Berry waiting his approach.

'Well, Hack !'

'I'm here,' and putting his rifle upon the ground and resting his chin upon its muzzle, he stood looking at his new-made acquaintance.

'You may think it trifling, Hack, on my part, as well as putting you to trouble for my benefit, in requesting this meeting, but you left me so suddenly yesterday I could say no more then.'

'Wal ! so far there 's no hurt done.'

'Do you know the family west of me on the second ridge ?'

'Some.'

'Is there a young man in the house ?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know *him* ?'

'Yes.'

'A son ?'

'B'lieve so.'

'What is the name ?'

'Perrôt.'

'Perrôt !'

'Yes ; I said so. Any thing strange about it ?'

'Hack, are you willing to do me a favor ?'

'Ginerally speaking, warped that way, all things being equal.'

'I have a daughter —'

'Just seen her.'

'She is young, and I am in no situation to *marry* her. The young man, throwing his hand westward, 'as I *see*, *under* *my* *arm* ' *is* *now* *be* *stopped*. I desire no intercourse with the family.'

'Wal, you want me to tell 'em so ?'

'I do !'

'Wal, Sir, I mind my own business and *trouble* *is* *my* *to* *be* *in* *middle*.'

'But, Hack, it is not necessary for me to explain.'
'Do n't want you should. Have n't axed you.'
'Well, but you have no objection?'
'Wal! 'tis n't *my* business, and I'm no school-boy to be sent from school-ma'am a rectifying mistakes.'
'But I will pay you.'
'Then — swear I won't — I can't be bo't *no* how.'
'You are obstinate, Hack.'
'*You* aint, of course.'
'Do me this favor, carry it out, and ask me any in return.'
'Sposing I ax you for your gal?'
'That is unreasonable. Cannot be granted.'
Hack threw his rifle upon his shoulder: 'Seen any game 'bout to-day?'

'One that *will* be game has been about.'
'There's allays *two* if there's one.'
Berry looked intently into the stream. 'Think of what I have said. I want no trouble, but I shall *make* it if necessary. Here is money for the inn!'

'Thank ye — never use the article.'

Hack followed the path through the woods and over the mountain until he came out near Perrôt's house. Putting a whistle to his lips, soon after a rustle among the ferns announced some one's approach. It was Pierre.

'Halloa, Hack!'

'Got into devil of a fuss. Berry'll cut your heart out if you love any harder. Ha! ha!'

'A hard old quid. Did he speak of me?'

'See here, Pierre, that gal's a beauty! But I can't see her again; made me crazy; do n't know what I said, but I rather think she'll call me an old fool. There now, 'most forgot it. The little creature wants to see you to-morrow, as usual — eh! boy — *as usual*! Seen her before! Kind o' sly. But do n't blame you, lucky dog!' And Hack whispered into Pierre's ear: 'You are no spunk if you're scared off so. Steal the gal and run away!'

Hack had left Berry in a disappointed, unsatisfied, revengeful mood. He could but admire the hunter for his blunt candor, and considered him a faithful ally if he could secure his confidence. This he greatly desired, and he hoped on consideration Hack would eventually deliver his verbal errand.

Lina, in her artlessness, had told her father of meeting a young man, else he would have been ignorant of the fact. He had said nothing to her in reply, and as he had not expressed his commands and as Pierre was gentlemanly and enthusiastic in his language and honest in his requests, she had allowed herself to build fancy castles, dwelling with pleasure upon the interviews. The comeliness of Pierre and the romance of the meetings were material aids to him. Neither did Lina suppose her father would eventually object if matters progressed agreeably to her. However, she had concluded to say nothing more upon the subject, at least for the present.

That Berry had his own and peculiar reasons for his demurring, was evident. He could not endure any obstacle to thwart him in his designs, and he had determined upon a policy to be followed before he left the falls.

There was one expression used by Berry, Hack could not forget, and although a blunt woodman, he thought he read Berry sufficiently to warrant a supposition that he was a dark, mysterious man, obstinate, reckless, and desperate. He had met the hint in his epigrammatic style, but he feared its meaning. So strong were his feelings, he resolutely decided to follow the word with the action, if requisite.

The more Pierre thought of Lina, the more fearless he became in his determinations. He knew in Hack he had a friend to be trusted and fully relied upon, in case of an emergency. Hack gave Pierre some hints suggestive of a careful course to be pursued in his actions, and had promised all necessary assistance, for he surmised Berry would resort to extreme measures if the interviews with his daughter were continued by Pierre. He was also satisfied Lina favored Pierre, and he was hopeful in the latter's energy and the former's endurance for a peaceful result. At the same time, he could hardly reconcile his sympathy in urging Pierre to proceed in face of Berry's threats.

Hack's advice to 'steal the gal and run away' was seriously entertained by Pierre, and he met the engagement at the oak by the lake resolved to discover Lina's feelings upon the subject. This course, however, was not countenanced by the maiden. She had advised a postponement, trusting that in time her father would recognize her wishes, inasmuch as he had not as yet opposed her by his commands. It was through Pierre she had learned of his dissatisfaction, but she could still conscientiously persist in her regard toward Pierre from the fact that her father had said nothing to her upon the subject.

Thus the matter remained through the summer months. Hack was occasionally inquisitive and always watchful. He had made it a duty, so far as he could, to stand guard and protect Pierre, and was very often sentinel at a respectful distance when the lovers met.

The uniform silence of Berry toward his daughter on the subject of her attachment, as also his silence toward the hunter concerning his request, augured nothing favorable, as Hack construed it. It rather preyed upon his honest mind, and his heart smote him forebodingly.

Autumn had dawned upon the mountains, and the golden days of October had come with his garb of bright variety. The tender leaves of the maple he had wooed with carmine, and the nodding sumach tossed her red tassels at his approach. Silence and beauty reigned harmoniously upon the wooded peaks, while the mountain rills tumbled down in whirling bubbles and diminutive cascades to the larger streams below, as if in haste to save their pearly waters from the rude grasp of winter, so high up from all sympathy and remembrance.

Who does not love Autumn? With its fragrance; with its treasures of beauty; with its brown nuts and russet apples; with its bracing morns; its genial meridians, and its mild, speaking evenings of moonlight! The wrinkles of silver hair deepen in quiet pleasure as the dimmed eye looks out upon the great easel of God, checkered by

His almighty hand all over with charmed beauty. The young enthusiast, so full of wandering thought, wild to express in glowing eloquence his ardent feelings, grows giddy with the burden of sweet intoxication and imbecile in action. The gentle voices of girls ring like silver bells, and the prattling baby turns a wistful face to ruddy cheeks and laughs valiantly at the young master who has shot in to 'hurrah!' and fly out again.

Reader, your hand! Am I excusable?

Lina had grown strong in her love, and had been encouraging Pierre with her hopeful expressions of the future when she was even then standing upon the threshold beyond which lay nothing but crushed and mangled hopes and affections.

Berry had silently arranged his domestic matters, and had informed Lina of his wishes that she should visit some distant friends upon the sea-board for a few weeks. The change was agreeable to her, if she could but see Pierre to inform him. But she could not induce her father to postpone the journey for a day, this being the one they were to meet by the ponderous rock.

It was with a sad and reluctant heart Lina followed her father to the settlement for her departure. Her eyes full of tears, closely scanned the western mountain, but there was no Pierre to wave her a loving adieu.

And so Lina had gone, and alone. Berry was now the sole occupant of his hut.

It was a charming day, and Pierre, elated with the anticipated meeting, was waiting with great impatience for the hour; and when it came, his feet sped rapidly to the trysting spot. Breathless and expectant he arrived, but instead of his gentle Lina, Berry stood before him. Their eyes met. The one all astonishment and bitter disappointment, the other glaring with revengeful hate.

'Young man! I have sent you warnings, but you have mocked me. If you believe in a God, talk to Him now, for neither Lina nor your own peak shall you ever see again.'

Uniting the action to the threat, Berry immediately plunged a poignard to the heart of his innocent victim. Poor Pierre turned an imploring look from the dark face of the murderer to Heaven, reeled and fell. It was but the work of a few minutes that the corpse of Pierre was buried beneath the rock upon the very spot he had kissed his vows to Lina. Coolly wiping the blood from the dagger, and washing his hands in the lake, Berry muttered: 'One more and peace, and by heavens it shall so be!'

As deep as well that night as he had for thirty years.

His absence created no uneasiness to his father, as he had often sought the valley; but not coming through the following day, he did feel some solicitude.

With pleasure that he hailed Hack, who just then came in. 'What a Pierre?' was his blunt inquiry.

'Not Hack. He has been absent since day before yesterday.' 'And while a sudden pallor ran over his browned features, "Every day I could not come."

'He *may* be in the valley, but I cannot think what should keep him so long.'

'Guess not. I looked in at 'Uncle Bill's, was n't there, nor had n't been there.'

At this Perrôt was sadly at ease, and Hack's coolness and presence of mind were exerted to the utmost to appease the father. He knew Lina had gone. This had been told him at the hostelry, but he had refrained from telling Perrôt, who, as yet, had not surmised his son's attachment to Berry's daughter. But circumstances had now made it necessary for Hack to unfold the secret, which he did to Perrôt's utter astonishment. They concluded that the father should see Berry, while Hack should proceed to the settlement, and if possible, discover if Pierre had followed Lina.

There was but little rest to either party that night. Hack was finding the body of Pierre, for he had quite determined the deed had been accomplished, while Perrôt was vainly pursuing his fugitive son in *his* search for Lina.

Upon the morrow, pursuant to the compact, Perrôt took the winding path toward Berry's, while Hack hurried to the valley. Flying with the speed of a hound accustomed to the chase, he had satisfied himself that Pierre had not gone after Lina. In such an event he would have been consulted.

Perrôt, arriving at Berry's, found the door locked, with no signs of occupancy. Following a path, he was pushing his way blindly toward the fatal rock. Occasionally his anxious heart would prompt him to hail his son, but the echo of his voice came back as his only answer. He proceeded until he came out upon the lake by the shore of which appeared a figure. It was Berry, who turned to know the intruder.

For a moment there was utter silence, while a searching look passed between the two.

'Is this Mr. Berry, or Captain Percy of The Two Brothers?'

'The devil take your memory;' and a slight shadow passed over Berry's face as he advanced.

In an instant the voyage, the death of his father, and its consequent losses, shot through Perrôt's mind, as he replied:

'Was not one enough that you should seek to make me sonless? Captain Percy, tell me where my son is; for as true as God you know!'

'So shall you,' shouted Berry, as he sprang upon Perrôt.

The powerful hand of the murderer pushed him to the earth, and as the glittering dagger, so recently wet with another's blood, was uplifted for its fatal thrust, a vice-like gripe was upon Berry's arm. The weapon fell from his clutch as he turned to meet the unflinching glare of Hack Williams' eye.

'Double-damned villain! Hack's here!'

The two closed in mortal combat. Both were powerful, of great muscular endurance, and reckless as to results. For a time, victory seemed equal; but Hack, rallying with a desperate and superhuman effort, turned his antagonist, and firmly fixing his hand upon Berry's throat, held and crushed it until the soul of the unanointed had appeared before his God; and long after, he sat upon the body with the eye of a

demon, flashing the bitterness of unmitigated hate. Slowly rising to his feet, and looking at Perrôt, he grasped the lifeless corpse and hurled it far into the waters of the peaceful lake.

'To hell ! or your own place, as *Scripturs* say. I have done my duty. Yes ! for once Hack Williams has done right.'

Years have passed, and with them all connected with this tragedy. The peaks are no longer solitudes, and parties of pleasure often visit this mountain-lake. On one of these visits, while preparing a repast, the remains of a human skeleton were discovered buried below the shelf of the rock. They were the bones of poor Pierre ; the Rock and the Skeleton.

V E R M O N T G I R L S .

LET Eastern climes boast brighter skies,
And maids of Georgian birth ;
They can't compare with Yankee girls
In beauty, wit, and worth.
Their hearts are free as mountain breeze
That dallies with their curls,
And wanton wave the tresses rich
Of our Green Mountain girls !

On every sloping, green hill-side
Their graceful forms are straying,
Like *ARTÉMIS* on *Cynthus'* slopes,
With wood-nymphs round her playing.
And in our meadows and our groves,
The sprightly, elfin creatures
Are sporting, like *Oreades*,
With sylph-like forms and features.

Within the depths of each bright eye
A roguish light is lying,
And on each blooming ruddy cheek
The rose and lily vying.
As sports the glancing sunbeams on
The dancing, gleaming water,
So play the smiles on ruby lips
Of each Green Mountain daughter.

My love of Nature's varied scenes
All other love surpasses,
Except my love for pretty girls —
Vermont's fair bonnie lasses,
Who bloom within our mountain homes,
Our hearths their presence lighting ;
Anon, their troth to suing wights
At *HYMEN's* altar plighting.

KARL KERN.

I S A B E L .

I.

WE grow too circumspect and chill ;
 The world is cautious how it seems ;
 Love hides himself for fear of ill,
 And feels at home alone in dreams.

II.

Young HUMAN NATURE breathes with pain,
 Within the straight abode of ART ;
 We meet and talk from brain to brain,
 But stir no current of the heart.

III.

Yet 't is but daylight brings restraint,
 And dries the soul's divinest streams ;
 The soul in sleep denies the faint,
 And kindred spirits meet in dreams.

IV.

And thou thyself art part of all,
 O cold, complacent ISABEL !
 The staring world has made thee thrall,
 And bribed thy heart no tales to tell.

V.

And he who sees thee pass me by
 With scanty welcome, little deems
 That calm indifference a lie —
 But thou art true alone in dreams.

VI.

For when the world with day has flown,
 Love comes and sets our hearts in tune ;
 I clasp thee, IZIE, all my own,
 And lips and souls hold sweet commune.

VII.

Our spirits murmuring each to each,
 Anticipate congenial themes ;
 Our deepest faiths find freest speech,
 For words and thoughts are one in dreams.

VIII.

And, IZIE, hast thou not some morn,
 Such dreams as these to recollect,
 That laugh thy unconcern to scorn,
 And serve to tamper thy neglect ?

IX.

And wilt thou crush such memories,
 And disregard these heavenly gleams ?
 Then live among hypocrisies,
 And I will live in blessed dreams.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Fog clears Up — The One Idea not comprehended by the American Mind — A June Morning in the Province — The Beginning of the Evangeliad — Intuitive Perception of Genius — The Forest Primeval — Acadian Peasants — A Negro Settlement — Deer's Castle — The Road to Chezzetcook — Acadian Scenery — A Glance at the Early History of Acadia — First Encroachments of the English — The Harbor and Village of Chezzetcook — Etc., etc.

THE celebration being over, the fog cleared up. Loyalty furled her flags; the civic authorities were silent; the signal-telegraph was put upon short allowance. But the 'Alligoniion papers next day were loaded to the muzzle with typographical missiles. From them we learned there had been a great amount of enthusiasm displayed at the celebration, and 'every thing had passed off happily in spite of the weather.' 'Old Chebucto' was right side up, and then she quietly sparkled out again.

There is one solitary idea, and only one, not comprehensible by the American mind. I say it feebly, but I say it fearlessly, there is an idea which does not present any thing to the American mind but a blank. Every metaphysical dog has worried the life out of every abstraction but this. I strike my stick down, cross my hands, and rest my chin upon them, in support of my position. Let any body attempt to controvert it! 'I say, that in the American mind, there is no such thing as the conception even, of an idea of tranquillity! I once for a little repose, went to a 'quiet New-England village,' as it was called, and the first thing that attracted my attention there was a statement in the village paper, that no less than twenty persons in that quiet place had obtained patent-rights for inventions and improvements during the past year. They had been in every thing, from an apple-parer to a steam-engine. In the next column was an article 'on capital punishment,' and the leader was thoroughly fired up with a bran-new project for a rail-road to the Pacific. That day I dined with a member of Congress, a peripatetic lecturer, and the principal citizens of the township, and took the return cars at night amid the glare of a torch-light procession. Repose, forsooth! Why the great busy city seemed to sing lullaby, after the shock of that quiet New-England village.

But in this quaint, mouldy old town, one *can* get an idea of the calm and the tranquil — especially after a celebration. It has been said: 'Halifax is the only place that is finished.' One can readily believe it. The population has been twenty-five thousand for the last twenty-five years, and a new house is beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The fog cleared up. And one of those inexpressibly balmy days fol-

lowed. June in Halifax represents our early May. The trees are all in bud ; the peas in the garden-beds are just marking the lines of drills with faint stripes of green. Here and there a solitary bird whets his bill on the bare bark of a forked bough. The chilly air has departed, and in its place is a sense of freshness, of dewiness, of fragrance and delight. A sense of these only, an instinctive feeling, that anticipates the odor of the rose before the rose is blown. On such a morning we went forth to visit Chezzetcook, and here, gentle reader, beginneth the *Evangeliad*.

The intuitive perception of genius is its most striking element. I was told by a traveller and an artist, who had been for nearly twenty years on the north-west coast, that he had read Irving's '*Astoria*' as a mere romance, in early life, but when he visited the place itself, he found that *he was reading the book over again* ; that Irving's descriptions were so minute and perfect, that he was at home in Astoria, and familiar, not only with the country, but with individuals residing there ; 'for,' said he, 'although many of the old explorers, trappers, and adventurers described in the book were dead and gone, yet I found the descendants of those pioneers had the peculiar characteristics of their fathers ; and the daughter of Concomly, whom I met, was as interesting an historical personage at home as Queen Elizabeth would have been in Westminster Abbey. At Vancouver's Island,' said the traveller, 'I found an old dingy copy of the book itself, embroidered and seamed with interlineations and marginal notes of hundreds of pens, in every style of chirography, yet all attesting the faithfulness of the narrative. I would have given any thing for that copy, but I do not believe I could have purchased it with the price of the whole island.'

What but that wonderful element of genius, *intuitive perception*, could have produced such a book ? Irving was never on the Columbia river, never saw the north-west coast. 'The materials were furnished him from the log-books and journals of the explorers themselves,' says Dr. Dryasdust. True, my learned friend, but suppose I furnish you with pallet and colors, with canvas and brushes, the materials of art, will you paint me as I sit here, and make a living, breathing picture, that will survive my ashes for centuries ? 'I have not the genius of the artist,' replies Dr. Dryasdust. Then, my dear Doctor, we will put the materials aside for the present, and venture a little farther with our theory of '*intuitive perception*.'

Longfellow never saw the Acadian Land, and yet thus his pastoral begins :

'This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.'

This is the opening line of the poem : this is the striking feature of Nova-Scotia scenery. The shores welcome us with waving masses of foliage, but not the foliage of familiar woods. As we travel on this hilly road to the Acadian settlement, we look up and say, 'This is the forest primeval,' but it is the forest of the poem, not that of our childhood. There is not, in all this vast greenwood, an oak, an elm, a chestnut, a beech, a cedar or maple. For miles and miles, we see nothing against the clear blue sky but the spiry tops of evergreens ; or perhaps,

a gigantic skeleton, 'a rampike,' pine or hemlock, scathed and spectral, stretches its gaunt outline above its fellows. Spruces and firs, such as adorn our gardens, cluster in never-ending profusion, an aromatic and unwonted odor pervades the air — the spicy breath of resinous balsams. Sometimes the sense is touched with a new fragrance, and presently we see a buckthorn, white with a thousand blossoms. These, however, only meet us at times. The distinct and characteristic feature of the forest is conveyed in that one line of the poet.

And yet another feature of the forest primeval presents itself, not less striking and unfamiliar. From the dead branches of those skeleton pines and hemlocks, those *rampikes*, hang masses of white moss, snow-white, amid the dark verdure. You might wear such a beard in King Lear. Acadian children wore such to imitate '*grandpère*' centuries ago; Cowley's trees are 'Patricians,' these are Patriarchs.

——— 'THE murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms.'

We are re-reading Evangeline line by line. And here, at this turn of the road, we encounter two Acadian peasants. The man is in an old tarpaulin hat, home-spun worsted shirt, and tarry canvas trowsers; innovation has certainly changed him, in costume at least, from the Acadian of our fancy; but the pretty brown-skinned girl beside him, with lustrous eyes, and soft black hair under her hood, with kirtle of antique form, and petticoat of holiday homespun, is true to tradition. There is nothing modern in the face or drapery of that figure. She might have stepped out of Normandy yesterday, that is, if yesterday were the day before the sailing of the *May-Flower*.

'WEARING her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.'

Alas! the ear-rings have departed! worn out with age: but save them, the picture is very true to the life. As we salute them, we learn they have been on their way since dawn from distant Chezzet-cook: the man speaks English with a strong French accent; the maiden only the language of her people on the banks of the Seine.

'FAIR was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side:
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses.'

Who can help repeating the familiar words of the idyl amid such scenery, and in such a presence?

'We are now approaching a Negro settlement,' said my *compagnon de voyage* after we had left the Acadians; 'and we will take a fresh horse at Deer's Castle; this is rough travelling.' In a few minutes we saw a log house perched on a bare bone of granite that stood out on a ragged hill-side, and presently another cabin of the same kind came in view. Then other scare-crow edifices wheeled in sight as we drove

along; all forlorn, all patched with mud, all perched on barren knolls, or gigantic bars of granite, high up, like ragged redoubts of poverty, armed at every window with a formidable artillery of old hats, rolls of rags, quilts, carpets, and indescribable bundles, or barricaded with boards to keep out the air and sun-shine. 'You do not mean to say those wretched hovels are occupied by living beings?' said I to my companion. 'Oh! yes,' he replied, with a quiet smile, 'these are your people, your *fugitives*.' 'But surely,' said I, 'they do not live in those airy nests during your intensely cold winters?' 'Yes,' replied my companion, 'and they have a pretty hard time of it. Between you and I,' he continued, 'they are a miserable set of devils; they won't work, and they shiver it out here as well as they can. During most of the year they are in a state of abject want, and then they are very humble. But in the berry season they make a little money, and while it lasts are fat and saucy enough. We can't do any thing with them, they won't work. There they are in their cabins, just as you see them, a poor, wo-begone set of vagabonds; a burthen upon the community; of no use to themselves, nor to any body else.'

'Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, here in his happy valley.'

'Now then,' said my companion, as this trite quotation was passing through my mind. The wagon had stopped in front of a little weather-beaten house that kept watch and ward over an acre of greensward, broken ever and anon with a projecting bone of granite, and not only fenced with stone, but dotted also with various mounds of pebbles, some as large as a paving-stone, and some much larger. This was 'Deer's Castle.' In front of the castle was a swing-sign with an inscription:

'WILLIAM DEER, who lives here,
Keeps the best of wine and beer,
Brandy, and cider, and other good chear;
Fish, and ducks, and moose, and deer,
Caught, or shot in the woods just here,
With cutlets, or steaks, as will appear;
If you will stop you need not fear
But you will be well treated by WILLIAM DEER,
And by Mrs. DEER, his dearest, deary dear!'

I quote from memory. The precise words have escaped me, but the above is the substance of the sense, and the metre is accurate.

It was a little weather-beaten shanty of boards, that clung like flakes to the frame-work. A show-box of a room, papered with select wood-cuts from *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*, was the grand banquet-hall of the castle. And indeed it was a castle compared with the wretched redoubts of poverty around it. Here we changed horses, or rather we exchanged our horse, for a diminutive, bantam pony, that, under the supervision of 'Bill,' was put inside the shafts and buckled up there to the very roots of the harness. This Bill, the son and heir of the Castellan, was a good-natured yellow boy, about fifteen years of age, with such a development of under-lip and such a want of development else-

where, that his head looked like a scoop. There was an infinite fund of humor in Billy, an uncontrollable sense of the comic, that would break out in spite of his grave endeavors to put himself under guard. It exhibited itself in his motions and gestures, in the flourish of his hands as he buckled up the pony, in the looseness of his gait, the swing of his head, and the roll of his eyes. His very language was pregnant with mirth; thus: 'Bill!' 'Cheh, cheh, Sir? cheh.' 'Is your father at home?' 'Cheh, cheh, father? cheh, cheh.' 'Yea, your father?' 'Cheh, cheh, at home, Sah? cheh.' 'Yes, is your father at home?' 'I guess so, cheh, cheh.' 'What is the matter with you, Bill? what are you laughing about?' 'Cheh, cheh, I don't know, Sah, cheh, cheh.' 'Well, take out the horse and put in the pony, we want to go to Chizzencook.' 'Cheh, Cheh'z'ncook? Yes Sah,' and so with that facetious gait and droll twist of the elbow, Bill swings himself against the horse and unbuckles him in a perpetual jingle of merriment. 'And this,' said I to my companion, as we looked from the door-step of the shanty upon the spiry tops of evergreens in the valley below us, and at the wretched log-huts that were roosting up on the bare rocks around us, 'this is the Negro settlement?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'And are all the Negro settlements in Nova Scotia as miserable as this?' 'Yes,' he answered; 'you can tell a Negro settlement at once by its appearance.' 'Then,' I thought to myself, 'I would for poor Cuffee's sake, that much-vaunted British sympathy and British philanthropy had something better to show to an admiring world than the prospect around Deer's Castle.'

Notwithstanding the very generous banquet spread before the eyes of the traveller, on the sign-board, we were compelled to dismiss the pleasant fiction of the poet upon the announcement of Mrs. Deer, that 'Nathin was in de house 'cept bacon,' and she 'reckoned' she 'might have an egg or two by de time we got back from Chizzincook.' 'But you have plenty of trout here in these streams?' 'Oh! yes, plenty, Sah.' 'Then let Bill catch some trout for us.' And so the pony being strapped up and buckled to the wagon, we left the Negro settlement for the French settlement. They are all in 'settlements,' here, the people of this Province. Centuries are mutable, but prejudices never alter in the Colonies.

But we are again in the Acadian forest — a truce to moralizing — let us enjoy the scenery. The road we are on is but a few miles from the sea-shore, but the ocean is hidden from view by the thick woods. As we ride along, however, we skirt the edges of coves and inlets that frequently break in upon the landscape. There is a chain of fresh-water lakes also along this road; sometimes we cross a bridge over a rushing torrent; sometimes a calm expanse of water, doubling the evergreens at its margin, comes in view; anon a gleam of sapphire strikes through the verdure, and an ocean-bay with its shingly beach curves in and out between the piny slopes. At last we reach the crest of a hill, and at the foot of the road is another bridge, a house, a wharf, and two or three coasters at anchor in a diminutive harbor. This is 'Three Fathom Harbor.' We are within a mile of Chezzetcook.

Now if it were not for Pony we should press on to the settlement,

but we must give Pony a respite. Pony is an enthusiastic little fellow, but his lungs are too much for him, they have blown him out like a bag-pipe. A mile farther and then eleven miles back to Deer's Castle, is a great undertaking for so small an animal. In the mean while, we will ourselves rest and take some 'home-brewed' with the landlord, who is harbor-master, inn-keeper, store-keeper, fisherman, shipper, skipper, mayor, and corporation of Three Fathom Harbor, beside being father of the town, for all the children in it are his own. A draught of foaming ale, a whiff or two from a clay pipe, a look out of the window to be assured that Pony had subsided, and we take leave of the corporate authority of Three Fathom Harbor, and are once more on the road.

One can scarcely draw near to a settlement of these poor refugees without some feelings of pity for the sufferings they have endured; and this spark of pity quickly warms and kindles into indignation when we think of the story of hapless Acadia, the grievous wrong done those simple-minded, harmless, honest people, by the rapacious, free-booting adventurers of merry England, and those precious filibusters, our Pilgrim Fathers.

The early explorations of the French in the young hemisphere which Columbus had revealed to the older half of the world, have been almost entirely obscured by the greater events which followed. Nearly a century after the first colonies were established in New-France, New-England was discovered. I shall not dwell upon the importance of this event, as it has been so often alluded to by historians and others, and indeed I believe it is generally acknowledged now, that the finding of the continent itself would have been a failure had it not been for the discovery of Massachusetts. As this, however, happened long after the establishment of Acadia, and as the Pilgrim Fathers did not interfere with their French neighbors for a surprising length of time, it will be as well not to expatiate upon it at present. In the course of a couple of centuries, or so, I shall have occasion to allude to it, in connection with the story of the neutral French.

In the year 1504, says the Chronicle, some fishermen from Brittany discovered the island that now forms the eastern division of Nova Scotia, and named it 'Cape Breton.' Two years after, Dennys of Harfleur, made a rude chart of the vast sheet of water that stretches from Cape Breton and Newfoundland to the main-land. In 1534 Cartier, sailing under the orders of the French Admiral, Chabot, visited the coast of Newfoundland, crossed the gulf, Dennys had seen and described twenty-eight years before, and took possession of the country around it in the name of the king, his master. As Cartier was recrossing the Gulf on his voyage back, he named the waters he was sailing upon 'St. Lawrence,' in honor of that Saint, whose day chanced to turn up on the calendar at that very happy time. According to some accounts Baron de Lery established a settlement here as early as 1618. One Cartin planted a French colony on the St. Lawrence as early as 1624, and soon after others were formed in Canada and Nova Scotia. In 1535 Cartier again crossed the waters of the Gulf, and following the course of the river, penetrated into the interior until he reached an island upon which was a hill; this he named '*Mont Real*.' Various ex-

peditions followed these first discoverers and explorers, and the coast was from time to time visited by adventurers in pursuit of the fisheries. In 1603 an expedition, under the patronage of Henry IV., sailed for the New World. The leader of this was a Protestant gentleman, by name De Mont. As the people under his command were both Protestants and Catholics, De Mont had permission given in his charter to establish as one of the fundamental laws of the Colony, the free exercise of religious worship, upon condition of settling in the country and teaching the Roman Catholic faith to the savages. Heretofore, all the countries discovered by the French had been called New-France, but in De Mont's patent, that portion of the territory lying east of the Penobscot and embracing the present Provinces of New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and part of Maine was named 'Acadia.'

The little Colony under De Mont flourished in spite of the rigors of the climate, and its commander, with a few men, explored the coast on the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy, as well as the rivers of Maine, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Saco and Casco Bay, and even coasted as far south as the long, hook-shaped cape that is now known in all parts of the world as the famous Cape Cod. In a few years the settlement began to assume a smiling aspect, houses were erected, and lands were tilled, the settlers planted seeds and gathered the increase thereof, gardens sprang out of the wilderness, peace and order reigned everywhere, and the savage tribes around viewed the kind, light-hearted Colonists with admiration and fraternal good-will. It is pleasant to read this part of the chronicle, of their social meetings in the winter at the banqueting hall; of the order of '*Le Bon Temps*,' established by Champlain; of the great pomp and insignia of office (a collar, a napkin and staff) of the grand chamberlain, whose government only lasted for a day, when he was supplanted by another; of their dinners in the sun-shine amid the corn-fields; of their boats, banners, and music on the water; of their gentleness, simplicity, and honest, hearty enjoyments. These halcyon days soon came to an end. The infamous Captain Argall hearing that a number of white people had settled in this hyperborean region, set sail from Jamestown for the Colony, in a ship of fourteen guns, in the midst of a profound peace, to burn, pillage, and slaughter the intruders upon the territory of Virginia! Finding the people unprepared for defence, his enterprise was successful. Argall took possession of the lands in the name of the King of England, laid waste some of the settlements, burned the forts, and under circumstances of peculiar perfidy, induced a number of the poor Acadians to go with him to Jamestown. Here they were treated as pirates, thrown into prison, and sentenced to be executed. Argall, who it seems had some touch of manhood in his nature, upon this confessed to the Governor, Sir Thomas Dale, that these people had a patent from the King of France, which he had stolen from them and concealed, and that they were not pirates, but simply colonists. Upon this, Sir Thomas Dale was induced to fit out an expedition to dislodge the rest of them from Acadia. Three ships were got ready, the brave Captain Argall was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and the first Colony was terminated

by fire and sword before the end of the year. This was in 1613, ten years after the first planting of Acadia.

'Some of the settlers,' says the Chronicle, 'finding resistance to be unavailing, fled to the woods.' What became of them history does not inform us, but with a graceful appearance of candor, relates that the transaction itself 'was not approved of by the court of England, nor resented by that of France.' Five years afterward we find Captain Argall appointed Deputy-Governor of Virginia.

This outrage was the initial letter only of a series that for nearly a century and a half after, made the successive colonists of Acadia the prey of their rapacious neighbors. We shall take up the story from time to time, gentle reader, as we voyage around and through the province. Meanwhile let us open our eyes again upon the present, for just below us lies the village and harbor of Chezzetcook.

A conspiracy of earth and air and ocean had certainly broken out that morning, for the ominous lines of Fog and Mist were hovering afar off upon the boundaries of the horizon. Under the crystalline azure of a summer sky, the water of the harbor had an intensity of color rarely seen, except in the pictures of the most ultra-marine painters. Here and there a green island or a fishing-boat rested upon the surface of the tranquil blue. For miles and miles the eye followed indented grassy slopes, that rolled away on either side of the harbor, and the most delicate pencil could scarcely portray the exquisite line of creamy sand that skirted their edges and melted off in the clear margin of the water. Occasional little cottages nestled among these green banks, not the Acadian houses of the poem, 'with thatched roofs, and dormer windows projecting,' but comfortable, homely-looking buildings of modern shapes, shingled and un-weathercocked. It is only when we enter them that they suddenly become picturesque. There are fences enough, but no cattle visible, no ploughs nor horses. Some of the men are at work in the open air; all in tarpaulin hats, all in tarry canvas trowsers. These are boat-builders and coopers. Simple, honest, and good-tempered enough; you see how courteously they salute us as we ride by them. In front of every house there is a knot of curious little faces; Young Acadia is out this bright day, and although Young Acadia has not a clean face on, yet its hair is of the darkest and softest, and its eyes are lustrous and most delicately fringed. Yonder is one of the veterans of the place, so we will tie Pony to the fence, and rest here.

'Fine day you have here,' says my companion.

'Oh! yes, oh! yes,' (with great deference and politeness.)

'Can you give us any thing in the way of refreshment? a glass of ale, or a glass of milk?'

'Oh! no;' (with the unmistakable shrug of the shoulders;) 'we no have milk, no have ale, no have brandy, no have nothing here: ah! we very poor peep' here.' (Poor people here.)

'Can we sit down and rest in one of your houses?'

'Oh! yes, oh! yes,' (with great politeness and alacrity;) 'walk in, walk in; we very poor peep', no milk, no brandy: walk in.'

The little house is divided by a partition. The larger half is the

hall, the parlor, kitchen, and nursery in one. A huge fire-place, an antique spinning-wheel, a bench, and two settles, or high-backed seats, a table, a cradle and a baby very wide awake, complete the inventory. In the apartment adjoining is a bin that represents, no doubt, a French bedstead of the early ages. Every thing is suggestive of boat-builders, of Robinson Crusoe work, of undisciplined hands, that have had to do with ineffectual tools. As you look at the walls, you see the house is built of timbers, squared and notched together, and caulked with moss or oakum.

'Very poor peep' here,' says the old man, with every finger in his hands stretched out to deprecate the fact. By the fire-side sits an old woman, in a face all cracked and seamed with wrinkles, like a picture by one of the old masters. 'Yes,' she echoes; 'very poor peep' here, and very cold, too, sometime.' By this time the door-way is entirely packed with little, black, shining heads, and curious faces, all shy, timid, and yet not the less good-natured. Just back of the cradle are two of the Acadian women, 'knitters' i' the sun,' with features that might serve for Palmer's sculptures; and eyes so lustrous, and teeth so white, and cheeks so rich with brown and blush, that if one were a painter and not an invalid, he might pray for canvas and pallet as the very things most wanted in the critical moment of his life. Faed's picture does not convey the Acadian face. The mouth and chin are more delicate in the real than in the ideal Evangeline. If you look again, after the first surprise is over, you will see that these are the traditional pictures, such as we might have fancied they should be, after reading the idyl. From the forehead of each you see at a glance how the dark mass of hair has been combed forward and over the face, that the little triangular Norman cap might be tied across the crown of the head. Then the hair is thrown back again over this, so as to form a large bow in front, then re-tied at the crown with colored ribbons. Then you see it has been plaited in a shining mesh, brought forward again, and braided with ribbons, so that it forms, as it were, a pretty coronet, well-placed above those brilliant eyes and harmonious features. This, with the antique kirtle and picturesque petticoat, is an Acadian portrait. Such is it now, and such it was, no doubt, when De Mont sailed from Havre de Grace, two centuries and a half ago. In visiting this kind and simple people, one can scarcely forget the little chapel. The young French priest was in his garden, behind the little tenement, set apart for him by the piety of his flock, and readily admitted us. A small place indeed was it, but clean and orderly, the altar decorated with toy images, that were not too large for a Christmas table. Yet I have been in the grandest tabernacles of episcopacy with lesser feelings of respect than those which were awakened in that tiny Acadian chapel. Peace be with it, and with its gentle flock!

'Pony is getting impatient,' said my companion, as we reverently stepped from the door-way, 'and it is a long ride to Halifax.' So, with courteous salutation on both sides, we take leave of the good father, and once more are on the road to Deer's Castle.

FUNERAL OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY WM. H. C. HOMER.

A CRY at night's weird hour
I heard from sleep awaking;
It was a voice of power
My casement shaking:
The old year breathes his last
On winter's bosom lying;
Be hushed, rude northern blast,
Vex not the dying!

'He has had his day of joy and grief,
The bursting flower and the withered leaf;
He has woven wreaths for the happy bride,
Shrouds when our loved ones drooped and died;
He has seen a spectre at the feast,
While guests grew wan and the music ceased;
He has sown the seeds of good and ill,
But is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'From frozen sleep he summoned Spring
Bloom and light on the waste to fling;
While snow-drops sprang from their garden-beds,
And violets reared their tender heads;
While skies put on a deeper blue,
And back the robin and swallow flew,
Mingling their notes with the singing rill:
He is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'Can we forget the joyous tune
He played on the golden lyre of June:
When Youth and Love danced hand in hand,
And wide earth seemed all fairy-land;
When butterflies, on rainbow wing,
Around the flowers were fluttering,
While richer green clothed vale and hill?
He is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'He has turned the face of beauty pale,
And on joy bestowed the widow's veil;
He has heard in the hush of evening dim,
The funeral wail and the cradle-hymn;
But to troubled souls he has given calm
To the broken heart a healing balm,
Through fainting hope sent a joyous thrill,
And is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'Much has he seen in his rapid race,
Host charging host, the flight, the chase,

The horse and his rider lowly laid,
Dismounted gun and the broken blade,
And when the fiery strife was o'er
Proud forms lie stiff in their curdling gore,
Deaf to the drum, and bugle shrill :
He is dying now — rude blast, be still !

‘ He saw the well-manned bark leave port,
Her white wing spread the wind to court.
While syrens warbled in their caves
A song of joy as she walked the waves :
He heard loud shrieks and the grinding shock.
When her keel scraped on the hidden rock :
And vain was the hardy seaman’s skill :
He is dying now — rude blast, be still !

‘ He has seen a scattered household roam
From the darkened hearth of an ancient home :
Abandoned in misfortune’s hour,
By friends who worship the golden shower ;
Forgetting many a generous deed,
False in the hour of utmost need :
While grasping Avarice crossed the sill
To rule as lord — wild blast, be still !

‘ He has seen the firm that wore a crown
And royal robes, in the dust lie down :
When a greater king his dart let fly
On a pale horse riding grimly by ;
For rich and poor, the high and low,
Alike must this ghastly conqueror know ;
With Sin he came to work us ill :
Blast of the winter-night, be still !

‘ He has seen ambition’s cherished scheme
Melt away like a fever-dream ;
The student, when his hopes were high,
Grow pale by his waning lamp and die ;
The soul of the weary bard take wings
While his hand was raised to brush the strings,
The miser slain by his plundered till :
Oh ! much has he seen — rude blast, be still !

‘ Thy pulse beats low, poor dying year !
A young successor hovers near
To wrest the sceptre from thy hand,
And rouse with dance and song the land,
While streets are thronged with a merry crowd,
Bells ringing out a welcome loud,
And Mirth and Joy the wine-cup fill,
Shouting all hail ! — rude blast be still !

‘ Let him snatch the crown from thy faded brow,
He soon will be what thou art now ;
A few brief moons will wax and wane,
And thy waiting heir will cease to reign :

He will darkly sleep by thy side at last
Under the pall of the solemn past;
The clock strikes twelve, he is dead and gone:
Blast of the winter night, rave on!

I looked from my window when ended the lay,
And forms not of earth by the snow-light beheld
On a shadowy bier bearing swiftly away
A white-bearded corpse, wan and wrinkled with old.
The wind ceased to whistle, and fell on mine ear
A chaunt that I fancied more touching and wild
Than the heart-broken sob that we oftentimes hear,
When a mother keeps watch by a perishing child.

Spirit Voices.

'We bear him away to the dim silent land
Where caves the lorn wrecks of old empires conceal,
Whose ocean of gloom never breaks on the strand;
Uncurled by the breeze and unploughed by the keel;
No sky arches over that boundless domain
Bespangled with stars like the firmament here,
And gathered with kings that have long ceased to reign,
There slumber the patriot, martyr, and seer.

'Thick, brooding vapor shall cover his breast,
But the crownless and lost shall not moulder alone;
With the fallen and mighty of old he shall rest,
While a youthful inheritor mounts to his throne.
The sceptre is torn from his death-frozen hand,
No new lease of life will a maker bestow,
Then away with the dead to that echoless land,
Where suns never rise and the winds never blow!'

Vanished the phantoms from my view,
Their wailing voices fainter grew,
And day-break brought a sound of glee:
'A happy New-Year to thine and thee!
And a happy New-Year on this festal morn,
To every being of woman born!
Let the scattered household meet in mirth
Once more by the ancient homestead-hearth,
While the board is spread and their bosoms glow
To hear the sweet music of long ago;
Too brief is the scene of this mortal life
For the bitter word and the causeless strife;
And may friends who have grown estranged and cold
Shake hands with the hearty warmth of old.
The past had its warnings we would not heed:
Better lives, for the future, let all of us lead:
Learn that life is a shadow, a vanishing breath,
And bridge o'er with faith the dark gulf-stream of death.'

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER THIRTIETH.

IN WHICH, AFTER SOME LIGHT SKIRMISHING, HE CONCLUDES BY A DESPERATE ENGAGEMENT.

I SUPPOSE most folks who honor Mace Sloper by reading his literary efforts have heard the story of the fellow who went duck-shooting, and who, after getting a first-rate set, kept aiming and aiming and never firing. 'Why in thunder do n't you fire?' says a friend. 'Why,' says he, 'I got three or four first-rate sights already—that's a fact; but the minit I'm going to fire there's always another duck comes swimming *right in the way*.'

Well, the story's an old one, but we can make a new application of an old story, as the school-marm said when she spanked the little boy with 'Robinson Crusoe.' And the application I'm going to make is this. There's a certain duck that Mace Sloper's been intending to have a shot at for some time. I've been willing, eager, and anxious to approach the fair subject. Only the day before yesterday there came a letter in which I was politely requested to say something more about her. In fact, I was informed on the best authority, that considerable many readers of these sketches considered it high time that I should learn that the subject in question was an object of admiration to others beside Mace Sloper, and that it was high time for me to fire away. Need I say that the subject in question was Amelia Twiggles?

Of course I need n't; but the fact is, that when I sit down to dilate on that subject, some other notion is mighty apt to strike in and put me out—and I must allow that I'm rather glad to let myself be led astray and carried off on to another road. There are two stages of being in love. In the first a man never talks of any thing else but the lady. He eats her, drinks her, dreams her, makes scripture of her eyes, and feels a call to preach them to every soul he meets, as if nobody before had ever been converted to a good opinion of her beauty. This is the newspaper and kindling-wood stage, when every thing is a-blazing and crackling, blower up and sparks flying like winkey—he himself sparking it all the time as much as he knows how, while sighs go a-roaring up the chimney, a good deal of the fuel expended turning to smoke and gas, while the solid balance appears at last in a complete love-suit. Then, when the fire begins to regularly *burn*, and the coals settle down, the noise stops. The attention of the world is no longer requested; the fire does its own warming: in plain words, the man who is awfully in love, and fairly settled down in 'attentions,' no longer goes preaching about, but settles down into quiet devotion, and the unostentatious charity of drives, bouquets, small fillipeener jewelry, and other animal, vegetable, and mineral tributes of affection.

The duck which just now swum in and discombobberated my aim,

was a reflection on how much easier it is for some folks to see into things than others, and in how much shorter time than others some folks can make out how a love-suit is a-going to turn out. Thinking about ladies made me reflect on fancy wares in general, and this again turned my undivided attention to the fact that while some men of the 'cute sort can tell at a glance what their sum-total moral and common sense value is, and whether they can hope to marry 'em or not, other fellows can't find out, in a month of Sundays, either one or the other. In like manner there are men who can appraise the value of goods almost at a glance, and take 'count of stock and set down the prices in their head, sooner than the very salesman whose business it is to know all sort of thing. And reflecting on this, puts me in mind of a story of an old chap in Boston, that I and Sam Bachelder and Hiram were talking about only yesterday afternoon.

We were smoking a segar in the Young New-England Club Room, where Sam had dropped in to find Dr. Frank Fisher, with whom we were very soon on a talk, bringing up all sorts of old times in the Bay State.

'Did it ever strike you?' says Hiram, as we went in, 'that there used to be a queer set of jolly old fellows of a very droll sort, some twenty years ago — well, say in Salem, Boston, New-Bedford, Providence, and so on?'

'Where the Penobscot Indian was born?' says Sam; 'all along shore.'

'Where the speckled hens were,' says Dr. Fisher; 'about in spots.'

'Where the weddings were,' says I, 'among the marry-time arrangements.'

'Stop there,' says Hiram. 'Mace, nobody 'll do any worse than that. Well, as I was saying, there used to be a queer old set of boys around in those days. Always running saws on some body, always biting some body deep on a trade, all for the fun of it, never laughing, and always doing every thing in the fear of the Lord, even to selling north-east rum, and holding up the onion-market by the tail. Yes, *Sir*. Did any of you ever know old 'Square Pardon Greene Cheeseberry?'

'Squire Cheeseberry!' cried Sam. '*Rather*. Why, after I went back to Boston from the West, I was two years in his store. That was while he was in the comb, jewelry, and fancy 'notion business.'

'Rich now, ain't he?'

'Some. About eight hundred thousand two hundred and fifty-seven dollars, twenty-three-and-a-half cents.

'Well,' says Hiram, 'I always took you to be a pious youth, and if you were two years under old 'Squire Cheese, it's easy to see how you came by it. The 'Squire was one of 'em; loved money as he did fun, and loved both better than any thing. Did you ever hear how he squared accounts with Solomon Rosenberg (Rose-bug they used to call him) of Savannah? Of course *you* have, but maybe Hiram and the Doctor have n't.'

'Well, I 'll tell it,' says Sam, 'for I was in the store and helped at the time. Solomon Rosenberg was a very shrewd character, but mighty odd and eccentric in his ways, and full of queer whimsies. One

of his fancies was cat-fish fried in oil ; another was to wear Greek gold money for coat-buttons. And another was to always buy goods by the shelf, and a very profitable fancy it was. Either Rosenberg was naturally one of the sharpest men in existence, or else long practice had made him one, for it is a fact, he could run his eye over any shelf of almost any kind of goods that ever was, and guess their average value, well — exactly.

'One day he bantered 'Squire Cheeseberry to sell him some shelves, and the 'Squire agreed. Rosenberg offered nine hundred dollars ; the 'Squire offered to take ten. They split the difference on eleven, but Cheeseberry he lost just four hundred dollars that time. Three or four months after, Rosenberg was in town, and the 'Squire he heard it. He pursed up his mouth for a minute, and then a steady old smile came very gravely over his eyes. Then he jumped up in a hurry.

' 'Sammy, my son,' says he, 'shut up the shop right away. Lock the door this very instant, and shut to the winders sooner 'n Jack Robinson.'

'I jumped up like a squirrel, and had the door locked in a minute. After that I fastened the window-shutters, and going in by the back-way, stood up to the 'Squire for orders.

'That 's right, Sammy,' said the old man. 'Never ask no questions. Act fust, and then talk, doth lead us to the golden walk. Now, Sammy, you and I and Philo (that was Philo Haskell, the salesman) will have to work mighty spry. We've got to work all day and all night too, *I calculate*.

'And we just exactly did. All that day and all night the old man and Philo and I worked like seventy, re-packing the shelves, putting the most valuable goods front, and filling up the backs with old herse of all sorts. Some shelves had gold watches in front, and cut-nails or tacks in behind, and considerable many were made up all front and no behind at all, like a French retail shop. At last we got done about eight o'clock next morning, and then the old man sent out for some breakfast, gave us a good feed, and told us to look as chirk and lively as we could. And considering that we had been hard at work all night, the advice was very fine to listen to.

'About eleven o'clock, after some business had been done, who should come in but Solomon Rosenberg ? The old man saw him quick enough, but pretended not to look up. By-and-by he turned around, as Rosebug spoke.

'Well, I do declare ; Mr. Rosenberg, who 'd a ever thought o' seeing you here so soon again in Bosting ! Been on to Savanny, hain't you ? Glad to see ye looking so likely. Want to buy again by the shelf I 'spose. No, you can't come that again over *me*. Sell ye by the piece ; well, as much as ye want ; but no more shelving operations here, not by a jugful, *I calculate*.'

'Well, as you may suppose, Rosebug went in strong for the advantages of selling by the shelf, while the old man held off on the other side. Finally the 'Squire gave in, confoundedly slow of course, and agreed to sell *one* shelf — Rosebug to pick out for himself. He selected one full of silver watches — in front. By agreement each marked off his price, and Philo and I took the papers and split the difference.

Then another shelf was sold, and finally half-a-dozen. Finally, Rosebug smelt a rat — he caught a twinkle in the old man's eye or something, and flared up like powder.

'You old rogue! — what the devil is going on now? There's something wrong.'

'Laws a massey!' says the old 'Squire very calm. 'What on airth are ye hollerin' at, Rosebug? Have another shelf, won't ye? What'll ye 'low now for them combs?'

'Without saying a word, Rosebug gave a twitch at a gross of spectacle-cases he had just bought, and brought down the lot bang by the board. All was empty behind. He turned pale, but did n't say much. When he summed up the whole lot, old Green Cheese found that he had made just three thousand dollars by 'selling by the shelf.'

'I remember old Cheese,' said Doctor Fisher. 'He was what the American students in Paris used to call 'a merry cuss' all over, whenever they got hold of a Yankee who was pretty tolerably jolly. Once Cheeseberry was stopping in a little out-of-the-way, sea-side town, somewhere along the coast, and a large ship loaded with pepper was driven in there by stress of weather. The Captain was owner of the cargo, and old Green Cheese begun to bargain with him for the pepper.'

'Well, they traded away, and talked, and whittled, and drank cider-brandy over it for about three days, when all at once the idea struck the Captain that it was very queer for a man living in a little one-horse town of only half-a-dozen houses, to want to buy a whole ship-load of pepper, and he finally asked old Cheese 'what in thunder he wanted of so much pepper?'

'Why,' says old Cheeseberry, talking very slow and whittling away on the edge of a Canil with his knife, 'I'm agoing to use it, I calculate.'

'Use a hull ship-load of pepper?' cried the Captain. 'Well! I never —'

'Why, ye sec, Captain,' says old Cheese, whittling away as sober as a judge, 'I've got a notion of buildin' an everlastin' great lot o' soup-houses all along the coast from Novy Scoshy down to New-Or-leens, and I want that there pepper to season the soup with.'

AND NOW to change the subject. If Mace Sloper had been as 'cute to judge of a woman's mind as Sol. Rosebug was to judge of goods, or if he had as little mistrusted being come over as old Cheese was, he might have been calm and engaged — perhaps — well, long ago. But it takes some time for folks who have got over the first blow of youthful steam to hurry up these matters, especially when 'prudential motives' whisper bolt! But it is a fact, and you may congratulate me. You may catch me by the hand and shake it half off and wish me joy from your very soul; and if you are a young lady, you may offer all sorts of sympathies and wishes, and say every thing you can think of about Mrs. Twiggles, (though you may never have seen her,) and put all sorts of close questions about the courtship, and wooing, and wedding that is to be, though very likely we never spoke more than three words together before; and though you would never have dreamed of being so familiar as to inquire after my brother's health! Love is common property to

the multitude, and engagements and marriages, like prize-fights, do really seem to be more interesting to the lookers-on than to the parties most nearly concerned. Hurrah for the fashions, however, and let's go in with the best if we bust! especially with the ladies, who have just about as good a right as any body to know what's up.

One evening in the last Christmas holidays, it happened to come pass by chancing to take place in the course of human events, that Mrs. Twiggles and I were up at Embury Van Dysen's spending the evening, Hiram and Mrs. Boutard being along. The Van Dysens live in an old-fashioned, comfortable sort of way, among a set of quiet, easy-looking chairs and sofas, which all look as if they had dressing-gowns and slippers on; and gather, after dinner, around a great table, piled up with all the papers and magazines going. They never miss of having half a dozen friends of an evening in the dining-room library, back of the back-parlor, and nobody ever set there three evenings yet before he got to calling old Van Dysen by his fore-name, Elisha, or Mrs. Van, Anne, and was pretty sure to have his own sur-name pretty well dropped; all of which is due to the fact that Mrs. Van D. was a lively Quaker girl when younger, and is n't so old or bad to look at yet, but what she likes drollery and fun, and coquettes a little with the Quaker fashions yet.

Old Van and Hiram were smoking great licks over a box of Operas, and were knee-deep in the Tariff, Guthrie, free wool and sugar. Mrs. Van was sitting with a coat of her husband's on her lap and threading a needle before doing some stitches on it. Amelia was working red sprigs around the edges of a handkerchief, and I, though not naturally 'cute at such operations, was trying to mark out a pattern with a pencil on another handkerchief for Mrs. Boutard, who, in her turn, was building card-houses with the pack which was to figure sooner or later in a game of whist. All at once Mrs. Van looked up and said:

'Lisha, what on earth makes you load your pockets so?'

'Samples, I guess, Anne.'

'Gracious, what a mess!' And here the good lady emptied the samples on to the table. Van is in the wholesale grocer business, and has a way of sticking every thing into his pockets and forgetting it. So that when the samples came out there was a mess of a bunch of raisins, half a pint of mixed rice, tea, and sago, allspice and paper labels, a lead-pencil and eleven nutmegs, three lumps of sugar and a stick of cinnamon, a bit of rock-candy and two crackers, one Bermuda potato, a walnut, and a proof-vial; seventeen grains of coffee, and a small paper bundle, which was found on examination, to contain two new velvet corks, carefully done up for future inspection. Last of all, came several large firm pieces of mace.

'Well, 'Lisha,' said Hiram, 'if any man was to give you a pretty heavy order in the street, you could fill it without sending to the store.'

'Well,' said I, 'I've heard of sinking the ship, but if Elisha were to fall over-board I should think that his shop would be most likely to sink him.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Boutard, rising up in her lively way and sitting high, 'if we only knew what every body had in their pockets, how we should laugh sometimes. I declare *my* husband is the *greatest* man

for such things. Once when he came back from trading I just emptied his pockets one night to see what he had. Such an assortment! A whiskey flask, and a silver crucifix and rosary, a revolver, and three letters from me, tied up together with a Sioux scalp. Now I propose that we all just empty our pockets and show what we 've got,' she continued in her excited harum-scarum way.

'Good,' says Hiram, 'count me in.' And with this he took out a very elegant port-monnaie of immense size, which opened into about two dozen divisions, showing all sorts of conveniences, copartments and competitions for stowing away gold, silver, notes, segars, scissors, tooth-picks, pen-knife, memorandums, and other fix-a-magigs. It was quite like a lady's cab-horse in its amount of furniture. After this came a letter-case; a diamond ring; two opera-tickets; a very fine cambric handkerchief, highly scented with 'Isle of Wight'; a delicate pen-knife; two keys on a gold ring, and the cracker of a whip-lash. His over-coat, on being searched, showed a red billiard-ball, a free admission to some Christian Young Men's arrangement, a card of Mr. Henry Wikoff's, and the daguerreotype of a very beautiful young lady, whom he convinced every body present (but me) was a cousin of his.

'Well,' says Mrs. Boutard, 'I did expect to find some love-letters in your pockets, Mr. Twine, but I suppose you carry them with your bank-notes, in your hat. Now here 's my cargo,' and with this she shook out a piece of white wax; a needle-case; two very much-read letters from her husband; a little Indian money-purse; a spool of silk, and a sugar almond. After this she took a small locket of hair from the purse, and then put it back with a little sigh.

Mrs. Van had n't any pocket in her dress, and Amelia resisted all search. This set Mrs. Van into tip-top excitement, and Mrs. Boutard helped her in having resort to force. We were all jolly, and as Amelia laughed immensely, Mrs. Van, who was strong as a ploughman, held her arms while Madame Boutard did the searching. But Amelia was strong too — if she was strong as she is lovely, Tom Hyer could n't have held her — and she showed uncommon power in the force of resistance.

It was a beautiful sight to see those three good-looking women all getting more and more excited, all wrestling like good fellows, and yet all trying not to be rowdy. It was lovely to see Amelia's hair fall over her splendid flashing eyes, and to see her quick as a wink, brush it back and catch Mrs. Boutard's hand as it was darting into her pocket. It was glorious to see the glorious Boutard with her bob-cherry mouth opening wide as she panted for breath, and her large round black peepers gleaming as if her whole great little soul was up in heroics, struggling like a beautiful wild-cat with a white deer. And it was not less game in its way to see Mrs. Van, who was good for any number of rounds and not to be tired down, coming well up to the scratch, fresh, cool, and in good condition. All very fine indeed.

The hen-fight, however, was soon over. One by one Amelia's treasures came to light. Two or three keys did n't look worth quarrelling about, no more did a half-dollar, a pocket-book, and a gold-pencil. A little bundle of notes would not have excited suspicion, and of course nobody present would offer to look even at the directions. No more was any thing said about a ring found there, or a queer-looking pebble,

or a silk guard-chain. And if Mace Sloper had not been present, they might all have been poured out innocently enough and nobody have been the wiser. And as it was, nobody but Mace *was* the wiser — but on him there came bursting a tremendous tall light, and his heart beat — immensely.

Well, what if those notes *were* some which Amelia had received from me? If she had n't cared a straw for me they might have rolled out and been laughed at, and I might have been told, cool and easy, that 'I really believe that there's a note or two from *you* in that bundle.' Of course — and some women would have said it any how, they could n't have helped carrying it off so. The ring, once joked off on Amelia for a filipeener, could be natural enough in a pocket: the queer pebble which I picked up last summer at Cape May — well that might be accidentally there — so many people have a way of carrying such odds and ends around — and the guard-chain — well, come now, there was a rub there, for I had lost it and hunted for it and could n't find it, and told Amelia so.

The truth was, Amelia is an honest, conscientious woman, with a soul as pure as a diamond, and one all wanting in the handiness of deceit: She blushed at the truth; she was flurried and excited with fun, and hardly knew where things were drifting to. Perhaps when it was just too late she caught the idea that she might have saved herself from being caught by me perhaps, and this has always been the pleasantest thought to Mace Sloper he ever had in his life — she remembered at that instant that a man, whom she thought worth loving, had found out that she treasured up little remembrances of him in that loving sort of way which women never do unless they love — and that, after all, true, honest love is nothing to be ashamed of.

However it might all have been, I know that Mace Sloper would, just at that instant, have gone down on his knees before Amelia, and worshipped her out of his very soul for pure love. There was a cloud out of the way; and quiet, blessed fine weather was coming down like music. Perhaps Amelia felt after a minute as I did, for she did not blush any more, though she sat still. The talk about pockets was turned into something else: three or four more visitors dropped in, and we sprinkled about the great room, and laughed and joked, and by-and-by a card party was started by four of them, and Mrs. Van brought out a great bowl, and made some apple-toddy, according to an ancient Jersey recipe, and all were jolly as clams.

We were sitting by the fire, Amelia and I, talking about one thing and another, calm and common-place, as one might say. And I must say that Amelia never did look so splendid to me before. There are times in a man's life when a woman does look too killingly tempting for thought or words, when she must be had if fifty deaths have to be run through; when she's all and every thing, and more than all and every thing — too delicious to dare to look at — an idea to make the heart palpitate into choking, and reduce every single notion in his head to simply dying or winning her — and so I felt when sitting by the fire with Amelia.

And yet I felt tolerably self-possessed, too, for I had made up my mind, and a man who *REALLY* makes his mind up to have any thing,

mighty seldom misses it. Not one of your 'cute sort, I still took a short cut to *the question*. I picked up from among Van's pile of grocery samples on the table one of the pieces of mace, and with the scissors from Hiram's port-monnaie, I cut it into the shape of a heart.

I shall never forget how Amelia sat at that instant ; how she looked ; how the fire shone in her face ; how super-glorious I thought her.

'Do you like mace ?' said I very gently, most whispering.

'I think that mace is very generally liked,' answered Amelia, in her quiet, pleasant way.

'Well,' said I, 'will you have the heart of Mace ? See — here it is !'

It was a mere child's joke, I knew — a poor pun, perhaps, some will think — not a dignified one, some people will say, who, being smarter than I, can find better ways to tell their thoughts. But as I put my hand over to Amelia's little one, where it lay on the great chair-arm, I thought very little of that, and when the little hand took the MACE HEART from mine, and I saw a deep blush in the cheek, and a tear in the eye, it made very little difference to me whether it was a quibbling joke or not which had put an end to long-waiting, and cares, and more vexing thoughts and troubles, than I ever gave any living man an idea of.

Well, it's all right now ; you may congratulate me — every body's congratulating me — all New-York knows it. Hiram says he knew what was going on all the time up at Van Dyken's t'other night ; but it's part of Hiram's set-up in business, to make out he knows every thing. Every body that ever heard of us, and a great many that never did, have heard all about the engagement, and have settled all the particulars of the wedding, down to the number and price of the bride's stockings, and up to the expense of the orange-flowers, though we don't know ourselves as yet when it will come off. All sorts of men have given me in detail all sorts of particulars as to Amelia's family, her grandfather, great-grandfather, and so on, up as high as you could shoot a Minny rifle-ball. I have been told all about her father, old Captain Briarden ; her husband, who lost so little time in leaving her a widow and some Cincinnati lots, which have risen like fun ; and her uncle, who has been put all right by Hiram. On the other hand, all sorts of Yankees have been forcing down on Amelia all sorts of particulars relative to Mace Sloper ; even a miserable old scamp of a school-master, who did what he could to disgust me as a boy, having, as I most think, really risen from his grave to go to Amelia and make a donkey of himself, by telling her all about my juvenile gimcrackeries. Let 'em rip, it's all paid for. Rather !

Reader, I do hope, from the very bottom of my soul, that you may want something as bad as I wanted Amelia — and get it. I hope that it will be a fine girl, and one worthy of you, for I can't help wishing that every man who has given me his attention, may fare as well in his way as I have done. And of course it must be a lady-love, for nothing else this side the grave is of much of any real account, after all. As for the lady friends, I only hope, from my very soul, that they may all have their own way in every thing, so long as they can find a way to travel, and a pleasant companion to travel with them.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

BY JENNY MARSH.

I.

Go, Old Year, go !
With thy howling blast and drifting snow !
The wasted embers have ceased to glow,
And I tire of listening the clock's slow beat,
And the watchman's cry in the lonely street.
Oh ! why dost thou weary me so ?
Go, Old Year, go !

II.

Go, Old Year, go !
Voices long hushed are whispering low —
Whispering soft of times ago ;
And while thou art with me they will not cease,
Murmuring ever what breaks my peace.
Oh ! why dost thou weary me so ?
Go, Old Year, go !

III.

Come, angola, come !
Shelter my heart in all this gloom,
Draw me in mercy back from the tomb,
That opens before me, and gives to my sight
Each tender bud that hath felt the blight
Of frost and snow.
Go, Old Year, go !

IV.

When thou art gone,
These memories will hush their song,
And my soul arise both brave and strong,
Looking not backward, oh ! no, oh ! no,
Where thou wilt be lying 'neath mantles of snow ;
But onward with faith
That feareth not death.

V.

Go, Old Year, go !
God gave thee in wisdom to me, I know :
His hand hath dealt out thy summer and snow.
I love thee, I bless thee ; but go to the past :
Oh ! would that alone thy sweetness might last !
But it will not be so :
Go, Old Year, go !

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. In Five Volumes, Twelve-mo.
New-York : DIX, EDWARDS AND COMPANY, Park-Place.

THESE five volumes are mainly made up of articles which have heretofore appeared in the pages of PUTNAM's popular 'Monthly : ' there we first saw and read their contents ; but we have not been otherwise favored by the publishers, save in the author's last work, '*Prue and I*,' which is before us. Now, without an opportunity to revise our first impressions, of which we doubt whether there would be any need, we propose at present to condense the opinions of two critics upon the work, both of them adequate to the full performance of their task. Our readers are aware that the '*Nile Notes of a Howadji*,' and '*The Howadji in Syria*,' works of rare interest, both in the character of their incidents, and in their marked simplicity and ease of style, have already been favorably reviewed in the KNICKERBOCKER. The same may be said of '*The Lotus-Eaters*.' Of '*The Potiphar Papers*,' little need was there to say *any* thing. They 'hit the target in the *white*,' and the 'shot' was noised abroad and scanned, and 'Lo ! a true marksman !' was the national verdict. Of Mr. CURTIS's last work, '*Prue and I*,' the first of the two critics whom we have mentioned, says :

'None of Mr. CURTIS's books is, in our judgment, destined to so high a position in literature as the last. As the successive chapters have appeared in '*Putnam*,' we have been more and more convinced that it would take rank as the author's master-piece. It will not likely be so popular as some of the others, but it must win its way to the admiration of a large circle of readers. For subtle and refined fancy, for delicate humor, for a nice appreciation of character, for gorgeous evanescent beauty, as of sunsets fading away into shadowy lands, for graceful ease of manner, for a quiet but tearful pathos, which weaves into the beaming summer garlands of poetry and life a little leaf of rue, and for that best of philosophy, which the heart teaches to the thoughtful mind, when it muses of the contrasted mysteries of our human existence ; it is a composition of surpassing claims, with a great deal of that imaginative charm which fascinates us in HAWTHORNE, it has none of his wierd and preternatural gloom. It is as genial and lambent in the play of its fancies, as the sunshine, though like the sunshine, it is often flecked and darkened by a dance of shadows. That meditative recluse, the

hero of it—the silent, tender, dreaming, white-cravated book-keeper, we find the most exquisite of poets, the tenderest of lovers, the most gorgeous of painters, and the truest of moralists. He has a touch of JACQUES in him, and of old DOBBIN, and of MILES COVERDALE, and of HAROLD SKIMPOL, and of GOLDENRITH's Gentleman in Black, and of Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, of TENNYSON, and of the 'Opium-Eater.' His heart is soft as any woman's; his conscience clear as the crystal lake; while his mind is all a-blaze with a tropical radiance and bloom. How genially he enjoys the dinners which others eat, and how sadly yet healthfully he digests them into an edifying moral! How grandly gleam his Spanish castles, which stand, not like KEATS's, looking on the foam of perilous seas, but large and fair, in a luminous golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but where no gales blow and there are no tempests! How in the reverent and mystic strain of WORDSWORTH himself, he sits by the shore and asks:

'Where is the land to which you ship must go?'

or sails in stately galleons to a more Indian India skirting the Happy Isles, while the sea moans or dances round with many voices! What wonderful spectacles are they bestrid the nose of poor TIMMOTON—having all the virtues of IRVING's spear, DROGNE's lamp, and PROSPERO's wand, and the great Carbuncle, beside a special magic of their own, which the most potent wizards of Fairie might envy! What a motley, chimerical crew, too, is that which navigates the Flying Dutchman; never striking sail, but going ever forward with resistless motion through misty airs; off odorous palm-coast, along polar icebergs, under all temperatures and zones; while the musty decks are crowded with grotesque and ghostly figures; with SALATHIEL, MUNCHAUSEN, Captain SYMMES, and PARACELUS; and Monks looking after the kingdom of PASTER JONK, and gold-hunters of Eldorado, and poets yearning for withered wreaths, and youth roaming eagerly for the Enchanted Islands, or vainly seeking the fountain of oblivion; and a thousand other fantastic characters, who float onward without end toward the impossible bourne! The many-coloring prism of the honest book-keeper shows all these, and more; and while we linger with him in the mighty realm of dreams, we feel that it is not all a dream, but that the inmost truth of life is there whispering to us ever 'the still sad music of humanity.'

In a general estimate of Mr. CURTIS's powers, the reviewer adds: 'We should assign the first rank to his sumptuous and fertile imagination. He is by no means deficient in any of the usual endowments of the artistic nature; possesses a quick sensibility, clear insight, intellectual sagacity and force, a controlling love of beauty, and profound moral sympathies; but all these faculties work in and through the imagination. He sees, he remembers, he reasons, because he first feels. All his thoughts glow; his sentences are almost voluptuous, his words, even, are taken out of an illuminated alphabet. The universe around him is a symbol; the very complement and living type of his internal emotion. He perceives all its forms, he hears all its tones; but those forms are infused with warm red blood, and those tones are jubilant with melodies. Conjoined to this affluence of the sensuous imagination is its 'visionary power of eye and soul,' which, penetrating beyond the shows of things, seizes their subtler essences. Nor is humor wanting, which is but imagination bedewed and softened by homely human love; nor the inseparable accompaniment of humor, a compassionate sadness, by which all the noblest spirits are touched to their finest issues.' Now, if you please, let up present a passage or two from the other *critique* to which we have alluded, which, while it is apparently equally kindly in

spirit, is somewhat more 'out-spoken' in relation to what the reviewer conceives to be the writer's defects :

'Mr. CURTIS's popularity is not owing in the least to the importance of the subjects of which he treats. He takes pains to devote himself to nothing but trifles. He seems to write for the passing hour only ; for that startling but transient applause that expires with the breath that utters it. The volumes before us are mostly made up of articles which have before appeared in well-known magazines, now collected in a more permanent and substantial form, and so, for the time being at least, rescued from that proverbial oblivion which soon settles down upon periodical literature. We do not undervalue this department of letters, nor forget what has been and may be achieved in it. We remember that SYDNEY SMITH, and JEFFREY, and MACKINTOSH, and DE QUINCEY, chose the same path to fame. But all these handled great subjects in earnest ; they discussed themes suited to their great intellects, and which taxed their highest powers ; and they left their mark accordingly upon politics, literature, religion, or whatever else they touched. But our author takes up nothing too heavy or too serious to amuse the idle hours of the mind : he entertains us after dinner ; he tickles the fancy, without ever touching the heart ; he furnishes an excellent dessert after a full feast of reason, but never satisfies the hungry mind. We read the last page and lay down the book, delighted doubtless, but still with the notion that we have been reading nothing after all. Thousands and tens of thousands eagerly devour his productions, but we regard that man as a decided rarity who has ever read the same thing of his a second time. Should he pursue something higher than he has yet attempted, we do not venture a doubt of his corresponding success ; we are considering only what he has thus far done.

'Again : Mr. CURTIS has not shown that he possesses any great creative genius ; any high degree of imagination, properly so called. He is very successful in his sketches of men and manners that have come under his own observation. The characters he presents are exact representations, without modification, of the characters he has met in society. He is evidently a man of keen perception, with senses all wide awake. . . . And then, too, he possesses a genial humor, and a vein of quiet sentiment, sometimes a little sickly, to be sure, but in the main singularly wholesome. His writings bear the marks of an unruffled temper and a peaceful spirit, and their moral tone is as pure as the style of their composition. It cannot be said that his words are ever the channel of a deep flow of feeling ; it is a shallow current always, never by any chance welling up from the depths of the soul, and so nobody would think of reading him in the same day with CHARLES LAMB, whose big heart bulges out on every page that he writes ; but still the reader falls quietly in with his pleasing humor, and almost every palate relishes his fanciful conceits. He speaks always like a man who is blessed with a clean conscience and a glorious digestion ; and knowing him only by his works, we yet venture to guess that he has always been on pleasant terms with fortune, has met with no reverses, or crosses, or struggles, and has never been in a situation, or had an opportunity to exert himself to the utmost and show how much he can do. We cannot read his productions without feeling that there is some reserved force in him—a power not yet developed—which time may call out. He accomplishes all that he aims at ; but we only regret that he does not aim at something higher and grander. We wish that, like GOLDSMITH, he would write 'to extol virtue and to expose vice ;' like DICKENS, to undermine some social evil and work out some moral reform ; in a word, that he would labor with an earnest purpose for some practical good ; for that same power of fascination by which he charms us when he treats of trifles, would make itself felt in more important issues.

'Mr. CURTIS has been accused of sporting a borrowed satire, but we do not think the charge made out. If his satire were borrowed from THACKERAY it would be much more pungent and severe. It can hardly be called an imitation. Compared with the caustic in which THACKERAY dips his pen, it is like a serpent that has lost its fangs. So harmless and amiable is it, that it must sometimes make even its victims laugh ; and we believe that the *Potiphar Papers*, in which this feature is more prominent than anywhere else in his works, find their most numerous and admiring readers in that very class of society whose eccentricities and follies they are designed to expose. He chastises soundly, but nevertheless with a friendly hand.'

Well, KNICKERBOCKER jurors, you have heard the case. You are to dismiss from your minds all idea that Mr. CURTIS is either a SCOTT or a DICKENS. Who ever said he *was*? And whether he merely 'skims the superficies' or not, is not the question at all. When you retire to deliberate, before bringing in your verdict, remember the old Latin truth : *In medio tutissimus ibis*. Don't be influenced by either of the 'learned counsel.'

You will bear in mind that the learned gentleman who 'closes for the people,' admits that our author may boast 'an illustrious career: at an age when most authors hardly begin to be known by their works, his reputation is wide-spread.' You will consider how he could have *gained* this reputation. The jury will now retire; being careful not to converse with any one upon the subject of the books which have been under review before us. This court (D. V.) will convene again on the first of March ensuing.

THE YOUNG YAGERS: OR A NARRATIVE OF HUNTING ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA. By Captain MAYNE REID, Author of 'The Boy-Hunters,' 'Desert Home,' etc. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

CAPTAIN REID has become famous for his graphic descriptions of scenes similar to those with which the pages of this book abound. He paints with a 'rich brush,' it is true; but we are not thence to infer that his limnings are not as faithful as they are picturesque. Children, we find, do wonderfully enjoy his sketches. Out of the many passages which we pencilled as we read, and where our pencil gave out, thumb-nailed and dog's-eared, we find our extracts limited to but one; and that far from being the most interesting of those we had indicated, although the most convenient for our purpose. When our lady-readers bethink themselves of ostrich-feathers, and 'the boys' of ostrich-eggs, let them remember in connection therewith the following: a description of the manner in which 'the old cock of the walk' (and 'tall walking' is the ostrich-style altogether) was decoyed by a wily native sportsman:

'The elevation enabled them not only to see the nest, for that was visible from the ground, but the surface of the plain to a considerable distance beyond. They would thus be enabled to note every movement either SWARTBOY or the ostriches should make.

'Now it has been stated that within a circle of five hundred yards radius from the nest, there was no cover that would have concealed a cat. With the exception of a stone here and there—none of them larger than a quarter loaf—the sandy surface was perfectly smooth and level as a table.

'The boys had noticed this in the morning; HENDRIK and GROOT WILLEM had taken good notice of it, for they, as well as SWARTBOY, had thought of 'waylaying' the ostriches on their return, but had given up the idea, from the fact of there being no cover to conceal them from the eyes of the wary birds.

'But just outside the circumference mentioned, there was a chance of cover—a bush that by tight squeezing might have sheltered the body of a man. Both HENDRIK and GROOT WILLEM had seen this bush, but on account of its great distance from the nest they had never thought of its being used as a cover. Five hundred yards off—it might as well have been five miles. Even had it been on the side by which the ostriches had gone off, and by which they, the hunters, conjectured they would return, the bush might have served. A shot might have been obtained as the birds came back to the nest. But it was not on that side—on the very opposite—and in the direction of the camp. Neither HENDRIK nor GROOT WILLEM had entertained the idea of lying behind it.

'SWARTBOY had; and to this bush now repaired SWARTBOY as straight as he could go. For what purpose? To conceal himself behind it, and wait for the ostriches. That was his design.

'But what would his arrows avail—poisoned as they were—at the distance of five hundred yards? Ah! SWARTBOY knew what he was about. Let us record his movements in the words of KLAAS and JAN, who watched them narrowly.

'SWARTBOY has reached the bush,' reported JAN; 'he lays down his bow and arrows beside it. Now he has gone away from it. He is proceeding in a straight line toward the nest. He has the fox with him. See! he stops again—a little beyond the bush he has halted—between it and the nest, but nearer the bush.'

'Very near the bush,' said KLAAS; 'not twenty yards from it, I'm sure.'

"Well, what does he do there?" demanded HENDRIK. "He appears to be stooping?"
 "He is stooping," replied JAN. "Let me see! He's got the fox in his hands, he is placing it on the ground! He has left it! I declare, it is standing by itself, as if it were alive!"

"It's very clear what he intends by that," said HANS; "I can understand now how he means to get the birds within range."

"And I!" rejoined HENDRIK.

"And I!" echoed GROOT WILLEM.

"Now," continued JAN, "he's going on to the nest; he has reached it, and is walking round and round, and stooping and kicking with his feet. I can't tell what he is about; can you, KLAAS?"

"I think," replied KLAAS, "he's trying to cover up the broken shells we left there."

"Oh! that's exactly it!" said JAN. "See! he's stooping over the nest, he has lifted an egg in his hand!"

"It is to be remembered that only the fresh eggs were brought away in the morning. Those in the nest that had undergone hatching were of course let alone—all except one or two, that had been broken to 'try' them."

"He's coming back this way," said JAN. "He has the egg in his hand! Now he has put it down right under the snout of the fox!"

"Ha! ejaculated HANS, GROOT WILLEM, and HENDRIK, 'how cunning of old SWART!'"

"Now," continued JAN, "he's back to the bush: and now he's squatted down behind it."

"After a little while both KLAAS and JAN announced that SWARTBOY was making no further movements, but continued to lie quietly."

"Now the secret of SWARTBOY's strategy lay in his knowledge of a fact in natural history—a knowledge of the antipathy that exists between the ostrich and the egg-eating fox. SWARTBOY's experience had taught him the habits of the fennec, and also the hostile feeling of the ostrich toward this enemy. So strong is this feeling on the part of the bird, that whenever it sets its eye upon one of these creatures it will run directly toward it, for the purpose of destroying it. On such occasions the speed of the quadruped will not save it. Unless its burrow be nigh, or some thick bush or cleft among the rocks offer it a shelter, a single kick from the legs of the mighty bird at once puts an end to its prowling existence."

"SWARTBOY knew all this, and for that reason had he set his decoy. Conspicuously placed, the birds would be sure to see it; and with their nest half-plundered, and one of the eggs still under its very nose, they would not be slow in coming up to take revenge upon the poor fennec, the supposed robber, and to them well-known burglar."

"The ostriches are coming!" cried the sharp-sighted JAN, after a long pause.

"Where?" asked KLAAS. "I do n't see them yet. Where, JAN?"

"Yonder," replied JAN. "Beyond the nest, far off."

"Oh! now I see!" said KLAAS; "just the way they went off in the morning; three of them—a cock and two hens—they are the same, I suppose."

"Now they are getting up near the nest," reported JAN; "now they are up to it. See them! What are they doing? they are running about in a terrible way. See! their heads move up and down; they are striking with their legs. What are they about?"

"I think," rejoined KLAAS—"I declare I think they are *breaking the eggs*."

"Not a doubt of it," remarked HANS. "That is always their way when they return and find the nest disturbed either by a human being or an animal. No doubt that is what they are at."

HENDRIK and GROOT WILLEM confirmed this statement by their assent.

"Oh!" exclaimed JAN, "they have left the nest; they are coming this way; they are coming toward SWARTBOY; how fast they run! Hey! they are upon the fennec! Ho! they have kicked it over! See, they are pecking it with their bills, and knocking it about like a foot-ball. Hurrah! such a jolly game as is going on yonder!"

"What is old SWART doing, any how? They're near enough for a shot."

"He's doing something," answered KLAAS. "I'm sure I saw him move. Did he not draw his bow yonder?"

"He did," replied JAN; "he has let off an arrow. I saw his arms move suddenly. See, the ostriches are off again. Ho! they are quite gone!"

"It was not so, however; for, although the three ran off on hearing the twang of the Bushman's bow, they did not run far. After going some quarter of a mile or so, the cock began to droop his wings and run around in circles, the hens all the while following. His movements now became of a very eccentric kind, and it was plain that SWARTBOY's arrow had pierced him, and the poison was doing its work. The bird reeled like a drunken man, once or twice fell to its knees, rose again, ran on a piece farther, flapping its wings, and vibrating its long neck from side to side; and then, staggering forward, fell upon the plain!"

For several minutes it continued to flutter, kicking out with its strong limbs, and

raising the dust as if it had been a buffalo. At length its struggles ceased, and it lay motionless upon the sand.

'The two hens still continued near, and from their actions, were evidently both surprised and alarmed. They did not, however, attempt to run off, until SWARTBOY, knowing they were far beyond the reach of his bow, rose up from his ambush, and walked toward them. Then both took to their heels, and scouring off over the plain, were soon out of sight.

'KLAAS and JAN now reported that SWARTBOY was stooping over the dead cock, and, as they believed, skinning him.

'That was exactly what SWARTBOY was doing, for about an hour after he came into camp carrying the skin upon his shoulders.'

As cunning as a 'SWARTBOY' might well be substituted in that region for 'as cunning as a fox,' it strikes us, with no small propriety. (Well printed and fairly illustrated.)

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. With an Account of the EMPEROR'S Life after his Abdication. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In three volumes: pp. 1847. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPKSON AND COMPANY.

It is a little singular what a procreative faculty good books have, in reproducing their kind. This is especially true of historical works; and in the books of none of our honored and world-wide popular authors is this fact more apparent than in the labors of Mr. WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. The valuable contribution to the world's history, now before us, would have slept in the dusty recesses of Simancas, had not our author's *previous studies* made him familiar with his subject, and brought into his possession a large body of authentic documents relating to it. And these documents actually form the basis of a chapter on the monastic life of CHARLES, at the close of the first book of PHILLIP the Second, heretofore noticed in these pages; 'although written in the summer of 1851, more than a year previous to the publication of Mr. STELLING's admirable work, which led the way in the series of brilliant productions relating to the cloister-life of CHARLES.' Mr. PRESCOTT has made the authentic records which he derived from Simancas the foundation of his narrative; freely availing himself, at the same time, of the labors of his predecessors, wherever they have thrown light on his path from sources not within his reach. Mr. PRESCOTT intimates that he may have wearied his reader by extending his work to so great a length: his publishers will find how much he is mistaken, even in the supposition. Mr. IRVING had a similar thought, in relation to the unexpected extension of his 'Life of WASHINGTON;' but that 'fault' was everywhere most cordially welcomed by the public. The era and the events here treated of, are of the most marked interest; and they are treated in *Mr. Prescott's style*. It was during the administration of the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, that the powers of Europe were formed into one great political system, in which each took a station, wherein it has since remained, with less variation than could have been expected, after the shocks occasioned by so many internal revolutions, and so many foreign wars. The age of CHARLES the Fifth, therefore, was really the age at which the political state of Europe began to assume a

new form. Numerous biographers describe his personal qualities and actions, while the historians of different countries relate occurrences, the consequences of which were local or transient; but here we have the record of those great transactions in his reign, the effects of which were universal, and continued to be permanent.

With the foregoing brief and imperfect reference to this most excellent and carefully-prepared work, we pass the volumes to the consideration of our readers: satisfied that they will find good reason to compare favorably their own deliberate judgment with our 'first impression.' The work (as might well be expected at the hands of the publishers) is exceedingly well executed. The first volume is truly 'embellished' with a portrait of the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, by the great TITIAN.

PLAYS AND POEMS BY GEORGE H. BOKER. In two volumes: pp. 924. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE following tribute to the genius of the author of these two exceedingly handsome volumes, proceeds, Mr. WILLIS of '*The Home Journal*,' informs us, from the pen of one 'who stands in the front rank of our country's poets, and is an equally rare critic.' *Such* commendation is 'worthy praise, worthily bestowed.'

'I HAVE just finished reading what you, probably, have not seen yet — the new edition of 'BOKER'S Plays and Poems.' I suppose you have not seen them, because I have an advance copy in sheets. If you have, however, and have found time to read them, I am sure you will agree with me in thinking the collection one of the finest ever issued in America. I say this advisedly, and upon reflection. I am not in the habit, as you know, of going into ecstasies over our American poets; but BOKER surprises and delights me. I am surprised at his dramatic faculty, his skill in managing a plot, and his insight into the workings of the human heart; and I am delighted with his poetry. He is a poet and a dramatist of the first order; not like BROWNING, whose strength lies in strangeness and mystery, but more like the dramatists of the age of ELIZABETH, say BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. The *story* of his plays (I use the word 'story' for want of a better word) is such as they would have chosen, and his manner of treatment is similar to theirs. He has their ease and grace, their courtesy and good-breeding. His sentiments are refined and practical, his diction is fluent and felicitous; his subjects belong to that class which the critics have christened romantic. There, too, he resembles the older dramatists, and not the moderns. I cannot, at present, stop to hunt up the antithesis of the romantic, or I would apply it to our modern drama. Permit me, then, to call it *promic* or vulgar. Neither of these expressions are exact, but they will answer at a pinch. To *feel* what I mean, read a play by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, and then read one by SHERIDAN KNOWLES or BULWER. The scene of both shall be laid in France or Italy; the characters of both shall be noble and high-born — lords, ladies, or whatever you will. There shall be no difference in 'the properties,' but there will be a world of difference in the effect. You will not remember the modern play, although it may please you at the time; the old play may not altogether

please you, but you will remember it. The one belongs to the present — the vulgar present; the other to the past — the romantic past. BOKER's plays impress me in the closet as much as they did on the stage, only they seemed more beautiful. I saw '*The Betrothal*,' when it was first brought out: it was an episode of happiness and love — a dream of Italy. I saw '*Leonor de Guzman*' when that was brought out; it was a tragedy of hate and revenge — a stormy glimpse of Spain. Then I saw '*Francesca di Rimini*,' another Italian dream; and it melted me to tears. I said to myself when I saw '*The Betrothal*,' 'BOKER is a beautiful poet.' Then I said: 'BOKER is a noble dramatist.' That was after '*Leonor de Guzman*.' After '*Francesca di Rimini*,' I rang the changes on 'grand,' and 'splendid,' and 'magnificent,' linking them to poet, and dramatist, and I knew not what beside. I thought I was right then; I know so now. BOKER is the best dramatist in America. I would say in England, too; but my knowledge of the English drama of to-day is too limited for me to speak decisively on that point. But this I will say, I do not believe there is a finer dramatist now living in England. I would say something here of BOKER's excellence as a poet; but I want to give you a chance to do him justice in that respect. I am sure you will be charmed with his poems: they are strong and beautiful.'

CYCLOPÆDIA OF MODERN TRAVEL: A Record of Adventure, Exploration, and Discovery, for the past Fifty Years. Prepared and Arranged by BAYARD TAYLOR. In one volume: pp. 987. Cincinnati: MOORE, WILSTACH, KETS AND COMPANY: New-York: HENRY W. LAW, Number 310 Broadway.

THIS large and well-executed volume, which is liberally illustrated with maps and engravings, was an exceedingly happy thought; nor could its preparation have been committed to better hands than those of our old friend BAYARD TAYLOR, whose *own* extensive travels, by the way, were he not as modest as he is energetic and enterprising, might well have been included, in synopsis, in the work which comprises the narratives of the most distinguished travellers since the beginning of this century. The remarks of the compiler in his introduction, are equally true and forcible:

'THE present century is emphatically an age of exploration and discovery. At no period since the days of COLUMBUS and CORTES has the thirst for exploring new lands been more active and universal than now. One by one the outposts of barbarism are stormed and carried; advanced parallels are thrown up, and the besieging lines of knowledge, which, when once established, can never be re-taken, are gradually closing round the yet unconquered mysteries of the globe. Modern exploration is intelligent, and its results are therefore positive and permanent. The traveller no longer wanders bewildered in a cloud of fables, prepared to see marvels, and but too ready to create them: he tests every step of the way by the sure light of science, and his pioneer trail becomes a plain and easy path to those who follow. The pencil, the compass, the barometer, and the sextant accompany him; geology, botany, and ethnology are his aids; and by these helps and appliances, his single brain now achieves results which it would once have required an armed force to win. . . . In the accuracy of their observations, the travellers of modern times are preëminently distinguished. It is no longer the testimony of a pair of eyes which is offered to us; it is also the confirmation of instruments as unerring as natural laws, which photograph for us the climate, the conformation, the scenery, and the inhabitants of distant lands. Mountains have been measured, and the enormous abysses of the ocean sounded; maps are no longer as un-

meaning plane surface, but the central plateaus of continents, and the terraces of mountain ranges take their proportionate levels; coast-lines, which formerly displayed but the imperfect resemblance of a child's attempt at drawing, have now the clear and certain outline, the perfect profile of an artist's hand, and every feature in the panorama of our globe is growing into new and beautiful distinctness. These vast results are exclusively the product of our own day. HUMBOLDT, the founder of Physical Geography, still lives to rejoice over the discoveries of each successive year; AGASSIZ, who has arranged the geographical distribution of the animal kingdoms, and MAURY, who has sketched the inequalities of the beds of oceans, ascertained their currents, and organized the apparent chaos of the winds, live among us; while a host of co-workers, in all parts of the world, are daily contributing materials toward the perfection of those grand systems which attest the supremacy of Man over the material universe, and the majesty of that DIVINE WINDOW to which the order of creation moves.

'A comparison of the maps which we now possess with those of fifty years ago, will best illustrate the achievements of modern exploration. Within that time all the principal features of the geography of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions, from Bokhara and the Oxus to the Chinese Wall; the half-known river systems of South-America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the North-Western Passage, the *ignis-fatuus* of nearly two centuries, is at last found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors; the course of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping. The Mountains of the Moon, sought for through two thousand years, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of the great kingdom of Bornou; EYRE, LEICHHARDT, and STURT have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have explored the frozen shores of Northern Siberia, and descended from Irkoutak to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked, and are fast tumbling down; and the canvas-screens which surrounded Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal features in the progress of modern discovery. What half-century, since the form of the earth, and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?'

Mr. TAYLOR has well carried out his design in the work, which was to present a compact, and, as far as possible, a complete and satisfactory view of these results. No similar work of the kind has yet been undertaken. It possesses permanent value as a book of reference, and yet is sufficiently popular in its arrangement to interest the great mass of readers, who desire something more than a dry detail of facts, and yet something, the cost of which shall not be beyond their reach. The book is confined to works of travel and exploration by land: and even with this limit, the richness of the writer's materials proved his principal difficulty. As it is, however, he gives fifty-five narratives, which, in their original form of publication, embraced ninety volumes, many of which had been long out of print, several had never been re-published in this country, and a few had not even been translated into English. In fact, very few distinguished names have been omitted. The cuts with which the work is illustrated are all taken from the original publications. The maps were especially prepared for the purpose, and add materially to the interest of the narratives to which they are prefixed. Fine portraits of distinguished travellers, beautifully engraved, form an appropriate frontispiece to the title-page. We predict for this 'Cyclopædia of Travel' an immediate and permanent success.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE-TIME: OR MEN AND THINGS I HAVE SEEN. In a Series of Familiar Letters to a Friend: Historical, Biographical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive. By S. G. GOODRICH. In two volumes: pp. 554. New-York: MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN.

It would be quite without the bounds of probability, that PETER PARLEY could write a dull book. PETER PARLEY!—mention but his very name, and how the ears of the little people prick up! A new book from his pen, to *them*, is as eagerly sought for as was each successive 'Waverley Novel,' as it appeared, to 'children of larger growth.' And in perusing the volumes on our table, we have been confirmed in an opinion, more than once before expressed in this Magazine, that he who can write acceptably *for children*, has that within him which *must* enable him to write to the edification of persons of more mature years. 'Mr. GOODRICH,' as has been well, and with perfect truthfulness, remarked, by a contemporary reviewer, 'although a youthful-looking gentleman, is sixty-two years of age: (do n't believe it!) and in the half century covered by his recollections, he has seen more than most men would see in twice that time. He has been famous in his way. In all the world there is no other individual who has published so many volumes, or done so much in the capacity of an author to govern the character and intelligence of the living age. As 'PETER PARLEY,' he is renowned on all the Continents. But his best title to an enduring reputation will be found in these personal memories, the most natural, genial, and entertaining that have appeared in this country since FRANKLIN'S. Mr. GOODRICH has almost a daguerreian minuteness of agreeable description, and every body who has been familiar with the country life of New-England during the first half of this century will recognize the singular fidelity of his delineations. On this subject, indeed, his work will always be held in the highest estimation by competent critics. Simple, earnest, genuine. Every appreciative reader will perceive at a glance that the serious or gay experience of Connecticut, of 'the central flowery kingdom' of Yankeedom, is displayed in it just as it is, or as it was before railroads led so generally to the destruction of our local characteristics. Mr. GOODRICH'S father was a Congregational clergyman at Ridgefield, one of the most pleasant nurse-towns in Connecticut, and he lived here until he was fifteen. The outlines of his subsequent career, as publisher, author, legislator, traveller, Consul of the United States at Paris, etc., etc., are pretty well known. His personal qualities and the circumstances in which he has been placed, have made him acquainted with a great number of the leading men of his time, both abroad and at home, and his intelligent observation and skill in portraiture, have enabled him to introduce them to us in such a manner that we feel almost as familiar with their presence and idiosyncrasies as he is himself. His anecdotes are fresh, and excellently told, and his reminiscences of American literature and art—such as he alone could give us—are sympathetic, interesting, and judiciously written.' Another journal observes: 'PETER PARLEY is the author and editor of one hundred and seventy volumes, of which over seven millions have been sold! He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and made, perhaps, the acquaintance of more persons of prominence, and become

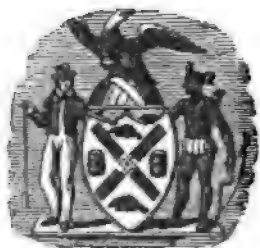
familiar with more important facts and incidents, both at home and abroad, than any other American.' The literary critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal observes: 'Mr. GOODRICH has had a remarkable and interesting career. As an author and editor, he has published no less than one hundred and seventy volumes, the sales of which amount to the enormous number of seven millions of copies. He was a private soldier in the war of 1812 with England. He was a close observer of the proceedings of the Hartford Convention, and was personally acquainted with most of its members. He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and was a witness of the French Revolution of 1848, and of the *coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLEON. With the variety of anecdote, incident, and description introduced in this work, by such a master of pleasant narrative style as PETER PARLEY, it cannot fail to present great and various attractions.' We have but a word to add to this: and that is, that 'PETER PARLEY' has so well foreseen, that a book to be a book, must be a book in a 'good book's clothing,' that he has taken good care (in which carefulness he has been laudably emulated by his publishers) to have his volumes appear before the public in their proper guise. The engravings some how (with exceptions) seem the *débris* of a chaos of 'cuts.'

AUTUMNAL LEAVES: TALES AND SKETCHES IN PROSE AND RHYME. By L. MARIA CHILDE. In one volume: pp. 363. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

THE name of a popular author oftentimes secures a wide sale for a new book from his pen. In like manner, the reputation of a well-established publisher secures confidence, and thence reputation. It may well be said of Messrs. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, however, that they have not so much sought the public favor as that they have commanded it; and the PUBLIC have bought because they could n't help it. Good books bring good customers; and a good variety of good books bring a good many of them. This is our first essay in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER upon 'political economy' and the 'course of trade;' but MESSRS. FRANCIS can bear us out in the correctness of our 'premises.' We have seen no better children's books than those published by this house the present season; their standard works, also, are of the best class; while their selections for publication in general literature are almost invariably characterized by good taste and sound judgment. The last volume which we have received from their press is the one whose title is given above. Several of the articles which it contains appeared in various periodicals ten or twelve years ago; the remainder were recently written. They are characterized by great simplicity and vigor of language, much picturesqueness of description, and abundant natural feeling. With such qualities, it is not at all surprising that many of these papers should have attained a wide popularity. We commend, especially, as examples of touching pathos, 'The Rival Mechanicians' and 'The Emigrant Boy.' 'The Man that Killed his Neighbors' is a capital story, with a capital title, and an excellent moral. These 'Autumnal Leaves' are well 'impressed' upon large clear types and good paper.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Festival of Saint Nicholas.



THE sixth of December, sacred to the SOUS OF SAINT NICHOLAS as the natal day of their Patron Saint, was duly honored and celebrated by the festivities usual to the time and occasion. The Society met for the transaction of business and the installation of its officers elect at the Metropolitan Hotel. This ceremony was effectively and gracefully performed by Mr. JOHN D. VAN BUREN, after which the Society adjourned to the dining-hall of the Hotel to partake of the elegant dinner which, under the direction of the Stewards, the proprietors had provided for the occasion.

The chair was occupied by the President of the Society, JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, supported on either side by the Representatives of the Sister Benevolent Societies, and other invited guests. In the absence of the chaplains, Grace was most feelingly and eloquently said by Dr. BRADLE, one of the Physicians of the Society.

Before introducing the Regular Toasts for the evening, the President addressed the Society, thanking them for the honor of his reflection, and congratulating them on the recurrence of the day. He reminded them of the debt of gratitude due to their ancestors, freest of the old nations of the world, whose principles were the foundation of the liberty we enjoyed; principles which he trusted would be as lasting as the Republic under which we live. He alluded in eloquent terms to the losses the Society had sustained by death, more particularly in the decease of two of its most distinguished and shining lights, Chief-Justice JONES and OGDEN HOFFMAN, unequalled ornaments of the Bar and of society, and whose attachment and devotion to the Society of Saint NICHOLAS knew no bounds.

He concluded by offering as a sentiment:

'OUR SOCIETY, OUR CITY, AND OUR UNION.'

Before giving the Regular Toasts, the PRESIDENT noticed Letters of Regret from Ex-President MARTIN VAN BUREN, the Chaplains of the Society, Dr. BETHUNE, The Netherlands Chargé at Washington, Lieutenant-General SCOTT, Commander BIGLOW of the Navy, Major BACKUS of the Army, the Presidents of the French, Ger-

man, and Saint DAVID's Societies. He then called on them to fill to the First Regular Toast.

The Toasts were as follows :

'1. SAINT NICHOLAS : The Patron Saint of Cosmopolitan New-York. Music : *'My-Aeer Van Donck.'*

'2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music : *'Presidents' March.'*

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music : *'Governor's March.'*

'4. THE ARMY AND NAVY : The land and sea, alike attest their valor and their worth. Music : *'Star Spangled Banner.'*

'5. OUR FATHERLAND : Generations henceforth shall call her blessed ; she taught us Union and Independence, the grand principles of Constitutional Liberty, developed by the United Provinces, and established by the United States. Music : *'Home, Sweet Home.'*

'6. NEW-AMSTERDAM : The Hollanders laid its foundation ; all lands contribute to the glorious superstructure. Music : *'Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen,'* and *'Yankee Doodle.'*

'7. THE UNION : Be it perpetual. *'Eendracht maakt magt.'* Music : *'Hail Columbia.'*

'8. THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN : Their love the sceptre that we acknowledge ; their will our law. Music : *'Green grow the rushes oh !'*

'9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES : Links of the sacred chain which charity flings around our people. Saint NICHOLAS offers a golden clasp, with his blessing. Music : *'We're a Band of Brothers.'*

To the First Toast, Mr. JOHN D. VAN BUREN responded

'MR. PRESIDENT AND BROTHERS : Saint NICHOLAS is with us to-night. Our merry Saint is here among his children, as he is always at this yearly family dinner. But not so merry as he is wont to be. Saint NICHOLAS mourns. He mourns a favorite son. He greets us as usual with a smile ; but his smile, this year, is mixed of joy and sadness. Glad to see his children again about his table, this very meeting reminds him afresh of one who is not here ; of one who was his favorite son and our favorite brother ; of one who was always faithful to these family gatherings ; of one who was the life of our family circle ; of one to whose presence we, his brethren, looked chiefly for the joy and the pleasure of these meetings. To-night he is not here. He will be here no more.

'It is good, we are told, sometimes to go to the house of mourning. So Saint NICHOLAS himself — our own merry, gay, light-hearted Saint — bids us to-night, at this his festival of mirth, to give a little time to sadness. Since our last dinner, we have undergone a heavy loss. Every man here feels his share in that loss. A loss such as cannot, to this Society, be made up. We have lost OGDEN HOFFMAN. When his death was made known, every man among us felt bereaved. For he was, to every one of us, an object of love and of pride. He loved the Society and all that belonged to it : and all who belonged to it loved him. He was our pride. The foremost orator of all New-York, we claimed him as our own. Proudly do we still call to mind the dinner given to the native Dutchmen of the Prince of Orange frigate, at which he, our chosen chief, presided, and at which he, with DANIEL WEBSTER at his side, out-did, as on such an occasion he could do, that great master of eloquence. Well might we take pride in him. When he sat in that chair he filled it, filled it to its utmost fullness. He seemed born for the place. He was a born chief of the Saint NICHOLAS Society. Chosen our leader, put at our head, in outward show by our will, he sat there, in fact, by right of birth. In name a President, he was, in that chair, as he himself once said in merry mood, in deed a king. And as we took pride in him, so did he take pride in us. How he loved, half in mirth but more than half in earnest, to tell over the names of those who had been taken from among us for important posts of public life ! And if he had lived till this night, we should have heard his rich voice here, ringing through this hall, exulting that the people of the State of New-York have taken one of our chosen Kings to be their Governor.

'I did not rise, Mr. PRESIDENT, to speak over his memory any vulgar eulogium. I do not mean, as is too commonly done with the dead, to claim for him all the virtues

of man, and to allow him none of man's faults. I respect his memory too much to ascribe to him any such stale perfection. He was a man. With man's imperfections In all history, we read of but one perfect *MAN*; and He was more than man. *OGDEN HOFFMAN* was a man like other men. He claimed to be no more when living. I shall claim no more for him dead. Such as he was, we loved him.

'And on his part, there shone from his face a warm, rich love for his kind, that drew all men to him; a face that spoke of a great soul within, struggling with overflowing love. He was not perfect. Like the rest of us, he had, no doubt, his faults. But he had that in him which not all of us have; he had that in him which, we are told on the highest authority, makes up for many faults — he loved much.

'*Saint NICHOLAS* commends to you all *THE MEMORY OF OGDEN HOFFMAN*.'

In solemn silence the Society rose and remained standing, while the band played a dirge.

The Fourth Toast was responded to by Commander *PERRY*. He did not intend to make a speech, but as the only officer of the Navy present, he could not permit the Toast to pass in silence. He was gratified to acknowledge a compliment to the Army and Navy coming from the Society — the descendants of those who had always been celebrated in naval history, and whose Navy still held the high character which at one time had made it supreme on the seas. Its officers were courteous, skilful, and brave, and would bear comparison with any service in the world, and he knew of no enemy harder to deal with than a Dutch national vessel of equal force. He offered as a Toast:

'*HONOR AND PROSPERITY TO THE NAVY OF THE NETHERLANDS*.'

To the Fifth Toast *Mr. BOGERT* responded. He observed that there was accorded to him the privilege of replying to a Toast consecrated in the memory of centuries, the principles and recollections embodied in which, he cherished as men cherish their life-blood. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, an Albany Dutchman, but no stranger to *Saint NICHOLAS*; he had met them before. At the princely entertainment given by the Society to the officers of the Dutch Frigate *Prins Van Orange*, when *HOFFMAN* was their presiding officer; when the mighty *WEBSTER* was present at his side, designated by their no less eloquent President as the Kohinoor of the jewels that adorned his country's crown; he who, for the last time in public, had that night lifted his voice in grateful homage to Holland for the lessons in civil and religious liberty she had taught us, and whose achievements in science and scholarship were unsurpassed at the present day. There was a homely proverb, often used in ridicule and ignorance: The Dutch have taken Holland. The Dutch did take Holland, and it would require something to take Holland, too, for she fights the sea. *Mr. B.* continued in a strain of impassioned eloquence, which riveted the close attention of all present, and concluded by offering as a Toast:

'*ONE PEOPLE, ONE WIFE, ONE COUNTRY, ONE DESTINY*.'

The Sixth Toast was appropriately and eloquently responded to by *Mr. J. W. BECKMAN*.

The *PRESIDENT* prefaced the Last Toast with a few words to the Representatives of the several Benevolent Societies, addressing each in turn, and bidding them a cordial welcome to the Festive Board of *Saint NICHOLAS*.

Mr. FOWLER, President of *Saint GEORGE*, responded. He felt sure that the President of *Saint NICHOLAS* would not hesitate to admit that he was always ready to pay him the highest mark of deference and respect, as under the patronage of one of the choicest Saints of the calendar. He felt more than ordinary pleasure in

appearing once more as the representative of Saint GEORGE, though he did not know but that he was barred by the statute of limitation; for twice six years had elapsed since he had had the honor of attending their *levees*. His absence had been very protracted. In the long interval many changes had taken place. Young men had become old. Some had been married; some had remained in the selfish state of single blessedness. In this allusion (turning to the PRESIDENT) he felt that he was treading on delicate ground. He would soften it as much as possible. Although he (the President) had advanced in years, he had also advanced in all those attractive social virtues for which his ancestors were remarkable. In giving a parting toast to a parting speech, he would say, that every member of this Society in himself, in his character illustrates the character of his city, his State, and his country, and he hoped that every son of Saint NICHOLAS, when called away, may leave behind him a track of light as will illumine the Saint under whose banners they were assembled. Mr. F. gave as a Toast:

'THE SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: Though the youngest members of our social and sacred ALLIANCE, Saint GEORGE greets them as faithful, gallant, and effective Allies.'

Mr. JOHNSON, Vice-President of Saint ANDREW'S, next responded. He thanked them for the compliment Saint ANDREW had received. He represented a Society, many of whose sons were united in lineage as they were by the ties of charity, with the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS. The only special intimation he had received from his Saint was to take care of his pipe. He knew not exactly why, but the only reason he could conjecture was, that the Saint himself in leaving their festive board, may probably have had some difficulty in taking care of his own. He gave as a toast:

'THE SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: True descendants of old Holland. No Son of Saint ANDREW needs to be reminded of the country which gave to the world the learning of GROTIVS and the wit of ERASMUS.'

Mr. SLOAN, Vice-President of Saint PATRICK'S, unlike Saint GEORGE, was not a venerable member, nor a venerable representative of his Society; still he felt himself no less welcome. There had been some strife as to who should be among the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS to-night. It would not have been a matter of wonder to any body, had the invitation been to be among the daughters, for the Irishman was not slow in selecting the daughters of Saint NICHOLAS. It was the daughters that made this the *home* of the Irishman. Mr. Sloan gave as his Toast:

'NEW-YORK: The home of Saint NICHOLAS! whose generous hospitality none will better appreciate than the Sons of Saint PATRICK.'

Mr. BONNEY, of the New-England Society, said: It was an eminently grateful duty to acknowledge the hospitality of the descendants of the Hollander, and while he returned thanks for the compliment to the Society, he could not but express his own for the cordiality with which he had been received as their representative. They claimed not to be upon the calendar of Saints. For himself he had no great reverence for saints generally, and when he read of the exploits of Saint GEORGE and the Dragon, Saint PATRICK and the Snakes, etc., he was much disposed to class their deeds with such fictions as JACK the Giant-Killer, CINDERELLA, and such like. There was some difference between the followers of Saint NICHOLAS and the New-Englanders, but it was easily accounted for — so much alike in some respects, so different in others. The Englishman in settling in this new country, took the coast. The Scotchman naturally sought the hills. The followers of Saint PATRICK everywhere, and they constitute an important element in the New-England

character. The Hollander sought a milder clime, smoother surface, and sat himself down in the valleys and *broad bottoms* of the rivers. The New-Englander could only see him here through a haze, and only approach him through such dreadful barriers as Hell Gate on the one side and Spuyten Duyvel on the other. When they did finally get among them, instead of the familiar names they had been accustomed to, they found the VAN HORNS, VAN HOOKS, VAN WINKLES, and VAN DAMS. Celebrations of Paas, and Pinxter, Christmas, etc. They, the New-Englanders, were a pilgrim race, always seeking a better country, and a good many of them think they have found it here, in the home of the Dutchman. Ancient enmities were now obliterated and they had become, if he might be permitted to use a much-abused term, *amalgamated*, and could enjoy harmoniously the fellowship of to-night. He concluded by giving as a Toast:

'THE HOSPITALITY OF THE HOLLANDER: Always acknowledged, gratefully accepted, and effectively enjoyed by the Pilgrims in the Old World, and the Sons of the Pilgrims in the New.'

Mr. FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, Ex-President, being called upon by the PRESIDENT, noticed in a few words the recent appearance of a book on Holland by a fellow-countryman, which had claimed as great admiration in Europe as in this country, and would secure for its author a niche in the Temple of Fame. He gave as a toast:

'JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY: The author of 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.' A history which on both sides of the Atlantic, it is conceded, has placed him in the rank of the most eminent historians, and won for himself and his native land high renown!'

Mr. VAN WAGENEN, Vice-President, being called upon, adverted to the early days and history of the Society, and its social reunions at its favorite home, the old City Hotel. He spoke feelingly of its members, many now passed away, who then illustrated the character of the Society and gave dignity and honor to it. He gave as a Toast:

'THE OLD CITY HOTEL.'

Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in response to a call, replied in his usual vein of genial humor. He was glad to find that although the Society had not yet heard from its officers, they were not unmindful of the Stewards, whose Chairman he had the honor to be. He was chief of the head-waiters, whose duty it was to see that they were all comfortably provided for, and he was pleased to find that these herculean labors were properly appreciated. He was pleased to hear to-night from those who had so eloquently spoken, that the Dutch character was properly appreciated. They were an admirable people, and all respect was due to them. The highest allegiance was due to the Dutch. When the Government wanted an honest, capable man to take care of its money, whom did they select? A Dutchman, a member of Saint NICHOLAS, his friend Mr. CISCO. So too with Mr. FOWLER, the Post-Master; Mr. BRODHEAD, the Naval-Officer, and Mr. COCHRANE, the Surveyor; all members of this Society. There were some, who like the PRESIDENT and himself, scorned all office, except such as they held under Saint NICHOLAS. To be sure, there were some present under suspicion — his friend Mr. SCHELL, for instance — was charged with desiring to be Collector of the Port. He did not believe it. He had indignantly repelled the charge. The idea of an officer of this Society being recreant to his duty! — it was not to be entertained for a moment; hence he had denied it everywhere. There was one, however, he was sorry to say, had so far departed from his allegiance as to accept a minor appointment, after having been President

of the Society and to become a Governor of the State. The only circumstance to be mentioned in excuse is, that he ran against two Yankees and beat them both, and for this good deed he now gave a toast that a lady had sent him :

'OUR GOVERNOR-ELECT :

'T is often said, as past all contradiction,
That truth is sometimes stranger far than fiction ;
And here surprising proof from our own ranks we bring :
The foremost of Republicans is JOHN — A. KING.'

Dr. BEALES, Ex-President of Saint GEORGE'S, being called upon, said : That he was not there in a public capacity, but as a guest of a member of the Society, his friend. Some two years since, when enjoying their hospitality, he found the Society in a great state of alarm, occasioned by the impending Maine Liquor Law. They were much alarmed as to where they should hereafter hold their annual meetings, smoke their pipes, and drink the incomparable schnappa. One of their orators had proposed Communipaw, in another State. Their minds must now be considerably eased on that point, since one of their Ex-Presidents had been elected Governor of the State, and he was quite sure that while a member of this Society held such a prominent position in the public councils, there could be no possible danger of a Liquor Law being passed. No one appreciated the Dutch character more than himself. He came from a part of England directly opposite the Dutch coast, and he was very far from saying aught against them ; but when he heard the PRESIDENT claim Holland as the source of all the liberty they now enjoyed, that the Pilgrim Fathers had there received their ideas of liberty and toleration, he must differ with him. He contended that these principles they brought with them were inherent, and had their root in England, enlarged perhaps and strengthened by their sojourn in Holland ; and hence to England and not Holland, must be given the honor for whatever of good these principles had here worked out. Last year Saint NICHOLAS had welcomed the Brother Societies ; this year he perceived he offered a golden clasp to the Sisters.

Speeches were likewise made by Mr. SCHILL, Mr. MOUNT, and others, until midnight admonishing the members that the sacred day had arrived, they separated.

DONE : 'BY A STROLLER IN EUROPE.'— 'Books cannot always please,' says CRABBE, but we think one must be of difficult taste, and in a very *crabbed* mood, who could fail to be pleased with the volume before us. In these days of steam and rail, when nearly every body is rushing over the continent, it is delightfully refreshing to find some one that has the time and the sense to be a *stroller* in Europe ; and just at present, though every book-seller's shelves are crowded with books of travel, it is a charming variety to find one which, like this, really repays us for the trouble of reading. Our author commences with Paris, about which he has many, odd, dry, and original things to say. Then he takes us up the Rhine to Frankford and Heidelberg, and speaking of the German students, he says :

'Go to the top of a mountain, and there is a student ; sit down at a *table d'hôte* in the city, and there is a student ; plunge into the highest or lowest beer-shop, and there is a student. They consider themselves a part of the scenery of the place, and, therefore, depute one or several of their number to every visitable spot in the vicinity, where they may be found at all hours of the day or night.'

Then he carries us pleasantly onward through Baden-Baden to Switzerland, giving us spicy anecdotes and graphic sketches of scenery and character that are truly charming. He takes us to the top of Mount Blanc, and finally brings us back to Paris again. He pays his country-women a very pretty compliment when he says: 'There is a beauty and freshness and naturalness about our women that I have seen nowhere equalled. They carry about with them the charm of unsuspecting, *unconscious* virtue.' He calls America 'the best-slandered country in the world,' and says that many people in France think that to spit is a profession here, followed by a majority of the people, the rest being slave-owners! We feel confident that this work will be read with delight by all; and for our own part, we prophesy that a writer who has begun so well will soon take a high stand in the literary ranks of our country. (HARPER AND BROTHERS.)

Letter to the Editor: from John Phelan.

'It is Sunday in Boston. I have been sitting in my room, No. 78 Tremont House; by the window, which commands a cheerful view of a grave-yard, musing on various matters and things in a solemn state of mind well befitting the place and the occasion. Seventeen inches of snow fell last night, and Boston looks white like the Island of Ichaboe, and to the full as desolate. Through the hollow and reverberating passages of this ancient building; around the corners of the sinuous streets; from each door and window, in every private and public building, and from the houses of God, resounds the peculiar sharp hacking cough of the population of Boston. Every soul of them has it. It is the disease of the country. When I meet an acquaintance in the street, I abstain from the usual greeting, and invariably say, 'How is your cough?' and the reply invariably is, 'About the same.' Coughing, and the ancient pastime of hawking, (followed by expectoration,) are the principal amusements in this cold city. In the grave-yard beneath my window, on a slate tombstone, may be found, I am informed, the following touching inscription:

'HERE I lie bereft of breath,
Because a cough carried me off,
Then a coffin, they carried me off in;'

which, I doubt not, describes the case of the majority of the silent incumbents of that place of rest.

'The Tremont House is in many respects a good institution; it is perfectly clean and well arranged, the attendance is good and the fodder excellent; but there is an indescribable air of gloom and solemnity pervades the entire establishment well suited to Boston, but chilling to a stranger to the last degree. The waiters, dressed in black with white neckcloths, move silently and sadly about the tables, looking like so many Methodist ministers with thirteen children, four hundred a year, and two donation parties; the man in the office never smiles—in any point of view; a large Bible with the name of the House stamped upon it in gilt letters, (to prevent religious strangers from bottling it,) lies on every table, and the chamber-maids attend family prayers in the basement. All is 'grand, gloomy,' and it must be confessed, exceedingly peculiar. I have attempted but two jokes in this solemn

place, and they fall like the flakes of snow, silent and unnoticed. An unfortunate individual in the reading-room last evening was seized with an unusually violent fit of coughing, which, if a man could by any possibility be turned inside out, would have done it; and as a partial cessation of it occurred, with his hair standing on end, (he had coughed his hat off,) his face glowing with exertion, and the tears standing in his unhappy eyes, he very naturally gave vent to a profane execration. Every body looked shocked! I remarked in an audible tone to my companion, that the exclamation was a coffer-dam; an admirable contrivance for raising obstructions from the bottom of streams, and probably adopted by the gentleman to clear his throat; but no one laughed, and I incontinently went to bed. This morning on arising I discovered that my boots, left outside the door to be embellished with blacking, had, like those of BOMBASTES, not been displaced; so I said to the porter, a man of grave and solemn aspect: 'You have a very honest set of people about this house.' 'Why?' said the porter, with a somewhat startled expression. 'Because,' I rejoined, 'I left my boots outside my door last night, and find this morning no one has touched them.' That man walked off all slow and stately, and never knew that I had been humorous. Disappointments have been my lot in life. I remember in early childhood going to the theatre to see Mrs. W. H. SMITH appear in two pieces; the bills said she would do it, and she came on the stage perfectly whole and entire like any other lady. Upon the whole it is my impression that Boston is a dull, gloomy, precise, and solemn city, which I take to be owing entirely to the intense cold that prevails there in the winter, which chills and freezes up the warmer nature of the inhabitants, who do n't have time to get thawed out before the cold comes back again. I have met many Bostonians in more genial climates, who appeared to be very hearty and agreeable fellows. I took a short ride yesterday in the Metropolitan Rail-Road cars, which are dragged by horse-power from the Tremont House to Roxbury. The only other occupant of my car was a young and lovely female in deep mourning. She wore a heavy black veil, and her thick and beautiful auburn hair was gathered up on each side her face beneath a spotless cap, a widow's cap of snowy muslin. I had always a feeling for widows; young and pretty widows particularly, always excite my deepest interest and sympathy. I gazed with moistened eye on the sweet specimen before me, so young, so beautiful, I thought, and alas! what suffering she has experienced. I pictured to myself her devotion to her husband during his last illness, the untiring watchfulness with which she hung over his pillow, the unwearying and self-sacrificing spirit with which she hoped on, hoped ever, till in despite of her care, her love, he sank forever, and her agonized shriek rang in my ear, as with hands clasped and upturned eye, she felt that he was dead, her dream of life was over, her strength was gone, her heart was broken. The young widow had been regarding me earnestly during this time, and probably imagined what was passing in my mind, for throwing her veil over her hat, she turned partly around toward me, and looking steadfastly in my face — she winked her eye! Yes, Sir, she winked her eye at me — the moral PHOENIX; and I rose from my ashes and left the metropolitan car and returned to the Tremont House. And is it possible, thought I, as I gazed from my window up Tremont-street and observed a sanctimonious gentleman in a long black overcoat, look hastily up and down the street, and then dodge up a small alley in great haste; is it possible that this little widow in the car is at all typical of the great city to which she belongs? A most respectable, staid, and solemn outward appearance — covering a very strong disposition to that devilry which is defined by the Bible as 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of

the eye, and the pride of life.' But Boston, clothed in its robe of snow, looked too pure, too bride-like, and I dismissed the supposition from my mind.

'They do n't have theatrical performances in Boston on Saturday evenings; the theatres open at 3 o'clock P.M., and the performance is over at six. THALBERG was allowed to give a concert here last evening, however. He was practising a little this morning also on the piano, when a message came from a serious family in the next room begging him not to play dancing tunes. He did n't.

'I had intended to have written to you more at length, but am off to New-Orleans directly, and must pack my trunk. Boston is a great place. I am sorry I had n't time to go and see the Monastery presided over by ABBOT LAWRENCE, that was burned by the Orangemen.

Yours truly and respectfully,

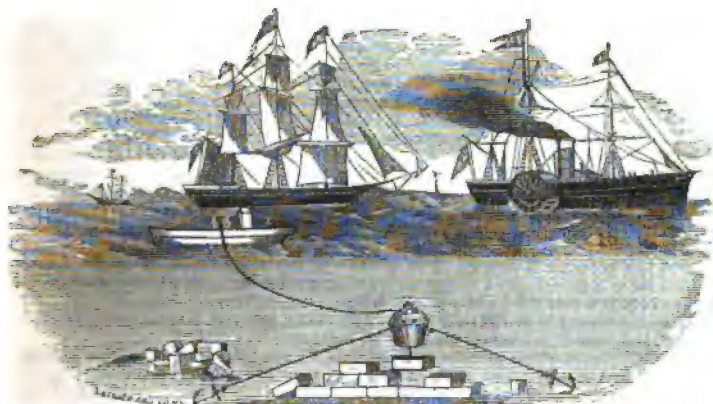
'JOHN PUGHIX.'

Gossip With Readers and Correspondents.

'Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave:

might very well be adopted by Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, President of the '*Nautilus Sub-Marine Company*,' in an invitation to an examination of the almost self-acting invention, which recently excited so much wonder and admiration in the neighborhood of our metropolis; an admiration and wonder shared by all our contemporaries of the daily press, as well as of all others who witnessed the perfectly successful accomplishment of the experiment. This subject, we might as well premise in this place, has always had great attractions for us. Over eighteen years ago, as old readers of the KNICKERBOCKER may possibly recollect, we devoted an extended subsection of this department of our Magazine to a notice of the performance of '*A Man in Sub-marine Armor*,' off the Battery. It occurred in September, 1838, during the 'Fair of the American Institute' for that year. In this case, the 'diver' fronted the town from the deck of a sloop, an 'uncouth agglomeration of four limbs,' and looking very much like a robustious beer-barrel on skids. He had an inverted head-piece, or hat, like a topsy-turvy iron pail, with a small glass-door on hinges in front. This was attached to an India-rubber jacket, terminating near the middle of the body in a strong copper hoop, which was screwed to another and corresponding hoop, fastened to the caoutchouc 'trouserloons,' which terminated in bronze or brass 'leggins,' and impervious boots. He had a long cord in his 'mailed right hand,' and there was a small engine-hose coiled up on the deck, which he alluded to as 'that air-pipe.' This was wormed into the top of his hat; and over the rail he went, after a bow to the crowd on the Battery, and a wave of his hand, neither of which could have ever been learned from a French dancing-master. After having 'gone under,' he walked about a few minutes, vigorously 'pumped' from the deck, as to what he was discovering; the bubbles meantime rising from the surface, disclosing his 'whereabout.' Presently he made a signal, climbed a pole rising some ten or twelve feet out of the water, exposed to view a basket of champagne, and with *that*, was received on board as a 'welcome guest.' Such was sub-marine exploration, before the

era of daguerreotypes, and land and ocean telegraphs. It is a different matter *now* : and perhaps we cannot better *explain* the difference, than by giving the following 'cut' of the '*Nautilus*' engaged in her operations in New-York harbor :



together with the following extract from a letter regarding the same, from Mr. JESSE GAY, Chief-Engineer of the United States' Navy at Washington, to Captain A. BIGELOW, Commandant of the Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, dated the ninth of December :

'In compliance with your order of the twelfth ult., I proceeded to Glen Cove, and witnessed some experiments with the Nautilus Sub-Marine Company's Diving-Bell, which were made to test the power and adaptability of this apparatus for the construction of wharfs, sub-marine walls, piers, etc. I have the honor to report that the Nautilus Sub-Marine Company gave me an opportunity to make such tests and experiments as I desired.

'With the assistance of two experienced persons, I descended in the bell to about twenty feet below the surface of the water. The time occupied to prepare the bell and reach the bottom, was about two minutes and thirty seconds, and about a minute and a half to return to the surface. I found the machine very simple, easily managed, and perfectly under the control of the operator. It can be brought from the surface to the bottom of the water with considerable rapidity, or it can be moved up and down quite slowly, as may suit the convenience of the operator.

'When on the bottom, or resting on a work, the water can be expelled from the working-chamber, so that no more than one or two inches remains above the bottom of the bell, and even this may be removed by an additional pressure of air in the working-chamber; hence a great advantage in operating upon works or sub-marine blasting is obtained.

'A block of granite, weighing about four tons, had previously been prepared and placed on the bottom. The bell was attached to this stone by a 'Leins,' and brought it within four feet of the surface. The time occupied in securing the stone and coming up was about three minutes. The construction of the bell would not admit the stone to be brought nearer the surface. This is sufficient for laying wall in tide-water. Should it be required to perform work when the tides do not ebb and flow, auxiliary water-chambers are attached, so that the work can be brought to within about one foot of the surface. I descended with the stone, and by the aid of two men, transported it several feet latterly with as much ease as could have been done were it suspended upon a crane, with the advantage of placing it any point or in any desired position.

'I occupied the bell forty minutes, performing such experiments as suggested themselves to my mind. I experienced no unpleasant sensation, such as are produced in the common diving-bell, by the action of the pump. When necessary to admit air, it is done so evenly, that all unpleasant sensation upon the ear is obviated; consequently men can labor longer and with less fatigue in the Nautilus than in the Diving-Bell.

'The power of this particular bell is sufficient to lift in sea-water about six tons.

Should more power be required, auxiliary tanks may be attached, so that a greater amount of power may be obtained.

'The Nautilus is much better adapted to sub-marine works than any other machine now in use.

'Its construction is simple, its operating safe, the cost of working it less, and with it a very great amount of work can be performed, over that done by the ordinary bell with double the number of workmen.

'It has advantages for the construction of wharfs, sub-marine walls, piers, drawing and sawing off piles, removing stone or other obstacles, examining bottoms, broken works, and sunken wrecks, combined in no other machine, by having the power within itself of descending or ascending at any required point, without the aid of any apparatus on the shore, and of being moved at pleasure horizontally on or near the bottom.

'The simplicity of its construction, the ease with which it is operated, and being suspended by its own buoyancy, render the safety of those within not dependent upon the treacherous nature of iron or wood. Should the air-pipe be separated, or disconnected from the bell, it contains the power within itself to be brought to the surface, thus rendering the loss of life from any conceivable accident almost impossible.

'The machinery for condensing air with a receiver for the supply of the bell is not an unimportant of the apparatus. It consists of a small steam-engine and boiler which drives the air-pump. The latter is so constructed that the atmosphere can be condensed to a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch, or more. The condensed air is received into a strong wrought-iron receiver, from whence it supplies the bell as required through a gutta-percha tube.

'This machinery is placed on board a small vessel, or scow, that may be conveniently moved, and from this receiver one or more bells may be supplied.

'As an instance which practically illustrates the availability of this improvement at distant points of operation, without delay or time spent in preparation, I mention, that on the morning of the second instant the machine lay at the Navy-Yard.

'The Mayor of New-York requested the Nautilus Company to make some examinations of a sunken work on the North River at Manhattanville. At two P.M., the bell left the yard and proceeded to that place, and was ready to operate early the following morning.

'It is my opinion that with this machine, properly managed, more than double the work can be constructed under the water, and with one half of the expense, than by any other means, and I therefore recommend it to the particular consideration of the government.

'Respectfully your obedient servant,

'JAMES GAY, Chief-Engineer U. S. Navy.

'To Captain A. BIGLOW, Commander, Navy-Yard, New-York.

Now this 'tells the whole story' in a practical, business point of view, by a government-officer, whose province it is, among other things, to report all great improvements connected with his important branch of the national service. One thing struck us forcibly, we remember, in the 'long-ago' experiment to which we have alluded; and that was, the danger of the air-hose breaking, or giving out, and the 'man in armor' being left to suffocate. We even dreamed, soon after, of being the 'Man in Marine Armor' ourself, and having our pipe suddenly cut or bitten off. We expired for want of breath in thirty feet of water. It was terrible! But *Nautilus*, it seems, carries *his own* inflating apparatus, and 'asks small odds' of the up-siders. Certainly, it is one among the most wonderful inventions of the age. It is so safe and so powerful; can be employed for so many purposes; raising vessels; removing obstructions in current-ways; raising sunken treasure; examining and working of the beds of auriferous rivers; in pearl, coral, and sponge-fisheries; and it can work night and day, (even *better* at night, it is affirmed, by a powerful artificial light;) and more than all, can be so *easily* worked; that we cannot conceive it possible that '*The Nautilus*' should not at once take rank among the first and most important inventions of the age. The machine used in the experiment at Glen Cove was a medium one, only twenty feet in diameter, and eight feet deep; but the distinguished

engineers, journalists, and scientific men, who went down in her, and *staid* down in her, for some seven or eight minutes, experienced no discomfort, saw her perform her marvels, and came out 'as dry as a bone.' *Any* size, however, may be attained, by a simple extension of the plan and the principle. Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, President of '*The Nautilus Company*,' proceeds immediately to England, where the '*Nautilus*' will show 'her points' in the 'Prince ALBERT Docks,' which have been granted by the Government for that purpose. The Washington authorities have contracted for three of the machines, of great capacity, to be used about the public works. The PRESIDENT says he has been applied to, to lift the Sebastopol fleet, sunk in that harbor. *He can do it, too.* Howbeit, we have said enough — perhaps too much — on a subject not exactly 'literary.' But, like ballooning in the air, sub-marine experiments always had an unwonted interest to our imagination. So we leave off where we began: NAUTILUS *loquitur*:

'Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave:
Pleasant and *safe* shall thy voyage be,
And what 'lots of things' we'll save!'

WE wish that our excellent friend and popular correspondent, 'HONEYWELL' would 'make the proposition good,' to which he alludes in his last verse but one: a verse which *he* crossed out, but which *we* have ventured to restore:

'*The Lecturer.*

BY J. HONEYWELL.

'I HAVE been to hear the lecture,
With a crowd of other folks,
Where we marvelled at the wisdom
That overlaid the jokes,
And the bits of queer philosophy,
And humoristic strokes.

'It's astonishing to me
How a lecturer gets along,
And contrives to make his points
So intolerably strong,
That the tears and laughter clash
Like a sermon and a song.

'Perhaps the secret lies
In the large amount of pay
Which the speaker nightly gets
For his doings in that way;
A divining rod to point
Where arts of pleasing lay.

'Ah! me, if that is so,
And men have wit to sell:
If a fifty-dollar bill
Makes so little learning *tell*,
I pray the golden bucket
May go often to the well.

'I knew before, that gold
Had overwhelming power;
Now I see it can condense
A flood into a shower,
And cram a life's research
Into lectures of an hour.

'I wish that some committee
Would apply the test to me:
I would overhaul my brain
Where the learning used to be,
And all the wit I knew
The light of day should see.

'I do believe that I,
With what is in my head —
Native genius and the crop
Of what I may have read,
Compressed, could make a book
About as good as 'Dred.'

'Up now a subject pops:
The trial I will dare!
So ye grave committee-men,
Your darling notes prepare:
Be prompt! for well you know
I can't go everywhere!'

HONEYWELL *himself* should give us a lecture. - - - 'An Eastern Lawyer' writes us as follows: 'An Italian gentleman called at my office a short time since and inquired if he could get divorced from his wife. Now a divorce is not to be considered hastily, and I gravely said that I regretted that our laws *favoured* divorces, and added, that if he would inform me particularly in relation to the nature and extent of his grievances, I would advise him:

'In what particular has your wife disregarded her marriage vows?

'ITALIAN: 'Well, 'Squire, to tell the truth, my wife don't know not'ing about cook'n'.'

'I waited to learn what was coming next; and hearing nothing, I ventured to ask if that was all.

'ITALIAN: 'Yes, 'Squire; bating that she is the nicest little 'oman you ever see in your life.'

'I suggested to my distressed client that a divorce would cost forty dollars, and that he could teach his wife to cook for half the money.

'Bless you,' rejoined the Italian, 'I do n't know not'ing about cook'n' *myself*.'

'Then hire a cook to teach your wife.'

ITALIAN becomes silent and thoughtful. In a few minutes I asked:

'How do you like my advice?'

'Hearing no response, I looked around and discovered that he had 'quietly stolen away.'

'There is a good *moral* to this, but I dare not suggest it, for fear of wounding the feelings of some of your 'lady-subscribers.'

'I related the foregoing to one of the justices of the Supreme Court of an adjoining State, and he told me that he was once consulted upon a Sabbath morning, by a rich merchant, concerning a divorce. The judge, who was then a practitioner, objected to doing any business whatever upon the Sabbath; but so urgent were the appeals of his friend, and so profuse his tears, that the judge consented to hear the history of his trials and the particulars of his afflictions.

'CLIENT: 'You know very well, Mr. S —, that I was upward of forty years of age when I married Miss B —; from which time I have not seen one day of real happiness! Perhaps I am somewhat to blame myself. Possibly the discrepancy of our ages may have had something to do with it; but Mr. B —, if you can only procure for me a divorce, I am willing that you should have the half of my estate, and my wife may have the remainder.'

'JUDGE: 'Well, what is the particular 'mode' by which you expect to procure a divorce?'

'CLIENT: 'Well, Mr. B —, if you come to that, I suppose it must be told. You know my habits of life before marriage? Yes. Well, whenever *now* I go home and carry my papers into the library, and by the time I am fairly seated in my chair, in comes my — my wife — and — and sits right down in my lap! AUGH!' And then as if to tip her out of his lap, he stood up nearly erect with hands extended, as if fearing she would get back into his lap again before he heard the opinion of this learned counsellor on this point of law.'

What a ridiculous old 'spoon!' - - - 'W. C. S.,' who lives out in 'the Jerseys,' has had '*A Vision*,' and a part of what he dreamed ensueth. It seems that the Mantuan bard, who put DANTE through a course of supernatural 'sprouts,' accompanied our correspondent through the nine circles

into a tenth one, which does not seem to have been an eligible place of residence for 'souls in bale.'

'It was a swamp, with green slime, and the swamp-lily moving sluggishly above it. Here were wading and plunging thousands of both men and women, the number of the latter preponderating. As I gazed upon their faces, rendered sallow and sickly by the pestilential airs of the marsh, pity moved me to tears. 'Alas!' said I, 'whose and what dismal abode is this?' 'Here live, yet wish to die,' VIRGIL replied, 'those who on earth violated the sternest law of Nature, by writing much, and calling that which they had written, 'Poetry.' Of *Twaddle* and of *Bosh* this is the swamp.'

'By permission from my guide I addressed several of these would-be poets. I said to a maiden with dishevelled hair and yellow eyes: 'What brought you to this gloomy place?' 'Ah!' said she, in accents of despair: 'Poetry! Poetry!' and the word was echoed by the dismal croakings of a thousand frogs. The noise having subsided, I begged her to recite a few lines, the 'twaddle' whereof had consigned her to that damp 'poet's corner.' In tremulous tones she repeated the following:

'On Spring.

OLD WINTER 's dead, and green upon its grave
The modest blade comes out to kiss the air,
Not weeping do the willow's branches wave,
Nor the sad cypress its deep sorrows wear.

'Let fortune keep her heaps of shining gold,
And me deny to sleep on downy bed;
While flowers and leaves their varied hues unfold,
And genial sun-rays glistening dew-drops wed.

'I'll sing of Nature and her artist, Spring,
Who paints the garden's face and decks the bough,
And from the treasures of my heart I'll bring
A string of pearls to throw around its brow.'

This will do for a specimen of the style of 'Poetry' in the 'Swamp of Twaddle and Bosh.' - - - AFTER all, we did not 'vaticinate' in vain, when we bade our readers expect some metropolitan sketches from 'DIE VERNON.' *Voila* :

'THOUGH for a long time I had been convinced of the wisdom of SOLOMON'S remark that

'Of making many books there is no end,'

I never had any idea of what a complicated piece of work *book-making* was, until the day when, under the ciceronage of my friend Mr. H——, I went over the establishment of the Messrs. HARPER, where they make 'books which are books,' and do not believe that

'A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in it:'

and though we are told by a very *crabbed* fellow that 'books cannot always please,' it strikes me that one must be of difficult taste who could fail to be pleased with the infinite variety which there meets the eye; and although I know that 'some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested,' I felt inclined to devour them all, for I am a *book-worm*, you know!

'Upon our entrance into this mammoth establishment, this world of literature, we were met and kindly welcomed by an elegant young fellow, with sparkling bright eyes and a moustache à la LOUIS NAPOLÉON, who conducted us into the presence

of his uncle, the former Mayor of our city, and one of the most charmingly genial old gentlemen I have met in a long while; and as I looked at his well-shaped head sprinkled with silver, I thought it would have to be a remarkably fine team, of which that 'gray Mayor' would n't be 'the better horse!'

'For some time we sat pleasantly chatting in his sanctum, and I could n't help thinking what a different scene that cheerful room presented to the picture in my mind, gathered from books, of the private office of the head of a great publishing house, where poor poets are represented as meeting with such gruff formality, and the tender offsprings of their brain receiving such unflattering rejection. But it strikes me the world owes those London publishers a debt of gratitude, who thus nip so many would-be poets in the bud,

'And dock the tail of Rhyme:'

else should we have been perfectly deluged with poor poetry; and, to my thinking, there is too much of it afloat already.

'Poets may know the *pleasure* of 'poetic pains,' but it remains for the reader to experience the agony of them!

'However, I could n't help congratulating myself upon not being a poor authoress, come to offer a manuscript for publication, sitting there waiting for the decision which was to crown or crush my hopes, and upon which perhaps my next meal depended:

'T is pleasant sure to see one's name in print,'

but for my part, I would rather bake and brew, scrub floors and wash dishes, than attempt to gain a livelihood by my pen. I suppose I am an exception to the general run of scribblers, in preferring praise to pay; and there is no class I pity so much as those who are obliged to coin their brains for bread. This mortal coil of mine is capable of enduring considerable hardship, but my brains are very fine-ladyish, and will only work when they please, and that after their own fashion, too.

'The other evening, wishing to 'raze the written troubles' from these same brains, I accepted an invitation to attend one of the fashionable entertainments of our city. 'The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!' just at present happens to be Mr. DOWERY's active monkeys: and though some may be tempted to exclaim:

'Lo! when the stage, the poor degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age;'

for my own part, I must confess to having been more amused than I usually am, where all the players are merely men and women; and let me advise you, reader, when you get a fit of the blues, and feel that man delights you not, nor woman neither; when champagne fails to exhilarate, and whiskey-punch to cheer; instead of committing matrimony or suicide, go and see these wonderful animals. I have always had a partiality for the monkey race — the dear little creatures are *so much like men*; and since witnessing their performances at the Chinese Rooms,

'I love not men the less, but monkeys more.'

Some of their feats were really very curious: a monkey comes in riding a goat: he is dressed like a jockey, with a little red cap, and a little blue coat; 'and thereby hangs a tail' — a round, unvarnished tail; for though Mr. D. may understand how 'to point a moral,' he evidently does not wish 'to adorn a tail!'

'It is rather late in the day to wish you a Merry Christmas, dear friends; but I hope that you all had as *happy* a one as I did, for Christmases have long since ceased to be *merry* with me; in fact, I think they are only so to children, who have no cares and sorrows — no repinings, regrets, or heart-aches!

'Happy those who, as they gather round the festive board, can look back to their childhood, and count no broken link in the family chain; see no vacant seat at the hearth-stone, and miss no well-loved voice from the social circle.

'Twenty Christmases have come and gone since the hand of Death was busy in our household bands, and his icy fingers laid upon our father's heart; but the void in our home can never be filled; and we cannot meet together now, even after the lapse of so many years, without feeling our great loss, as though it were but yesterday.

'Yet, remembering the happy Christmases of our own childhood, we strive to make the day a merry one to the little folks around us; and while witnessing their mirth, we forget for a season our own sorrows — for the heart must indeed be a sad one that can fail to be cheered by the innocent joy of childhood.

'To hear the sweet little voices chattering about SANTA CLAUS, and whispering into your ear the tale you once so firmly believed, of his coming over the house-tops in his little sleigh, drawn by rein-deer, and finding his way down the chimney, and filling the stockings of good little children with toys, picture-books, and candies.

'Then, to see the little creatures on Christmas morning jumping up before daylight and eagerly examining the treasures which their patron-saint has brought them, for all children are worshippers of SANTA CLAUS, I believe.

'If you enter the nursery, you will be instantly surrounded by the happy group, and perfectly overwhelmed by the load of play-things which will be crowded into your lap, while the delighted owners stand by and eagerly claim your admiration for their respective treasures, and giving vent to their happiness in all sorts of noisy caresses and caperings.

'Ah! who would not be a child again, and believe in good Saint NIX?

'A Happy New-Year to you all, dear readers mine, wherever you may be!

'To you on the coast of the Pacific, in the western home of your adoption; and to you in far away Australia, the land of your exile! To you who are plodding through the perplexities of political life, and you who are revelling amid the gayeties of Paris. And to you who are up to your eyes in literature, and up to your ears in love: A happy New-Year is the wish of your friend, DIE VERNON.

Many a reader will *reciprocate* that wish. - - - Or the many publications that, through the kindness of our friends the authors, find their way to our table, we know of none more entertaining or instructive, particularly for the young, than the '*Annual Report of the United States Coast Survey*.' Much interesting matter is to be found in this popular work, which is calculated to improve and instruct the casual reader in an eminent degree. The Superintendent, Hon. A. D. BACHE, has done us much honor in transmitting, with his compliments, a copy of the Report for 1856, in which, page 75, we find the following *morceau*, which strikes us as peculiarly felicitous:

'Using the high water ordinates determined as before stated, instead of the diurnal inequality in height, from which it has been shown not to differ sensibly, the numbers were compared with Mr. LUXBOCK'S formula:

$$dh = B(A) \sin. 2 \delta \cos. (\psi - \phi) + \sin. 2 \delta, \cos. \psi.$$

Neglecting the variations of $\cos. (\psi - \phi)$ $\cos. \psi$, the coefficients B and (A) B were found by least squares for the separate six months, and for the year agreeing in the partial and total determinations. The discussion of the value of E, which is in progress, we hope to present at a future time.'

Now this is very gratifying, although we cannot but regret that the variations of the cos. ($\psi - \phi$) etc., should have been neglected. It is a comfort to reflect, however, that the discussion of the value of E is still going on; and that at some future time, (probably when the discussion of the value of T among our China merchants is brought to a close,) we shall know all about it. Meanwhile we can confidently recommend the 'Annual Report' as a work which should be placed in the hands of youth by every teacher, parent, and guardian, and which is moreover peculiarly adapted to the perusal of ladies, as it contains positively nothing which could wound the feelings of the most sensitive, or bring a blush upon the cheek of the most fastidious. A rare merit, in these days. - - - LAWYER H —, of Connecticut, was a *sharp* lawyer, invariably retained in criminal cases where his peculiar abilities were deemed likely to benefit his client. 'Old Mrs. L —,' the widow of a small farmer, was remarkable for her plainness of speech and manner; and she *was* 'one of the 'cute sort.' The old woman was an important witness for the prosecution, in a case in which H — defended the evil-doer. Her testimony bore hard upon the prisoner, and in the cross-examination, H — endeavored in vain to confuse or irritate her. At length, turning abruptly to the witness, he exclaimed: 'Madam! you have brass enough in your face to make a twelve-quart pail!' 'Yes,' replied the witness, '*and you've got saäes enough in your head to fill it!*' The lawyer had 'done' with *that* witness! - - - The following reaches us from a distinguished and always welcome correspondent:

THE HON. ARTHUR LIVERMORE of New-Hampshire, and JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, were both marked men, in their way, and both members of the House of Representatives in Congress together. Mr. RANDOLPH's metropolitan district and ancestral renown gave him of course, very much the more prominent position. And he was a man of overbearing pride and great *hauteur* of demeanor, and one who could not, with any tolerable degree of good grace, brook opposition; and whose ire was roused to the last degree by defeat.

'Mr. LIVERMORE had not been subjected to the same degree of accidental and artificial stimulus of pride and arrogance; but his spirit was scarcely more submissive than that of his lordly compeer. Above all things, he disdained to be trampled upon by an arrogant despotism, roused to the most impudent excess by the habit of domination in the relations of life.

'JOHNNY soon marked his man. For although LIVERMORE spoke but seldom, his words seemed to be armed with more than common fatality. There was a deadliness of aim, and an instinct of the fatal points in the anatomy of his antagonist's array of argument which made JOHNNY not a little nervous at the sound of his piercing voice, which never roused itself but for destruction.

'LIVERMORE had one day made a most subversive onset upon one of JOHNNY's favorite pieces of invective irony and playful slang, which he always delighted to deal out for the amusement of the House, and which consumed more time and afforded less light than ought to have been expected from a gentleman of such distinguished learning and ability as are, and always were, by common consent, accorded to the hero of Roanoke. JOHNNY turned upon his evil genius, for such he had come to regard him, with more than his ordinary measure of gall and bitter-

ness; among other things, calling him repeatedly the member from Vermont, a State, at that time, of somewhat dubious estimate in the companionship of the original thirteen. LIVERMORE, not a whit abashed, rose on the instant, and did battle so effectually as utterly to demolish all JOHNNY's glittering soap-bubbles, all the time referring to the worthy member from Rhode-Island. He said he objected to that gentleman, even, privileged as he undoubtedly was, riding rough-shod over the heads of his associates of the House with the same imperturbable coolness with which he swung along the streets in his *coach and six*!

'JOHNNY rose and indignantly disclaimed assuming any such baronial airs as had been attributed to him by the honorable member from *New-Hampshire*: and at the top of his shrieking voice declared he never drove more than *two*, on any occasion. Says LIVERMORE: 'I repeat, a coach and six! — two horses, two niggers, and two dogs!'

'This sudden *exposé* of the usual retinue of the worthy member from Roanoke, brought down the House in such hearty roars of laughter, that he did not deem it prudent to enter into any more extended explanations on that occasion: and he seldom afterward invited the strictures of Mr. L., whom he ever after denominated *my excellent friend* from New-Hampshire.

L. F. R.

REFLETE with a fervent affection are the ensuing lines from a cherished and favorite correspondent:

'To The Absent One.

'Love me till we meet again!
Was your farewell sad and brief;
Your loving eyes were dim with tears,
Your head was bowed in grief.

'Love you! yes, while life shall last,
Your image will be dear;
Your name by these fond lips shall be
Uttered but in prayer.

'Love you! better than aught else
Upon this glorious earth:
Love you! till this true heart be cold,
Its pulses stilled in death!

DAN VERNON.

'New-York, Dec. 26, 1856.'

'*Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit!*' - - - We shall offer no apologies for any 'short-comings' which may be apparent in *this* number of the KNICKERBOCKER. Precarious winter-passages by rail through the Southern and Northern 'outsquirts' of New-York and New-Jersey; miscarried and lost packages, containing notices of new books, and much 'Gossip' which we thought 'something'; proofs sent, but not received, from both ends of the line; twelve hours from New-York, fighting ice '*in townships*' on the Hudson, by the side of our 'never-say-die' friend, Captain HULSA, of the 'New-Haven' steamer: in fact, disappointments (not to say *perils*) all around — these *require* no excuse from *us*. Moreover, this is our 'Clearing House' month; and our correspondents, whose excellent favors have been delayed from necessity, are now heard; while our beloved SAINT NICHOLAS

is again fitly represented by the jubilant proceedings of his 'Sons,' at our recent anniversary — one of the 'very best yet.' - - - LYING *perdu* in a corner of an unfrequented drawer, we find '*Southern Sunbeams*, by Sol. Sumpter,' of Memphis, (Tenn.) His introduction is mainly local, and would not perhaps prove of general interest. We shall be glad, however, to receive the instalment of 'good 'uns' which he courteously bids us expect at his hands. Speaking of a *ci-devant* poet (and a good one) of 'that ilk,' now a business-man, he hits off the change in his outward man very tersely: 'He is small in stature, but an elephant in heart and soul. He once wore extravagant diamonds, not only in his linen but on his hands; but of late he has discarded all ornaments, even to the exclusion of shirt-buttons.' There is a sort of 'slur' in that last insinuation! - - - DURING the long session of the present Congress, while a member was 'going it on the loud,' and at railroad speed, Mr. ———, of the 'Old Dominion' desired to 'inject' a word or two, by way of interrogatory. This courtesy the member declined; but soon afterward had to beckon a page to bring a glass of water. Seizing the moment when he placed it to his lips, the Virginian remarked: 'As my friend has now arrived at a *water station*, I will take occasion to propound my question.' That was one way to get a word in edgewise! - - - As we write, the great American tragedian, EDWIN FORREST, is performing to overflowing houses, at the newly-renovated and beautiful *Broadway Theatre*. We saw his DAMON and his LEAR; characters in the rendition of which, for sublime effect of energy and passion, he *has not his equal in the world*. - - - MR. LEWIS F. THOMAS, of Washington City, author of '*Inda and Other Poems*,' a work of ability, hitherto noticed in these pages, has written a new American Tragedy, entitled '*Cortez, the Conqueror*.' We have heard the tragedy spoken of in terms of praise by those who have been favored with a perusal of some of its scenes.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. THALBERG, ETC., ETC. — The mild climate and sunny skies of the beautiful Havana have drawn from our vision and hearing for a time, the sylph-like figure and lark-like voice of LAGRANGE, with BRIGNOLI, MARTELL, and the rest, and we just begin to realize how much we have lost by their departure.

The world-renowned THALBERG, the king of pianists, for a brief period delighted all who could be wedged into the halls where he was to be heard; and he too has gone to greet other halls and other ears with sounds they never can forget. May the angel of sweet music guard them as they go by land and by water, so that they may be long preserved to bring joy and gladness, if only for a short period, to those who, like us, have but brief hours of respite in their life of toil.

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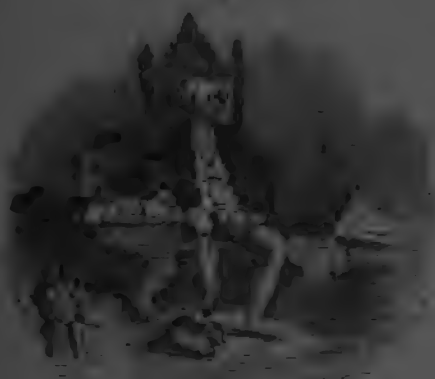
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1857

Knickerbocker,



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MARCH, 1857.

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The Knickerbocker Magazine,

For 1857.

THE Forty-ninth Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number of January, 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of ST. LAGER, and the SPARROW-GRASS, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. Mr. COZZERS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and Mr. KIMBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, Rev. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly, and Mr. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the TABLE of Mr. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *en fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

"But there is a quiet body, in the plainest of plain blue covers, that comes to us as certain as the moon, unadorned with wreath or poesy; not an 'embellishment' to dress itself with; not a fashion-plate or a leaf from *Punch*, or a pattern for a gusset or a robe *de nuit*; the good old-fashioned KNICKERBOCKER, the ancestor, the veritable Nestor, of American monthlies. But there is co-trelle in its utterances yet; the fabric for 'the lean and slippered pantaloon' has not been woven and fashioned for it; its toes are well filled out; its knickerbockles are not untied; its meerschmann is not discarded; it was baptized in the Fountain of Youth."—*Daily Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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MARCH, 1857.

NO. 3.

S H E L L E Y .

THIRTY years ago a band of four friends was gathered beneath an Italian sun, upon the shores of the Mediterranean, for the performance of the last sad rites for the body of one of the noblest geniuses ever vouchsafed to earth. Upon a promontory, extending boldly out far into the sea, they erected his funeral pyre, and that nothing might be wanting to dignify the mournful rites with the associations of classic antiquity, wine, oil, and frankincense were poured upon it. It was a strange yet glorious spectacle. In front lay the ocean, now serene and untroubled, dashing with a low murmur against the rocks below; in the back-ground the Apennines heaved up their giant peaks crowned with dark and waving forests; on the left, far in the dim distance, like a creation of fairy-land, lay the city of Leghorn; while on the right, a sea of molten silver, stretched out the magnificent bay of Spezzia; between stood this mourning group with their dead friend. The torch was applied, a flame of surpassing beauty arose to the heavens, and in a few moments all that was mortal of the poet Shelley lay in ashes. Loving hands gathered up his dust and bore it to Rome, where, in a sequestered nook, by a moss-grown wall, the traveller finds his grave.

'The gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning his dust, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble.'

Such was the closing scene in the life of the poet whose genius we would consider.

In Shelley we find almost the perfection of that rare analogy between the author and the man, without some degree of which, not only poetry but all literature is lifeless and destitute of power. There was no such thing as Shelley the *poet* apart from Shelley the *man*. Hence the necessity for glancing briefly at the story of his life. The record will require but little space; for although he thought he had lived long, and in one sense this was mournfully true, he had seen only twenty-nine years when the blue Mediterranean waves closed over him.

We will start with him at Oxford, for there he was first brought into active contact with the world of men, and there commenced his first struggle. He entered that University at sixteen, and we soon find him startling its self-satisfied orthodoxy by the publication of a pamphlet called 'The Necessity of Atheism.' Had a bomb burst in the midst of this time-honored receptacle of solemn pedantry and graceful mediocrity, it could not have created a wilder confusion. Without one word of the kind expostulation to which his extreme youth entitled him, he was hurled forth from the University as a thing accursed. To Oxford he had become *anathema maranatha* for all time. In England, expulsion from the University is synonymous with the ruin of a young man's prospects for life; and this event ushered in a night of fearful gloom in the life of Shelley, whose shadows extended far into the morning which at last dawned upon him. The treatment of his family, under the circumstances, was injudiciously harsh; he left home and did what all bards have done since the deluge, but what in his case was great folly under the sun — fell in love. A *mesalliance* with a young lady in humble life so exasperated his father, that he broke off all communication with him. The match, as might be expected from the youth of the parties — their united ages amounting to only thirty-two, issued unhappily. A separation by mutual consent ensued. He afterward married a daughter of Godwin, the author of 'Political Justice,' and at last peace and happiness seemed to dawn upon him. But Oxford influence was at work; an avenger far more cruel and blood-thirsty than the Israelite's avenger of blood was upon his traces, the avenger of insulted dignity. The atrocious act of the Court of Chancery, depriving him of the guardianship of his children, upon account of his religious opinions, drove him from England forever. The remainder of his life he spent partly at Venice and partly at Pisa. Passionately fond of boating, he passed the most of his time upon the water; and while upon a pleasure excursion from Pisa to Leghorn, a storm swept over the sea off Via Reggio, and when it passed, the skiff of 'Alastor' was nowhere to be seen. His chequered life was closed.

The genius of Shelley was preëminently abstract and logical. We see this in every thing that he did and in every thing that he wrote. His reasoning is ever coherent; admit his first principles, and it will go hard if he does not carry you with him to his conclusions. Adopt, for instance, his favorite opinion, that there is no moral evil in the nature of man except that which finds itself there accidentally, and we do not see how his inferences, respecting both religion and government, can be well avoided. This characteristic of his genius it was which led him astray, but it also made his life what it was, a true life. He found the whole world bowed in submission before one idea, religion; he would not assent without examination. Unfortunately, his premises were wrong, and the force of his irresistible logic landed him in Atheism. But he had done what every man is bound to do, he had looked at the problem and solved it for himself. His Atheism was the sincere belief of an earnest mind. Christianity was to him a lie, a monster lie, which, like a huge incubus, had overshadowed the world for centuries. He *thought* that he had found the truth; and his was the martyr-spirit

to maintain it in the face of all the world. All his genius and energy were brought to the task. His song is no sweet and intoxicating lullaby, but the war-song of the bard, marching to do battle with what he conceived to be error. He did not, like Milton, 'sit in the pomp of singing robes,' but, to use his own language, 'hovered in verse o'er his accustomed prey.' In the heat of youth, maddened by injustice, he struck at random, and careered against truths older than science or song : in the sober retrospection of after-life he regretted this. But whose was the crime ? To say that it was his own fault, but half answers the question. He had fallen upon evil days ; upon the generation in which his lot was cast, *Pharisee* was branded in deep and staring characters ; and his frail bark was driven out over the dark waters of unbelief without one kind hand being stretched forth for his rescue. But of this, more anon.

Shelley possessed, to a singular degree, that almost priceless boon, the gift of language. Had the language of poetry been his native tongue, he could scarcely have been more expert in its management. His diction, while searching and vigorous, is at the same time musical and polished to a gem-like brilliancy. This rare combination the alike abstruse and profusely imaginative character of his genius demanded, in order to make itself intelligible. Whatever the English language is capable of, Shelley has done with it, and done well. The opening lines of '*Alastor*' are marvellously Miltonian in their majestic march and sonorous harmony, and Milton stands the acknowledged '*Agamemnon king of men*' in English blank-verse. What can be more incompatible with the genius of our language than the Latin hexameter ? 'it is like the bow of Ulysses, which few could bend but its owner. Even our own Longfellow, who has justly earned the title of 'word-painter,' has succeeded but indifferently well with it in '*Evangeline*.' In the hands of Shelley it yields and becomes light and flexible :

'Linked sweetness long drawn out.'

All his verses, whatever be their form, fall upon the ear like strains of sweet music. Byron was no mean master of language ; but compare his '*Childe Harold*' with the '*Revolt of Islam*,' both in the Spenserian stanza. The one is rugged as the Albanian hills, the other is full of the murmuring melody of the '*Faery Queen* ;' in many parts indeed, almost out-spensering Spenser himself.

We find the poetry of Shelley impregnated with the imaginative character of the south, to a degree scarcely compatible with the metaphysical nature of his genius already referred to. No poet has left a greater wealth of pure imagery. His is *par excellence* the poetry of poets. The world was to him an ever-open book, in which his keen eye, 'glancing from heaven to earth,' daily detected something beautiful and strange. No one was ever endowed with a more exquisite susceptibility to every thing grand or beautiful in nature or art. There is not one of his larger works which is not a complete store-house of beautiful images, and some of his smaller pieces are perfect as the bubble on the fountain. The '*Hymn of Pan*,' the '*Cloud*,' and the choral odes of his Lyrical Dramas, afford a triumphant refutation of the charge often brought against

English poetry, that it is incapable of soaring into the higher regions of lyrical inspiration.

This ideal character of Shelley's poetry has caused him to be associated by many with Keats — we think, erroneously. True, both were enthusiastic worshippers at the shrine of beauty. But beauty was the essence of Keats' poetry; it was but the adornment of Shelley's. The beauty of Keats is that of an Ionian maid, soft, dreamy, and luxurious. Shelley's is that of Minerva, with her calm blue eyes, her earnest look, her helm and spear. The genius of Keats moves ever in Hogarth's curved lines of grace and beauty; while that of Shelley, like his own eagle,

Runs down the slanted sun-light of the dawn.'

Both belonged perhaps to the same general school; but their individuality is complete and well defined. But to return.

The imaginative faculty in Shelley was purely Grecian. Greek literature was with him a passionate delight. His genius was, so to speak, completely saturated with its spirit; and not unfrequently he infuses into his verses something which, if not like, at least reminds us of the very sound of the language of Pindar and Sophocles. How perfectly has he caught the true tragic fire in his 'Prometheus Unbound,' and 'Hellas;' and the subdued wail of the old Greek elegy was never imitated by an English poet as he has done it in 'Adonais.' In 'Arethusa,' the skill with which the nymph and the fountain are blended together in our minds as we read, shows what a master he was, also, of that nature-humanizing power by which the Greeks peopled their groves with nymphs and dryads, enthroned Jove upon Olympus, and brought,

'Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless youth who touched a golden lyre,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.'

Truly it may be said of him, that he 'lit up classicism with the splendor of romance, and filled the cold Greek vase with burning wine, whose glow enhanced the grace.'

As we have intimated before, none but a poet can fully appreciate Shelley. There is in him an esoteric beauty, which only the favored few who have passed within the veil of the temple can detect. We have brought to view, and even these, we fear, very inadequately, only those characteristics which present themselves prominently to every moderately careful student of his poetry; namely, his keen logic, his almost magic power of language, his brilliant æsthetic faculty, and classical inspiration. A word now concerning his Atheism, and we have done.

Mr. De Quincey, in a brief sketch of Shelley, while justifying the course pursued toward him by the authorities of Oxford, says: 'I am not of the opinion that he could have been bribed back into the profession of Christianity. Like a wild horse of the Pampas, he would have thrown up his heels, and *whinnied* his disdain of any man coming to catch him with a bribe of oats.*' Here the analytical power which

* 'Essays on the Poets:' p. 46. Boston: TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

'The Opium Eater' is wont to bring to bear so tellingly in his estimations of character, must, we think, have been treating itself to a Homeric nod. We do not acknowledge the justness of the comparison. What does he mean by Shelley's being 'bribed back?' If it is to be taken in its literal sense, we agree with him; he could *not* have been *bribed* to abandon his opinions by any hopes of advantage or preferment. The context plainly shows, however, that this is not what is meant. Mr. De Quincey means to say that Shelley, even at that early age, was an Atheist beyond all hope of redemption; and further, he affirms that his expulsion had no influence in confirming him in his error. Let us look a little at this.

As we have said before, the Atheism of Shelley was not a mere freakish opinion of youth, but a sincere conviction arrived at after sober examination. The title of his first published work, '*The Necessity of Atheism*,' shows his sincerity. He stands, then, at Oxford in the light of a conscientious unbeliever. We cannot see any thing so desperately incurable in his case. To his mind the arguments against Christianity appeared stronger than those for it; and this was the ground of his unbelief. Some attempt should at least have been made to point out to him his error. Minds constituted like Shelley's are ever ready to listen to reason; and surely, Oxford doctors were capable of detecting the flaws in the false premises of a youth of sixteen. But Mr. De Quincey says that he was a mono-maniac upon the subject of Christianity, and therefore all reasoning would only have been wasted upon him. We admit, and he himself afterward admitted, that his views when he wrote '*Queen Mab*' were extremely ultra. We reverse, however, Mr. De Quincey's order of things, and instead of making his fanaticism the *reason* for the summary, Jeddart justice inflicted upon him, we affirm it to have been a legitimate *effect* of his expulsion. Shelley came up to the University bearing in his bosom a certain belief, the reasons for which belief he made public; and his answer was a stigma affixed to his name for life. Is it any wonder that such treatment, coupled with the hollowness and insincerity he saw everywhere around him, should have driven him to violent extremes? We trow not.

Although Shelley was an unbeliever — far be it from us to conceal the fact — yet no one was ever more thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of Christianity. What can agree more perfectly with one of the fundamental doctrines of the '*GREAT TEACHER*' than the sentiment of those beautiful lines in the dedication of the '*Revolt of Islam*':

'SUFFERING brought the knowledge and the power,
Which said, *Let scorn be not repaid with scorn!*'

His poetry is full of such instances. Between his life and his religion there was no analogy. His intercourse with men was marked by all that was noble, generous, and disinterested. None knew him but to love him. Even Byron relaxes for a time his settled scorn, while he adds his meed of praise: 'He was the most gentle, most amiable, and least worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of

all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal to the very letter.' What a character ! Nothing was wanting but the light within the temple to have made it almost perfect. Such was Shelley. *Requiescat in pace !*—lightly may the green sod lie upon his 'heart of hearts' beside the old gray wall !

R. N. V.

Boston, (Pa.,) 1857.

ROOM FOR THE MIGHTY DEAD.

BY A SOUTHERN CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Room for the mighty dead :
 From cavern, crypt, and battle-field,
 Where trumpets blew and clarions pealed,
 And hearts against the foe were steel'd,
 And nerved to die but never yield ;
 Where rolling thunders burst and fell ;
 Where swept the storm of shotted fire ;
 And Freedom wept to ring their knell,
 And see her sons expire.

II.

Room for the mighty dead :
 But not alone for those whose stroke
 Cleft, as the woodman cleaves the oak,
 Grim Despotism's ranks, and broke
 Hell's bigot fortrees-gates : invoke
 From prison-vault and outcast's tomb,
 That silent, stricken, nameless band,
 Who met the faithful martyr's doom,
 And lit, in years of ancient gloom,
 The lamps that now like suns illumine
 Great Freedom's Holy Land.

III.

Room for the mighty dead :
 For all who died man's heart to free ;
 For all who never bent the knee ;
 For all who dared, by land or sea,
 To strike one blow for Liberty ;
 For all who bade the world rejoice
 In Wisdom's radiant avatar ;
 For all who heard in Heaven the voice
 Of morning from her star.

New-Orleans, December 24th.

A S P I R A T I O N S F O R H O M E .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE following was suggested on reading an account of the captivity of a beautiful Moorish maiden at the time of the conquest of Granada :

THE eve has come, the twilight's gray
Is dimming now the sun's last ray,
Bidding farewell to parting day.
Far from the distant hill-side floats
The whip-poor-will's sad evening note ;
The trickling fountain sends its spray
Of shining pearls to dance and play,
With blossoming vines unfolding there
Their perfume to the evening air ;
While from the dark green orange grove
The fragrant breezes lightly rove,
Lifting the starry jasmine flower,
That 's drooping in the lady's bower ;
Then dallies with the soft brown hair
That 's straying o'er her forehead fair ;
And then stands bound as by a spell,
While from her lips such music fell,
The tones so mournful that they seem
The echoing of a troubled dream.

Ah ! could I see again my native shore,
And listen to the ocean's song once more ;
Could I but wander once upon that strand,
And feel my brow by ocean's breezes fanned,
Then would I be content.

Could I but dream again of childhood's hour,
Flitting like humming bird from flower to flower,
My heart as light as thistle-down I threw
Upon the gentle breeze that softly blew,
'T would be a sweet relief.

Ah ! yes, 't is lovely here ; yet still it seems
As if the music of my mountain streams,
As they go laughing on their winding way,
Is sweeter than this trickling fountain's play,
'T has more of Nature's song.

Oh ! tell me not that I am doomed to roam
Forever from my own loved mountain home ;
Oh ! tell me not that never, never more
I may behold my own dear native shore :
'T would be too hard a fate.

Yet true, it must be so ; I know not why
Memory brings up to-night those scenes gone by ;
Ah ! I had thought that I would never more
Recount those scenes of happy childhood o'er ;
O Memory ! be thou still.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

LOVE AND FALSEHOOD.

How shall I relate the new experience which made me feel that a whole life of sacrifice would have been for it a sweet recompense, could it have been granted me on no other terms? This was sufficient to live for, to suffer for; and yet, who can tell why a mother has such joy, where there is so much to make her sorrow? She has given birth to a life which is immortal, to one whose well-being and happiness depend on her judicious care and counsel. One would think she would be appalled and shrink from, rather than welcome the responsibility, yet so great is her rejoicing that every other consideration is swallowed up in this: 'I am a mother.' I was not an exception to this experience when I gazed upon the little creature who had given me this new title, and furnished me with this new happiness. Though weak and languid, how strong I felt in the excitement of this strange love. I had, it seemed to me, another lease of life, and my pulse beat warm and quick with the glow of a fresh existence.

Neither was I exempt from the foolish anxiety which every mother exhibits for her fledgeling. How many times I lifted the weight of blanket, quilt, and comforter, enough to crush it, lest it should feel a breath of air — to see if it was actually there, that little baby — my baby, and never could cease to wonder at the mystery of its being. If it lay perfectly quiet, how I started with fear, lest the gentle breath, scarcely at any time perceptible, had departed. How could it be possible that all the complicated operations necessary to life were going on in that frail form? If it nestled I trembled in very terror, so impossible it seemed that there could be strength for motion. Almost afraid of annihilating it, I took the tiny hand and clasped it upon my finger to watch it curl and open unconsciously; and thought, can these ever become the strong, bony knuckles of the man?

A boy-baby! I had never seen his papa walk with that firm, manly step. How plainly I could read the new and peculiar expression that rested on his brow. In a few years he would say: 'My son!'

A boy-baby! It was not unmanly to notice him, even when 'mewling and puking in his mother's arms.' And when his eyes opened, and a gleam of intelligence lighted his features, he would even take him in his arms, and when he had so far progressed as to look around and smile, I was favored often for a whole day with his society.

Not for our sakes only was this sacrifice; oh! no, he was not so unmanly as that; but he had a head-ache, or 'did not feel at all well; he might take cold in the damp office;' so, by some tempting cordial, I convinced him that I had no suspicion of his weakness, and he in return manifested a resignation which might well flatter a loving wife.

With what pleasure I dressed baby in his best frock, just three times the length of himself, with three rows of lace round the bottom, and three rows of tucks between, with waist and sleeves embroidered, and ornamented with stitches so fine that they were not visible even with papa's new spectacles ; then, holding him up, hoped he would grow up to be just like his papa ; and his papa, though he would not be guilty of feeling flattered, did betray a lurking smile that promised no serious dissatisfaction with such a result. We heard a loud noise in the street, and looking out saw a troop of boys quarrelling, with oaths upon their lips. The first deep pang shot through my heart, as I exclaimed : ' Oh ! if he should one day be like them ! ' And my husband said : ' There is no fear that *your* boy ever will.' If the pain did not cease it was soothed by words and tones so full of confidence.

How quickly the year sped away, during which there was not an hour free from care and anxious watching, night and day. But the reward was rich and full. It was not the weariness of loneliness, the aching void of a life aimless and objectless.

To watch a little child through all the gradations of development, is infinite amusement : the first sound of its infant voice, its first smile. Well do I remember with what tears of joy I clasped it to my bosom, when, after a thousand fruitless efforts to attract its attention, a bright red string allured him from his gravity, and induced him to put forth his little hand with a smile of intelligence.

Baby can hold a rattle ; baby can stand alone ; baby can say Papa ; and similar items were the telegraphic dispatches from nursery to parlor, and kitchen, and study, which kept the household in a state of healthy excitement, and furnished occasion for the most hearty merriment, and thence for the most animated discussion.

Aunt Ida began thoroughly to appreciate the difference between laboring for love, and laboring merely to live and thrive, and showed her preference by brightening up as her heart expanded, and by a more sincere and earnest enjoyment, not only of pleasure, but of what she denominated ' the serious concerns of life.' Her piety was of the quiet, unobtrusive kind, which led her to govern her own spirit without attempting to rule others, and to put her faith implicitly in the Bible, the ' Fathers,' and the minister, with about the same confidence in the infallibility of each as the devotee of the ' most holy Church ' has in the Pope, his priesthood and decrees ; though of the latter she had the utmost horror, as being the instruments of all evil. It must be a very extraordinary occasion that rendered her seat vacant in the house of worship, and it must be a very bigoted or reckless spirit that would attempt to tamper with a faith so well grounded, and productive of fruit so wholesome as her whole walk and conversation. How many will recognize the picture as we paint her, in mind, manners, and appearance ! How many have seen her and immediately been inspired with respect by the dress which was her invariable Sunday gear — the plain black silk, white shawl, and Dunstable straw, trimmed with white lute-string, shiny morocco shoes, and fine knit cotton or worsted hose. The little gilt Bible in which to find the text, she carried in her hand, wrapped in the folds of a snowy kerchief, and the white silk gloves

which had been worn every Sunday for years and remained spotless, gave a trim, tidy look to her soft plump hand. We have not said whether she was tall or short, fat or lean, but it is not necessary after so fully portraying her opinions and temperament. She was round and full without being gross, and adhered to the fashion of her youth in the cut of her dress, and the plain book-muslin cap with crimped frill ; for next to actual sin, she deprecated the folly of those who were old and withered, attempting to look fine with the delicate gauzes which were only fit for bloom and beauty.

She had at first no disposition to make acquaintances in the city, being sure that the fine ladies of fashionable society could have no feelings in common with her, which was true, certainly ; but among her acquaintances of the church and prayer-meeting, she found many who appreciated her humble virtues, and with whom she enjoyed the social intercourse, without which no healthy mind and heart can long be content.

Hermits and monks have inculcated a different doctrine, and sentiments which would disparage communion with our kind, are put forth by many in modern days, whom morbid disease has rendered morose, and perhaps unfit for human society. One who was earnestly endeavoring to wean herself from the world, said : ' It is a reflection that never occurs without the bitterest pain. One longs for affection — for an interesting friend to associate and commune with — for an object to love devotedly. Meanwhile the DERR offers His friendship and communion, and is refused or forgotten. There are, too, the sages of all ages : there is Moses, Daniel, Elijah, and we complain of want of society ! ' As to the sages, it may be of use to us to read their words of wisdom ; but for a human, living soul, there is little satisfaction in being confined to communion with those who are forever dumb. The heart would still be conscious of its longing ; ' an object to love devotedly,' would still be ages distant, and the more profound the wisdom of these worthies, the less they might be fitted for our humble companionship. It is no more true, and we say it with reverence, that communion with God can satisfy a longing human soul ; else why did He make us human, and endow us with faculties and feelings which only human intercourse and love can satisfy ? Those who mope in solitude, professing and trying to be happy and content, are warring against nature, and striving for a state never attained in earth or heaven.

My good friend was experiencing the benefit of actual contact with the world. The stories concerning the squalid misery and poverty to be found in cities, were read by one so secluded, without any real understanding of their import, and when she came to see with her eyes, she exclaimed in astonishment : ' I had no idea such things existed in the world.' Like most people, and especially like most women, who have never been exposed to temptation, and never known want of any kind, she had little or no sympathy with the weak or wicked of her own sex, but pronounced their doom with one universal sweep of condemnation.

' How can you think of receiving such a person into your family ? ' said she one day, as she learned I had engaged a seamstress who had

'fallen from woman's high estate,' by the art and falsehood of a villain.

'I receive her because I pity and respect her,' I answered.

'Respect her !' and my good friend looked at me as if she thought I must be insane.

'Yes, I respect her for her humility in misfortune, her quiet, unobtrusive efforts to win esteem, and repair the reputation of which she was so basely deprived.'

'Deprived ! it must have been her own fault. I have no patience with girls of such character. It's only encouraging them to treat them as you do her, and you need n't expect me to have anything to do with her.'

'I leave you always to do as you please, dear Aunt Ida, but I shall be very much grieved if, by marked contempt or neglect, you wound the feelings of a young girl who evidently is fast wasting with the weight of her sorrow.'

Had it not been for her age, and the respect I owed to the friend of many years and through many trials, I should have said in my anger : 'I have little esteem for the woman who can feel thus toward a woman, however low she may have fallen.' But I succeeded in restraining myself, till I was able coolly and kindly to tell the story of her who, it would have seemed, ought to move the sternest heart to pity, if only by her deep dejection and her face so deadly pale. The kindest tones and most conciliatory manner could not win from her a word beyond absolute necessity, and the long dark lashes were never raised from the eyes that seemed to have lost their power to weep, and looked scorched by the fire that was never quenched within. Her history, though new and strange to my friend, would be stale to my readers ; a tale of love and trust and friendship and desolation, leaving the usual wreck of hopes and fame and earthly happiness to one still young and one who had been proud and honored. She lived, deserted by friends and neglected by all, and opened not her lips in accusation of others or justification of herself.

My good friend, though somewhat softened, could not be quite convinced that it was not best for a warning to others, if nothing more, that all who erred should suffer the full penalty of their sin.

'And what shall be done to save men from crime and baseness ? Surely, they are entitled to some consideration. And inasmuch as crime and meanness are more heinous and despicable than trust and weakness, the exertion to remove from them temptation, and punish their guilt, should occupy our first thoughts ?'

'It's just as it is, and we can't help it,' was the reply to the sarcasm she well understood.

'So, if I tell you that the gentleman who called this evening is far more unworthy your regard than the poor girl in the sewing-room, you would not think it necessary to show your abhorrence of his sins to save others from perdition or punish him for his own sake ?'

'It's no use talking,' said she ; 'men are different, and we can't alter things.'

'This I concede, that 'men are different ;' but I think there might be

a little alteration of things, if the Christian spirit by which we profess to be governed were only carried into all our words and actions. You feel quite sure, because you have met with no misfortune, that you are both strong and good. But you cannot tell. If you are frail you have had every support for your weakness; but if you had watched your most secret thoughts and feelings for twenty years, you might have found there the seeds of evil, which, if left to the nurture of neglect, and reared in the midst of poverty and temptation, disappointment and sorrow, might have made of you a more miserable being than one whom you now condemn. 'I am alone and helpless. I am wretched and starving,' is the cry that comes up to us from every quarter of this dark city. If we leave them alone to starve or sell their souls for bread, or commit suicide in despair, as we read every day they are doing, how can we be guiltless? If they are debased, they are still entitled to pity; and if not beyond the mercy of Him who pardoned a thief and a Magdalen, certainly should not be beyond ours.'

I could see that my opponent was silenced and not convinced, but I knew that time and knowledge and meditation would add their testimony, and left her to their influence. But there was no end to the 'bones of contention' between us, though never once did we become for a moment estranged.

When the parade and preparation commenced, in order to have the young ladies 'come out,' with due form and ceremony, she was almost as much shocked as at the encouragement of vice. 'There was no such fuss in her day, and girls made out quite as well, she thought. It seemed to her like advertising them as ready to be sold to the highest bidder; and then the time they wasted, in dressing and sitting dressed to receive calls, which, for aught she could see, amounted to nothing!'

'But,' I said, 'they are of an age to be married now, and of course must be introduced to gentlemen, and form acquaintances, if we expect them to form desirable connections.'

'It is just like saying we are waiting and hoping for proposals; they might as well offer themselves outright.'

'To be sure, every body knows they are waiting and hoping for proposals, and that they would be wretched indeed if they were to pass the first half of their initiatory year without some half-a-dozen. Did n't you wish and hope for the same fortune when you were of their age?'

'If I did, I did n't say so,' exclaimed the good lady, in a tone of great indignation that I should suspect her of any thing so unwomanly.

'But you were actually married, and supposing you acted of your own free will, it is to be concluded that you were not averse to such a fate, and very probably desired it.'

'That is a very different thing from saying it. I hope I was never guilty of owning that I wanted to get married.'

'I do not see why it should be so disgraceful to express a desire for that which we are so anxious to possess.'

'Women wish to be married of course; they have nothing else to look forward to; but they don't talk about it.'

'Oh! yes, half their time is spent in talking about it, and the other half in thinking and dreaming about it. I found a troop of girls the

other day on the side-walk, who had just emerged from the recitation-room, and their whole conversation, as far as I accompanied them, was about their beaux and flirtations.'

'City school-girls, very likely; need n't expect any thing better.'

'I imagine girls and human nature are about the same everywhere. I only wish they were taught and encouraged to think and talk about what concerns them so intimately in a proper way. They would neither be so silly nor so vulgar. As it is, art, maneuvering, and falsehood are the results of their peculiar education.'

'Girls have nothing to do but wait till they are asked.'

'And then say: 'Yes, I thank you.' But you see the fear of waiting in vain leads them to all manner of plottings to make a prize secure, which, like stratagems in war, are honorable if successful, but if they fail, bring infamy upon the heads of the poor offenders.'

'I do n't see any occasion where confession or falsehood are called for, or can be of any particular use.'

'Dear Aunt Ida! if in your youth you had by some fatality indulged a preference for one who had made no declaration which justified you in the eyes of the world in openly acknowledging it, and you had been rallied by your companions, however confident yourself in the sincerity and fidelity of your lover, would you not have denied unqualifiedly any sentiment bordering upon interest in him; and to be sure and lull suspicion, would you not have most perseveringly insisted that such a sentiment was impossible? I have heard girls do so a hundred times, without the slightest compunction.'

'I can't tell what I should do; but one could at least keep silent.'

'No, it is not permitted; for in this, of all cases, silence gives consent. In some two or three hundred novels which I have read, there is not one in which the heroine is not represented as indulging in such falsehoods, naturally and of necessity, and usually it would be considered as exhibiting a great want of delicacy and womanly decorum not to do this. Shakspeare says, 'It is one of the points in which women give the lie to their consciences;' but their consciences are never troubled by this species of disobedience to the holy commandment. 'There is no other way,' they exclaim; 'what if I should tell the truth and find myself deceived, the finger of scorn would be pointed at me all the days of my life.'

'The feeling is instinctive in every woman's breast, that her love must not be confessed till it is asked. I do n't know how she can help it.'

'Instincts are planted by God, and it is scarcely a safe conclusion that He has made it necessary to honor that it must be sustained by falsehood. Beside, among the primitive and uneducated nations, this is not required. The Jewish women, though in some respects slaves, and subject to most cruel laws and customs, were kept in no such bondage of the heart and tongue. When Isaac sent his representative to woo Rebecca, they said, 'Go call the damsel and inquire at her mouth,' and they called Rebecca and said unto her: 'Wilt thou go with this man?' and she said: 'I will go.' According to our ideas of

maidenly delicacy, she should have blushed and stammered, feigned indifference or aversion, while it would have been just as evident that she preferred to go. It was no disgrace to act according to her instincts ; and Ruth is an instance of more decided frankness.'

'Ruth ! I hope you would not cite her as an example. A queer state of society we should have.'

'I would not, certainly, give her as an example to be followed, though I think the state of society could scarcely be worse than it is ; for I know of nothing more debasing than the system of maneuvering, which propriety compels women to practise in order to accomplish their matrimonial purposes. But there is not an example of a more noble, high-minded woman in every other respect, than Ruth the Moabitess. Step-mothers, at least, would be very willing her example should be followed in her treatment of her mother-in-law. When the wife and mother loses her husband, after mourning for him, she seems most troubled that she can no longer hope for another, and bids her daughters-in-law depart from her, that they may go where they may be more likely to find husbands, than if they share her solitary life. 'Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.' Again and again her mother advised her to return. But Ruth said : 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.' I like to repeat it, for where is to be found any thing more beautiful ?'

'But in seeking her kinsman she acted under the influence of inspiration.'

'Yes, but she would not have been commanded to do what would bring upon her the reproach of her people. She had the sanction of custom, and her kinsman would have repulsed and scorned her, as a man would do now, among us, if she had defied conventionalities even to bestow upon him riches and honor and happiness. Among all the North-American Indians, who are Nature's children, it is woman's prerogative to choose her mate, and also to have a voice in the councils of the nation ; yet among them as well as the nations of the East, she is more decidedly feminine according to our acceptation of the term than any of us.'

'Well, I do n't know how we came by such a sentiment, but it seems to be universal and deeply rooted.'

'So it was once among many nations, and is still among some, that to murder each other in cold blood, was an absolute requisition of the code of honor, though contrary to every express command and every principle of the Bible. To fail to take this summary revenge for some trifling or imaginary insult, overwhelmed a man with disgrace and banished him from refined society. Did God give him such an instinct ? And this same sense of honor has been extended to kingdoms and nations, so that a whole people must rise up and buckle on their armor, and millions and millions of human beings must be inhumanly slaughtered, because some king or potentate and his wise council have

interpreted the act of some other king or potentate, to be an indignity.' Our disputation had led us widely from the occasion which gave rise to it, and was getting somewhat out of the range of my opponent's ordinary topics of reading and thinking. She could never see clearly that what any body did could be very much in the wrong ; though with the prejudice of persons of her limited opportunities of observation, she was almost sure that all was wrong which was practised by a clique or class of which she knew nothing except what she heard afar off, or saw from a post of observation outside the charmed circle. Like a great many good country people, she had an idea that all the ladies in the city were mincing and given to vanity, and any thing like sober common-sense was an impossibility among people who gave such heed to things outward and visible.

Like most people who live in the quiet of country seclusion, she had supposed those who dressed in silks every day must do it from vanity ; that those who indulged in amusements could have no relish for what was serious and earnest ; and knowing that most city people do these things, she supposed them destitute of godliness and entirely devoted to the things of this world. But she learned that good people could both dance and sing, and that they were probably a little better for the exhilaration and exercise of these pastimes. She saw people who were engaged heart and hand in going about doing good even as CHRIST commanded, and as HE also set the example of doing, who sought relaxation in listening to the grand music of the opera, and the comic representations of the stage, without detriment to their devotion, or prejudice to their labors of love. There are few so strong in mind or body as to endure for a length of time the tension of sobriety. Those who attempt it become morose and morbid, and tinge their religion with the dark imaginings which disease is sure to engender, and so make it repulsive.

S O N N E T .

'Die Seele ist Königin.'

It matters not to me how fine a brain
 My neighbor's mind may dwell in : his discourse
 May bear the deftest witchery, and its force
 May make all rival argument in vain.
 This is not highest : for the sophists train
 The human reason to such skill in fence
 As to o'er-match the sure report of sense,
 And over very Truth some victory gain.
 Not of the first estate are these fair powers,
 Wit, fancy, genius, graceful poesy :
 But to a mistress worthier than they all,
 Gay, gallant courtiers of these mortal hours ;
 They bow in homage. Noble though they be,
 The soul alone is queen — the heart her regal hall.

C. H. F.

Augusta, (Maine.)

N A T U R E ' S B R I D A L .

I.

WHILE I was yet a very child —
In childhood some are old —
There was a weight in all my heart,
A misery untold.

II.

I wandered by the wimpling burn,
To hear the clicking mill,
I knew the steepest precipice,
On every neighboring hill.

III.

The early sun's first rosy beams
Were scattered on my head,
I sought to catch the parting rays
That settled round his bed.

IV.

I lingered in the twilight shades
To watch the new-born moon,
To catch the gamut of the stars —
It vanished all too soon.

V.

Night after night I watched that moon
In greater brightness rise;
And thought that God had folded up
The curtains of the skies;

VI.

That I might see my mother's form
'With her angel plumage on;'
That she might bend her eyes to earth
And look upon her son.

VII.

The hare-bell and the violet,
The lily and the rose,
The fragrance of the balmy spring,
And winter's drifting snows;

VIII.

Were noted with a watchful eye;
And yet they brought no joy,
All nature slighted my regards,
For I was still a boy.

IX.

I felt within a strange unrest;
And many deep-drawn sighs
Raised up the fountains of my heart,
Which gushed out at my eyes.

X.

I wept, and knew not why I wept;
Was sad without a cause:
And yet instinctively I loved
Unchanging NATURE's laws.

XI.

I could not win her slightest smile,
In limping words I tried:
And felt the bitter tooth of scorn,
Contempt and wounded pride.

XII.

But now in these my ampler years,
NATURE has grown less coy;
And now permits one gentle arm,
And says I'm not a boy.

XIII.

I love her with increasing zeal,
Her whom I loved in youth;
I worship at her awful shrine
In spirit and in truth.

XIV.

And now I know why I was sad,
And why I wept such tears:
Fruition over-tops my hopes,
And banishes my fears.

XV.

I'm happy now, no longer sad;
My constancy has won
The unheeding mistress of my youth:
Nature and I are one.

XVI.

She meets me on the barren heath,
And in the shady dell;
Upon the mountain's misty edge.
And on the stony fell.

XVII.

She meets me at the river's brink,
In forest and in glade :
I would not give her one caross
For Beauty's brightest maid.

XVIII.

I kiss and toy while I'm awake,
She comes to me in dreams,
And drowns the cup of bitterness
In dim oblivion's streams.

XIX.

And when I waken in the morn,
The first bright eyes I see
Are hers, whose ever-waking beam
Bends sweetly over me.

XX.

I loved her in my early prime,
My love knows no decay :
I loved her in her bridal robes :
As then, I love to-day.

XXI.

She's brought me store from every clime,
A dower rich and rare ;
The whole of all the laughing earth
And circumambient air.

XXII.

But now I think, too soon we part
The bridegroom and the bride :
The bridegroom seeks the halls of Death,
The bride her father's side.

XXIII.

Yet while I live I'm well assured
I'll be her tenderest care ;
And when I'm calmly laid in earth,
She'll sometimes there repair :

XXIV.

And stand beside the simple urn
Of one who loved her true ;
And with affection's gushing tears,
The springing sod bedew.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It needs no great stretch of your imagination, dear reader, to accompany me to the scene of this anecdote. Only picture to yourself a barrack-yard, a company of soldiers drawn up in line, before which the captain, bedizzened and starched, is walking up and down; a plain black coffin, upon which rest a pair of white gloves, a glittering sabre, and a well-polished helmet; toward the end of the story imagine a church-yard, with its expectant grave, and you will have conjured up quite enough to answer my purpose. In that coffin reposes the body of an artillery-man, to whom his comrades are about to pay the last sad rites. If an officer die, he is escorted to the grave with martial music, by the whole regiment; but for a private soldier, his company alone turns out, and the band is considered quite unnecessary. The captain, stroking his mustache, now calls out: 'Attention!' The soldiers become as quiet and motionless as if they were fastened to the ground. 'Forward the first six!' They step out from the ranks, and are about to raise up the coffin, preparatory to carrying it to the grave. Suddenly, with the most despairing and heart-felt anguish marked in her countenance, a poor woman bursts into the barrack-yard. She longs to gaze once more, for the last time, upon her son, the dead artillery-man. Notwithstanding the severe cold, for ten whole hours had she been on the road walking from the village where she lived, to town, hastening forward with all her might, in the hopes of at least being able to press her last farewell on the cold lips of her son. Falling almost prostrate before the captain, she implored him to have the coffin opened, only for a few minutes. But all was in vain: the coffin had already been nailed up — for a lock and hinges would have been too expensive; the company was obliged to furnish eight men for the guard at twelve o'clock; it was already eleven; there was not a moment to lose. So the ceremony proceeded, in spite of all the lamentations and entreaties of the distracted mother.

The poor fainting creature was supported by a soldier and taken to the guard-house; in the mean time the company, at the word of command, marched to the church-yard, and there formed a circle round the open grave. Then the captain, leaning upon his sword, and with down-cast eyes, thus began his funeral oration:

'O LORD! inscrutable are THY ways, and THY decrees are eternal secrets to us. Only four weeks ago, his Royal Highness our Prince, was summoned by THEE to a better world, and day before yesterday THOU calledst likewise away from us the artillery-man Miller. Yes! he is dead, stone dead, and we now have to perform over his body the last military honors. Look, soldiers! there lies the fellow; although he was never once over-worked! But he caught cold while doing his duty to his king, and died in consequence of that, died honorably, serving his

country. But ten days ago he was upon guard ; eight days ago from to-day, he put on his accoutrements for the last time ; and now, here lies poor Miller, who was always a good soldier, cold and stiff before you. Therefore, let each of you perform his duty properly, and be obedient, both in and out of service, so that if you should be called away as suddenly as he was, you may enter the presence of your CREATOR with a clear conscience ; for, as the Psalm-book informs us, it is but a step from life to death. Surely Miller deserved a better coffin, though, Sergeant ! You should have seen to that.'

At this address, the sergeant stepped forward with the customary salute, and answered promptly :

'At your orders, Captain.'

'Yes ! but it is too late now : why ! the coffin-lid don't shut tight ; and there the poor devil is lying, all crooked and doubled together at one end, and at the last day he will rise out of his grave a complete cripple. As I live, I can see some of his hair sticking out, too ! If any one of his intimate friends wishes to cut off a lock, he may step forward and take it as a memento.'

Several artillery-men moved as if they would like to come forward.

'Recollect, you blockheads, there is to be no muttering, or I'll give you three extra tours of duty ! Sergeant, just keep your eye on Newman, there. I believe the rascal is always finding fault with my orders. Devil take the rapscallion ! As sure as there is a God in heaven, I'll take the smartness out of him ! I'll ride him with a curb till he won't consider himself so wise ! I wish we could only bury him instead of Miller, and then we should gain a good soldier and lose a bad one. It was never necessary to punish Miller ; he was always clean and tidy ; a first-rate fellow, 'pon honor ! Yes, and if he had lived two years longer, I am sure he would have been made a non-commissioned officer ; and he might, even, in after-years, have attained the rank of sergeant. But it is ever so ! The best men seldom obtain their deserts. It is the duty of a good soldier to face the enemy boldly, and to conquer or to die. But when, in time of peace, he is not called upon to perform military service, he should endeavor to advance himself in some occupation of civil life. There is no use, however, in standing here and lamenting over our misfortunes ; it will not restore poor Miller to life. Here he lies, dead, dead as a herring, as sure as there is a God in heaven. Now, lower the coffin into the grave.'

At this order, the men lowered the coffin with ropes, but without taking away the gloves, helmet, and sabre which were upon the lid, because there had been no command to that effect. This drew down from the captain a perfect avalanche of imprecations.

What ! you stupid clod-hoppers ! Are you all going to the devil ? Going to bury gloves, helmet, and sabre as if they cost nothing ? Do you suppose that his majesty the king picks up your accoutrements ready made in the streets ? I will now sprinkle a handful of earth on the coffin, in token of good fellowship with Miller, though he has gone to the next world. The company may then come forward, one by one, and do likewise.'

The soldiers, availing themselves of this permission, pressed eagerly

round the grave, each one striving to be first. This caused some disorder and irregularity. Conspicuous among the foremost was the unlucky Newman, who came next after the captain, and hurled two great clumps of earth on the coffin, so that it fairly bounced from the effect of the blow.

This afforded the captain a fresh opportunity of exhibiting his dislike to the poor fellow.

'May a thousand furies overwhelm the rascal ! The man must be raving, stark mad !' he roared out furiously. 'I suppose he wants to wake up Miller from his last sleep, so that he may make his appearance before the whole company with nothing but a shirt on, and freeze to death : that would be a pretty piece of business, when his clothes have already been delivered to the quarter-master's department. Sergeant ! remember that this fellow is to have three additional tours of duty at the powder-mill. *Now*, perhaps he'll keep quiet, and not budge from his place ; if he do n't, I'll make a *fricasee* of the scoundrel !'

The grave is slowly filled up with earth. When that part of the ceremony is over, the captain silently doffs his helmet, and at this signal the soldiers follow his example. The sergeant steps officiously to the side of his commander with the question :

'What prayer does it please our captain to order ?'

'That's a fact, sure enough. I had forgotten to tell you that. Well, let every one that can, say the *Lorr's Prayer*, and pray at that till I order you to stop.'

The captain shields his eyes with his helmet, taking good care, however, to hold it so that he can see over the top and watch his men, who, taking the hint from him, look earnestly at the lining of their helmets and pretend to pray.

'Amen !' roars the captain ; and then, in the same breath : '*Attention ! company ; left face, forward march !*' and, at a quick step, away marches the whole company back to the barracks.

'Give me back my son ! Where is my son ?' the poor mother, who has by this time recovered her senses, demanded of the soldiers as soon as she saw them returning to their quarters.

'He is buried, my good woman,' abruptly retorted the captain ; 'buried with full military honors ! Do n't be so down-hearted, for he was a first-rate soldier ; and 't is a great pity that he is dead. Now, go home, and tell your husband and children what I say.'

'Ah ! they are all dead : he was the last !' sobbed out the unfortunate creature.

'Why, then, go and get married again, and perhaps you will have some more children, who will grow up and be a fine set of fellows, just like him.'

Giving this piece of consolation, the captain walked off, while the poor old woman, half-stupefied, half-crazed by her loss, stood silently gazing after his retreating form.

Tears started to the eyes of the soldiers in the guard-house who had witnessed this scene. They made a collection amongst themselves, and every man there contributed his last copper to enable the grief-stricken mother to pursue her desolate journey home.

A D R E A M .

BY A MYST.

I.

AMONG the tombs at mid-night
I paced with noiseless tread ;
A starless sky above me,
Around, the silent dead.

II.

I sat me down upon a grave,
And heard the wind's low sigh
As fitfully and mournfully
It still went walling by.

III.

It seemed to sing a requiem
For the peaceful, quiet dead ;
The heavens were clothed in mourning,
The gloomy heavens o'er head.

IV.

From the belfry of the minster
I heard a creaking sound :
A moment and it woke to life
The dead that slept around.

V.

I saw them in their grave-clothes,
Their faces wan and pale,
They looked so light and fragile,
The dead they looked so frail.

VI.

They flitted by like shadows,
Like shadows on the wall ;
O'er the tangled grass they tripped,
As in some marble hall.

VII.

But slowly light fell on them,
They vanished as a dream,
For through my chamber window
Came the sun's bright morning beam.

GOLDEN MEMORIES.

BY EDWARD GOODWIN, OF ALABAMA.

'Come, listen to the times of old.'—SOUTHEY.

BLESSED be a good, genial, cheerful fire ! Beneath its soothing influence we cease to hear the eternal jar of opposing elements ; we, for a time, forget that without is biting coldness ; that a thousand hearts are bleeding in sorrow and want ; that pale-faced orphan children are crying for bread ; that men are wasting away beneath the rude touch of disease, and that misery lies on every side.

Dear reader, have you no comfortable ingleside about which you fondly linger, when the wintery winds go wailing by, and when the snow-wreaths hang in gorgeous, glittering festoons from every bending bough ? Have you no hearth-stone, broad and ample, upon which you can heap great piles of 'clean cleft hickory ?' We know right well you have, and about its sacred jams linger lovingly the many sweet remembrances of the 'olden time' when you, with light heart and active limbs, gathered wild-flowers high up the towering mountain-side, or sported in glee upon the green, grassy lawn, or chased the gaudy butterfly over the distant fields ! Is it not a happy privilege, seated as we are by the glowing fire-side, to recall those golden memories and dwell upon them with a melancholy pleasure ? They are the jewels of the mind, and they flash athwart it, causing it to glow afresh with all the gorgeous glories of youth, hope, and love. We fondly cherish them, so full of half-forgotten dreams, youthful fancies, and delightful hours, and doatingly cling to them as the mother bereft of her darling child, clings to it on the border of the grave, and even in the dim twilight of old age we hug them to our bosoms with tenderness and joy. They are true and faithful companions. From a refined and sensitive mind they are never entirely absent. They add a freshening ardor to our pleasures, and soften our adversities, as distance mellows the mountain and the landscape. When the beautiful bow of promise has vanished from the heaven of our hopes amid a night of blackness and despair, and pale Melancholy, with spectral fingers, has traced upon our hearts grief and dire misfortunes, it is sweet to know that we can turn to a *world within us*, which no storms can disfigure, and revel again amid scenes of brightness, beauty, and joy.

These blessed memories come upon us in a thousand different ways ; sometimes —

— 'like the murmur of a dream ;'

at another, in crowded halls, amid music and the merry dance, they whisper softly unto us ; and still at another, in the sombre mid-night,

they steal gently over us. When we least expect it, lo ! arises before us some beautiful vision of the ' farthest back hour,' from

'BENEATH the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory.'

Do you not see a splendid peristrepthic panorama moving before you from those far-distant 'shades?' How natural! How vivid, and how true! See! there glides the old school-house, in which many of the sunny hours of childhood were past. It is silent and deserted now, but it will live forever in the 'world of memory.' The kind-hearted teacher has gone down to the gloomy grave. And those dear friends who went to the same school; read from the same books; drank from the same spring, and prayed the same prayers—where are they? They are scattered hither and thither over the wide earth. Some are in foreign lands, and some have faded like flowers from the earth. The melody of their voices still lingers and falls upon our ears, like echoes from the glory-land. There, too, is the grassy lawn upon which we once sported in glee! Oh! it is *there*, bright in the sunshine, and lovely in the shade! How often, long, long ago, did we—you and I—in those days, play with our brothers and our sisters upon that dear familiar spot, when

'SPRING trieth her trick of greenery;'

when the bees murmured among the flowers; when the atmosphere was laden with aroma; when every grove was filled with the melting melody of birds; and when the hills and vales were garnitured with light and loveliness. *That* was many a weary year ago, and some of that joyous, happy band have passed away, as the rainbow melts from the bosom of the cloud. The dews of heaven now sprinkle the grave of a kind brother or sister, and beautiful flowers shed their fragrance over their final resting-place. Even the old oak tree, beneath whose wide-spreading branches we used to sit and wreath the flowers into chaplets fair, or watch the silvery sailing clouds far up in heaven, is not forgotten. We remember it still, and love it; and from our souls bless the poet who sung

'WOODMAN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough:
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.'

Touch it not with the sacrilegious axe, for every stem, leaf, and bough has in it a tale full of love. Many and many a time have we sought its shelter from the summer-showers; years on years it cast its genial shade over the home of our childhood, and hither did the bees and birds come. We remember well the last time we sat beneath that dear old oak. 'T was on a summer's morning, and we were not alone. It was a morning as soft and beautiful as ere beamed upon the world and touched the heavens with radiance. That was our last day in the home of our youth, and duty had prompted us to go forth and battle with the rugged world for wealth, honor, and emolument. The girl of our affection was beside us, and fond-words were spoken and solemn vows were plighted. We think that we now can feel the influence of

that bright blue eye, blue as the 'bending heavens,' beaming on us, and can hear the 'melting murmurs' of that low sweet voice breathing words of hope, and love, and constancy. Alas! alas! cruel Time writes many sad changes on the human heart, for ere we saw again the old oak tree and our home, she had gone up to the mansions of bliss, and joined the angels of that brighter world.

Blessed be that dear old tree! Often and oft have we seen its dark green leaves arising from the 'world of memory,' and often and oft have desired to lay once more our wearied limbs beneath its boughs.

The panorama glides on, and — O beautiful vision! — there is our childhood's home, nestling like

'A thing of beauty'

amid the forest scene. Again we sit beside its ample hearth-stone, that

'OASIS in the desert — star of light,
Spangling the dreary dark of this world's night;'

that spot about which cluster so many fond and holy associations. This is truly a golden memory! Sorrows and affliction cannot erase it, and neither changes nor difficulties can dim the image of the dear old home. We may perchance roam into distant lands; may tarry beneath soft Italy's skies; may stand amid the glittering glaciers of the Alps; or may linger among the vineyards of the Rhine; yet this remembrance will cling to us — 'a joy forever.' We live over again those happy hours. We feel the same spirit that thrilled us years ago, and gaze upon the same scene that filled our youthful eyes with joy. Do you remember how you rejoiced when, on a morning in cold December, you awoke and beheld a scene of snowy coldness, stretching away — away, away? Have you forgotten how you made tiny track upon the snow-bank, and wondered why all the chickens were gathered within the old barn? Have you forgotten how you flattened your little red nose against the window-pane, and looked out upon the hills and hollows, and admired the glittering show; how you saw

'DROOPING, the laborer-ox
Stand covered o'er with snow,'

and how you pitied him from your soul? How you watched the snow-birds in the cedar trees, and how you wished for a little salt to throw upon their tails? All this you cherish, and much more, and a feeling of sadness steals over you when you think that those days and those realities have forever fled, and can only be recalled as sweet memories of the 'long ago.' But, gentle reader, let us ask, have you forgotten the 'old folks at home?' We see you have not, for the question has reopened the golden portals of memory, and even now the great tears are rolling a-down your cheeks. How many will echo this earnest wish: Blessed be the 'old folks at home!' Hark! The response comes ringing up from a thousand thousand throats — some giving it in plaintive tones, some with smiles of love, and some with heart-felt joy! Perhaps you

have wandered far from the happy scenes of your youth, and have left the old folks at home. It was a long time ago; but how distinctly you remember the 'old man's sad look and trembling voice, as he bade you farewell, and said, 'My son, may God bless you,' and could go no farther! And don't you remember your kind old mother; do n't you wish you could see her now, with the tears upon her cheeks? You never can forget her kind love; her gentle admonitions; her pure piety, and her fervent prayers! Foster, we entreat you, those golden memories, for they are bright treasures, and will prove to you blessed souvenirs as you journey on in this cold-hearted world.

Perhaps it has not been a great while since you left the dear old people, with the promise of a speedy return. Have you fulfilled your promise? have you kept your word? If not, there have been sad hearts at home, and bitter tears shed, and bright hopes extinguished in the breasts of the 'old folks at home.' May-be your father, feeble as he is, walks slowly and faintly up the great road at even-tide, and with anxious eyes watches for your return. Or may-be the 'old folks' are sitting in that same old-fashioned room—even this cold and stormy night—and are counting the days and hours of your absence, and are petitioning, upon bended knees, the throne of GRACE, your safe return. Go rapidly, go quickly, lest the old folks die without blessing you. If you are an author, it matters not, go; if an editor, go; if you are a blacksmith, lay aside the apron, quit the forge, leave the smithy, and go; if you are a lawyer, close your books, drop your papers and go; it matters not what is your profession; go and see the old folks at home. Hasten, too, for their lives may be 'burning dim' in the cold twilight of the grave!

The old folks at home! How familiarly those words fall upon the ear and reverberate through the halls of memory! They are bright links, binding us firmly to the past. Who can fathom the profound depths of a mother's influence! Even the remembrance of her sheds a sacred and benign influence over our hearts. See that man stealing along the street, at mid-night, with the stealthy tread of the tiger. He is going to yonder building, which you can just discern through the gloom. His features are rigid from feelings of guilt and fear. He approaches the building, looking tremblingly about him. A blinding flash of lightning leaps from the sky! He starts, as if it had seared his very brain. He pauses. Above his head and through a rift in the clouds, a beautiful and refulgent star gleams down upon him. It is so mild and serene that it reminds him of the eye of a fond mother who long ago taught him useful lessons of morality and virtue, and pointed out to the pleasant ways of peace. This man, though lost to honor and principle, has not forgotten his mother. He rushes from the spot, resolving never again to tread the pathway of vice, but to live a good and virtuous life. Such is a mother's influence. Blessed then, be the 'old folks at home,' and may those that linger here below finally enter into those splendid mansions above, where the 'old folks' will forever be 'at home.'

E L L A .

NEAR a growing Southern city
Lives a lovely girl, and witty,
In a grove of shady poplars, oaks, and other forest trees :
Gentle, blooming, truthful ELLA,
Blest by all — my guiding 'Stella' —
Fairer far than far-famed beauties who reside beyond the seas.

Here are blended wit and beauty,
Christian hopes and every duty :
These to make her loved and happy, those her person to adorn ;
While the down upon her cheek is
Soft as that on Autumn's peaches,
And her brows look like two fleecy clouds across the face of morn.

Rosy Love has her in keeping,
And for evermore is peeping
At the happy world around her, making windows of her eyes ;
And the little rascal dances
At the thought of how his glances
Prove so fatal through such port-holes when his little captive sighs.

Nothing here on earth is dearer,
Or approaches heaven nearer,
Than a look in ELLA's hazel eyes, illumined up with glee ;
Angels nestled there so brightly :
In my dreams I see them nightly
Guarding her and hers from evil, and imparting joy to me.

Is it strange that memory lingers
Round her little taper fingers,
And plays wanton through her long and glossy, raven, silky hair ?
That it mirrors her in motion,
Graceful as a ship on ocean,
Not forgetting 'beauty's ensign,' painted there by country air ?

Sometimes life to me seems weary,
And my prospects more than dreary,
But from her '*nūl desperandum*' makes my heart once more rejoice :
Then I bless the day I met her,
And feel certain I am better
Under such a holy influence, near the sound of such a voice.

Many moons have waxed and wasted
Since her carmine lips I tasted,
But the nectar thence extracted sheds a fragrance on life's way ;
Even Jove, on high Olympus,
Never dreamed of such a sip as
Tearful ELLA gave to me at parting on an August day

L O S T I N T H E W O O D S .

Few things are grander than a Western forest. The trees remind one of stern old royalists, standing in grave, never-bending dignity, interlacing their lofty branches, so as to preserve an unbroken gloom, in the shades of which they hold a solemn court.

The mail-road from Holly Springs, (Miss.,) going directly south, through the city of Jackson to New-Orleans, runs in many places through the deepest, most undisturbed woods. A most gloriously beautiful October morning discovered me, seated upon a good horse, and with a double-barrelled gun, balanced across the pommel of my saddle, guarding a 'deer-stand,' in the depths of a portion of this wild forest. Taking it for granted that my reader knows that a 'deer-stand' is a partial opening in the trees, through which the deer, frightened out by drivers, sent in for that purpose, is always expected to run, (if he never knew it before, let him now consider himself informed,) I will proceed with my story. The 'stands' in the present instance were located at a considerable distance from one another, partly because of the paucity of the hunters, and partly owing to the rarity of the openings. The horns of the drivers and the long-drawn yelps of the deer-hounds, borne over the tree-tops by the morning breeze, sent the blood bounding through every vein.

'HEAVENS! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess,
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells; less various and less sweet
The trilling notes, when in those very groves
The feathered choristers salute the spring,
And every bush in concert join; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine
An universal minstrelsy.'

Somerville's beautiful lines were engaging so much of my attention that I had fallen into an exceedingly unsportsmanlike reverie, when my ear detected a pattering noise among the leaves, and before I could recall myself to think what caused it, a most magnificent buck sprang lightly over some intervening under-growth into the opening which it bordered. My presence was, for a second, unnoticed by him, and it was only when my gun was at my shoulder that he beheld me, and with an enormous leap bounded past me across the stand. So perfectly lightning-like was the rapidity with which he shot by, that I had barely time to cover him and to fire one barrel before he disappeared amid the dense foliage. Detecting, from the lack of uniformity in his leaps, that he was wounded, I spurred my horse and rode at a half-gallop through the bushes, which grew around in great luxuriance.

Guided by the noise made in the leaves, I caught sight of him once more, going with long jumps, down a gently declining sink in the forest. Once more I fired, and again with evident effect. His jumps were plainly more labored, and as he passed over a slight elevation, my impression was that I would find him dead on the other side. Upon surmounting the hill, however, I beheld him again, three hundred yards off, and mending his pace at that. Having loaded my gun as I rode slowly up the elevation, I again set forward, as the absence of undergrowth now permitted me to do, at the full speed of my horse. My utmost efforts merely enabled me to keep him in view. The nature of the ground, too, was rendering this every moment more difficult. Hills and sudden depressions were constantly occurring, and I was obliged to confess that my prey was rapidly increasing the distance between us. Determined on making a final effort, I buried my spurs in my horse's flanks and attempted to gain a few yards by springing across a small bit of swamp ground. I have an indistinct recollection of a dark shape rising, as it were, from out of the very centre of the miniature morass; of my horse starting back on the point of the leap; and of myself flying, like a shot out of a mortar, over his head. Then followed oblivion.

The noon-day sun was pouring down a flood of radiant heat full in my face when next I opened my eyes. With keen, shooting pains running through my back and shoulders, I made an effort to rise, but with a groan of agony sank back into the mud, into which, having been thrown completely heels over head, I had fallen, and in which I was now lying flat on my back. The yielding nature of the soil was my preservation. The velocity with which I was carried was so great that I had gone entirely over the swamp spot, and had struck the soft ground on its farther edge. By slow degrees I dragged myself out on firm land, and after repeated trials, rose to my feet and looked about me. The place over which I had attempted to leap was only ten or fifteen feet in width, though of considerable length. My horse's tracks were visible down to the edge, from which they turned back again into the forest. Finding my pain to arise more from stiffness than from any physical injury, I walked slowly around the morass, in order to get my gun. To my surprise and no small regret, I could discover no trace of it anywhere. After carefully searching the adjacent ground, I came to the conclusion that it must have been buried in the soft mud, and having got a pole, I commenced pushing about in the swamp with a hope of finding it. In my thrusts with the pole, I struck upon something hard, and upon examination, found a log, concealed by the mud, and affording a firm, though invisible bridge from the outer edge into the centre of the treacherous soil. Creeping carefully along this, I reached the central clump of shrubs, and found upon parting them, a vacant space, in which the dead leaves and reeds were trampled down into a sufficient consistency to bear my weight. The spot bore all the appearances of a lair for some wild animal, and my mind instantly recalled to the half-seen figure, which, hitherto forgotten, I now remembered to have sprung up from this spot, frightening my horse and causing my own unfortunate mishap. Relinquishing all hope of finding my

gun, I made my way back to 'terra firma,' and was now beset by a new and fearful suspicion. It had never occurred to me that the deer-stands were ten miles from any known habitation; that I had followed the buck for a great while at a great speed, and must, of consequence, have come a great distance. These things now flashed rapidly before my mind, and a careful survey of the surrounding woods forced irresistibly upon me the conclusion that *I was lost!*

To find yourself in unfamiliar woods, with a knowledge, however, that a sufficiently long walk in almost any direction, will intersect some road, is a very unimportant matter. But to know that the wild, dark forest stretches for hundreds and hundreds of miles, with one or two small villages, at great distances apart, and with but one travelled road, with every prospect of wandering to-and-fro and around a circle of monotony, until starvation or fatigue causes you to stop, is horrible. Oh! how horrible, I can fully testify.

I knew that the great mail-road ran parallel with the Mississippi, and I knew that although this road was obliged to be at least thirty miles off, I would be more likely to fall into some country path in that direction than in any other. So, grasping a small sapling which I cut with my hunting-knife, to aid my slow steps, I set off manfully through the forest.

Mile after mile I plodded wearily along, now pushing my way through the dense under-growth, and now coming into the broad, open woods, where, far as the eye could reach, the huge trees exhibited their straight trunks, unencumbered by a branch, within forty feet of the ground. My spirits sank with the sinking sun. The sad autumn wind was chanting a mournful song through the tall tree-tops; otherwise the silence was oppressive. The sun-beams were falling in long, slanting lines through the forest, as I seated myself, entirely exhausted, upon a decayed log. A gray squirrel scampered along it to the farther end, and then turning, with his bushy tail curled over his back, surveyed me with the liveliest curiosity. It was probably his first sight of a man. At another time my arm would almost involuntarily have attempted his capture, but now I had no heart for sport. The 'sear and yellow leaves' drifted rapidly down, and decay seemed to have stamped its signet upon all of nature's works. My blood bounded through my veins as a beautiful deer came leaping lightly over the ground, now stopping to nip off a twig, and cropping a bunch of ever-green growing amidst the dead leaves. I shook an adjacent bush and in an instant the wild animal disappeared from my view. The shades of dusky twilight were gathering thickly around me, when I rose once more to pursue my unknown journey. I had now lost all reckoning of the direction of my course. I was wandering blindly on, not having the most remote conception of the way in which my steps were treading. With the saddest, most depressing emotions, I dragged my aching limbs along, the wide, solemn forest being disturbed by no sound save the rustling of my feet amid the withered leaves. The dark, dreary night had now commenced, and a cold chill ran over me as the solitary, long-drawn howl of a wolf startled my acutely sensitive ear. These animals

had become very scarce in the neighborhood, and I knew that I must be far away from the habitations of men to hear one at all. The light afforded by the stars enabled me to avoid the trees as I walked, and I continued my efforts with all the energy of despair. I have no idea how late it was nor how far I had gone when a sickening, swimming sensation compelled me to stop and sit down upon the ground. It soon passed off, but my wearied limbs refused to bear me farther, so I crept up to an enormous tree, and having, much to my gratification, discovered a huge hollow in it, I collected a deep bed of leaves, and after starting back as a large hooting owl with a 'two-whit, two-who,' flew over my head, I coiled myself up closely in the cavity and applied my faculties to getting to sleep. Even in the midst of my mental depression, an amusing remark of an Irish protégé of my grand-father's in reference to his being himself on one occasion lost in the woods, caused me to laugh. The old gentleman asked him: 'What measures of extrication had suggested themselves to him, buried in the deep, dark forest?'

'Oh,' said he, '*I first thought I'd advairtiz' meself.*'

I know not how long I had slept (for I had no trouble getting to sleep) when with a sudden start I awoke. I had been dreaming of dogs and deer, and it was some time before I could convince myself that the vociferous yelps were not vestiges of my somnolent delusions. A sharp bark within a few feet of me completely aroused me, and the next instant a pack of four or five hounds were circling with frantic leaps around the tree, and barking as though they had 'treed' a whole family of opossums. The tramp of feet now sounded among the leaves, and my sleep-clogged eyes beheld the broad glare cast by a pine-knot torch through the dark shadows. The bearer of this was next visible, a strong, merry-faced negro fellow, 'as black as the ace of spades.' With shuffling strides he approached, but the next moment, catching a sight of my pale, cadaverous face, streaked with blood from numerous scratches, and half hid by my disordered hair, peering out at him from the hollow tree, he let fall his torch and with a yell of terror, took to his heels, crying, 'Lawd-a-mussy' at every step. Happily for me his companion, a young white lad, was not so readily frightened; and upon my coming forth and telling my story, he proposed to me, as his 'opossum hunt' was ended, to return home with him, which I did, and on the day following was sent to my residence: I had wandered twenty miles from it.

My chagrin was great on my arrival, to find that my horse had never come home. Two weeks afterward, as I glanced over the columns of a newspaper, published in a neighboring county, my eye fell upon the subjoined notice:

'TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

'On Saturday last, the noted run-away slave, 'Crook-Fingered Dick,' was apprehended and imprisoned in this jail. He was riding a valuable horse, and had in his possession a fine shot-gun. Says he found

them in the woods. The owner will please come forward, prove his titles, pay the charges, and take his property away.

'Oct. 20th, 1856.

T. A. JORDAN, *Jailer.*'

I went over instantly to D —, and having described the horse and gun without seeing them, had them delivered to me. My claims were perfectly established by 'Dick' himself, who told me afterward that my horse had been frightened by him as he rose from his concealment, fearful that I would discover him. Seeing my insensibility, he had stolen my horse and gun and rode off. I have n't been on a deer-hunt since that time.

W. H. W.

Athens, (Ga.)

A S O N G O F T H E S E A .

OH! for the sea, the wide deep sea!
 Happy is he, thrice happy is he,
 Who findeth a home on the wide deep sea.
 He seeks not fame, and he seeks not gold,
 For he is the 'monarch of all he beholds';
 Speak nothing to him of the treacherous wave,
 Alluring him on to a watery grave;
 For his home is over the wide deep sea,
 And the song that he breathes is the song of the free.
 He lists with a rapture deep and mute,
 To the answering notes of the ocean lute,
 While he sinks away to a peaceful sleep,
 Rocked in the arms of the mighty deep.
 But dreams he not of the lightning's flash,
 And lists he not to the thunder's crash,
 For his ear is attuned to the sweeter sound
 Of the mermaid's song and the waves around;
 With voices low he hears them sing
 Of the royal abode of the Ocean King:
 Its walls are cut from the coral reef,
 And vines of the pearl and emerald leaf
 Twine gracefully over its pillars of snow,
 And gracefully wave with the ocean's flow;
 The roof is of shells of the ocean strung,
 On a silver cord with pearls among;
 And gold-fish through the bright waves leap,
 As birds through the realms of the upper deep.
 Then the musical voices seem far away,
 Till he hears not more of the ocean lay;
 And when the terrible Storm-King raves,
 And the lightnings play with the mountain waves
 When the hurricane tells in its angry blast
 That every moment may be his last,
 He lifts his silent prayer to Heaven,
 And safety to his bark is given:
 Then sings he again of the wide deep sea,
 Home of the brave and home of the free.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

LET me describe this great old negro gentleman, Sampson.

In height, he was six feet, perhaps an inch over. His age, upward of sixty, a strong, hearty old age, that had not bent his figure in the least, or impaired his noble strength. He was muscle from head to foot, and courage from the beginning of his life, and it will endure to the end of it. The face of this man had few of those coarse developments usually found in his race. His eye was large and full of expression; and gentleness, and honesty, and manhood, all together beaming over his countenance, made even his commonest doings and actions dignified. He was a sort of George Washington without his army, without his military staff, without his administration and his political cabinet, without his uniform and the flag, without his brains, and his deeds, and his glory; but still he had that dignity of manner by which good and great men are distinguished.

Time had sprinkled his Hyperion curls with its consequent frosts, and his visage was furrowed by a zone of wrinkles, barring it like the hemisphere of a globe. A scar reached from the crown of his head down to the left eye-brow, and while it produced no unpleasant effect, gave a kind of martial significance to his bearing that soldiers coming from war like their village gossips to talk about.

The dress of the black hero of this page was of no peculiar metropolitan fashion. Upon this frost morn of autumn, he wore a light blue over-coat of home-spun cloth. A great cape fell from the collar down to the waist, protecting my respectable gentleman in that part of the person most necessary to be protected, the shoulders and the back. Huge brass buttons ran their indicative marks of livery in a double row up the breast, while at each end of the collar were similar buttons. The back pockets were ornamented in the same way, and the *toute ensemble*, inclusive of his gray trousers and strong village-store shoes, was that of a coachman to a respectable country family. His large hawthorn, knotty walking-stick imparted to the beholder a vague idea that Sampson would be a good original of a mixed statue of Hercules and his own Jewish name-sake. A black wool hat, knocked into a cocked hat by rebounding boughs of the forest bushes and the river rains, completed his costume, as he stood in the middle of the kitchen, waiting my readiness to accompany him. I have just called the old fellow into my library, and upon reading him this description, it would have done any body a world of good to have watched the effect it had upon him.

He began to laugh at first, and when I compared him to General

Washington, he exclaimed : ' Good LORD a mercy, Massa ! that's a little too hard on the General.' When I spoke of his good qualities, his kind-heartedness, and his manhood that beamed over his whole face, he approached the back of my chair, and placed his large muscular hand upon my head, and kept it there until I had finished the whole description. That giant hand rested on my head as lightly as if his tender heart had drawn all its weight down to itself, and as if he thought its heaviness might kill me. A low laugh broke from his lips when he listened to the detail of his costume. I turned my face toward him, and told him that what I had written and read to him was to be published and much more about him and his Mary and the old Hut, and he drew himself up to his full height, and looking round the room, he abruptly said : ' Massa, can't I read it, too ? I can read the Bible ? '



I told him that Mr. Hueston should have his name upon his list of subscribers, and the *KNICKERBOCKER* should be forwarded from New-York regularly to him. So Sampson and old Mary will know of all these lines, and many a time at night, when I am all alone in this sweet home, will I hear the old man's voice, reading aloud to his fond listener the story that few white folk will enjoy as much.

My breakfast was over, and as I sat at the table with my cigar just lighted, Sampson approached, hat in hand, to ask me if I would ride or walk. I determined to walk, and so made ready for the tramp. 'Young Massa, fond of shooting?' inquired my companion. 'Yes, Sampson; but I am out of practice with the gun. I see you have two hanging up against the wall. Are they good for any thing?'

'One of 'em is a rifle, and the other of 'em is a ducking-gun; they belonged to Mass Richard, and he left them here, and Miss Emily never used 'em, and nobody ever asked for 'em, and I keep 'em on the property, just the same as if they was two acres of land, that nobody could take away; but if you would like to use one of 'em, why you can do it, and welcome. Plenty of squirrels in the woods, and plenty of wild ducks in the river, so you 'd better take the rifle; little practice maybe 'll put your aim all right.' I consented to use the rifle, and Sampson took it from the wooden forks on which it was hanging, and after rubbing the barrel and the lock with the skirt of his old great-coat, placed it in my hands. It was in perfect order, but the lock was one of the old-fashioned flint-locks, and as I had always used the percussion, I was tempted to regard it with no very high feelings of respect. Powder and bullets were speedily forthcoming, old Mary having been ordered by Sampson in a very confidential manner to go somewhere and get them. That somewhere, I afterward discovered, was a regular curiosity-shop, a place of refuge for all the helpless, battered, half-murdered things that had been used in the family from time immemorial.

When I examined that place afterward, I almost expected to find the short-kneed monkey-skin breeches of Sampson's great-greater grand-grand-father, who was doubtless a king in some snug little despotism of Africa two or more centuries ago. A true aristocrat, with a long lineage, is your African, and well do some of them, and Sampson in particular, by manners and by all courtly sentiments of honor and of gentleness, establish the principle, that there is such a thing of human value as time-honored ancestry. I am not a candidate for Congress, you will observe.

Then, with the rifle in my hand, and Sampson as my guide, I stepped from the Hut. It was a morning full of sun-light, and I stood for a moment and looked at the old tower in the free, open air. The tower from its quaint windows looked at me, and the old oak tickled one of the logs, and a smile seemed to go all over the fabric, and a sun-beam crept over the branches of the oak; and Sampson and I, and the tower and the tree, and all the scene joined in a sense of quiet joy together, as if we were all equals, and he and I no more sentient than the rest. Has Nature no other throb than that she feels when the earthquake stirs her heart?

My first visit was to my horse. He was snugly housed in a comfortable enough stable, that stood at the bottom of the garden by the river-shore, and which was well protected in summer by the shade of a noble grove of willows and beeches, and in winter guarded by their thick array of trunks and dense intermixture of branches. So the stable suited me as well as the old tower and the old kitchen. I reserved a survey of the other apartments of the dwelling-house, to which the

kitchen was attached, until my return from an examination of the farm. I had made up my mind to one thing, and that was, I was determined not to use the tower again, unless old Mary could not fit up one of the rooms in the lower building for me. I had my reasons, but they did not include a fear of ghosts. The truth is, I felt loth to disturb that room again. There was then that early, and there is now this late, a feeling in my heart for that room, that amounts to a species of reverence, as for human goodness at least, for the humanity that I then supposed, and I now know, did, in all sweetness and lovingness, make its home and its altar there.

From the stable our path led onward to what Sampson called the cow-pasture. It was a strip of meadow land inclosed by a zig-zag fence, that went rollicking around its limits, stopping here and there to dodge a walnut tree or a weeping beech, and running up to the tops of briar-covered gulleys, and then round a pile of moss-covered rocks, and finally shaking hands in a rough-and-tumble way at some bars that gave entrance to the lot. These bars Sampson pulled down for us to pass in, and put up again to prevent his cow from passing out. She was a red animal, that at that moment was standing at the bars, waiting for her friend and pitcher, Mary, with her pail. The old man patted her on her warm side, to which she made answer by a toss of the head and switch of her tail, and a look at me, as much as to say: 'Good morning, my colored friend, and what white thing have you got with you?'

The cow and her pasture pleased me, and now when any stray lover of nature finds his way to me at this out-of-the-way place, it is to this spot that I first bring him to see what I saw for the first time then. The ground was broken, and clumps of trees grew at pleasant intervals on pleasant spots of verdure. Some, daintily and with pretty coquetry, kept in modest clusters, as if trying to hide themselves behind each other's boles, and to conceal their autumn blushes in each other's spreading crowns. Some mirror-loving beauties, had stepped through the thick water-grasses, and were bending their locks, covered with many-colored chaplets, over the transparent bosom of the river. The field was dotted with briar-roses, and the white clover had left its soft stubble in thick profusion over the field. From beneath a group of trees trickled a basin full of water, bubbling and chuckling as it smacked the lips of meadow-lilies that clustered on its tiny banks. Farther up were the rapids; to the right the giant cliffs; on the left a forest swept down to the water's edge, and there in their keeping was the rock I afterward baptized. It was gray and golden, and the red leaves of the forest had already covered it with a crimson garment.

Sampson stopped and pointed out that particular part of the farm, bought, as he had told me, by his old master from the Indians, and that was now to be seen lying thickly covered with wood on the mountain-side, some three miles up the river.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the cascades. I will not stop to describe them here, for I will have more fitting occasions hereafter for that purpose. That they were exquisite will be well understood from the already frequent mention I have made of them. They contributed

largely to the picturesque logic that induced me subsequently to purchase the property. I could not, however, do otherwise than pause when I came to that rock to which I referred in my opening chapters, and upon which I afterward bestowed a name, with all the forms of Christian baptism. My rude pencil has given but a feeble picture of the scene as it was presented to me upon that first morning of its revelation to my view.



Breaking our way through the thick clustering branches of the forest under-growth, I entered upon the mill-meadow of forty-five acres. The mill itself was in ruins. Its situation was appropriate to its purpose, but the roof was broken in, and the dam partially destroyed. Bubbling currents broke through the long grass and wound their way in little curiosity about the scene of former usefulness. From the mill we pushed on to the blacksmith's lot of twenty-five acres. Here too, the shed, where once the Vulcan of the wilderness was wont to blow his bellows and wield his heavy hammer, was covered with green moss and vines, and the shattered planks were prostrate among heaps of embers, and the skeleton of the bellows itself, with shreds of shrunken leather, looked as if its last breath had been blown years, many years gone by. Taking mental notes of all I saw, we went onward over these long-neglected lands, perhaps to be as much neglected hereafter when I should become their owner.

The blacksmith's shop was situated near the river, if the shallow stream that coursed along could be dignified by so large a title. Shallow though the stream was, its water was as clear as crystal, and no scene more rurally beautiful could be presented to the gaze's eye. It floated on over a bed of sunken rocks, and now and then its surface was interrupted by an out-truding ledge that broke the current of the stream and wrinkled its tranquil flowing into sharp and constant ripples. There was a sufficiency of these projecting ledges to afford a safe foot-passageway, and so I proposed to cross over; for I felt an earnest longing to plunge into the rich forest that swept down from the mountain, and, in detached

clumps, stood in all arborial glory over the running stream, scattering here and there a bouquet of autumn leaves upon its transparent tide.

Sampson preceded me, to point out the rocks used by way-farers, and when we had passed half-way over, he stopped suddenly and turned toward me, with his hand significantly pointed at the quiet water that eddied around the rock on which he stood.

'Massa can see bottom now, can't he?'

I nodded an assent, for there was the bottom not one foot from the surface, and shoals of lilliputian fish were playfully stemming the current of the stream. Sampson smiled, and in his peculiar manner (I had already observed that he had a peculiar manner) looked at the old blacksmith's shop on our left and then at the gorge above through which the river found its way from the mountain springs. He then planted his hawthorn stick as firmly as he could in the moss that coated the rock, and inspired a long breath, half of thoughtfulness and half of physical recuperation. I stood some two feet from him, mid-way the stream, waiting his time either to reveal his thoughts, or to continue on his path. He evinced no disposition to do either, and so I asked him to go on.

'Massa can see bottom now,' remarked Sampson; 'but wait till next spring.'

'I can't, Sampson.'

The old man gave a low chuckle and then suddenly looked grave, but remained fixed to his rock, as if he thought it the most delightful position for a person of his color and quality, in the world. The water bubbled on, and the natural quietude of my character was beginning to fall into the sweet sentiment of the low music at my feet, and of the solemn silence of the woods about me, and I would very soon have become indifferent totally to Sampson's progress or his thoughts when he roused me from the incipient stage of pensiveness that always attaches itself to those devotedly fond of woodlands and water scenery, or scenery of any description, when they are brought face to face with the elements of their love.

'In spring you can't see bottom here, Massa, and you can't see these rocks neither. It's all wild and deep hereabouts. Old trees, fence-rails, stumps, every thing comes down the mountain, and such a flood! Bless you, Massa, dis place is awful then, for it's the narrest place afore it gets to the rapids down yonder. This is the place where old Mike saved Benny Brown's life when the old Injin could n't swim, cause he had the rumatics, and he slipped down from a rock up yonder, just where you see the big walnut; and down old red skin came to this crossin', half dead with drownin'; but old Mike was at the shop yonder, and he went in and he got the Injin out, and then Miss Emily took the Injin home and they kept him there all spring, leastwise, most all spring, till he got so he could get his rifle up to his shoulder; and then he went up the mountain, where he lived; but Benny never forgot that time, and he never forgot Miss Emily, or old Mike; and a'terward, some two years a'ter that, Miss Emily heard the Injin was sick and could n't go about; and though it was winter-time, and snow deep all around, and mighty deep and drift-like on the mountain, Miss

Emily, that's Mass Richard's wife, you know, carried old Benny plenty to eat, and she nursed the old fellow. Mike used to go along with Miss Emily 'cause Benny would n't 'low any body else to go to his cabin. Benny never forgot that either, and a'terward, when Mass Richard got killed, did n't that old red critter show how he felt 'bout Miss Emily, when she was taken down? Murder was n't too bad for Benny then, Massa, 'deed it was n't, and to this day he stops and thinks and talks to himself, and grabs his gun and looks all about as if he wanted to p'int it at some body. Mike preaches to Benny 'bout it, but it aint no use. Injin is Injin, and you can't get the red blood out of him. Why, bless your soul, young Massa, he walks all round and round these woods, and most any day you can see him sitting on the big rock down by the rapids, jest opposite our side of the river, and he do n't move, but keeps looking over at the Hut-house all the time; he looks as if he would n't let any body come a-nigh it. Some people think the old Injin's gone clean crazy, but he aint. Mike says it's Injin natur. Massa, we'll meet old Mike 'bout here, I 'spect.'

CHAPTER SIXTH.

WHEN Sampson had finished the recital of Benny Brown's adventure in the spring-flood, and his attack of rheumatism in the winter mountain, and given me something to think about in his devotion to 'Miss Emily,' and his desire to do some deed of savage gallantry and revenge after her husband's death, the sable genius of the place stepped from his rostrum rock, and I following, we speedily found ourselves upon the desired shore.

There were several paths leading down to the water's brink from the neighboring forest, and into one of these Sampson led the way. Dense and glorious was this forest; and fresh as I was from city life, I joyously entered into its depths, kicking the leaves of multitudinous colors before me, as I deviated from the half-concealed path by which my guide was conducting me. While wandering on, inwardly exulting as the prospect rose clear and distinct to my mind, that I might ere long become the owner of all this sylvan scene; of all this mountain river; of all these places, linked with associations, that would give me constant theme for thought; and that I was to pass my life among primitive people, who would not assail me by their vulgarity or annoy me by their equality; I heard Sampson's voice ringing loud through the woods some distance in advance of me.

'Here he is, Massa; got him at last. Here he is!'

'Here he is' turned out to be Mike the carpenter. As I approached I had time to observe this new feature of the place, this other simple hero, in a small way, of this simple history that I am writing.

He was seated on a large gray boulder that had its base deeply imbedded in the soil, and over which the sun was shedding the warm effulgence of an Indian summer day. The spot was open to the eye of Heaven, and the old carpenter had doubtless selected it on account of its pleasant warmth. In his hand he held a well-worn book that he evidently had been reading; but now he was all attention to Sampson, who was standing by him, and by his manner and gestures induced the

flattering belief, that I was the subject of his remarks. I did not give him time, however, to enter largely into my personal merits or prospective plans; for stepping up, I saluted the other old negro gentleman with that feeling of respect which, thank HEAVEN, I have kept as a part of the inheritance I derived from my father and my mother. It was not the feeling of a patron or a superior, but that better habitual sentiment, which springs from mutual services rendered, and from mutual kindnesses and mutual love, and that never degenerates into a theory of conduct or a system of philosophy.

I will not enter here into a personal description of this black John of the wilderness, who had assumed a mission to himself to convert the Indian. Suffice it that I made inquiry after his infidel pupil, and secured his company in a continued walk that became necessary to accomplish my object. So on we three went up the gradual mountain-side, and every now and then I stopped, as did my companions, to gaze upon the wealth of nature that was about us; and in these pauses of our walk, I had occasion to remark that Mike was a man of better education than usually falls to others of his color in the Southern States, not that education is a thing totally disregarded there, but circumstances beyond the influence of human will have retarded the improvement of the negro intellect. I found in this old carpenter of the woods a man of fluent words, and at times of sentiments of great religious beauty. How simple was this little history that he told me as we rested under the boughs of a group of mountain pines. I had taken his book out of his hand, with a request that I might be permitted to examine it. In turning over the fly leaves, I had fallen upon some half-obliterated lines in a hand of delicate female penmanship, and while engaged in making out the faded ink that time had obliterated, and Mike's reading in the open air had helped also to efface, Mike came over to to where I was seated, upon a moss-covered rock, and catching the puzzled expression of my face, said: 'Young Master, you are doing what a great many have done before you, and what a great many will do after you. You are trying to make something out of that hand-writing. Perhaps your book-learning will help you, but wise preachers of the Gospel, that I have seen, don't make it out at all. It seems to puzzle them, and they say: 'Mike, stick to what is printed in the book, and let the writing in the woman's hand alone.' Now, young Master, I have a feeling 'bout that woman's hand that you now see all worn out in that book. It seems to me that whoever she was, took heap of pains to write what she did write, well. It might have been a poor school-teacher lady; but I don't pretend to know. There's the word 'faith,' and there's the word 'manger,' and here is the whole line, 'I lift my broken heart to THEE; ' and here again is 'baby,' and then again, 'my child,' and see down there 'sweet Bethlehem's babe; ' and the year too, is written, and the month. Now, when the wise preachers told me to look only at the printing in the book and not mind the hand-writing of the woman, I thought they might as well, young Master, tell me not to look down at this little green piece of moss that you have punched out of the ground with your foot, but always, all the time, look at the things that men have made. Master, I look at the moss because the moss is a parable to me, and so is the big pine over your head, and

so are all these rocks, parables and preachin'. Whose book is this if it aint the ALMIGHTY MASTER's book, and aint this moss jest as fine writing as the lady's writing in the printed book, and aint it jest as broken up by your heel as the lady's writing is in this prayer-book, by hard usage and one thing and another? I always think that the MASTER up yonder has HIS eyes open upon broken things and little things, as our SAVIOUR had HIS upon little children more than HE had upon big men and women, and upon broken people too, as the Scripters tell us, poor critters; and I love to read and spell over the lady's hand-writing in this book, because it seems to say something of sorrow and the child she had, or that was dead, and our REDEEMER's manger in Bethlehem and she seems to look that way for hope. But, young Master, this book is to me very valuable. I found it, Master, where books do n't grow. I was walking along one Sunday morning, ten years ago, by the rapids near old Mass Billy's house, and the sun was shining bright, for it was Sunday, and he shines brighter to poor folks and negro folks on Sunday than any other day; and there, lying wide open, upon the white rock on the other side of the river, I saw this book. I looked all round, but nobody was about, and I stooped and picked it up, and when I looked at it and found out what kind of book it was, I looked right straight up to heaven, and I expected to see some white hand 'way up there with its fingers just closing, as if it had dropped the blessed printed thing in a poor sinner's way on purpose to make him good; but there warn't any hand up there that I could see with these old eyes of mine; but my heart looked up arterward, and there I saw the white wounded hand, and the white arm, and the eyes, and all of that ONE who had died for sinners, and I knew HE sent it to me, and I keep it always by me, for HE may ask me for it some of these days, when I am out here alone in the woods, and I want to show it to HIM when HE asks me for it. People about here think that the poor lady had wandered away from her friends, who were travelling here with her, and that in her sorrow she laid the book down on the hard rock and then laid herself down in the water-fall, and God help her, Master, if she did that, for the water was high then, and the poor critter pretty soon found out that the shore she last stood on, was nothing but a thread to the big shore where the rapids took her.' Mike raised his eyes and gazed upward at the blue and beautiful away, while Sampson, with folded arms, looked at the up-turned face of his friend. It was then that the idea first took possession of my mind to baptize that rock of the sacred book; and, thank HEAVEN, it came to me afterward to have the power to do so. I said before, that it was an idea conceived in no idle moment, and now it will be clear to all, that I did no wrong when I invoked the aid of a Christian form to consecrate, at least to my own mind, the spot whereon, like a wounded dove, the book of the Christian's hope had been left, all fluttering by the sweeping river.

It might be true, as old Mike supposed, that that rock had been an altar on which a withered heart had offered its last sacrifice of life.

In silence we went onward until we reached an open plateau that was nearly stripped of timber. A space of some ten acres had been cut down, and the relics of the giants lay scattered about among the thick under-brush that sprang up in all directions. Paths, worn by human

feet, but now covered with patches of autumn grass and moss, and roads worn by wheels, appeared in all directions. Sampson led the way over broken and rotten branches of lopped trees, and around huge trunks, over which the woodbine, glimmering red, was interwoven in heavy mosses, until suddenly he came to a point of the mountain-side, where it shot abruptly down to the stream far below. The old man stopped and beckoned me to approach. Pointing to a space of smooth earth, that commencing at the brow of the precipice, continued without interruption, until it reached the banks of the river at its foot, and which formed a steep road from the top to the terminus, and while his eyes flashed with unusual animation, he uttered the plain and unmistakable epithet generally addressed to men of well-established characters in iniquity: 'Villains!'

'What's the matter, Sampson?' I said, stepping close up to the old gentleman, and looking down the steep and open road-way.

'What's the matter, young Massa, plenty's the matter! Now jest look at that there slide. How many trees do you think these poor white trash have slid down there? Why, trees enough to buy this whole property. They's been at it these two year, and nobody to stop 'em. Stealing and stealing all the time, they cut it down in this clearing in fall and winter, and down the slide with it into the creek, and then down the river. They sends it over the rapids in the spring. It almost sets me crazy, sometimes, to see great rafts going down before the house-door. You'll have trouble with these people probably.'

Before I had time to offer any remarks upon Sampson's very important revelation, a series of incidents occurred, that for the moment entirely drove the subject from my mind.

Mike, who had not approached to the log-slide, had been standing some ten or fifteen yards away from us, and now our attention was drawn to him by an exclamation that was just loud enough to reach us. Turning to see what caused this low and cautious ejaculation of attention, I observed that the old man was looking with a fixed gaze at something on the ground, and which was evidently of sufficient importance to call into the expression of his face the symptoms of great alarm. He kept moving his left hand in a cautionary manner, so as to convey to us the necessity of great circumspection in our approach, while with the other hand, in which he held his book, he pointed at the object that had so evidently excited him.

A few steps brought us to the scene.

The sun was shining warmly upon the mountain-side, filling the air with a sense of deep repose, amounting almost to the feeling of happy indolence. Whatever of breeze there was, was of entire mystery, it was so still and moveless. I could, to be sure, indistinctly trace a current of air moving the leaves of the forest, and occasionally a breath would warm against my cheek, but so quietly that I might have counted it as my own. A screen of bushes covered our position and concealed us entirely from that part of the clearing toward which our attention was then specially directed; but from our place of accidental ambush, even without moving the branches of the fallen trees, behind which we were, we could distinctly see all that passed in the more open space before us

On a rug of moss, about a foot in diameter, that had sprung up since the last spring's travel upon the path, lay coiled in all the real terror of his mighty twinings, a huge rattle-snake. Fold upon fold was matted in the terrific wreath, and projecting from the knotted circles shot the serpent's broad head, his broad, muscular head, with its glittering eyes. There had the monster of the woods drawn himself to seek on the velvet carpet, that moss carpet which Mike, but a few moments before, had called his parable, his synonym to the delicate tracery of the lady's penmanship in his holy book, the warming influence of the forenoon sun.

Whether he had become aware of our neighborhood or not, I cannot say, but something evidently had disturbed him, for a shadowy motion was perceptible through his body, flowing up and down, like the undulating waves upon watered silk, and his eyes darted intrepid fury at some object that had aroused his attention. While we were watching these precursory movements of battle, that fearful sound, fearful to all woodmen, was sprung, and the rattle shivered its peal of death. We scarcely breathed, for with my hand up-raised, I controlled the actions of my companions, determined to use what I had newly taken in complaisance to Sampson, the rifle, equally fatal in its effects to the venom of the girded reptile before me. This state of affairs lasted but a few moments, when the sound of crackling under-brush was heard in the distance. At the sound, the reptile's flushings, if I may use that term to express those movements on the surface of his body that I have spoken of before, became more rapid, and his whole being seemed to be startled into the extreme of vigilance. On came the crashing sounds, and upon looking in the direction whence they proceeded, we beheld a noble stag in the full pride of his antlered strength, bounding over the stunted under-growth, and approaching in a straight line upon the snake. A few more leaps, and they were brought face to face. The deer paused but for an instant, and the serpent raised his head higher, and a few rapid whirls took place that unbound him from his coil. It was only an instant's pause, for the deer, some twelve feet distant from him, made one rapid spring, and bounding into the air, dashed with his four sharp arrow-headed hoofs contracted, upon his foe, and then leapt away at an acute angle, stopping only long enough to see the result of his attack. It was fatal. Pierced through and through by the deer's hoofs, the serpent's body lay severed on the moss. So quick were all these movements, that I had not had time to use the rifle, either at the snake or his destroyer; but as the latter was making his last bound ere he plunged into the protecting shadows of the forest, I drew my aim upon him and fired. No sooner had the report rang sharply from the piece, than a rough hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice rougher than the touch shouted in my ear:

'Who fires here?'

I turned instantly upon the intruder and shook his grasp from me, and with my gun clenched firmly in my hand, demanded who he was.

'A white man, equal to you and your two old crows.'

He looked as if he might be.

THE LEGEND OF THE MILL.

T was a wintry night, when the earth was white
With depths of the driven snow ;
And the Northern Light shone marvellously bright,
In the years of long-ago :
Not a cloud went by the moon in the sky,
Or the planets shining out ;
And far over-head a comet sped,
A-swinging his tail about.

The blast was strong, and it swept along
Through valley and over hill ;
And passing in power at the mid-night hour,
It shook the roof of the mill,
Where heavy and slow went the wheel below,
With many a shock and groan ;
And a fat old man, while the waters ran,
Was sawing his logs alone.

From chime to chime, all the weary time,
Went the saw in the bitter cold ;
And high or low, and fast or slow,
Like the swing of a ballad old.
The oak was there, who was strong and fair ;
And the pine, who was green and tall ;
And one by one, when its work was done,
The saw had severed them all.

Still the wheel went round with the same dull sound,
And its lumbering load of ice,
And the cock had told the hours in the cold,
Of the morning twice or thrice.
The moon sank low, and the shades on the snow
Were lengthening long and far ;
And the head and tail of the comet turned pale,
And fled without touching a star.

Then ceased the noise of the saw's harsh voice
In the silence strange and deep,
And to-and-fro walked the old man slow,
Like one walking in his sleep.
The winds were still around the old mill,
But louder the rushing stream ;
And the work then wrought with terror fraught,
Was the labor of a dream !

With a calm design, like a log of pine,
Himself to the beam he bound ;
And the saw it fell, and it rose as well,
And the wheel went round and round ;
He was drawn along by the waters strong,
Not dreaming he was to die ;
And the first fierce stroke, as if meeting oak,
Slabbed off an arm and a thigh.

And through and through, to its purpose true,
 Went the saw from sole to crown,
 And never he woke till a mightier stroke
 Was splitting his back-bone down :
 Ah ! never, I ween, such plank were seen,
 Since the days of the saw began ;
 They were made, you see, of no forest tree,
 But the flesh and bones of a man !

'T was a fearful sight when the morning light
 Of the morrow hurried there :
 And each neighbor wise with his own surmise,
 Stood by with a silent stare,
 And shook his head, for the minister said,
 That he of the cloven hoof
 When workers of ill brought logs to his mill,
 Came to saw them under that roof.

And never since then have the hands of men
 Done labor in that old mill :
 It is crumbling away in swift decay,
 And for years have its wheels been still :
 O'er the buried stone has the green grass grown,
 In the bed where the waters ran,
 And by young and old this legend is told
 Of the absent-minded man.

H A R D L Y E I G H T E E N .

THE reader might very naturally expect, from the title of this article, that we were about to recount the triumphs of premature belle-ship, or invite attention to acts of female heroism.

On the contrary, we shall have no occasion to allude to the sex, except in a very brief way.

We esteem it a felicitous exemption for our homely pen, that our subject is capable of being placed in sufficiently bold relief, without any aid from the imagination ; and yet, at the same time, we confess that there is a perilous pleasure connected with the idea of presenting for perusal a plain matter-of-fact narrative, unless it is dressed up like our modern young lady for company, and its natural proportions adroitly disguised by rhetorical wreathes and flounces.

The imaginative faculty seems to reveal itself now-a-days with a sort of miraculous energy ; evidences of which appear on every page of our 'Monthlies.'

In the absence of this captivating quality of the mind, we must solicit favor to the *essence* of our offering, without the sparkle.

The result of the discipline to which the young men of New-England were subjected some forty years ago, is sufficiently evidenced in the number of invincible and resolute men, to whom the country has since

affixed the honorable title of 'Merchant Princes.' Stern necessity was, for the most part, the mother of their heroism, and self-reliance their only patrimony.

In connection with our subject, a passing tribute is due to the New-England mother; for without her agency, 'Hardly Eighteen' would never have seen the light.

She seems to be even more than the practical character, handed down in its integrity, to the present day. She could hardly have accomplished her great mission with so many and various obstacles to encounter, unless she had possessed an inheritance doubly charged with life. In our ignorance, we may assume that she has no prototype, and assign her origin to the blending of the best blood of the best races, which, acted upon by circumstances so peculiar and extraordinary, occasioned the full development of those combined forces.

Place her anywhere at the present day under difficulties, and the electric spark will begin to unfold itself, to awaken, kindle, and illumine.

There is a hearty allegiance to some commanding principle of action, observable in all her doings; and there are few labyrinths through which her self-reliance may not thread its way.

Her characteristics, as displayed in the moral world, remind us of the better half of that scale of mountain altitudes which geographers have prepared to give a suitable idea of the high part *they* perform in the physical.

It is now a matter of history, that the great majority of those New-England merchants that attained a distinguished rank within the last forty years, began life with little or no pecuniary means. Many of them were born in poverty and reared in orphanage; and to some, the singularly touching words of an English poet may possibly apply:

'Child of misery, baptized in tears.'

It is known to those whose hair is now gray, that during the early part of this century, and up to 1835, we seldom had advices from India, China, and the west coast of South-America earlier than four months, and more frequently five or six; and even from Europe, sometimes sixty days would elapse, barren of news, as to the excess or diminution of supply in the leading articles of commerce.

When the merchant had projected almost any voyage, it was essential to his interest to employ a confidential agent or super-cargo to accompany the ship, superintend the disposal of the cargo, and purchase a return one; for he had embarked his capital founded on advices six months old, and six months more would elapse before his goods would arrive in China or India, and consequently many risks and changes had to be encountered, and surmounted, if possible, by the supercargo. This was the kind of training that prepared the resolute young men of New-England to enter on the toilsome course of mercantile competition, forming and maturing by its discipline those essential qualities, reflection, judgment, presence of mind, and a knowledge of the products and wants of all nations.

Now, the uttermost parts of the earth may be reached in forty-five days ; commerce is made easy for the million ; and all adventure, frequently with about as much knowledge as he that sent warming-pans to the tropics.

The result is, over-importation, and the merchant who knows the annual wants of the country to be one hundred, finds to his astonishment, two hundred imported ; that is, one hundred he knows from experience the second hands or *green* will purchase, the other one hundred he finds has been imported by the *green* himself.

As a matter of course, the *green* fails, cocks his beaver at you, and offers, to pay the liberal sum of twenty or thirty cents on the dollar, and if you do n't like that, you can help yourself ; keeps his seat as director at banks, and rail-roads, and deaconship of his church ; drives fast horses at the imminent risk of his pedestrian creditor, and thus tramples under foot the standard of commercial honor.

Better, far better the 'slow coach' for every nation. Some thirty years ago a square-toed merchant was standing on a Boston wharf observing a young clerk who was receiving goods from a ship. 'Well, Charley, ship making a good voyage ?' 'Very good, Sir ; the goods are well bought, and are of good quality. Look at this sugar, Sir.' The colloquy lasted some minutes, and was terminated by the merchant in the following words :

'Do you see that brig in the stream ? that is my vessel, now loaded and ready ; you may take charge of her cargo, and see what you can do with it in South-America.' Thus was the hand of patronage extended to the youthful promise of our hero, by the discriminating mind of a ship-owner, and in twenty-four hours he is afloat, and finds himself master of the vessel's cargo and its destination. All the added force that educational discipline could impart to his stout heart and determined will, was derived from the parish school. No progenitors had left alluring and guiding lights to brighten and encourage his early steps ; but yet, at the age of hardly eighteen, he felt that there *was* a Mecca to be reached by every assiduously faithful and persevering soul.

The cabin becomes his lyceum by day, and the deck his observatory by night. Responsibility having been unexpectedly thrust upon him, the eye of his mind becomes more active and penetrating, and gains enlargement as the sphere of duty widens. He is probably furnished with a copy of 'Bowditch's Navigator,' and 'McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce,' which, united, may be regarded as a sort of Bible to the diligent inquirer after nautical and commercial lore.

After Charley had recovered from sea-sickness, and appeared at the table to eat his first breakfast, Captain Jotham saluted him thus : 'Good morning, Mister ; well, I'm glad you're out at last, as I should like to know where in h—ll we are bound to ; for the old man's orders are to proceed to Q—, in South-America, where *you* will give *me* orders where to land the cargo : it must be some infernal wild business, that he must needs send *you* as special agent.'

Charley could barely refrain from laughing at this specimen of an old Cape Cod salt ; but he thought he saw his man, and soon pacified him. It was his first lesson in managing himself, by which lessons we

soon learn to manage others. Jotham was dirty, indolent, and ignorantly pious ; he prayed for such an accumulation of riches as would enable him to buy salt works, and lie on his back and see the wind-mill pump up the water, and the sun evaporate it. In calm weather, that test of temper on ship-board, the captain would come up in the morning and look around the horizon and drawl out to his first officer : 'W-e-l-l, Mister Jones, no wind to-day, better settle the yards on the cap ;' then return to his state-room and lie down, and read his Bible aloud until dinner-time. His biblical proficiency may be divined by the following : 'I must confess, Mr. Supercargo, that I'm puzzled with this ere chapter, or rather this ere part : 'Straight is the gate and narrow is the way.' ' Charley endeavored to explain, but Jotham interrupted him :

'Oh ! darn it, that is not the thing ; what I'm after is, to know where the *gate* is !'

The energy and discretion of our super-cargo soon find an ample field for their exercise among competitors of maturer years on a foreign soil.

After a tedious passage, he arrived at Q——, and soon found that his hopes and his prayers for the successful result of his first enterprise were not to be realized. The port was full of American ships, and what was worse, it was the same in all the principal ports on the coast.

He did not sleep much during his first night ashore. A heavy loss on the outward cargo seemed inevitable, beside great detention in port, ere it could be sold. Early in the morning he sought out an old native merchant, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and he confirmed all his previous impressions as to the bad state of the Q—— market.

In the course of this interview, the old merchant remarked : 'You might try the port of M—— ; English vessels go there, and as you have not incurred port charges, and as it will not cost you more than three weeks' time, perhaps you had better do it.'

Of this interview, Charley said nothing to his consignee, being determined 'to row his own boat.' After obtaining all the information he could, and a letter of introduction, he was soon on board the brig, and again ploughing the deep. 'Now for M——,' said our young hero to Captain Jotham ; but where M—— was, Jotham's general chart did not say ; but Charley had the latitude and longitude, and away they went, and found a small village, hoisted colors for a pilot, lay off and on from morning to night, Jotham cursing and swearing at being ordered to 'no place at all !'

Next morning they run in quite near the breakers, and at last saw a boat approaching with a great many cocked hats in it.

In those days every petty revenue officer was dressed in uniform, and more formality and trouble in entering a vessel than there is now in discharging her.

This boat-load of officials astonished Jotham, while Charley took all as matter of course. Six of the cocked hats were armed with pistols, and various unintelligible questions were asked and answered, equally edifying to both parties. Jotham, with the emphasis of a badgered Cape-Codder, settled the matter by asking : 'Where in h——ll the pilot

was, and what he meant by keeping him backing and filling all day there for ?

The officials caught at the word pilot, (*pilote*,) and ventured on board. Charley was standing at the gang-way, and observed that the first comer kept his pistol in his hand, and did not appear to be assured of his safety. When they were all on board, the ship's papers were shown to them, but they comprehended them not.

Jotham began to be a little alarmed, for he knew, although he did not say so, that this was not the usual way of proceeding. The thought now uppermost in Charley's mind was, to get on shore as quick as possible, and see what could be done with his assorted cargo ; and as for the boat and cocked hats, he took that for the custom of the country ; so, with little ceremony, he made the officer understand that he would go ashore in *their* boat : this seemed to relieve them all.

Charley waited for Jotham, as the captain always represents the ship ; but the captain gave him the papers, and said there was no occasion for him to go ; beside, he must see the vessel safely anchored. Away went Charley, and with him six cocked hats : a long walk from the beech brought him to a very pretty village, up to the strangest looking house in it, into which he was ushered, and there found many other cocked hats, who talked a great deal, addressing much of their conversation to him. Some of the questions he answered readily, as he had managed on the voyage, with grammar and phrase-book, to get at what he supposed necessary. He soon saw that something was wrong, but could not make out what. When getting rather tired, he took out his letter of introduction, and marching up to him that appeared the chief, he showed the superscription, asking, in good English, if said chief would direct him to said person. This created a sensation, and he soon understood that he was desired to remain, and the party would be sent for.

Soon after a gentleman came in, evidently an Englishman, looking a good deal flurried. Taking it for granted that it was his man, without further ceremony, Charley interrupted his conversation with the chief by asking him if he was Señor Pedro. Finding that he was right, he pressed him with questions by the dozen, as to the value of the various articles of his cargo. He was stopped with : ' Beg your pardon, if you will allow me, we will arrange that with the Commandante.'

Soon after, the Señor took Charley by the arm, and escorted him to his hospitable home.

During the walk, the latter could not help expressing his surprise at the ridiculous formality to which he and his brig had been subjected.

An unexpected revelation now saluted his ears.

It appeared that his vessel had been taken for a pirate, and that an armed boat had been sent off to board her, and that the old guns in the fort were loaded to the muzzle to bang at her, if she tacked again seaward.

Charley found that he could here dispose of one half of his cargo at very good rates, and contract for a return cargo as soon as the crop came in. After landing one-half, he went back to Q——, greatly to the surprise of his consignee there. He wisely kept his own counsel,

as to what he had done, and what he proposed to do. His consignee gave him very little encouragement ; but he kept at him, and by constant perseverance effected some sales himself.

The Christmas holidays were approaching and would suspend business for three mortal weeks.

He fretted under the prospect ; but one consolation to him was, that in any event he must wait for the crop, even if he had sold the remainder of his cargo.

One day he heard that government wanted a vessel to convey certain deputies to another province. Immediately he was at his consignee to offer his brig ; but he was informed that it was too small, and that four large English ships, beside American, had proposed for the charter. It was evident that the consignee was opposed to offering the brig, and the conversation becoming rather warm, he said : ' Why do n't you do it yourself ? The Governor speaks English.'

' Then I'll do it, of course,' said Charley, ' as I never allow any body to do for me what I can do for myself.'

The merchant smiled, and took it for boyish bravado. He started off for the palace, made his way into a large ante-room half-filled with officers, civil and military, and a sprinkling of English merchants, etc. At the upper end of the room hung a large curtain, with the arms of the state, beside which stood an officer, with a white stick in his hand, Our undaunted super-cargo looked about him a moment, and then concluded that behind that curtain must be the man he was after.

He knew the Governor by sight, seeing him pass the house daily ; so, without further preface, he coolly marched directly up to the curtain, pushed it aside, and entered before the man with the stick could recover his surprise, and found himself in a very handsome room, at the upper end of which, upon a raised platform, he recognized the Governor, and with him some dozen officers acting as clerks.

Outside the rail, around the platform, was an English merchant, to whom he knew that two fine English ships were consigned : beside him, some half-dozen officers in full uniform, evidently waiting their turn to be recognized.

The Governor was talking to a person in front when Charley entered. Seeing the curtain pushed aside, and a mere lad marching directly up to him, he, in no pleasant vein or manner, said something which Charley did not understand ; but it caused all eyes to be directed to him, when he instantly responded : ' Sir, I do not speak any thing but English, but know that your Excellency speaks that language.'

' Well, my little man, what do you want of me ?'

' I understood, Sir, that a vessel is wanted by government, and I have come to offer mine.'

' Why, you do n't mean to say that you have charge of a vessel ?' said the Governor.

Charley, pointing out of the window, replied : ' There she is.' The Governor seemed to think it a good joke, and came and took him by the arm, and walked to the balcony, and asked how much he would let the vessel go for. The offer made the Governor smile, and he said : ' Come, come, my little American, that's altogether too much, for I am offered

a vessel twice as large for much less money.' 'Well,' said our young diplomat, nothing abashed, 'I'll go as cheap as any Englishman!' 'Good!' says the Governor; 'and now I'll order my barge, and we will go together and look at her: beside, I want a little fresh air.' So down they marched, much to the wonder of said two rooms-ful of people, the Governor all the time keeping up a sharp questioning upon various topics. He took up, as he went along, what Charley soon found out to be what *we* should call the Naval Constructor; for coming alongside, this officer went on board alone; the Governor and Charley remaining in the barge. When the officer came back his report was not very favorable; for after a good deal of conversation, the Governor turned and said: 'Why, your brig's between-decks are not laid.' 'Oh!' says Charley, 'that's easily done.'

'But 't is expensive,' rejoined the Governor. Then he questioned him as to his plans, and why he wanted the charter. Charley readily replied that the trip might be performed while he had to wait to sell cargo, and thereby the brig's expenses would be saved, if nothing more, by taking the charter. 'Very good,' said the Governor; 'I'll take her, and you need not trouble yourself about the between-decks; I'll send the government-yard carpenter to attend to that: get the cargo all out, and I will consider your vessel as a government brig, and that will save you all port charges.'

Great was the surprise of all when the charter was known, and great the grumbling of better ships' captains.

The necessary papers were prepared by the consignee, and the brig was soon out of the expensive port with her precious freight. Charley, after disposing of the residue of his cargo, put the proceeds in his pocket, and took passage in a country vessel and went to M —, where he had ordered the brig to return. By the time she arrived, he had purchased a cargo, at about his own price, and with it he left for Boston, where it was sold for a large per centage profit. During these transactions, our super-cargo received not one line from his employer, neither had the owner any knowledge of the port at which his vessel was loaded; but as all vessels then on the coast were losing nearly fifty per cent of their capital, he had made up his mind that Charley could not be better off. If our super-cargo did not feel as much elated on his return to Boston as Napoleon did on his return to Paris after his first Italian campaign, it was because his hopes were perhaps fixed on a brilliant future. His first enterprise had developed qualities of character, superior in importance to common commercial valor, which however valuable as an ally, cannot alone win the battle. There was manifested in these proceedings a true *Faith*, a sentiment which, when firmly entertained, banishes all mistrust, and imparts to all action its own inherent power.

No misgivings nor no devices of man can warp or annihilate it. It is as deep and lasting as the memorable incident that occurred at the 'Well of Sychar.'

'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come.'

Early success often proves to be a mere thread, unable to hold the freshly-impelled bark to its second moorings.

Not so with our hero, for that thread gradually waxed into a chain cable, sufficiently strong for all his future rich-freighted argosies, wherever anchored.

Unwavering *faith* plucks, right and left, the honors, emoluments, and successes of this world. The half-shut-up soul can never win or wear them.

In our social Scriptures, this is the doctrine that points to salvation *here*; but few there are that find it.

As years roll on, our hero makes them subservient to the laudable design of attaining personal independence. His next abiding impressions were received among the Spice Islands of the East, and they caught there a hue which deepened as life advanced.

The bloom and odor of that charming region became so inwrought with all that was captivating to his senses and profitable to his purse, that they still seem to sweeten his existence.

He can never speak of Penang and its surroundings, but as a physical heaven.

Success thus far had been challenged and won, and though it expands his desires, they are made to wait on judgment. Wherever he goes, within or without the tropics, he is come to be regarded as a kind of North Star, and as earnestly consulted.

He had now reached that half-way point of existence, when a man, if ever, may project himself into other minds and discover and define motives. Accustomed to explore all seas, he was prepared to impart more useful knowledge to the denizens of remote, half-civilized islands in a day, than the learned pedant could in a month, backed by all the appliances of classics, codex, and philosophy.

He makes a capture of prejudices, where the less skilful would incur and increase them; and without any governmental commission in his pocket, he carries in his head and heart an authority that no words on parchment can either dignify or strengthen.

It is from this sturdy, full-blooded stock that proceeds our really effective commercial ambassadors. It was a remark of Socrates that 'the gods sell every thing to labor.' The merchant, possessing general ability and forecast is the great ally in enlarging the circumference of civilization. He is often seen penetrating into regions where the people have long lain in the ore, and there sinks a shaft that strikes and develops a long-hidden mine of material wealth; and not infrequently has the enthroned monarch become his pupil in the science of political economy, stirring up his dormant energies to a new development of his means and a brighter destiny for his people.

The race of hero-merchants is rapidly disappearing, *smuffed* out as it were by steam, telegraph, and banker's credits. Modern enterprise has now posted its sentinels on every foreign inlet and by-way of commercial traffic, and the votary of mercantile renown, however endued with courage and skill, can find few places on the world's map where those qualities may be signalized or tasked as formerly.

Success is just as difficult of attainment now as then; the field of operation is only changed, but requiring no change of equipment, nor a tithe less of robust virtue.

The influence which this class of merchants, which we have been considering has exerted in various parts of New-England, and especially in its capital, has been very salutary. They have possessed wealth, without being mastered by it, and have evinced a sagacity in using and applying it, that is beyond mere praise. When old age presses its leaden hand upon them, they can point to and talk of the ships they have built, the voyages they have projected, the acres they have reclaimed and enriched ; and what is a crowning joy, they see around them the manly inheritors that will soon succeed to names untainted and possessions unembarrassed. Many a one of them has been invited to abandon his quiet independence by seductive promises of political honors, but he prefers to 'hear at a *distance* the noise of the Comitia,' and to pass the residue of his days in the groves of his own Egeria.

'*There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shaded from the piercing day ;
Where summer's beauty, midst of winter strays,
And winter's coolness, spite of summer's rays.*'

A halo of substantial renown encircles the form of the hero-merchant while living, and death only serves to disperse not extinguish it.

The incidents which we have attempted to relate in the career of 'Hardly Eighteen' were communicated to us some sixteen years ago from his own lips. He was then, as now, the thorough and accomplished merchant.

Our only aim in preparing this sketch has been, to endeavor to preserve and present in a decent form the honorable results of a first enterprise of a New-England lad, hoping that it may attract the attention of some portion of that countless number of young men who are now living fast and will die early, unless they awake to a new life with the firm resolve of making some mark for good on the age through which they are passing.

D. R. H.

B E L L S .

I.

Bells ! bells ! bells !
Oh ! your chime brings back to me
The dear old time, the good old time,
I never more may see.

II.

Bells ! bells ! bells !
Your chime *now* speaks to me
Of the sad, sad time, in the eventide,
When he passed away from me.

III.

In the evening of the year,
Oh ! we parted by the sea !

But the young voice fled, the dear one dead
May never come back to me.

IV.

With white upturned brow,
'He lies where pearls lie deep ;'
And the wild winds rave, and ocean waves
Sing requiems o'er his sleep.

V.

So when at evening hour,
Those bells peal forth their last,
My eyes weep sore, as the days of yore
Come back from the shadowy past.

L I N E S

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND FAR AWAY.

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
 My mid-night dreams are all of thee;
 For Nature then in silence sleeps,
 And silence broods o'er land and sea:
 Oh! in that still, mysterious hour,
 How oft from waking dreams I start,
 To find thee but a fancy flower,
 Thou cherished idol of my heart!
 Thou hast each thought and dream of mine:
 Have I in turn one thought of thine?

Forever thine my dreams will be,
 Whate'er may be my fortune here;
 I ask not love, I claim from thee
 Only one boon — a gentle tear:
 May o'er blest visions from above
 Play gently round thy happy heart,
 And may the beams of Peace and Love
 Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart.
 Farewell, my dreams are still with thee:
 Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
 My hopes like summer blooms depart,
 But there's one flower that cannot die —
 The holy memory in my heart;
 No dew that flower's cup may fill,
 No sun-light to its leaves be given,
 But it will live and flourish still
 As deathless as a thing of heaven.
 My soul greets thine unasked, unsought:
 Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell, farewell, my far-off friend;
 Between us broad, blue rivers flow,
 And forests wave and plains extend,
 And mountains in the sun-light glow;
 The wind that breathes upon thy brow,
 Is not the wind that breathes on mine:
 The star-beams shining on thee now,
 Are not the beams that on me shine:
 But Memory's spell is with me yet:
 Can'st thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that thou and I
 May shed whene'er by anguish bowed,
 Exhaled into the noon-tide sky,
 May meet and mingle in the cloud;
 And thus, my much-loved friend, though we,
 Far, far apart may live and move,
 Our souls, when God shall set them free,
 Can mingle in the world of Love:
 This was an ecstasy to me:
 Say would it be a joy to thee?

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

IN WHICH MACE SPEAKS OF UNIVERSAL GENIUS IN GENERAL AND THAT OF THOMPSON ALEXANDER GLASGOW IN PARTICULAR—CONCLUDING WITH A MORAL ANECDOTE OF THE APOTHECARY WHO SPREAD HIMSELF A LITTLE TOO WIDE ON SEGARS.

I DO N'T know but what it may have struck the reader that there are some folks whose nature is to stick to one thing just as much as it is for others to spread themselves miscellaneously over the most variegated kind of a variety of polycrowmational toptics. Both sorts deserve more pity than they get ; but principally the latter, for while the world lets the first chap off tolerable easy, only calling him old fogy and a man of one idea, it runs the second down worse than an old clock, constantly posting him as Jack of All Trades, Everything By Shorts and Nothing Long, and worst of all as *Genius*. And when they get him down to this last word, they're mighty apt to fix his flint entirely for him, for they rigged up a certificate in six letters, that he *could* have been something rich or extensive — and would n't.

It is queer any how, how hard folks are on these miscellaneous scatturation sort of characters who like variety. They may get along very well — may make money — get real estate — have their names every week in the papers with honorable mention — any thing you like — and yet, for all that, the regular rank and file never speak of 'em without a sort of misgiving shrug, as much as to say : 'Poor fellow, he might have made something if he'd only have stuck to one thing.' Which, considering what the grain of the wood really was, and what nature intended the poor fellow to be, is generally about as reasonable as if they'd blamed all the long and round sauce in a kitchen-garden for not growing up into a hickory pole. Just *about* as reasonable !

They can't keep it down ; but fortunately for some of 'em they move in a sphere where it do n't hurt. From where I sit writing in Sam Batchelder's and Hiram's office, and where I, too, have a small tin, (for the purpose of selling Yonkville and Wamskatequa,) I can see Mr. Thompson Alexander Glasgow very busy at work polishing of the pavement with a broom, putting in the fancy licks round the corner of the steps in the high graceful tone, and carrying on any amount of cheerful sass with the opposite office-boy, who seems to labor under a wild idea that he can shut Thompson up on personal abuse, a thing that nothing short of a dozen Tombs lawyers could ever begin to do.

Thompson is a colored man, one of varied, extensive, and peculiar resources. About a year ago, Hiram observed him somewhere on the Island as greatly gifted on horses, being able to groom them first-rate, and ride them either to buy or sell, as occasion might require. On the

strength of this, Thompson Alexander was informed that when he wanted a new place, he could have one in Hiram's service. He discovered that he had such a want almost immediately, and did not lose much time in making the change, since Hiram, to his great amazement, found Thompson, on his return that evening to New-York, in his stable, deeply engaged in whirling a wheel around, and washing it off according to Gunter.

Some two nights after, Hiram and I went in at a party — one of the small and selecters — not above five hundred people in three rooms, every thing magnificent, only a little too thick. People are like butter, best when you spread 'em a little. But in all the jam, I was struck by the flourishing splendor of the black waiters, and the self-confident rushing manner in which they went it in white gloves. A nigger in white gloves, waiting at a genteel party, is, in his own opinion, rather the most responsible individual about, the lady of the house being perhaps allowed to rank next. Captain and head of the waiters was one who knew his business 'up to the handle.'

'Mars' Twine, please show de ladies dis way — Mars' Twine, dis is de old wine — Mars' Twine, here 's a cheer fur de lady — Mars' Twine, I jis set by some champagne fur you that 'll pore straight out ice, its most friz into a lump.'

(Noty beany : a nigger's idea of champagne, correctly *glassay*, is always to have it 'most friz into a lump.)

'Well !' growled Hiram to me *sottow vory*; 'if that aint that infernal nigger Thompson, broke loose as a waiter ! Smart chap that. But it 's no wonder,' continued Hiram, 'he 's good at horses, and a man who can do that must be good at any thing, of course.'

The next morning, however, Mr. Thompson Alexander Glasgow was currying down 'Wretch' and 'Demon' as if nothing had happened ; and Hiram, who seldom cares a straw for any thing, had forgotten to remark on the subject.

A few evenings after, we were present at another 'small party with a little dancing,' where two violins, a violoncello and a flute did the musical. And we figured away in great style, not being so select as not to be jolly. We worked off all sorts of dances, and had a high old time generally, in a high old-fashioned style.

'Mace,' said Amelia, 'do ask those fiddlers if they know 'Money Musk ;' I do so want to hear a godd old Western tune.'

The musicians happened to be colored folks, and were sawing and blowing away in a state of intense happiness which came near being a sort of delirium tremens. Whenever the dancers indicated uncommon spirit, they too became uncommonly spirited, stamping on the floor, rolling up their eyes, grinning and fiddling as if they had half the work to do, and were fully determined to have full half of the fun. When I went up and asked for 'Money Musk,' the leader answered by rising and bowing himself half in two.

'—— Cer'nly, Mars' Sloper, cer'nly, wid de greatest subjis ob pleasure, Sah. Dixon, (to his second,) you will please report Money Musk on your violin, Sah, for dis gen'elman. Money Musk is a very admirable tune, Mars' Sloper.'

And off went 'de orkistry' on 'Money Musk,' as if it were a pious thing, and I returned to Amelia, wondering if Hiram knew what a genius he had for an hostler, for the leader in question was nothing short of being Thompson Alexander Glasgow, Esquire.

It came to pass in the course of time, that Hiram and I rode out one pleasant Sunday evening per rail, to a pleasant place 'over in the Jarseys,' where we dined with a friend, Mr. Crane Green Cowenhoven Voorhees, and had a good time, generally speaking. After dinner, Crane says :

'Gentlemen, if you want to see fun, just lay low now, and I'll show it to you. Just over the way I've got a small vacant house to let, and the back-portico looks right into a nigger meeting. The window'll be open, and we can sit there and smoke our segars, and hear the sermon first-rate. I just over-heard our cook say that the great preacher from New-York'll expound this evening ; so if you want some strong orthodoxy, now's your time. Tell you what, mild preaching do n't go down with *that* flock, Sir.'

It was pretty well into the evening, and by the time we had gotten chairs on the balcony the sermon was under weigh. As Voorhees had prophesied, it was not one of the mild sort. The clergyman from New-York went in strong for punishment, gave very small chances, and let out his doctrine in a voice which might have been split into six and filled Grace Church with any one of the half-dozen. It has been observed that the darkey population like strong medicines and big doses for their bodily complaints, and I suppose it's according to the same rule that they reckon most highly those preachers who get on Bible steam up to the top of the register, and tie down the safety-valve.

'Cut down an' cass into de fiah,' roared the preacher from New-York, as we quietly stole on to the portico and sat down. 'Yes, my Crestian frens, and de barren fig-tree won't be de *only* tree dat'll be cut down and cass into de fiah in dem days. Der'll be a gwine into timber sitch as you never *did* see — a sawin' off o' branches, and a choppin' up o' back logs, and a bustin' up de old stumps wid powder, bark scalin' off, and de chips a-flyin' in a way dat'll trimble and skeerify de most owdacious sinnas in de flock ob Zion. Dar's many and many a tree, my bred'ren, dat'll find itself split-wood den, dat used to tink itself too fine fur enny thing but to grow up putty, to look at, or may-be be a shilter fur all sorts of carni-verus sins — as de Scripture says dey sinned in all de high ole places, and under ebery green tree.

'*Who* is de sinna dat'll be cut up in dose days fur kinlins, and set fiah to de fust and burn, and burn, and burn wid de eberlastin' brimstone match at de bottom ob de heap? What is de sinna? whar is de mountain whar he spread forf his wings and spread his branches and leafs to de rain dat fall on de just and unjust, just as it happen to come? My bredren, it's de pine tree dat grows de highest, and holes his head up de wainest — de pine tree dat looks exactly like de Trinty steeple opp'site Wall-street, and de little steeple up an' down Fif Avenue, and in all de fash'nable plumendes. Dem's de pine-trees, my bredren, dat grows out a mity poor sile, ef it *has* got de gole duss in it, an' ef it does git so stuck-up dat it can't see de weeds it used to keep

cumpny wid when it was a little saplin. *Dem's de trees dat's orful sojt in de grain*, ef dey is white, and delikit, and *dem's de trees dat'll be rolled ober fur kinlins* whareber dey grows, ef it fall toward de souf, or ef it fall toward de norf, fur in de place whar de tree fall dere it shill be.

'But *who* is de sinnah dat'll be cut up in dose days wen de wood-man cums along wid de art ob judgment and ob de 'possales? Dere's many a tough ole tree, my bredren, dat grows jiss as it pleases all fru life, and bleeves it wus predustynated fur nuffin else but to make nice timber uf; an I must allow, bredren, dat some of dem tough ole trees dus make putty good timber arter all — precious for axe handles and whip-stocks — but arter a while de axe handles break and de whip-stocks git cracked and de timber is burned, and den de crooked part ob de tree what was left is hunted up and cass into de fiah, fur in dat day it shill be as a fussakin bough and an uppermose branch which dey left because ob de children ob Isrel, and dere shill be deselation.

'But *who* is de sinnah dat'll be cut up in dose days and roll into de furniss of raff and hab de dore shut and de draff turned on wid de ole poker of wengeance stirrin him ober and ober? What is de tree dat grows by de ribber-side, and bleeves it aint no count less it gits dipt in de water and puts all its faze in washin — like de new-fashioned doctor fokes dat cures ebery thing wid baff tube, and wet rags, an spackins? Dar'll be a time, my bredren, when de water'll be wantin' to dat tree, when de twigs'll go off like shavens under de grate, and de fiah will consume it utterly; fur all de trees ob de feel shill know dat de high tree has been brought down, and dried up de green tree, and made de dry tree to florish.

'But *who* is de sinnah dat'll be forgiven and made into precious furnitur dat'll be kep furever unbroken and set up in de parler? Not de pine tree ob pride, nur de hickary ob stubbornness, nur de willer-tree ob de waters dat weeps fur nuffin, wurl widout end. No, my Crestian frens, it's de beautiful ebeny — de dark wood dat neber gits cass into de fiah — and de fine black walnut, and de dark complected cedar, and de African pam. *Dem's de sort dat you neber see split into kinlins*, fur it's de kind dat de true beliebers is made uf, and de righteous shill florish like de pam tree, he shill grow like de cedar in Libanum. Amen!'

Here the preacher caved in, completely done up, and falling back on the seat, began to fan himself with a white cambric, while the congregation went off in a particularly steep hymn, adapted to the extra sky-larking, short-lick metre. And Hiram, who had so far smoked like a steam-engine in a sort of stiff amazement, fell back too, and exclaimed with a take-my-hat expression:

'I'll be shot if it aint that nigger Thompson!'

I believe that Hiram began to take a queer sort of interest in Mr. Thompson Alexander Glasgow after this, particularly when he found that the horses were duly attended to. For some time, nothing out of the way showed itself beyond Thompson's taking a prize at the *Industrial Colored Fair*, for the best door-mat, or beyond his inquiring confidentially of me one morning, 'If a culled man could larn de law-

yer business would dey let him plead cases fur de odder culled people in de Tombs ?' But having obtained a day's liberty, he employed it in painting all the shutters of our opposite neighbor, who informed Hiram that Thompson did it quite as well as a regular painter, at half-price ; while the evening was passed at some ingenious leather-strap work, which he informed Hiram was to be 'a *bridle* present fur Massa Sloper !'

Finally, Hiram discovering him one day deep in the mysteries of a silver watch, which he had taken to pieces and was repairing for some other darkey — he was general watch-fixer for all the niggers of his acquaintance — burst out with :

'Well, you *ARE* a genius.'

'Well, Mars' Twine,' replied Thompson with a grin, 'I b'lieve I is.'

'But, Thompson,' says Hiram, letting out a leisurely puff of smoke, and holding out one leg, while Thompson, who had just seen a smutch of dust on the pantaloons, proceeded to dust it very carefully off with his felt hat. 'Thompson, why the d — I do n't you button down *on one thing* ; take up some line, spread yourself on it, and go your die ?'

'De fac is, Mars' Twine,' replied Thompson, looking up very serious from the dusting he was bending over to ; 'de fac is, I can't keep myself in. You mout jist as well feed a man on nuffin but tater as keep a head like mine on to one bizness.'

'Nuf ced,' quoth Hiram, as he turned off. 'It is a fact that some human heads are naturally split like swallows' tails, soft-shell tickets and old-fashioned sermons into different divisions. Split they will.'

'Of course,' says I ; 'and when the fancy or genius to do every thing well is *really natural*, they do n't as a general thing ask much favor from the world. These born pollylateral all sorts of fellows generally contrive to do pretty well in the long run. Thompson makes out to get along, and has money in the savings bank. But when it is *n't* natural to a chap, and he sets out to spread himself in all sorts of directions, he's apt to split in another way.'

'On the rooks ?'

'Ex — actly. And now,' said I — by this time we had got to the office, and were laying off comfortably in the furniture — 'I will tell you a story.'

'Propel !' quoth Hiram.

'I once knew a druggist,' said I, 'who got along so well in dealing in all sorts of rip-raps and in such a rumbled-come-tumbled mess of miscellaneous contraptions, that he at last undertook to go heavily into the fancy segar-case business. *That* he understood, too. Then he went one step further and tried segars. *That* he did n't.

'Well, it came round that one day he bought of some swindler or other a thousand segars, which were so heathen bad that the devil would n't have smoked one for fear the smell would have been too hard on the condemned. But Jimmy did n't know this, and thought he'd made an A No. 1 bargain.

'Jimmy had a great reputation for being close, and when he has _____,

'When he *has*,' replied Hiram, 'he'd better make up his mind to

have a more miserable life than the devil ever deserved, unless, indeed, he is a stingy character.'

(Reader, I only bring in this little outburst of Hiram's because I know that he would feel like caving my head in if he knew that I ever made an allusion to the subject of meanness in my writings, and he present, without making him say something savage against it. For I do believe, that of all the vile things that sin ever spawned into this mortal world, Hiram does hate a mean man; and Mace Slopers with him.)

'Well,' I went on, 'Jimmy had an out-and-out character for being close; and, of course, he had friends accordingly. Lively young chaps, who would n't mind trying a loud old sell on him. Jolly fellows, who'd have smoked him to death in a ton of his own segars. And they did pretty nearly.'

'When the fact that a thousand of these almighty mean segars were in Jimmy's shop got around, a little arrangement was made, the first result of which was to send Colonel Bill Davis in and make him smell of them.'

'Devilish fine segars those of yours, Jimmy,' says the Colonel.

'Now Jimmy was n't quite certain before that they were first chop, and when Colonel Davis praised them so, he smiled — right.

'What an aroma, what a bookay, what — ah — what a *tremendous* perfume!' says the Colonel. 'Nothing like it. We do n't smell that rich old odor often now-a-days, Jimmy — hey? That fine delicious exhalation of the Spanish isle of flowers requires a smeller like yours, Jimmy, to nose it out. I do n't believe,' he exclaimed very solemn, 'so help me Moses, that any man but you in this country would ever have had *such segars as* those publicly for sale in his shop. There aint many men who have the nerve to pay such high prices as you must have given for them. Taxed you pretty severe, I suppose?'

'Maybe Jimmy did n't go to work on this hint. He hesitated one minute and then bolted out at a desperate gulp:

'A shillin' a-piece for them segars, Colonel. Cost me most that.'

'I should think they *did*,' said Colonel Davis. 'Shillin' be d — d! If you did n't steal 'em, Jimmy, you did n't get *that* thousand for less than two hundred dollars. Why, man alive, those are the great *Labrador Scampadora Terra del Fuego* brand. Cabanas and Principe themselves, can't get those segars. One box of 'em is sent every year to the Queen of Spain, and a hundred to General Espartero. (You know I've been in Cuba!) Well, I'll take a hundred of 'em. Wish I could afford the lot!'

'And Colonel Davis swept out with his hundred as if he had just nailed the tallest sort of a bargain. In less than five minutes Pen. Lewis came rushing in:

'Jimmy, I want to see those segars. Same variety you sold Colonel Davis. Mind now, the *same* lot. Don't run your bogus on me this time.'

'The segars came out and Pen. took two hundred. About an hour after in came Josh Border blowing like an old porpoise.

'Ooh! whoare's the segars. Ho'ape you've no'at scald 'em so'll.

Ooa-h! The segoares, Pen. Louis baought—u'h. Great segoares, ooah!

'You know that Josh always talks in a sort of chuckle-blow as if he had both cheeks full of mush, mixed up with letter As. There are some Dutch who talk in the same way.

'Hoaw many've you got left? Who-o-o. Seven houndred. Only seven houndred—whoa the duvel caon take a foar smoak—uh—on seven houndred such segoares? I'll toake thaot lot—wuh! If you caon get moare, buy 'em!'

'And Josh, after doing up this lot of tick, puffed off, and the segars were sent after him. By-and-by a lot more fellows came rushing in and roaring after the great *Labrador Scampadora* brand as if they'd missed their fortunes, lost their sweet-hearts, and suffered promiscuous ruin, generally speaking. Where were the Scampadoras; could he get any more Scampadoras; why the devil could n't he keep a few Scampadoras in a private way for his regular customers. Some went off in a huff; some cursed him; some raised thunder; some told him what they thought of him; some raked up stories about his grand-father; all going to prove that a more unkindler-hearted flinty old set of unnatural rips, who would n't keep segars for their friends family, than that of Jimmy's never existed.

'Now Jimmy began to privately suspect that either his friends had gone mad, or that some body in Cuba must have been crazy in sending such segars on at a hundredth part of them. He knew where plenty more were to be had of the same sort down at old Pedro Fumadore's, (you know Pedro, Hiram, the Spaniard, they used to call *High Joe* up at the Astor House,) though why they did it is more than I can tell.

'Well, Jimmy started bright and early next morning, and bought up all the Scampadoras he could lay his claws on, besides ordering another lot. Pedro stuck him for about two thousand dollars' worth.'

'Well,' said Hiram, 'how did the second lot go off?'

'Never went at all, that ever I heard of,' answered I; 'nobody ever called for one of 'em, strange as it may seem. The *Scampadora* stock went down to zero the very next day. By-and-by the story got round that a lot of the Onion Club fellows had clubbed together to sell old Jimmy, and had done it. That's all.'

'Moral?' inquired Hiram.

'That a man may spread himself as far as his wings will go and no further. The fancy segar-case was within Jimmy's hatching abilities; segars were an egg beyond him.'

'A bad egg they were for him,' quoth Hiram reflectively and wondering as I guessed (by the look of his boots and eyes) if a certain lot of land he'd bought the day before in 89,427th street, was n't about a foot beyond his own hatching range. 'A confounded bad egg.'

'Well,' says I, 'on the strength of that let's liquor!'

And the dark old bottle came forth, and the ice-water slid like a glass string from the office-filter; and if there were any ghosts around they may go and tell the editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* that Mace Sloper and Hiram sinned 'Otard-iahly.'

A NEW FABLE FOR CRITICS.

BY CHARLES DEDMARAIS C. —.

A RUGGED crust of sterile soil
 Once mocked a rustic's stubborn toil :
 The scarce-hid rocks the plough-share feel,
 And angry sparks snap at the steel,
 And fright the oxen from the path,
 And rouse the bumpkin's stupid wrath.
 He spurns the sod with moody curse,
 And, growling, swears there's ne'er a worse —
 More useless — good-for-nothing lump
 Of stone, on all the world's broad hump ;
 Then, on his beasts, with coward goad,
 He vents his rage and seeks the road.

Ere long, a scholar, travel sore,
 But learned in all the mystic lore
 Of Nature's secret laws, most wise
 In all Art's wondrous mysteries,
 Upon this barren glebe at length
 Was fain to rest for lack of strength ;
 And on the furrowed crust he flings
 His weary limbs like slackened strings :
 His listless hand awhile, uneyed,
 Toys with the pebbles at his side,
 Till instinct, (like a memory stung
 To sudden life by something sung —
 Some echo of a sound, once woke
 A central nerve's electric stroke,)
 Rings on the tymbal of his ear,
 A tinkle he was wont to hear
 When on some metal's hidden track,
 Of yore, his hammer's head would crack :
 His eye that smouldered dull but now
 Flashes beneath his heated brow ;
 With miser's grip his agile hand
 Snatches the pebbles from the sand ;
 With microscopic power he strains
 His vision on the flinty grains ;
 Then, leaping from his couch of mould,
 He shouts in triumph : ' Gold ! gold ! gold ! '

MORAL.

The truth by which we might the happiest live
 Is, ' Human wisdom is comparative ;'
 The fear by which we should be oftenest nudged
 Would seem to be : ' Judge not, lest ye be judged ;'
 And last, not least, methinks the truest ' saw '
 Is this, Opinion's but a thatch of straw,
 Which, to conceal our want, in vain we raise ;
 A neighbor scrapes a match — lo ! it is all a-blaze !

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIGSVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART SIXTEEN.

I SEE by the newspapers that matrimony is becoming expensive at Boston. This does not seem to deter *modest* people here, if one may judge from the advertisements for wives that appear in our daily prints. Here are samples I cut from one daily New-York paper :

‘*Matrimonial*.’

‘**A GENTLEMAN OF THIRTY, WITH DARK BROWN HAIR, DEEP BLUE** eyes, lively and affectionate, with six thousand a year, wishes to meet with a beautiful girl of 16 or 18, with a view to matrimony, fresh from or now at boarding-school, of a warm, romantic, and ardent temperament, to share his love and fortune. Answers will be sacred to his own eye and immediately replied to. Address, with entire confidence, ALFRED, box 161 Herald office, appointing a time and place of interview.’

‘**MATRIMONIAL—A YOUNG LADY, OF VERY PREPOSSESSING AP-**pearance and good education, who inherits a large estate, and is connected with many of the most distinguished families in this country, but who, in consequence of her peculiar circumstances, takes this mode of forming acquaintance with a gentleman of good education and strictly moral character, not over thirty years old, and well educated, with a view to matrimony. A description of personal appearance required, and all communications strictly confidential and received for a week. Address Miss G. R., Brooklyn Post-office.’

‘**WANTED—BY A GENTLEMAN, 33 YEARS OF AGE, A WIFE, OR** rather a maid or a widow willing to become one. She must be under twenty-six, good-looking, intelligent, and well-educated, have good constitution, and be of a quiet, domestic, and affectionate disposition; money neither an object nor an objection. The advertiser does not allude to his personal or mental qualities, nor does he offer any apology for this mode of procedure, as he thinks both can be done more satisfactorily when he and his pretendue are in *tete-a-tete*. Address Martineau, Broadway Post-office.’

Happening to point these out the other day to our philosopher Pembroke, he handed me a paper, which he said he had drawn up for a purpose of the same kind. He begged me to publish it, and if any ladies applied to me, ‘possessing the requisite qualifications,’ he wished me to give him immediate information. I fear my task in this latter respect will not be very laborious. I glanced over his advertisement of what he required in a wife, and asked him if he was not a little too exacting. ‘Not a whit,’ said he; ‘I could be happy with no less.’ ‘But have you as much to offer in return?’ ‘That,’ he said, ‘I will settle with the party in interest, when she appears.’ Here is the ‘modest request.’

‘~~W~~anted a ~~W~~ife.’

‘AGE. She must be at least nineteen years of age when married, and not over twenty-four.

‘HEALTH. She must have perfect health, and no hereditary disease, no predisposition to any fatal or malignant malady, no scrofulous tendency, no patent or latent or lurking disease or disorder whatsoever.

‘SIZE. Her size must bear the same proportion to persons of similar age of her own sex, as her husband’s to those of his. The advertiser stands six feet.

‘BEAUTY. She must have much beauty ; cannot have too much. Her shape must be symmetrical ; her hands, feet, ankles, wrists, neck and waist small ; her shoulders narrow ; back straight ; hips broad ; eyes large and bright ; hair full and strong ; complexion fair and lively ; teeth complete, regular, sound, and white ; her blood pure, fresh, red, rapid and visible. She must have the full use of all her limbs, and her air and carriage must be elegant, dignified, stylish, and commanding.

‘BLOOD. Her lineage must be lofty and pure ; her ancestors high-minded, chivalrous, leading men and women. There must be no sombre legends in the family, no annals of suicides, no maniacs or monomaniacs, no cases of unchecked ‘moral insanity,’ no criminals, no eccentric cynics fed on malice ; no shadow or stain of dishonor upon the family name to make her children hesitate whether or not to lay down their lives for it, and to preserve its honor untarnished.

‘PROPERTY. She must have sufficient property to maintain herself single comfortably in the social position in which she has been bred. She must be removed from that too common woman’s temptation to marriage, to wit, an *honorable* mode of ‘getting a living.’

‘ASSOCIATIONS. Her associations must be noble, cheerful, elegant. Her way of life must have run smoothly on amid plenty, ease, comfort, good taste, intelligence and knowledge of the world’s doings ; without much substantial care or sorrow or privation ; without much anxiety about the future ; mostly in a happy domestic circle, illumined by education, wealth, and high breeding, warmed by depth and earnestness of character, and fervent, mutual attachments, forming a wide-spreading, hearty, healthy, strong, home-loving, family feeling.

‘MIND. Her mind must be good. She must have good abilities, be as reasonable as is practicable in the female mind, and by no means void of imagination. Her leading mental traits must be plain, practical, down-right, good common-sense ; and coupled with it a perfect abhorrence of all hypocrisy, cant, pretension, airs, sickly sentimentality, and all whining mock-piety, awful or unnatural morality, or *fudge* of any other kind or name whatsoever. Her mind must be most heartily in love with *truth* in every shape, and must give her courage on all occasions when proper and becoming to act it, speak it, and hear it spoken, and compel it to be spoken to herself.

‘HEART. Her heart cannot be too warm, or too comprehensive. She must love her family deeply, and her mother almost to reverence. She must be steeped to the lips (above all other qualities) in that CHARITY which ‘is the vertical top of all religion,’ which ‘edifieth,’ and which

'suffereth long and is *kind*,' which 'envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,' which 'is not easily provoked,' which '*thinketh no evil*,' which '*rejoiceth in the truth*,' which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, *hopeth all things*,' in fine, that Charity by virtue of which HEAVEN, 'in the infinitude of its wisdom, *tolerates* all sorts of things.' She must have a natural love for little children. She must be benevolent, generous, and full of a sympathy that is ready and hearty for those in affliction and distress.

'TEMPER. Her temper may be impetuous, but it must be well mastered. She must be by discipline gentle, slow to anger, full of 'soft answers that turn away wrath,' and 'full of the milk of human kindness,' patient, hopeful, buoyant, cheerful, very fond of fun, but not witty, easy to laugh and patient under a good-natured joke, (if woman can be,) easy to forgive, never provoking, hard to provoke to bitterness, and by no means satirical.

'CHARACTER. Her character in general outline must be strong, self-relying, well poised, fertile of resources, confident, proud, and a perhaps little ambitious. She must be thoroughly imbued with vital piety; she must be governed by a regard for duty and principle in all things of importance; she must be willing to hear the advice of others, but apt to judge for herself; she should be fond of reading, and desirous of information about matters and things that interest the world in general.

'EDUCATION. Her education must be suited to her position in life, sufficient to enable her to understand the current historical and belles lettres literature of the day, and to discriminate between the true and false doctrines, and the virtuous and mischievous tendencies thereof. She must be tolerably well read in classic English imaginative writers, and her school learning must be thorough in the rudiments. I think, too, she must draw, paint, sing, play, and dance tolerably well.

'HABITS. She must be strongly disposed to activity and industry. Keeping her wants within the limits of her purse, she must be neat, elegant, and tasteful in dress and all her surroundings. She must not change her mind too often.

'MANNERS. In her manners she must be of all things thoroughly amiable; then she must be winning, easy, dignified, graceful, high-bred, and elegant; mild in her demeanor toward inferiors, and patient and respectful toward her superiors.'

'Is that all?' said I when I had again read the catalogue. 'Are you so easily satisfied? Better add, etc., etc., etc. I wonder you have not married earlier. You must have been waiting 'a falling sky to catch larks,' I half-muttered and half-meditated.

Pembroke, as if to break the current of my thoughts, interrupted me: 'That is all. Some day I may tell you why I never married in my early days, when love and not the understanding, bore away.' A dark shadow, as of a rooted sorrow, passed over his countenance, and I perceived some thought was passing in his troubled mind, as he shrunk timidly away, perhaps lest his looks might betray his emotion too openly.

DON'T SAY 'YOU CAN'T.'

Don't say 'you can't!' there's joy in store
 For all the happy humble;
 And there is wo
 For all below,
 Who choose to fret and grumble.

Each has a duty to perform,
 To 'fulfill an order';
 Do what you can,
 To be a MAN,
 And Heaven be your rewarder.

Do n't say you can't! but strive to think
 That old WEBSTER never meant it
 Or if he did,
 His conscience bid
 Him long ago repent it.

GOD gives to every man a task:
 Then, like the bold Philistine,
 Gird for the fray,
 Work while 't is day,
 And be an honest Christian.

Man is a Reaper, sent to bind
 The harvest golden-spangled;
 And mean the sloth,
 Who quits his swath
 Because the grain is tangled.

Don't say 'you can't!' we're sent to toil,
 Where spades and sickles glitter:
 Then, brother, hoe
 Your honest row,
 Amid the sweet and bitter.

Do n't say 'you can't!' let us while here
 Lean one upon the other;
 Descend the hill
 With right good will,
 To aid a fallen brother.

The clock on yonder mantle-piece
 Is a picture human;
 The *brass*, in part,
 Shows man his heart,
 In part the *bell* is woman!

The faithful hands move round and round,
 To count the swift hours golden:
 Each tiny wheel,
 That turns with zeal,
 Shows each to each, beholden.

Then, brother, heed the simple text,
 And be a better neighbor:
 Do n't say 'you can't,'
 But, like the ant,
 Load up, and strive, and labor.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZLENS.

A Romp at Three-Fathom Harbor — The Moral Condition of the Acadians — The Wild Flowers of Nova Scotia — Mrs. Deer's Wit — No Fish — Pictou — The Balaklava Schooner — And a Voyage to Louisburgh.

PONY is very enterprising. We are soon at the top of the first long hill, and look again, for the last time, upon the Acadian village. How cosily and quietly it is nestled down amid those graceful green slopes! What a bit of poetry it is in itself! Jog on, Pony!

The corporate authority of Three Fathom Harbor has been improving his time during our absence. As we drive up we find him in high romp with a brace of buxom, red-cheeked, Nova Scotia girls, who have just alighted from a wagon. The landlady of Three Fathom Harbor, in her matronly cap, is smiling over the little garden gate at her lord, who is pursuing his Daphnes, and catching, and kissing, and hugging, first one and then the other, to his heart's content. Notwithstanding their screams, and slaps, and robust struggles, it is very plain to be seen that the skipper's attentions are not very unwelcome. Leaving his fair friends, he catches Pony by the bridle and stops us with an hospitable — 'Come in — you must come in; just a glass of ale, you'll want it;' and sure enough, we found when we came to taste the ale, that we did want it, and many thanks to him, the kind-hearted landlord of the Three Fathoms.

'It is surprising,' said I to my companion, as we rolled again over the road, 'that these people, these Acadians, should still preserve their language and customs, so near to your principal city, and yet with no more affiliation than if they were on an island in the South Seas!'

'The reason of that,' he replied, 'is because they stick to their own settlement; never see any thing of the world except Halifax early in the morning; never marry out of their own set; never read — I do not believe one of them can read or write — and are in fact *so slow*, so destitute of enterprise, so much behind the age —'

I could not avoid smiling. My companion observed it. 'What are you thinking about?' said he.

The truth is, I was thinking of Halifax, which was any thing but a *fast* place; but I simply observed: 'Your settlements here are somewhat novel to a stranger. That a mere handful of men should be so near your city, and yet so isolated; that this village of a few hundred only, should retain its customs and language, intact, for generation after generation, within walking distance of Halifax, seems to me unaccountable. But let me ask you,' I continued, 'what is the moral condition of the Acadians?'

As for that,' said he, 'I believe it stands pretty fair. I do not think

an Acadian would cheat, lie, or steal; I know that the women are virtuous, and if I had a thousand pounds in my pocket I could sleep with confidence in any of their houses, although all the doors were unlocked and every body in the village knew it

'That,' said I, 'reminds one of the poem:

'NATIVE locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.'

Poor exiles! You will never see the Gasperaux and the shore of the Basin of Minas, but if this very feeble life I have holds out, I hope to visit Grandpré and the broad meadows that gave a name to the village.

One thing Longfellow has certainly omitted in 'Evangeline' — the wild flowers of Acadia. The road-side is all fringed and tasselled with white, pink, and purple. The wild strawberries are in blossom, whitening the turf all the way from Halifax to Chezzetcook. You see their starry settlements thick in every bit of turf. These are the silver mines of poor Cuffee; he has the monopoly of the berry trade. It is his only revenue. Then in the swampy grounds there are long green needles in solitary groups, surmounted with snowy tufts; and here and there, clusters of light purple blossoms, called laurel flowers, but not like our laurels, spring up from the bases of gray rocks and boulders; sometimes a rich array of blood-red berries gleams out of a mass of greenery; then again great floral white radii, tipped with snowy petals, rise up profuse and lofty; down by the ditches hundreds of pitcher plants lift their veined and mottled vases, brimming with water, to the wood-birds who drink and perch upon their thick rims; May-flowers of delightful fragrance hide beneath those shining, tropical-looking leaves, and Meadow-sweet, not less fragrant, but less beautiful, pours its tender aroma into the fresh air; here again we see the buckthorn in blossom: there, scattered on the turf, the scarlet partridge berry; then wild-cherry trees, mere shrubs only, in full bud; and around all and above all, the evergreens, the murmuring pines, and the hemlocks; the rampikes — the gray-beards of the primeval forest; the spicy breath of resinous balsams; the spiry tops, and the serene heaven. Is this fairy land? No, it is only poor, old, barren Nova Scotia, and yet I think Felix, Prince of Salerno, if he were here, might say, and say truly too, 'In all my life I never beheld a more enchanting place;' but Felix, Prince of Salerno, must remember this is the month of June, and summer is not perpetual in the latitude of 47.

We reach at last Deer's Castle. Pony, under the hands of Bill, seems remarkably cheerful and fresh after his long travel up hill and down. When he pops out of his harness, with his knock-knees and sturdy, stocky little frame, he looks very like an animated sawbuck, clothed in seal-skin; and with a jump, and snort, and flourish of tail, he escorts Bill to the stable, as if twenty miles over a rough road was a trifle not worth consideration.

A savory odor of frying bacon and eggs stole forth from the door as we sat, in the calm summer air, upon the stone fence. William Deer,

Jr., was wandering about in front of the castle, endeavoring to get control of his under lip and keep his exuberant mirth within the limits of decorum ; but every instant, to use a military figure, it would flash in the pan. Up on the bare rocks were the wretched, wo-begone, patched, and ragged log huts of poor Cuffee. The hour and the season were suggestive of philosophizing, of theories, and questions.

'Mrs. Deer,' said I, 'is that your husband's portrait on the back of the sign ?' (there was a picture of a stag with antlers on the reverse of the poetical swing-board, either intended as a pictographic pun upon the name of 'Deer,' or as a hint to sportsmen of good game hereabouts.)

'Why,' replied Mrs. Deer, an old, tidy wench, of fifty, pretty well bent by rheumatism, and so square in the lower half of her figure, and so spare in the upper, that she appeared to have been carved out of her own hips ; 'why, as to dat, he aint good looking to brag on, but I do n't think he looks quite like a beast neither.'

At this unexpected retort, Bill flashed off so many pans at once that he seemed to be a platoon of militia. My companion also enjoyed it immensely. Being an invalid, I could not participate in the general mirth.

'Mrs. Deer,' said I, 'how long have you lived here ?'

'O Sah ! a good many years ; I cum here afore I had Bill dar.' (Here William flashed in the pan twice.)

'Where did you reside before you came to Nova Scotia ?'

'Sah ?'

'Where did you live ?'

'O Sah ! I is from Maryland.' (William at it again.)

'Did you run away ?'

'Yes, Sah ; I left when I was young. Bill, what you laughing at ? I was young once.'

'Were you married then — when you run away ?'

'Oh ! yes, Sah,' (a glance at Bill, who was off again.)

'And left your husband behind in Maryland ?'

'Yes, Sah ; but he did n't stay long dar after I left. He was after me putty sharp soon as I travelled ;' (here Mrs. Deer and William interchanged glances, and indulged freely in mirth.)

'And which place do you like the best, this or Maryland ?'

'Why, I never had no such work to do at home as I have to do here, grubbin' up old stumps and stones : dem is n't women's work. When I was home, I had only to wait on misses, and work was light and easy.' (William quiet.)

'But which place do you like the best — Nova Scotia or Maryland ?'

'Oh ! de work here is awful, grubbin' up old stones and stumps ; 't aint fit for women.' (William much impressed with the cogency of this repetition.)

'But which place do you like the best ?'

'And de winter here, oh ! it's wonderful tryin.' (William utters an affirmative flash.)

'But which place do you like the best ?'

'And den dere's de rheumatiz.'

'But which place do you like the best, Mrs. Deer ?'

'Well,' said Mrs. Deer, glancing at Bill, 'I like Nova Scotia best.' (Whatever visions of Maryland were gleaming in William's pericronicks, seemed to be entirely quenched by this remark.)

'But why,' said I, 'do you prefer Nova Scotia to Maryland? Here you have to work so much harder, to suffer so much from the cold and the rheumatism, and get so little for it;' for I could not help looking over the green patch of stony grass that has been rescued by the labor of a quarter-century.

'Oh!' replied Mrs. Deer, 'de difference is, dat when I work here, I work for myself, and when I was working at home, I was working for other people.' (At this, William broke forth again in such a series of platoon flashes, that we all joined in with infinite merriment.)

'Mrs. Deer,' said I, recovering my gravity, 'I want to ask you one more question.'

'Well, Sah,' said the lady Deer, cocking her head on one side, expressive of being able to answer any number of questions in a twinkling.

'You have, no doubt, still many relatives left in Maryland?'

'Oh! yes,' replied Mrs. Deer, 'all of dem are dar.'

'And suppose you had a chance to advise them in regard to this matter, would you tell them to run away, and take their part with you in Nova Scotia, or would you advise them to stay where they are?'

Mrs. Deer at this, looked a long time at William, and William looked earnestly at his parent. Then she cocked her head on the other side to take a new view of the question. Then she gathered up mouth and eye-brows in a puzzle, and again broadened out upon Bill in an odd kind of smile; at last she doubled up one fist, put it against her cheek, glanced at Bill, and out came the answer: 'Well, Sah, I'd let 'em take dere *own* heads for dat!' I must confess the philosophy of this remark awakened in me a train of very grave reflections; but my companion burst into a most obstreperous laugh. As for Mrs. Deer, she shook her old hips as long as she could stand, and then sat down and continued, until she wiped the tears out of her eyes with the corner of her apron. William cast himself down upon a strawberry bank, and gave way to the most flagrant mirth, kicking up his old shoes in the air, and fairly wallowing in laughter and blossoms. I endeavored to change the subject. 'Bill, did you catch any trout?' It was some time before William could control himself enough to say, 'Not a single one, Sah,' and then he rolled over on his back, put his black paws up to his eyes, and twitched and jingled to his heart's content. I did not ask Mrs. Deer any more questions; but there is a moral in the story, enough for a day.

As we rattled over the road, after our brief dinner at Deer's Castle, I could not avoid a pervading feeling of gloom and disappointment, in spite of the balmy air and pretty landscape. The old, ragged abodes of wretchedness seemed to be too clearly defined, to stand out too intrusively against the bright blue sky. But why should I feel so much for Cuffee? Has he not enlisted in his behalf every philanthropist in England? Is he not within ten miles of either the British flag or Acadia? Does not the Duchess of Sutherland entertain the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Black Swan? Why should I sorrow for

Cuffee, when he is in the midst of his best friends? Why should I pretend to say that this appears to be the raggedest, the meanest, the worst condition of humanity, when the papers are constantly lauding British philanthropy, and holding it up as a great example, which we must 'bow down and worship?' For my own part, although the pleasant fiction of seeing Cuffee clothed, educated, and Christianized, seemed to be somewhat obscured in this glimpse of his real condition, yet I hope he will do well under his new owners; at the very least, I trust his berry crop will be good, and that a benevolent British blanket or two may enable him to shiver out the winter safely, if not comfortably. Poor William Deer, Sr., of Deer's Castle, was suffering with rheumatism in the next apartment, while we were at his eggs and bacon in the banquet hall; but Deer of Deer's Castle is a prince to his neighbors. I shall not easily forget the brightening eye, the swift glance of intelligence in the face of another old negro, an hostler, in Nova Scotia. He was from Virginia, and adopting the sweet, mellifluous language of his own home, I asked him whether he liked best to stay where he was, or go back to 'Old Virginny.' 'O Massa!' said he, with *such* a look. 'You *must know* dat I has de warmest side for my own country!'

We rattled soberly into Dartmouth, and took the ferry-boat across the bay to the city. At the hotel there was no little questioning about Chezzetcook, for some of the Halifax merchants board at the Waverley. 'Goed bless ye, what took ye to Chizzencook?' said one, 'I never was there en me life; ther's no bizz'ness ther, noathing to be seen: ai doant think there is a maen in Halifax scairsley, 'as ever seen the place.'

At the supper-table, while we were discussing, over the cheese and ale, the Chezzetcook and Negro settlements, and exhibiting with no little vainglory a gorgeous bunch of wild flowers, (half of which vanity my *compagnon de voyage* is accountable for,) there was a young English-Irish gentleman, well built, well featured, well educated: by name — I shall call him Picton.

Picton took much interest in Deer's Castle and Chezzetcook, but slyly and satirically. I do not think this the best way for a young man to begin with; but nevertheless, Picton managed so well to keep his sarcasms within the bounds of good humor, that before eleven o'clock we had become pretty well acquainted. At eleven o'clock the gas is turned off at Hotel Waverley. We went to bed, and renewed the acquaintance at breakfast. Picton had travelled over-land from Montreal to take the 'Canada' for Liverpool, and had arrived too late. Picton had nearly a fortnight before him in which to anticipate the next steamer. Picton was terribly bored with Halifax. Picton wanted to go somewhere — where? — 'he did not care where.' The consequence was a consultation upon the best disposal of a fortnight of waste time, a general survey of the maritime craft of Halifax, the selection of the schooner 'Balaklava,' bound for Sydney in ballast, and an understanding with the Captain, that the old French town of Louisburgh was the point we wished to arrive at, into which harbor we expected to be put safely — three hundred and odd miles from Halifax, and this side of Sydney about sixty-two miles by sea. To all this did Captain Capstan

'seriously incline,' and the result was, two berths in the 'Balaklava,' several cans of preserved meats and soups, a hamper of ale, two bottles of Scotch whiskey, a ramshackle, Halifax van for the luggage, a general shaking of hands at departure, and another set of white sails among the many white sails in the blue harbor of Chabucto.

The 'Balaklava' glimmered out of the harbor. Slowly and gently we swept past the islands and great ships; there on the shore is Point Pleasant in full uniform, its red soldiers and yellow tents in the thick of the pines and spruces; yonder is the admiralty, and the 'Boscawen' seventy-four, the receiving-ship, a French war-steamer, and merchantmen of all flags. Slowly and gently we swept out past the round fort and long barracks, past the light-house and beaches, out upon the tranquil ocean, with its ominous fog-banks on the skirts of the horizon; out upon the evening sea, with the summer air fanning our faces, and a large white Acadian moon, faintly defined over-head.

Picton was a traveller; any body could see that he was a traveller, and if he had then been in any part of the habitable globe, in Scotland or Tartary, Peru or Pennsylvania, there would not have been the least doubt about the fact that he was a traveller travelling on his travels. He looked like a traveller, and was dressed like a traveller. He had a travelling-cap, a travelling-coat, a portable desk, a life-preserver, a water-proof blanket, a travelling-shirt, a travelling green leather satchel strapped across his shoulder, a Minie-rifle, several trunks adorned with geographical rail-way labels of all colors and languages, cork-soled boots, a pocket-compass, and a hand-organ. As for the hand-organ, that was an accident in his outfit. The hand-organ was a present for a little boy on the other side of the ocean; but nevertheless, it played its part very pleasantly in the cabin of the 'Balaklava.' And now let me observe here, that when we left Halifax in the schooner, I was scarcely less feeble than when I left New-York. I mention it to show how speedily 'roughing it' on the salt water will bring one's stomach to its senses.

The 'Balaklava' was a fore-and-aft schooner in ballast, and very little ballast at that; easily handled; painted black outside and pink inside; as staunch a craft as ever shook sail; very obedient to the rudder; of some seventy or eighty tons' burthen; clean and neat everywhere, except in the cabin. As for her commander, he was a fine gentleman; true, honest, brave, modest, prudent, and courteous. Sincerely polite, for if politeness be only kindness mixed with refinement, then Captain Capstan was polite, as we understand it. The mate of the schooner was a cannie Scot; by name, Robert, Fitzjames, Buchanan, Wallace, Burns, Bruce; and Bruce was as jolly a first-mate as ever sailed under the cross-bones of the British flag. The crew was composed of four Newfoundland sailor men; and the cook, whose h'eighth letter of the h'alphabet smacked somewhat strongly of H'albion. As for the rest, there was Mrs. Captain Capstan, Captain and Mrs. Captain Capstan's baby; Picton and myself. It is cruel to speak of a baby, except in terms of endearment and affection, and therefore I could not but condemn Picton, who had occasion, in his position as a traveller, to sometimes allude to baby in language of most emphatic character. The

fact is, Picton *snooze* at that baby! Baby was in feeble health and would sometimes bewail its fate as if the cabin of the 'Balaklava' were four times the size of baby's misfortunes. So Picton got to be very nervous and uncharitable, and slept on deck after the first night.

'How do you like this?' said Picton, as we leaned over the side of the 'Balaklava,' looking down at the millions of gelatinous quarls in the clear waters.

'Oh! very much; this lazy life will soon bring me up; how exhilarating the air is, how fresh and free?

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep."

Just then the schooner gave a lurch and shook her feathers alow and aloft by way of chorus. 'I like this kind of life very much; how gracefully this vessel moves; what a beautiful union of strength, proportion, lightness, in the taper masts, the slender ropes and stays, the full spread and sweep of her sails? Then how expansive the view, the calm ocean in its solitude, the receding land, the twinkling lighthouse, the ——'

'Ever been sea-sick?' said Picton, dryly.

'Not often. By the way, my appetite is improving; I think Cookey is getting tea ready by the smoke and the smell.'

'Likely,' replied Picton, 'let us take a squint at the galley.'

To the galley we went, where we saw Cookey in great distress; for the wind would blow in at the wrong end of his stove-pipe, so as to reverse the draft, and his stove was smoking at every seam. Poor Cookey's eyes were full of tears.

'Why do n't you turn the elbow of the pipe the other way?' said Picton.

'Hi av tried that,' said Cookey, 'but the helbow is so 'cavy the 'ole thing comes h'off.'

'Then take off the elbow,' said Picton.

So Cookey did, and very soon tea was ready. Imagine a cabin, not much larger than a good-sized omnibus, and far less steady in its motion, choked up with trunks, and a table about the size of a wash-stand; imagine two stools and a locker to sit on; a canvas table-cloth in full blotch; three chipped yellow mugs by way of cups; as many plates, but of great variety of gap, crack, and pattern; pewter spoons; a blacking-bottle of milk; an earthen piggin of brown sugar, embroidered with a lively gang of great, fat, black pismires; hard bread, old as Nineveh; and butter of a most forbidding aspect. Imagine this array set before an invalid with an appetite of the most Miss Nancyish kind! 'One misses the comforts here at sea,' said the Captain's lady, a pretty young woman, with a sweet Milesian accent.

'Yes, ma'am,' said I, glancing again at the banquet.

'I do n't rightly know,' she continued, 'how I forgot the rocking-chair,' and she gave baby an affectionate squeeze.

'And that,' said the Captain, 'is as bad as me forgetting the potatoes.'

Pic and I sat down, but we could neither eat nor drink; we were

very soon on deck again, sucking away dolefully at two precious segars. At last he broke out : ' By gad, to think of it ' .

' What is the matter ? ' said I.

' Not a potato on board the ' Balaklava ' ! '

So we pulled away dolefully at our segars in solemn silence.

' Picton,' said I, ' did you ever hear ' Annie Laurie ' ? '

' Yes,' replied Picton, ' about as many times as I want to hear it.'

' Do n't be impolite, Picton,' said I ; ' it is not my intention to sing it this evening. Indeed, I never heard it before I heard it in Halifax. I had the good fortune to make one of a very pleasant company, at the house of an old friend in the city, and I must say that song touched me, both the song and the *singing* of it. You know it was *the* song in the Crimea ? '

' Yes,' said Picton, smoking vigorously.

' I asked Major ——,' said I, ' if ' Annie Laurie ' was sung by the soldiers in the Crimea,' and he replied, ' They did not sing any thing else ; they sang it,' said he, ' by thousands at a time.' ' How does it go, Picton ? Come now ! '

So Picton held forth under the moon and sang ' Annie Laurie ' on the ' Balaklava.' And long after we turned in, the music kept singing on ;

' Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.'

T H E R A I N .

Dust lies the village turnpike and the upland fields are dry,
While the farmer's lumbering wagon moaning shrilly creaketh by ;
Hush ! from out the dark clouds drifting tenderest rain-drops faintly fall,
While the birds with gladsome music blend their vesper hymnings all,
With the tinkling and the sprinkling
Of the gentle summer rain.

Pouring on the gorgeous-tinted, golden-tinted Autumn leaves,
Sweeping o'er the waving grain-fields and the farmer's standing sheaves ;
Bounding down the hill-side streamlets, tumbling turbulent with glee,
Whose sad heart shall not be gladdened, though it murmur as the sea,
At the clattering and the pattering
Of the jovial autumn rain.

Loud and gusty blows the cold wind and the freezing rain pours down,
Whizzing round in blinding torrents all the passers in the town ;
Out into the gloom and darkness many cheery home-fires glisten,
While my heart weaves quaintest fancies, pausing in its dreams to listen
To the roaring and the pouring
Of the noisy winter rain.

A STORMY NIGHT'S EPISTLE TO OLD KNICK.

FROM THE PEASANT BARD.

I.

THIS stormy night is just the time
To spin 'OLD KNICK' a skein of rhyme,
A sort of homely thrum;
The spinning won't be finely done,
My wheel, once touched, is apt to run
Hap-hazard with a hum.
Still, if will *wear* this thrum of mine,
It easy might be worse;
There are who spin too very fine
The thread of their discourse.

II.

They fabric fine appearing stuff,
The work may all be well enough,
No knots or kinks therein;
It shows in market extra nice,
The buyer merely asks the price,
And jingles out 'the tin.'
But proving, second thought, 't is said,
The eyes will open full;
He's bought a fine, long, pretty thread,
But precious little wool.

III.

I doubt not, this blockading storm
Is snowing round your cottage warm,
As it begirts my own;
I doubt not that this very night,
All cosy in your sanctum bright,
You hear it rage and moan.
I ken your heart; a pensive face
Tells what to mind is brought,
And moves your current pen to trace
The humane tender thought.

IV.

My cat comes powdered from the byre;
(That dog has no more need of fire,
He's 'done for' long ago;)
I ope the door to let puss in:
Puff! comes the blast with gusty din,
And white with drifting snow.
Avaunt! and keep the broad outside,
Wild riders of the storm!
No blazing fuel, freely plied,
Your polar breath can warm!

V

There pussy in the corner sits,
 And while her furry coat emits
 The freshness of the night,
 She looks as 'meek as MOSES,' while
 She perpetrates a feline smile,
 And purrs in sheer delight.
 I love kind mercy to extend
 E'en to a mousing cat;
 However much there of we lend,
 We're burrowers at that.

VI.

Thick frost encrusts the window-panes;
 The storm I see not, but its strains
 Are heard in awful play:
 The spiteful dash against the glass,
 The grumbled sigh, as off they pass,
 Hoarse-humming, far away.
 Where now 's that little feathered dot
 Of life, I saw to-day?
 Has she some canny shelter got?
 Or blown in death away?

VII.

She fitted, cheeping, round my head,
 At morn, as I the cattle fed;
 Her voice was low and sweet,
 As if she craved my garnered store:
 Poor thing! but for thy coyness, more
 Thou 'd hadst than thou couldst eat.
 Or did she, with prophetic ken,
 This awful night foresee,
 And call for summer back again,
 And her infolding tree?

VIII.

She was scarce bigger than my thumb;
 A loaf for her had been a crumb;
 She fitted, and was gone:
 Yet that bird haunts my thoughts to-night:
 May He who counts the sparrows, light
 For her a cheerful dawn!
 And thus all breathing life is spent,
 See-sawing, like the boy;
 See, 'winter of our discontent,'
 Saw, summer-time of joy.

IX.

The clock has threatened to strike ten,
 Retiring hour for honest men,
 For rogues, an o'er-late one,
 I'll slip the band from off the wheel,
 Tell off the thread upon the reel,
 And even call it done.
 And quite a lusty skein I've got!
 You think so — do n't you — sort o' ?
 If forty threads compose a 'knot,'
 Here 's two knots and a quarter.

WON'T DO TO BET ON.

BY SWANQUILL.

NOTWITHSTANDING every school-boy admires, and many legislators quote as authority, the great American statesman and philosopher, Franklin, his reputation as a well-read gentleman mulcted me out of a pair of gaiters once. I'll tell you how :

Some year-and-a-half ago, during an evening walk along Pennsylvania Avenue with two or three congenial associates, the subject of Shaksperian emendations was 'up.' The conversation was moderately animated—some one of the party approving Forrest's readings of 'Macbeth' and 'Hamlet,' and others not. The

— 'taking arms against a *siege* of troubles'

was voted downright affectation ; while upon the question as to the precise locality the ambitious Thane desired the 'banners' to be exhibited, we were not so unanimous. I contended for the standard text ; and incidentally remarked that Franklin did little to improve the distich :

'IMMODEST words admit of no defence,
The want of decency is want of sense,'

by the alteration he suggested.

'Who wrote that couplet?' interrogated one of the party.

'Pope,' I very naturally replied, on Dr. Franklin's authority.

'You cannot find it in his poetical works.'

'Who, then, is the author?' I demanded ; but the only answer I obtained was, that it could not be found in the poetical writings of Alexander Pope ; and a wager of a pair of 'leather and prunella' was contracted accordingly.

As a necessary consequence, Pope was carefully examined, and some forty couplets were found terminating in *ence*, *sense*, *expense*, *pretence*, *defence*, etc., etc., but never *the* couplet sought for. Every reading friend I met about that time was interrogated, and the first-blush reply invariably was : 'Pope!' One individual, who said he did n't know, remarked, 'That if it *was* Pope, it was decidedly at variance, in doctrine, to many couplets he *did* write.' I found at length, one who had seen it quoted from Roscommon—in 'Crabbe's Synonyms,' I believe. My opponent had, in the mean time, made the same discovery ; and for several days, each of us flattered ourselves we knew what the other did *not*—with this difference, that both knew who was the *loser*.

The Earl of Roscommon wrote, in the time of James II., his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' first published in 1681. From that work Chambers quotes, in the first volume of his 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' the following, under the title of 'The Modest Muse' :

'WITH how much ease is a young maid betrayed—
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early kind paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years ;

The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
 Let not austerity breed servile fear;
 No wanton should offend her virgin ear.
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.
*Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense,* etc.

Here we have it! Ben could 'bottle up thunder and lightning,' but he made mistakes as to the paternity of his quotations.

How comes it that Dr. Sparks makes no marginal correction of this in quoting Franklin's auto-biography in the first volume of *his* life of that eminent runaway printer? Or does the Professor, *too*, think with eight out of every ten readers in these United States, that Pope really is the author of that couplet of near two centuries? I should n't wonder; and I trust you will mark this article in the copy you send to his address.

To show how easy it is to be mistaken, and that, with many probabilities in one's favor, some authorities will not do to bet on, I subjoin the following

Extractions on One String.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQUIRE.

'Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With reverend dulness and grave impotence.'

'For like a prince, he bore the vast expense
 Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence.'

'Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify the crime with confidence.'

January and May.

'Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against PROVIDENCE.'

'It must be so — why else have I the sense
 Of more than monkeys' charms and excellence?'

'That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.'

'Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Even kings learned justice and benevolence.'

'More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common-sense.'

'Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense
 Lie in three words — health, peace, and competence.'

'Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence.'

Essay on Man.

'A standing sermon at each year's expense,
 That ever oxcomb reached magnificence.'

'Something more is needful than expense,
 And something previous e'en to taste — 't is sense.'

'T is use alone that sanctifies the expense,
 And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.'

Epistle to Richard Boyle.

'So when a statesman wants a day's defense,
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense.'

Prologue to the Satires.

'T was 'Sir, your law' — and 'Sir, your eloquence' —
'Yours, COWPER's manner' — 'and yours, TALBOT's sense.'

'Or bid the new be English, ages hence
(For use will father what 's begot by sense.)'

Imitations of Horace.

'The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipped cream of courtly sense.'

'Then I might sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense.'

'Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honor like his sense.'

'O sacred weapon! left by Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence.'

Epilogue to the Satires.

'Or if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense.'

'Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence!)
And once betrayed me into common-sense.'

'Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense.'

'But oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
The source of NEWTON's light, of BACON's sense.'

'See Physic beg the Stagyrte's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on sense!'

'Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense.'

'But soon, ah! soon rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense.'

'To ask, to guess, to know as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense.'

Dunciad.

'But of the two less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.'

In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence.'

'Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.'

'Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense.'

'At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.'

'Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.'

Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worst of avarice is that of sense.'

'Strain at the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!'

HORACE [GREENEY] still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

PRUE AND I. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. In one volume: pp. 321. New-York. DIX, EDWARDS AND COMPANY, Broadway.

AN unprofessional (say, if you please, an amateur) reviewer, who 'conveyed' from our table '*Prue and I*,' and greatly enjoyed the perusal of that which he had not before seen, sends us the subjoined notes and comments upon the same: 'We have read this book aloud to our PRUE with unmixed delight, pausing at intervals to indulge in 'sweet reveries, which any book must be a very entertaining one to produce.' Not till we had finished the last chapter, about our Cousin the Curate, did we think that our readers might like to know our opinion of it. This idea then occurring to us for the first time, we turned to our PRUE and asked her what she thought of it. 'It is a very pleasant book,' she said, 'very beautifully and naturally written, but ——' 'But, what?' said we: 'But I'm afraid it encourages young men to have AURELIAS.' We are afraid that we shall get no further assistance from our PRUE in giving 'our opinion' of Mr. CURTIS's last and best book. But for this unfortunate AURELIA our readers would have had from the nice discrimination of our better half a valuable criticism of this LAMB-like book. Mr. CURTIS will excuse us, we are sure, if we venture a word of advice in this connection, which our larger experience as a BENEDICK entitles us to offer him. It is this: 'Not to say any thing to the present Mrs. PRUE about AURELIAS.' Wives are prone to misunderstand such platonic attachments, and of all the PRUES we have known, not one was quite so amiable as this one of Mr. CURTIS. Believing with HUMPHREY, that 'criticism is worthless unless supported by copious quotation,' we append some of the many passages along the margin of which we passed our approving pencil as we read; first giving a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, Place aux dames: PRUE, the quiet, loving wife; AURELIA, the perfect ideal of the Ego; 'I,' the dreamy, philosophical, LAMB-like book-keeper, husband of PRUE and platonic admirer of AURELIA; TITBORTOM, the taciturn, but sentimental and kind-hearted deputy book-keeper, possessor of a wonderful pair of spectacles; and Mr. BOWNE, the employer of the book-keeper and deputy; who, beside being a prosperous merchant, is the possessor of large estates, with palatial 'improvements,' in Spain. But let the old book-keeper introduce himself:

'An old book-keeper, who wears a white cravat and black trowsers in the morning, who rarely goes to the opera, and never dines out, is clearly a person of no fashion and

of no superior sources of information. His only journey is from his house to his office; his only satisfaction is in doing his duty; his only happiness is in his PAUL and his children.

'What romance can such a life have? What stories can such a man tell?

'Yet I think, sometimes, when I look up from the parquet at the opera and see AURELIA smiling in the boxes, and holding her court of love, and youth, and beauty, that the historians have not told of a fairer queen, nor the travellers seen devouter homage.

'So, as the circle of my life revolves, I console myself with believing what I cannot help believing, that a man need not be a vagabond to enjoy the sweetest charm of travel, but that all countries and all times repeat themselves in his experience. This is an old philosophy, I am told, and much favored by those who have travelled; and I cannot but be glad that my faith has such a fine name and such competent witnesses. I am assured, however, upon the other hand, that such a faith is only imagination. But if that be true, imagination is as good as many voyages, and how much cheaper! a consideration which an old book-keeper can never afford to forget. . . . I know that this may be only a desire of that compassionate imagination designed to comfort me who shall never take but one other journey than my daily beat. Yet there have been wise men who taught that all scenes are but pictures on the mind; and if I can see them as I walk the street to my office, or sit at the office-window looking into the court, or take a little trip down the bay, or up the river, why are not my pictures as pleasant and as profitable as those which men travel for years at great cost of time, and trouble, and money, to behold?

'For my part, I do not believe that any man can see softer skies than I see in PAUL's eyes; nor hear sweeter music than I hear in PAUL's voice; nor find a more heaven-lighted temper than I know PAUL's mind to be. And when I wish to please myself with a lovely image of peace and contentment, I do not think of the plain of Sharon, nor the Valley of Enna, nor of Arcadia, nor of CLAUDE's pictures; but feeling that the fairest fortune of my life is the right to be named with her, I whisper gently to myself with a smile, for it seems as if my very heart smiled within me when I think of her : 'PAUL and I.'

Our book-keeper follows a gentleman in white waist-coat and white kids to the mansion where he is invited to dine. AURELIA has entered already. The door is opened by white-gloved servants. 'There is a brief glimpse of magnificence for the dull eyes of the loiterers outside; then the door closes.' 'You approach with hat in hand and the thumb of your left hand in your waist-coat pocket. You are polished and cool, and have an irreproachable repose of manner. There are no improper wrinkles in your cravat; your shirt-bosom does not bulge; the trousers are accurate about your admirable boot. But you look very stiff and brittle. You are a little bullied by your unexceptionable shirt-collar, which interdicts perfect freedom of movement in your head. You are elegant undoubtedly, but it seems as if you might break and fall to pieces like a porcelain vase if you were roughly shaken. Now here I have the advantage of you. My fancy quietly surveying the scene, is subject to none of these embarrassments; my fancy will not utter common-places; that will not say to the superb lady who stands with her flowers, incarnate May: 'What a beautiful day, Miss AURELIA; ' that will not feel constrained to say something when it has nothing to say; nor will it be obliged to smother all the pleasant things that occur, because they would be too flattering to express. My fancy perpetually murmurs in AURELIA's ear, 'Those flowers would not be fair in your hand if you yourself were not fairer. That diamond necklace would be gaudy if your eyes were not brighter. That queenly movement would be awkward if your soul were not queenlier.' 'What insufferable stuff; you are talking about the weather, and the opera, and ALBONI's delicious voice, and Newport, and Saratoga! They are all very pleasant subjects, but do you suppose IIXON talked Thessalian politics when he was admitted to dine with JUMO? . . . Is it any better, now that you are seated at the table? Your companion eats little because she wishes little. You eat little because you think it elegant to do so. It is a shabby, second-hand ele-

gance, like your brittle behavior. It is just as foolish for you to play with the meats, when you ought to satisfy your healthy appetite generously, as it is for you in the drawing-room to affect that cool indifference when you have real and noble interests. . . . Now, for you are a man of sense, you are conscious that those wonderful eyes of AURELIA see straight through all this net-work of elegant manners in which you have entangled yourself, and that consciousness is uncomfortable to you. It is another trick in the game for me, because those eyes do not pry into my fancy. How can they, since AURELIA does not know of my existence? Unless, indeed, she should remember the first time I saw her. It was only last year, in May. I had dined somewhat hastily in consideration of the fine day, and of my confidence that many would be wending dinnerward that afternoon. I saw my PRUE comfortably engaged in seating the trowers of ADONIRAM, our eldest boy, an economical care to which my darling PRUE is not unequal, even in these days and in this town; and then hurried toward the avenue. It is never much thronged at that hour. The moment is sacred to dinner. As I paused at the corner of Twelfth-street, by the church, you remember, I saw an apple-woman, from whose stores I determined to finish my dessert, which had been imperfect at home. But mindful of meritorious and economical PRUE, I was not the man to pay exorbitant prices for apples, and while still haggling with the wrinkled EVE who had tempted me, I became suddenly aware of a carriage approaching, and, indeed already, close by. I raised my eyes, still munching an apple which I held in one hand, while the other grasped my walking-stick, (true to my instincts of dinner-guest, as young women to a passing wedding, or old ones to a funeral,) and beheld AURELIA! Fumbling for his spectacles, that he might enjoy this boon more fully, he thoughtlessly advanced upon the apple-stand, when in a moment old woman, apple-stand, apples, baskets, and himself fell into the street in 'promiscuous confusion.' This fortunate accident gains him another look from the beautiful AURELIA out of the back window of her carriage, and he feels sure that she entered the house of her host with beaming eyes and full of the sparkling story of his mishap. He was her theme for ten mortal minutes. She his bard, his blithe historian; she the HOMER of his luckless Trojan fall, setting it to music in telling it. 'Think what it is to have inspired URANIA.' From this time forward we never forgot AURELIA, and although we only get occasional glimpses of her, we are almost as much in love with her at the end of the book as we are with the incomparable PRUE. You will smile at these 'ridiculous' fancies of an old book-keeper 'tenderly rather than scornfully, if you remember that they show how closely linked we human creatures are, without knowing it, and that more hearts than we dreamed of enjoy our happiness and share our sorrows.' We have all tried to fancy how beautiful were our mothers when young, but our grand-mothers seem to us to have been always old.

Yet 'your grand-mother was the AURELIA of half a century ago, although you cannot fancy her young. You can believe MARY Queen of Scots, or NELL GWYN, or CLEOPATRA, to have been young and blooming, although they belong to old and dead centuries, but not your grand-mother. Think of those who shall believe the same of you — you who are to-day the very flower of youth.' 'Might I plead with you, AURELIA — I who would be too happy to receive one of those graciously beaming bows that I see you bestow upon young men in passing — I would ask you to bear that thought with you always, not to sadden your sunny smile, but to give it a more subtle grace. Wear in your summer garland this little leaf of rue. It will not be the skull at the feast, it will rather be the tender thoughtfulness in

the face of the young MADONNA.' 'For the years pass like summer clouds, AURELLA and the children of yesterday, are the wives and mothers of to-day. Even I do sometimes discover the mild eyes of my PRUE fixed pensively upon my face, as if searching for the bloom which she remembers there in the days long ago, when we were young. She will never see it there again any more than the flowers she held in her hand in our old spring rambles. Yet the tear that slowly gathers as she gazes is not grief that the bloom has faded from my cheek, but the sweet consciousness that it can never fade from my heart; and as her eyes fall upon her work again, or the children climb her lap to hear the old fairy tales they already know by heart, my wife PRUE is dearer to me than the sweet-heart of those days long ago.'

It will detain you longer than we intended, but you really must take a peep or two through TITBOTTOM's wonderful spectacles, when we will close the book and bid you good night. Young men said of a girl: 'What a lovely, simple creature!' A glance through the spectacles reveals only 'a glistening wisp of straw, dry and hollow.' Or they said: 'What a cold, proud beauty.' We look, and lo! 'a Madonna whose heart holds the world.' Or they say: 'What a wild, giddy girl!' and we see 'a glancing, dancing mountain stream, pure as the virgin snows whence it flowed, singing through sun and shade, over pearls and gold-dust, slipping along unstained by weed or rain, or heavy foot of cattle, touching the flowers with a dewy kiss; a beam of grace, a happy song, a line of light, in the dim and troubled landscape.'

Says TITBOTTOM: 'My grand-mother sent me to school, but I looked at the master and saw that he was a smooth round ferule, or an improper noun, or a vulgar fraction, and refused to obey him. Or he was a piece of string, a rag, a willow-wand, and I had a contemptuous pity. But one was a well of cool, deep water, and looking suddenly in one day, I saw the stars. That one gave me all my schooling.' It was hardly necessary to try the power of these spectacles on a politician, but mark the effect:

'When at public meetings an eel stood up on end and wriggled and squirmed in every direction, and declared that, for his part, he went in for rainbows and hot water; how could I help seeing that he was still black, and loved a slimy pool?' (Might not the Hon. — have 'wriggled and squirmed' for that portrait?) It is easy to see why TITBOTTOM, looking through such spectacles, should be a sad and thoughtful man. He says: 'I do not believe you will be surprised that I have been content to remain a deputy book-keeper. My spectacles regulated my ambition, and I early learned that there were better gods than PLUTUS.' Such spectacles would be very nice to have — safely locked up lest they should fall into improper hands! And now, considering that Mr. CURTIS 'has accomplished' in this and other books, 'all that he aimed at,' we cannot share in the regrets of the reviewer, quoted in our last, that he had not aimed at *something else*, and we do not believe that if he had written a volume with the avowed object of 'extolling virtue and exposing sin,' he would have accomplished more than he has in these unpretending chapters. It would be quite as wise and as reasonable to regret that GRAY had not attempted an epic instead of the Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

Finally allow us to say, with due deference to so high an authority as our respected cotemporary of the ———, that the 'learned counsel for the people' has not shown why our author should be put upon his defence. The case is therefore dismissed and the court adjourned.

ESSAYS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL: OF STUDIES OF CHARACTER. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. In one Volume: pp. 475. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

WHILE Mr. TUCKERMAN may be regarded as having always been an essayist of great good taste, not only in the choice of his subjects, but in his manner of discussing them, yet we were formerly not without the impression, that while he never 'violated the proprieties,' there was yet something lacking in his style; a want, if not of vitality, at least of animation. This, we say, was our former impression. Nothing could be more ill-founded than such an impression *now*, nor indeed for a long time past. Few of our essayists or reviewers have so remarkably improved as Mr. TUCKERMAN. The power to grasp his theme at once in all its bearings; the ability to convey his thoughts in language at once terse, simple, and eloquent, have been accorded to Mr. TUCKERMAN to a degree which has elevated him to a seat among those who occupy the front rank in American Literature. Few reviews are more able than those which may be found from the pen of Mr. TUCKERMAN in the pages of '*The North-American Review*,' the '*Christian Examiner*,' and other Quarterlies and Magazines of kindred discrimination and excellence in the United States. As touching the compendious and handsome volume before us, we commend to our readers the remarks of the New-York '*Evening Post*,' which, upon a perusal of the volume of Mr. TUCKERMAN, they will not fail cordially to indorse, as we do:

'The first requisite for biography is a sound moral sensibility, by which to determine the weight of men in the worldliest qualities of humanity. The second is æsthetic sensibility, whereby to measure them relatively to the highest absolute standard, and also to appreciate their finer attributes. The third requisite — and one which derives its value to the biographer from the possession of the other two — is long familiarity with men. The richest genius could not, in the outset of his career, write a thorough biography. In Mr. TUCKERMAN these high qualifications are made pertinent by a long, sedulous literary culture, and by his consequent taste and tact as a writer. He is one whose poetic sense teaches him the value of words and sentences as materials of art.

'We think that even the admirers of Mr. TUCKERMAN will be surprised at the unfaltering excellency of this extensive work — a volume of nearly five hundred large pages, embracing biographies of thirty notable men, and nowhere a weakness. The universality of his sympathies and his imaginative insight so equip him for his high task, that in passing from WASHINGTON to CHESTERFIELD, from Kean to LAFITTE, from DE WITT CLINTON to JENNY LIND, from STERN to FRANKLIN, the reader is nowhere let down. His fellow feeling for BOONE is as strong as that for CAMPBELL or SAVAGE. His clear, strong, loving humanity enriches the lives of every one of his various and diverse subjects. Not the peculiar qualities of each one merely — seized as these are with an almost infallible discernment — are presented to the mind of the reader, but likewise the individuality of each, with a concrete distinctness that proclaims the union in the writer of the artist and the moralist — a rare and precious union, from which results for a book an atmosphere which is the healthiest and most balmy that a book can have — an atmosphere generated by the pervading presence of knowledge and beauty.

'The volume opens with '*GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Patriot*' — a critical biography, which thousands of readers read a few months since with unconditional admiration in the '*North-American Review*. We do not know where is to be found a more full and appreciative picture of the superlative characteristics and grand proportions of WASHINGTON.

ron's majestic character. What two men so organically different as GEORGE WASHINGTON and LAWRENCE STARRS? And yet, the pages of literary criticism would be searched in vain for a judgment so subtle and sound as that here pronounced on the author of 'Tristram Shandy.' This article is a solution of the STARRS problem — a final adjustment of him to his due place as man and writer. A characteristic of this rich volume, throughout, is the combination of warm sympathy and judicial impartiality.

'The heartiest admirers of DR WITT CLINTON and GOUVERNEUR MORRIS will have their admiration justified and enlightened by the broad, genial portraits here drawn of them. What a comprehensive tribute to CLINTON in this one sentence: 'In an impartial estimate of his character, it is sufficient proof of his integrity, that it was never successfully assailed; of his patriotism, that it was ultimately recognized; of his republicanism, that his faith in the people never faltered; of his magnanimity, that he forgave injury; and of his statesmanship, that it was victorious.' A passage like the following, which opens the paper on ROGER WILLIAMS, deserves to be inscribed on tablets in the halls of colleges: 'Perhaps the best definition of true greatness is loyalty to a principle: it is certainly the secret of eminent success, and the pledge of true fame. Fidelity to a grand and worthy aim is the highest inspiration; and it is because the subject of this memoir looked steadily beyond the pale of sect, and the motives of self-interest, and strove earnestly for an invaluable, progressive, and essential truth, that his memory is hallowed and his influence permanent.'

'The big volume is mellow with truth and refinement, with learning and analysis; with practical wisdom and scholarly culture. It has a manifold attractiveness—from the variety of its contents—from the remarkable uniformity of its excellence through all this variety—from its wide range of knowledge—from gratifying at the same time the appetite for personal traits and the desire for conclusive judgments—from the union of a high moral tone with literary finish. It is a volume that every reading family should own. So much good knowledge, so attractively presented, it were not easy to obtain elsewhere.'

THE HEROINE OF SCUTARI, AND OTHER POEMS. By EDWARD R. CAMPBELL, Esq: In one volume: pp. 468. New-York: DANA AND COMPANY.

THIS handsomely printed volume comes to us from the enterprising house of DANA AND COMPANY, who are bold enough to venture something for the poets. The book opens with a neat Proem. 'The Heroine of Scutari' is a fortunately-selected title from its associations, although it does not exactly designate the nature of the book, being composed of but few verses, and only standing first in order, though we think it is not first in merit. Those who will take the pains to examine these poems, will find that they possess modest yet strong claims to their affection. An unobtrusive piety, a warmth of affection, a tender love of Nature in all her most graceful and beautiful forms, a genuine feeling of truth which disdains all striving after effect, and which clothes itself with great simplicity of numbers, infuse and pervade the whole work as with a spirit, take from its desultory character, and blend the materials of which it is made up into a compact whole. It is like a Mosaic incrustation, composed of many little brightly-colored pieces, but after you have examined it, you only think of it as one. The glory of unity is to be made up of parts. The poems, though many, cannot be said to be disconnected, but altogether leave one impression on the mind, and form one poem whose essential principle is charity. The themes selected are those which WORDSWORTH delighted to descant upon in his

prime manhood, and the same which *KEBLE* loves. The pieces are of unequal merit, compared with each other ; but many of them of surpassing beauty. We have not space to particularize, but will quote one, which any poet might be proud of :

'A CITY OF BROTHERHOODS.

I.

'In the silent mid-night watches,
In the solemn hush of night,
When the soul communes with spirits
From the upper world of light ;
Then it was, awake or dreaming,
On the winds a spirit came,
Like the sound of many waters,
And a voice that none can name.

II.

'Mortal !' cried that spirit, breathing
Thrilling whispers to the air ;
'Listen to the words of wisdom,
Look around thee, see and hear.'
Then I heard a tale of wonder.
Then I saw a broad domain,
Where the congregated thousands
Built a city on the plain.

III.

'T was a vast, full-peopled city,
For the mightiest of the earth,
Daily growing, gathering thousands,
Whatsoever their name or birth.
There the proud, the meek, the learned,
Rich and poor, and bond and free,
Young and old, in bonds fraternal,
Meet in perfect unity.

IV.

'Quiet dwells within that city,
Strife and mammon enter not ;
Calm it seemed as holy Sabbath,
Every dome a holy spot.
None for love of lucre leave it,
None rebel against its laws ;
Never yield they to the Tempter,
For the Tempter gives no cause !

V.

'Streets and alleys intersecting,
Laid with geometric art,
Witnessed to the love of order,
Both of head and chastened heart.
Marble mansions shone by moon-light,
Every portal bore a name ;
But no sound of voice or footstep
Thence from street or mansion came.

VI.

'There I stood, amazed and musing,
Whether sleeping or awake ;
When to me methought the spirit
In a gentler accent spake :

Speaking in expressive silence,
 Speaking to the soul in might :
 'Mortal ! lift the eye, be manful ;
 Out of darkness cometh light.

VII.

"See an oasis of beauty
 Mid a barren world of strife !
 See a city free from folly,
 Anger, ill, and jars of life !
 Not a soul disturbs his neighbor,
 All the evil passions fled :
 Mortal ! why ? *There is no waking,*
 'T IS THE CITY OF THE DEAD !'

This poem alone, had the author written no other, ought to confer on him a reputation which will live after him.

LIFE OF MARY JEMISON. (DEH-HE-WA-MIS.) By JAMES SEAVER. Fourth edition: with Geographical and Explanatory Notes. Rochester, New-York: D. M. DEWEY. 1857.

THE remarks which ensue, touching the volume whose title is named above, we can only say, reach us from an approved source. The work itself we have not yet received : 'The reading public, and especially those who have a taste for Indian history, or so far as it relates to the Six Nations of New-York, should feel grateful to our townsman, D. M. DEWEY, for a fourth edition of the *Life of MARY JEMISON*, otherwise called *DEH-HE-WA-MIS* the beautiful. Mr. DEWEY has lately brought out this work in a very neat and acceptable form, with an appendix containing many important facts to illustrate the main subject, with useful explanatory notes that add greatly to the value of the work.

'In all the history of the Iroquois Confederacy, there are few portions more intensely interesting than that connected with the captivity and subsequent life of this woman, commonly known all over Western New-York as the 'white woman.'

'Captured and adopted by the Indians at the age of thirteen years, and before the commencement of the French War, her life was chiefly passed among them for a period of eighty years, and mostly at her residence on the Genesee river, near the present site of Cuylerville. She was familiar with all the tribes and sub-communities belonging to the most powerful Indian confederacy in North-America. Three-quarters of a century were passed by her near the principal town of the great Indian empire — the ground upon which the grand councils of the confederacy often assembled to settle the momentous questions that concerned the whole, from the days when their warlike excursions extended from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, down to their abandonment of nearly all their possessions and power in the States.

'Her second husband, who was the father of nearly all her children, was a celebrated warrior chief, and lived to upwards of a hundred years of age. His history was that of his race, at least for a century, and comprised some of the most interesting parts of what is known of these powerful tribes.

'From the manner in which she lived, and the circumstances under which she was placed, no white person ever enjoyed greater advantages for giving authentic accounts of what transpired among the Indians of New-York, than MARY JEMISON; and the author and publisher of this edition of the book have conferred a lasting obligation upon those who desire information concerning these subjects.

'The glossary of Indian names and places appended to this edition, is an important addition, and materially enhances the interest of the work. Finally, the book must be considered as not only very desirable for its truthful narrative, but as a record of events connected with the settlement and progress of civilization in Western New-York that ought to be found in every library.'

SONGS OF SUMMER. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. In one volume: pp. 229. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

SAY what we may, there *is* something pleasant, after all, in knowing somewhat of the *personnel* of a writer who has interested us; who has done much *more*, by making us love him for his perception and thorough appreciation of nature, which one feels a sort of pride in sharing in common with him. How it may be with others we know not; but certainly this is our feeling toward STODDARD. A young man, not strong, nor large of stature, with clear complexion, fine dark eyes, full of earnest feeling, whose every thought seems expressed in the changing lineaments of his face — these give a 'picture in little' of the person and features of our poet. The small but well-executed volume lying upon our table, comes modestly before the public, without preface, 'note, or comment.' And, truth to say, it has small need of either. It 'speaks for *itself*,' literally, and shall so speak to our readers. We simply desire to ask attention to a few extracts, which we take almost at random from its pages. The subjoined bears the quoted heading, '*Buried in Songs that Never yet were Sung:*'

'COULD I arrest the flight of Time,
Revive the years of yore,
I would not ask one sorrow less,
Or know one joy the more:
It were enough to sing the songs
I should have sung before.

'My days and years have silent been,
For all that I have sung:
Some dreamy rhymes have dropped from
me,
Some sad hath sorrow wrung;
But nothing great; and now, alas!
I am no longer young.

'I would recall my early dreams,
But they are dead to me;
As well with last year's withered buds
Re-clothe a this year's tree:
It is not what I might have been,
But what I yet may be.

'That thought alone avails me now,
And all regrets are vain:
They seem to bring a dreamy bliss,
But bring a certain pain:
To him who works, and only him,
The Past returns again.'

As we write to-day, the wintry wind howls outside the long windows of the sanctum, and the snow-drifts lie piled upon the piazzas; and a blinding

sleet tinkles like silver beads against the panes ; what time we read that which ensueth :

' Rattle the window, Winds !
Rain, drip on the panes !
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,
And a weary weight on our brains.

' The gray sea heaves and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand ;
And the blasted limb of the church-yard yew —
It shakes like a ghostly hand !

' The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves :
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
Than the Earth in all her graves !'

'*The Veiled Statue*' strikes us as a picture of more than common force and beauty. The turn of thought in the last stanza is especially striking :

' There's a statue in my chamber,
Carved in other years for me,
From the memory of a lady
In a land beyond the sea.

' In its niche I keep it hidden
By a veil from common eyes :
But my own behold it ever,
And its shade upon me lies.

' Through the day it stands before me,
And appalls my shrinking sight,
And at night it grows so awful
That I cannot sleep for fright !

' For when falls the ghostly moonlight
In the silence of the room,
And my spirit faints within me
As it hearkens for its doom —

' 'T is no more the woman's statue,
But the woman's self I see,
Pallid with her love and sorrow,
And the death she died for me.

' And, so strange her spell upon me,
As she bends above my bed,
She becomes the wretched living,
I the still more wretched dead !'

MR. BRYANT, in a notice of Mr. STODDARD'S volume, characterizes his poems as 'marked by great beauty and grace. Some of his verses have an ærial melody and lightness of versification, which reminds one of the poems of UHLAND or HEINE. In the latter half of the volume are poems of a greater length, in some of which the author makes an agreeable use of the imagery of other climates than ours, and of the relations arising from other conditions of social existence. In several, as his '*Choric Hymn*,' '*The Fisher and Charon*,' and '*The Search for Persephone*,' he shows that he knows how to employ the machinery of the Greek mythology with sufficient boldness of imagination to avoid the faults of being frigid or common-place ; but we prefer, after all, his treatment of familiar or domestic subjects. His little poem of '*The Old Mill*' is an example of this class ; and still more striking is the poem with which the volume concludes, which is written with a sweetness and a feeling which any poet of the age might envy.' This touching poem we present entire :

' I LAY his picture on my knee,
The knee he loves to sit upon ;
It is the image of my son,
And, like the child, a world to me.

' He fronts me in a little chair,
In careless ease, and quiet grace,
A courtly deference in his face,
A glory in his shining hair :

' An infant prince, a baby king,
To whom his ministers relate
Some intricate affair of state :
He hears, and weighs the smallest thing.

' Not twice has summer come and gone
Since he was born, a summer-child ;
Two Junes have on his cradle smiled,
A rose of June without a thorn.

- 'I stood beside his mother's bed
When he was born, at dead of night;
My heart grew faint with its delight;
I heard his cry: he was not dead!
- 'And she, his mother, dearer far
Than this poor life of mine can be,
She lives: she weeps: she clings to me,
Her dim eye brightening like a star!
- 'We heard his low uncertain moan;
In both our souls it smote a chord
Not reached by Love's divinest word;
It stirred, and stirs to him alone.
- '*We have a child!*' We smiled and wept;
He slept: God's Angel in the dark
Pushed down the stream his little bark,
And with it ours: with him we slept.
- 'At last the lingering summer passed;
The summer passed, the autumn came,
The dying woods were all a-flame,
The leaves were whirling in the blast:
- 'He lived: our loving spirits wore
A royal diadem of joy;
Time laid his hands upon the boy,
And day by day he ripened more.
- 'His dreamy eye grew like the sky,
A liquid blue, half-dark, half-bright;
Now like the noon, and now like night,
With silver planets sown on high:
- 'His thin white ringlets turn to gold,
And gleam like suns on autumn eves;
Or like the sober autumn sheaves,
Whose strawy fires are faint and cold.
- 'His noble brow, his placid look,
The subtle sweetness of his smile —
They touch, but fly my simple style;
The child is like a Poet's book:
- 'A rare conception, richly planned;
Harmonious, perfect in its parts:
Going straight home to all men's hearts,
An easy thing to understand!
- 'Sweet wife! we understand the child;
We know that he is fair and good:
As good as fair: no voice of blood
To mar him: neither weak nor wild.
- 'I take his picture from my knee,
And press it to my lips again;
I see an hundred in my brain,
And all of him, and dear to me.
- 'He nestles in his nurse's arms,
His young eyes winking in the light:
I hear his sudden shriek at night,
Startled in dreams by vague alarms;
- 'We walk the floor, and hush his moan;
Again he sleeps: we kiss his brow.
I toss him on my shoulder now,
His Majesty is on the throne!
- 'His kingly clutch is in my hair;
He sees a rival in the glass:
It stares, and passes as we pass;
It fades. I breathe the country air:
- 'I see a cottage leagues from here;
A garden near; some orchard trees;
A leafy glimpse of creeping seas;
And in the cottage something dear:
- 'A square of sun-light on the floor,
Blocked from the window; in the square
A happy child with heavenly hair,
To whom the world is more and more.
- 'He sees the blue fly beat the pane,
Buzzing away the noon-tide hours;
The terrace grass, the scattered flowers,
The beetles, and the beads of rain:
- 'He sees the gravelled walk below,
The narrow arbor draped with vines;
The light that like an emerald shines,
The small bird hopping to-and-fro.
- 'He drinks their linked beauty in;
They fill his thought with silent joy;
But now he spies a late-dropped toy,
And all his noisy pranks begin.
- 'They bear him to an upper room,
When comes the eve; he hums for me.
Like some voluptuous drowsy bee,
That shuts his wings in honeyed gloom.
- 'I see a shadow in a chair;
I see a shadowy cradle go;
I hear a ditty, soft and low:
The mother and the child are there!
- 'At length the balm of sleep is shed;
One bed contains my bud and flower:
They sleep, and dream, and hour by hour
Goes by, while angels watch the bed.
- 'Sleep on, and dream, ye blessed pair!
My prayers shall guard ye night and day;
Ye guard me so, ye make me pray:
Ye make my happy life a prayer!
- 'Dream on! dream on! and in your dream-
Remember me; I love ye well:
I love ye more than tongue can tell,
Dear souls! and ere the morning beams
- 'My soul shall strike your trail of sleep,
In some enchanted, holy place,
And fold ye in a fond embrace,
And kiss ye till with bliss I weep!'

And with this poem we take our present leave of our young author — a true poet and a true man; thanking him for his book, so neat in its quaint old English types and nice paper; and happy in being well assured that he will not long be permitted to 'hang his harp upon the willows.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN exquisitely beautiful passage is the following, from Hon. EDWARD EVERETT's speech at the inauguration of the '*Dudley Observatory*,' at Albany: nor is it by any means the finest in that characteristic and noble intellectual effort:

'Much as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene mid-summer's night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence; JUPITER, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; LYRA sparkled near the zenith; ANDROMEDA veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their Sovereign.

'Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the flowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

'I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons

who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the CREATOR, and yet say in their hearts: 'There is no God.'

We extract the foregoing passage from the oration itself, published in HON. HENRY BARNARD'S '*American Journal of Education*' for December, (formerly issued from the office of this Magazine, but now printed in Hartford, Connecticut,) a work of the very highest character of its class, full of interesting and valuable articles, and liberally illustrated with finely-engraved portraits.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It is our 'Up-River' Correspondent who sends us the following '*Adventure of Sam Jones and Me*,' 'which nobody could deny:'

'THAT WAS a haphazard adventure, that foot journey over the Big Plains to Yaphank, Long Island, which we made in the winter of 1848, SAM JONES and I. It might have turned out worse than it did. Never printed in the newspapers of the day, never having come into possession of those inquisitive and ubiquitous people called 'reporters,' it will perhaps be esteemed as good as new. Modesty makes one shrink from having one's name bandied about by the press under the head of 'Hair-breadth Escape,' and from being afterward stared at by all of one's friends and acquaintances as one of the seven wonders of the world. If any accident has nearly happened to a man, very few are so well bred as to say nothing about it when they chance to meet him. He is the nucleus of troublesome little groups; he is asked the same questions over and over again, 'How did it happen? what did you do? how did you feel?' and he is poked at like a bear through the bars until he gives forth some savage response at least. Therefore we resolved to say nothing about it until such time as it might be in danger of going into oblivion. That time has come. It seems already like an event looked back upon through a dreary distance. 'The memory of joys that are past,' says OSSIAN, 'is pleasant,' but the memory of pains which are past, says WAGSTAFF, is often more so. A man, when he is delivered from danger, is glad that he has got through with it, and on the whole, is glad that he has gone through it. It has developed nobleness and entailed thankfulness, which mere pleasures rarely do. It is a poor thing to recall flat jokes, and when the lights in the banquetting-hall have gone out, the delicate aroma of feasts evanesces forever. But the hard knocks of life, the difficulties of adventure, these never grow flat, and may be served up from generation to generation. The teller nor the listener ever grow weary in their several parts. Who ever tires of HERODOTUS' delightful stories? When will ROBINSON CRUSOE, like an old tune, wear out? KANE'S sufferings in the polar regions will impart a pleasure to tens of thousands, more than if he had been the happiest mortal ever born. Those over-ice journeys of his, when the good ship was frozen up, to Etah and to Anatoak, 'the wind-loved spot,' with Dr. HAYS, and HANS, and Mr. OHLSEN, will be remembered by him when every festive passage of his life shall be forgotten. He would not have them replaced in the history of his past for the same number of delightful fishing excursions in Bellama-queen Bay, or in the harbor of Newport, off the rocks where on summer days, in pleasant company, black fish are caught. He would not have those bitter-

cold and sunless days gone by, exchanged for months of summer. To remember that you have got chilblains and frosted feet in the path of duty, is far more pleasant than to remember that you have got sun-burnt while you sailed upon a yacht for pleasure. Will not KANE think of KALUTKANAH, poor, delicate-minded Esquimaux savage, who rose up in the night when they were sleeping on the ice together, (or trying to sleep,) and when he perceived that the New-Yorker was suffering, wrapped his mantle about the feet of KANE with more affection than those who have fed him with turtle-soup? Will the drawing-room of a lord; will cosy studies; will libraries replete with well-bound volumes and with literature's richest stories; will parlors, hung with paintings by the ancient masters, and where MURILLO's hand is undisputed on the canvas, and every thing that's choice is found in nooks and niches; will warmest fire-places of the good old kind, where logs are piled and hickory coals make castles for the eye to gaze on; will grates where Liverpool sends up its jets of flame, or good Anthracite burns; will all of these be equal in remembrance to the Arctic cabin, lined with moss, where the dull stove was kindled up with limited pounds of wood? There is a recompense in suffering, and so ÆNEAS told his companions: *foræa et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. That holds true of the dreadful adventure which I shall record. To go through it again would kill me, as the vital forces have receded somewhat during the last nine years toward their fountain; but the idea of not having gone through it would kill both SAM JONES and me. It has fed us up with the nutritive diet of congratulation ever since. We have chuckled over it, and do still chuckle. There is no *foræa* about it. It warms us up now to think that we came near being frozen to death. Battles of life are severe, but the old soldier loves to tell them all over again. Some years ago I recorded in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, a perfectly dreadful night adventure at the Devil Tavern, on Barren Island, when murder was in embryo, but never brought forth. To quote yourself, I think, is always in good taste.

'But this winter-excursion on the Hempstead Plains is such that the Devil Tavern may not hold a candle to it. I am altogether tired of doling upon such themes as fresh milk from the cow, or the flashing resplendency of a new-caught trout. What is Maga without novelty, or without novels? The intensity of the winter in a clime a few degrees only north of you; the magnificent icicles which are pendent from the rocks; the snow-clad mountains which arise in all their gaunt solemnity and cheerless cheerfulness from this very threshold; the reading of KANE's adventures, and his rides to Anatoak, 'the wind-loved spot;' all these things bring back the night when in a winter snow-storm SAM JONES and I were lost. It seems but yesterday; it seems as if we were but just thawed out, yet we have been as warm as toast for several years. JONES is married since. He has a numerous family, and an excellent farm upon Long-Island, where he yoketh the ox, he drives the plough, he wields the sickle, he gathers into barns, he is an opulent JONES: he has a comfortable house, built fifty years ago, of such beams as were then used.

'Where the exact locality of the house is, whether on the sea-shore, or to the north of the Back-Bone, adjoining the waves of the Sound, I say not; but all the events of his life date back, not from his birth, but from his almost-death, upon the plains a-going to Yaphank. Have you ever heard of Yaphank? It is a place of almost fabled charms.

Not one of all the shady nooks,
 Where I have been to wile
 My summer by the babbling brooks
 Upon the sea-girl isle:
 Not Babylon, so ditty-famed,
 In my regard will rank
 With all the hospitalities
 And graces of Yaphank!

'Its very name is suggestive of some pleasant heritage. O ye fawns, not *fawns*; ye deer, ye *dear* of Yaphank! — pine-groves whose music woos the soul to pensive meditation! Murmurs of the far-sounding sea! Ye sea-beach choirs of breakers and of clapping waves, which blend so sweetly with the barn-yard chorus of stalwart cocks and cackling hens, and guttural cluck of ducks, the mignonette-thyme-gathering bees, the scream of geese with necks out-stretched in ether, I hear your voices now amidst these wild Green-Mountain hurricanes, which hurry-scurry drive the flakes like snow-white doves, through gulch and valley, where Winosaki is congealed in every flume, and water-fall, and crystal-palace of the gold and silver-speckled trout. Yaphank! Yaphank! I picture out thy scenes among the embers and the hickory coals, the frost-work of the panes. They change the winter of our discontent to glorious summer.

'Come down from thy high horse,' says a friend beside me, 'and begin thy story, or thou wilt surely never finish it.'

'Presently, friend: do n't goad me. Yaphank is in about 42° degrees of north latitude, attainable by the Long-Island Rail-road, whenever the Long-Island Rail-road is itself attainable, which it is in every month betwixt April and December. There are many pleasant people in it. There my friend ROBERT — resides; but I will not write out his name, for he would blush with his ingenuous face, just like a tender lover. There RALPH loves to go, to be fatted up with excellent cheer among his uncles, and his nephews, and his nieces, and his cousins. RALPH, descendant of that valiant captain, who, in the hard times of the Palisades, when preachers *preached with muskets* by their sides, blended such curious qualities; he was so pious, so amatory, and so valiant. He had a marvellous contempt of danger, yet such a sweet tooth in his head! On one day he was slaughtering the Indians like dogs; on the next, for some trifling and tender peccadillo, he was down on his knees before the Puritan Sanhedrim, sorry as he could be, so choking up his voice with sobs and sighs that it could scarcely be heard in the midst of his multitudinous blubberings. RALPH never liked my allusions in this direction.

'Well, well, get on.'

'Do n't goad me. Yaphank is very pleasant in the summer, and in winter no less so, if you can get to it. Get there, and you will neither freeze nor starve; but 'there's the rub,' if the snow is plentiful, for the wind has such a clear sweep coming often north-easterly or north-westerly from the Atlantic sea-board, in all its incipient strength, that it tears over the island without competition, and the least thing which it does is to heap up snow-drifts in every little available hollow or excavation which affords the slightest opposition. There are plains on Long-Island which have no likeness, except in a Western prairie: scarcely a bush or bramble upon them to stand up against the wind. Yaphank —'

'Go on.'

'I *am* going on: do n't goad me. There must be a prelude to a tune, an invocation to a poem, an orchestral effect which must combine at least in a few running

sketches or phrases, with the gems of the opera, often an address before the play, as well as after it, an exordium for an oration, some preliminary efforts before Troy is built. LITV did not write his many books of most important historical matters without a preface, beginning *Facturum opus pretium sine*, nor SALLUST his CATALINE WAR without his expository, *Omnis homines qui sese studium proferere coloris animabilis*, nor his JUGURTHINE WAR, without *Falso queritur de natura sua genus humanum*, nor MACCULLAY his work, without, 'I purpose to write the history of England'—and called us away. They may talk as much as they like about 'the groves of Mastic,' but Yaphank —

"Oh! never mind Yaphank."

"Do not goad me. I shall relate my story much more minutely than KANE has done any of his drives to 'Anatoak, the wind-loved spot.' If his mere general descriptions, to us who know nothing about Polar regions, are so delightful, what would his minuteness be? Oh! that he may live to fill out all his notes, for he cannot be tedious. His book is 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and ROBINSON CRUSOE, and every thing most charming which we have read in our youth, combined into one rich reality. Had it not been for Doctor KANE, I should not perhaps have thought of writing out our adventure. 'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.' Not the Hudson Bay Company or Arctic Expeditions alone experienced cold. I have got down to 30 without ever travelling on dog-sledges. I cannot, however, relate this adventure until next month."

Of this, we pray you, fail not. - - - The reader has doubtless laughed at the Frenchman who said to an American friend, that he was very much 'disgusted' at information which he had just received from his home in Paris. It was a strong term, he thought, (with his very limited knowledge of our language,) to express his grief at the loss of his father, of which he had just heard! This was pardonable in a newly-arrived foreigner. But sometimes (and doubtless we are often 'open to that objection' ourselves) we find our own brother-editors employing words in the haste of composition, terms almost as much out of their ordinary use. We have before mentioned the 'item' of a boat scuttled by 'an incendiary;' of poison removed from the stomach by a 'stethoscope;' and now, in a paragraph from a Louisville newspaper before us, giving an account of the late burning of the Medical College of that city, we read that the library was only partially saved, owing to the 'informal manner of carrying out the books.' A curious time to 'stand upon ceremony,' one would think. - - - 'JACQUES MAURICE,' who is a personal friend of 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER's, Esq., and has known that distinguished 'Pote' from his birth, sends us the following, which he desires us to designate as '*Pharaoh, a Tale of Bricks.*' In reading it over hastily, it has occurred to us that the writer has, in two or three instances, (doubtless without intending it,) laid himself open to the imputation of a desire to pun, or 'play upon words,' as it is termed. We do not charge this as a *fact*, but merely state an editorial thought, of the reasonableness of which our readers can themselves judge:

"THERE unhappily exists a widely-extended prejudice against PHARAOH. He is charged with having hindered the children of ISRAEL from leaving their lodgings in Egypt on the first of May, thus forcing them, by construction, to stay another year.

But how he can have incurred this charge, I cannot conceive, when it is well known that this good king refused to lay a straw in their way. True, we are told, and believe, that he refused to let them go : but all hard feelings must melt away when it is known that he was here playing the part of the philanthropist, if the date of the transaction would hardly let him play the Christian.

'There is a game with cards called Poker, easy to be learned, but wonderfully fascinating to those who engage in the practice of it. This enticing game was indulged in to a frightful excess by the younger and even the older Israelites of that day. It is well known that amongst the phraseology peculiar to that game, is found the word 'Go,' which, perverted from its integrity, means to *stay*, and stake more money. Now these youthful but sadly profligate Hebrews did nothing, in their leisure hours, but play at poker ; and the suburbs of the city, in which they principally resided, would at those times ring with the technical chanting : 'I'll go you three pieces better !' 'I'll go you six pieces better !' etc., etc., the sound of which discordant tumult would often reach the ears of the king in his royal palace. Filled with solicitude for the welfare of his beloved people, the good and generous PHARAOH questioned with his prime minister in regard to the best means of suppressing the game, and preventing the ruin of his subjects, speaking as follows : 'I do n't want to say, 'Children of ISRAEL, d — n you, you must stop playing poker !' for that would perhaps hurt their feelings, and indeed might end in hurting mine, which you are well aware are very tender. What are you impudent enough to advise ?' Upon which the prime minister bowed three times to the ground, each time casting a little dirt on his head, which, having watched his opportunity, he took occasion to wipe carefully off on the skirt of the king's robe, and went on in the following tiresome manner : 'Your royal Highness is aware that your royal Highness could put an end to those pernicious practices among a portion of your royal Highness's subjects —'

'Stop there !' cried the king, with some irritation ; 'do n't 'royal Highness' me so much : it's annoying !'

'Very well, your royal —'

'D — n you !' shouted the now enraged king. 'I'll have you drowned in my fish-pond if you say that word again !'

'As your Majesty pleases,' said the compliant minister. 'As I was going on to say, when your Majesty cursed me —'

'Nor 'Majesty' either,' interrupted the king, getting a little unreasonable, which is so very odd in a king.

'Well, Sir — you old fool —'

'There, now — go on,' said the pacified king.

'I think,' pursued the minister, 'I think —'

'First I've heard of it,' said the king.

'It's so !' said the minister, being the first recorded use of that now common expression, of which he was, undoubtedly, the originator.

'Or at least I *was* thinking,' pursued the conscientious minister.

'Oh !' was the laconic interjection of the king.

'I was thinking you might give out that there was one word in the Egyptian language, to hear which always afflicts you with a species of moral insanity, and —'

'What the d — l is that ?' cried the profane but otherwise exemplary king.

'Oh ! it's something you'll hear enough of, if you live long enough !' which was literally true.

‘Well, go on,’ said the impatient king.

‘You therefore decree that the obnoxious word shall be no longer used — that word being ‘GO.’ Now, if you rob a game —’

‘Ketch me!’ chuckled the king, using a popular phrase of the day. ‘I aint like the common run of kings: I don’t rob. I ‘take’ though.’

‘So do I,’ added the minister. ‘I was going to say if you take from a game its technical phrases, you destroy it. Think of it, old boy! the abolition of one little word, of two letters, will save the twelve tribes of ISRAEL from damnation!’

‘Eloquent, saucy, and correct,’ said the king. So the edict was issued: and unjust history records, without comment, that PHARAOH would not let the children of ISRAEL GO!

‘True, those unfortunate children ‘didn’t like it much,’ as some of them remarked at the time; it was not in human nature for them to like it. But, at the same moment, they could not justly attach much blame to PHARAOH. Their feelings are perhaps significantly expressed in the following couplet, which, at jovial meetings of the grand-children of ISRAEL was wont to be given as a toast, and drank with groans, and other more antique demonstrations of disapproval:

‘Let the toast ne’er vary, O,
‘Insanity’ to PHARAOH!’

in which amusing lines many affirm to discover only a playful allusion to the innocent *ruse* of the king.

‘Many other things might be mentioned of our hero; as, for instance, his having given its name to the neighboring sea, from a bright expression of his little son, then just three years, ten months, and nine days old, who, being taken for the first time near the water, thought he detected a vermillionish shade in it, and in his laconic way cried out: ‘Red! See!’

‘But PHARAOH was not one to be talked about like any common man. We are apt to insult the shades of great men by ‘letting on’ all we know about them. This is wrong.

‘One other little incident may be mentioned, which, as it wound up PHARAOH, may serve to wind up this sketch of him.

‘PHARAOH, it is well known, was drowned one fine winter, while skating on the Red Sea. He was following MOSES, who had ‘dared’ him; but being a much ‘heftier man than what MOSES was,’ unfortunately ‘went under’ at a thin place, at the same going over Jordan, which, (what with his skates, etc.,) we may imagine to have been rather ‘a hard road to travel’ than otherwise, particularly as that river was not yet frozen over. It is related that MOSES went on, unconsciously, for a dozen miles or more, and then, *thinking* it was ‘mighty still behind,’ turns around, and finding a reason for it, says: ‘Where’s PHARAOH?’ We may fancy the inimitable *aly* humor which MOSES threw into this remark, as he undoubtedly fancied he had ‘distanced him,’ and knew well enough where he was. He *had* ‘rather left him.’

‘PHARAOH was a good man. Let him *requiescat* if he wants to, selecting for the locality, C, or any other convenient Red letter of the alphabet.’

—
We have an absolute respect for the author of ‘Lady GERALDINE’S Courtship,’ the ‘Vision of Fair Women,’ the ‘Sonnets from the Portuguese,’ and we would like exceedingly to love Mrs. BROWNING with that reverent affection accorded to great poets, and which some of our cotemporaries

declare she merits. But we cannot do this so long as she persists in hiding what golden grain she has gleaned from the harvest-field of song, under such vast heaps of chaff as the most of AURORA LEIGH. We cannot read her with pleasure, for the hope of getting a few tender womanly beauties of thought, while the most of her diction is so turgidly common-place, and her style so hopelessly and irrecoverably opaque. She has been blamed already for this, and has not profited by the criticism. This Waterfall, that

‘Came out for joy or fear
In leaping through the palpitating pines,
Like a white soul tossed out to eternity
With the ill of time upon it,’

is just as when, long ago, she called POWERS’ Greek Slave ‘the thunder of white silence;’ that is, it is the ‘echo of blue or brown or chrome-yellow nonsense.’

She certainly says very pretty things, as of her severe maiden aunt, as possessing

‘CHEEKS in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure.’

But what in or out of nature is the

‘LAVA lymph, which trickles from successive galaxies,
Still drop by drop adown the finger of God
In the new worlds!’

Or what picture of mountains is it to describe them

‘Sitting in the magic circle, with the mutual touch
Electric, panting from their full, deep hearts
Beneath the influent heavens; and waiting for
Communion and communion!’

It sounds far more like the description of a fat broker in his pew in church. If we were asked what then is this poem, we would say: ‘It is more than twelve thousand lines of blank verse, hopelessly obscure, and we fear that the beauties occupy to the language the relative position of the classical needle in the haystack. - - - We have heretofore spoken, in well-deserved terms of cordial praise, of the *Domestic Landscape Compositions of Mr. Jerome Thompson*. Two of these, of a large size, are now, and have been for nearly a year, upon the burin of one of our first line-engravers. Of these ‘we shall see what we shall see’ when they come before the public. We trust and believe that our judgment ‘thereabout’ will be sustained. Mr. THOMPSON has now upon his easel a large landscape, which he has christened ‘*Recreation*.’ It is an exceedingly beautiful picture; full of summer feeling; full of distant mountain-glories; full of love and appreciation of nature; with a group in the fore-ground, replete with the true *sentiment* of the entire scene, of which we can only hope to speak hereafter; the whole being quite too ‘suggestive’ to be dispatched in a mere hasty reference like the present. - - - NEXT Summer, if it pleases God to spare our life and health, it is our purpose to visit the lovely valley of the Wyoming,

which in the following communication is presented to us under a new phase :

'Tired of the dusty town, I resolved, in the heat of last summer, to pay a visit to the beautiful valley of Wyoming, where I had spent some of my school-days. And in order to heighten, by a double contrast, my enjoyment of the scene, I approached it by that route which has been fitly called the shades of Death, where the traveller, after passing through dreary swamps and jungles, and climbing a rugged mountain still inhabited by bears and wolves, suddenly looks down on a cultivated landscape, the most charming in America. Taking my leave of the stage-coach, I ascended a small eminence near the road-side, known as Prospect-Rock, from which I could see the whole valley at once, spread out like a great picture before me, with its double wall of mountains, its gracefully-winding river, its large meadows and gentle slopes, its elegant country-seats, its romantic villages, its groves, its orchards, its gardens, its tropical wealth of green. As I sat surveying the familiar prospect at leisure, with a cool breeze to fan me, and an overhanging branch of cedar to shield me from the sun, I unconsciously fell into a sort of dream, in which I saw reproduced, on the historical ground before me, the scenes of days long past.

'In fancy I saw the valley as it was seen by the first white men that looked down upon it from the mountains, over-spread with a dense wilderness, out of which rose here and there a faint wisp of smoke, proving that it had tenants, wild and untutored, without doubt, yet part of the great vaunting race that stole fire from Heaven.

'I looked again, and the wilderness was broken ; the dweller in wigwams had retired to the mountain gorges : in the bottom of the valley the white man built his artistic house, and the soil, still rough with the stubble of the forest, waved luxuriously with its virgin wheat-crops. As the ploughshare followed the axe, the view insensibly dissolved into another more mellow and refined, the truth of that lovely picture which the poet CAMPBELL drew in his GERTRUDE.

'I looked again, and lo ! the wild lords of the wood, alarmed at this intrusion on their native domains, had returned in anger to punish it. I saw a small band go forth in the morning to meet them, and fight like those who would defend their hearth-stones, and lives dearer than their own, yet overpowered by numbers and routed sorely. I saw the ruthless victor at noon break into the fort where the helpless had been left, and there line his belt with the scalps of women and children. At eve I saw the whole valley a-blaze, and heard the low wail of the scattered fugitives who had escaped from the massacre of the day, now clambering up the mountain-sides by the light of their burning homes. Thus did the wild man express his resentment ; and thus, even as his custom was, did he forfeit the remembrance of whatever right he had, by avenging his wrongs too cruelly.

'A little while and he, in his turn, was swept unto destruction. Then white men returned to till the soil which had been enriched by the blood of their kindred. The fields which had lain fallow until the wilderness had begun to re-conquer them, were cleared anew ; cottages sent up their smoke again from every glen and hill side ; villages began to appear ; and still as I gazed on the scene, the thrift of a virtuous tenantry continued to improve and adorn it, until it became a garden. Such had I known it in boyhood, and it seemed still unchanged.

'O happy valley !' I exclaimed, as my dream brightened into the joyous reality before me. 'Here at last is a place where the muses may haunt, albeit in America. Here the grand in nature is wedded to the beautiful. Here is the associa-

tion of ancestry and heroic deeds, and things already immortalised in song. Here is rustic refinement worthy the tuneful hills of pastoral Arcadia. Here is a spiritual air, where business has not entered with his tainting breath, and his disenchanting sights and sounds.'

'Just as I spoke, my ears were violated by an unearthly noise, proceeding from a moving object which, had it suddenly burst into some valley of Phocis in ancient days, as it now burst before my eyes into the valley of Wyoming, would, I verily believe, have frightened away all the fawns from the woods, and hushed the nine muses on Parnassus; such an infernal machine it was that came driving furiously on with a rousing din and clatter, puffing and panting; anon, stopping near a village, just long enough to bury it up in a cloud of smoke and ashes, it set off again with a frightful howl, like the bellowing of ten thousand bulls, smothering the echoes, and in a few minutes it was out of sight and hearing again.

'As soon as my astonished senses had realized what they had seen, I felt something of the same disappointment which honest RIF VAN WINKLE must have felt, when, after a sleep of twenty years, he woke up to find himself fallen behind the times. I descended the mountain with less romantic sentiments, but with a better understanding of the genius of my country. A rail-road through Wyoming! O sublime! O ridiculous!'

Our thought, exactly! - - - These graceful and timely lines reach us from an old contributor to these pages:

'THE black storm howls—but in the bleakest there are sheltered nooks where we scarce feel its influence. A belt of trees—all the better if evergreen—an abrupt hill-side, or even a huge, bare rock, break the force of the blast, and protect a limited space from the fury of the tempest. So it is in life; in its saddest trials there are sheltering nooks where we may hide and find a respite. A happy home plants an evergreen hedge on the windward side of man's life, turning aside the force of many a heavy sorrow, and giving many a day of serenity and joy when the world is wintry around it. A firm religious hope lifts the everlasting hills of God's providence high about the believer; his lot is in the quiet valley which the storm cannot reach; his peace flows as a river, for his treasure and his heart are alike secure in Heaven. A faithful friend is a sheltering rock—its shadow a refreshing in the day of prosperity, and a protection in the night of adversity. Oh! this stormy world is not all storm; in its darkest day there is a glimmer of the light beyond the cloud; from its fiercest blast there is a wall of defence, a shelter to protect us. Friends, home, and Heaven give life its purest joys; they pour sun-shine on our else ever-clouded pathway.'

We are sorry for 'Mrs. STUBBINS;' but what can *we* do about it? The match was none of *our* making.

'It is a notorious fact that I never can work myself into excessive inspiration or eloquence, when the younger half-dozen of my offspring are playing hide-and-seek behind my chair, neither do my thoughts flow so freely when a hand-organ and tamborine are grinding and clattering under my window; but there is one annoyance much worse than either. It is summed up in two words—just ten letters—Mr. STUBBINS!

'How I happened to become possessed of this eternal nuisance, deponent saith not; indeed I do n't know as it is any one's business to inquire; but I will say, for the detriment of a certain fortune-teller, Miss STEPHENFAST, now running loose over

the country, and for the benefit of those by her enticed, that when she made out, in my 'destiny,' JEREMIAH STUBBINS to be the foreordained partner of my joys and sorrows, and having consulted the stars, further prophesied that said JEREMIAH STUBBINS would understand and encourage all my intellectual proclivities — she *lied*; poetically speaking, her presentiments were unreal as shadows; philosophically, her statements were fallacious; mathematically, her calculations were incorrect; politely, she was mistaken. Of this I have constant and indubitable proof; although I have sometimes charitably exculpated Miss STEPMFAST; she might innocently have made a blunder in regard to the planets, placing mine in undue propinquity to that of Mr. STUBBINS.

'Good Heavens! JEREMIAH STUBBINS' mental integrality par value with mine; when he never read a line of the immortal SLAPENJACK, or THIMBLERIE; nor a poem of the pathetic SLICER, or BLUECOTTLES; never wrote an article for the '*Squabbletown Flambergaster*,' nor praised any that I contributed thereto! But these are negative proofs. I come next to positive ones — the overwhelming trials of my existence.

'SCENE FIRST; for the benefit of connoisseur artists: Room, back one of the whole suite, vulgarly named kitchen. Curtain rises: I am reclining *négligé* on an elegant chintz-covered lounge, with the auburn hair thrown off my brow. An indefinite number of cherubs (without wings) bending under the weight of bricks, blocks, and hammers for carpentering operations, in the fore-ground and back-ground. I am engaged in writing my two-volume novel, that is to give me to Fame.

'I had been thus occupied for the space of half an hour, and was just elaborating the character of the heroine DIANA, (the plot was not laid in Ephesus, but this DIANA I meant should be after the Ephesian model, of which I had once seen a wood-cut,) and I was preparing somewhat for her to say, on accepting her lover DEMETRIUS, when in came Mr. STUBBINS. My hope of success was slightly shaken, but I scratched away vigorously. Heard Mr. STUBBINS grumbling because the dinner-dishes were not washed, and the boot-jack had got in the water-pail; at which I roused slightly, told him to spread the boot-jack out to dry, and wash the dishes himself, which things he proceeded to do. I took a long breath. 'Now,' thought I, 'I shall have peace.' But that was at a discount. This masculine BRIDGET had not been long at the sink, before you would have imagined the dishes had an ague fit, such a commotion arose among them. Still I wrote on: 'Thou joy of all joys! king of —' tremendous crash! STUBBINS, baby, and gridiron, all on the floor together. Baby screeched from fright. STUBBINS took it and began to walk the floor on those huge cow-hide boots of his. Squeak! squeak! squeak! 'Good gracious!' said I. 'Do sit down!' He sat down and tilted the child in a chair without rockers. Bump! bump! bump! jarring the whole room. Here I remonstrated, and urged the necessity of quiet to the successful prosecution of my literary labors; when Mr. STUBBINS put ARABELLA down, meekly returned to his dishes, looking extremely puzzled, and clumsily hitting his boots against every thing in his attempts to navigate.'

THE following 'business-scene' from '*Never too Late to Mend*' is scarcely excelled by any thing from the pen of DICKENS:

'MEADOWS found Mr. CLINTON at PEARL'S.

"Mr. CLINTON, I want a man of intelligence to be at my service for twenty-four hours. I give you the first offer, Sir."

'Mr. CLINTON replied that really he had so many irons in the fire, that twenty-four hours —

'Meadows put a fifty-pound note on the table.

'Will all your irons iron you out fifty pounds as flat as that?'

'Why, hem?'

'No, nor five. Come, Sir, sharp is the word. Can you be my servant for twenty-four hours for fifty pounds? yes or no!'

'Why, this is dramatic—yes!'

'It is half-past two. Between this and four o'clock I must buy a few hundred acres in Australia a fair bargain.'

'Humph! Well, that can be done. I know an old fellow that has land in every part of the globe.'

'Take me to him.'

In ten minutes they were in one of those dingy narrow alleys in the city of London that look the abode of decent poverty, and they could afford to buy Grosvenor Square for their stables; and Mr. CLINTON introduced his friend to a blear-eyed merchant in a large room papered with maps; the windows were incrustated, mustard and cress might have been grown from them. Beauty in clean linen collar and wristbands would have shone here with intolerable lustre; but the blear-eyed merchant did not come out bright by contrast; he had taken the local color. You could see him, and that was all, like a partridge in a furrow; a snuff-colored man; coat rusty all but the collar, and that greasy; poor as its color was, his linen had thought it worth emulating; blackish nails, cotton wipe, little bald place on head, but did not shine for the same reason the windows did not. Mr. CLINTON approached this 'dhirty money,' this rusty coin, in the spirit of funkyness.

'Sir,' said he in a low reverential tone, 'this party is disposed to purchase a few hundred acres in the colonies.'

'Mr. RICH looked up from his desk and pointed with a sweep of his pen to the walls.

'There are the maps: the red crosses are my land. They are numbered. Refer to the margin of map and you will find the acres and the latitude and longitude calculated to a fraction. When you have settled in what part of the world you buy, come to me again; time is gold.'

And the blear-eyed merchant wrote, and sealed, and filed, and took no notice of his customers. They found red crosses in several of the United States, in Canada, in Borneo, in nearly all the colonies, and as luck would have it, they found one small cross within thirty miles of Bathurst, and the margin described it as five hundred acres. Mr. MEADOWS stepped toward the desk.

'I have found a small property near Bathurst.'

'Bathurst? where is that?'

'In Australia.'

'Suit?'

'If the price suits. What is the price, Sir?'

'The books must tell us that.'

Mr. RICH stretched out his arm and seized a ledger and gave it MEADOWS.

'I have but one price for land, and that is five per cent profit on my out-lay. Book will tell you what it stands me in: add five per cent to that, and take the land away or leave it.'

With this curt explanation Mr. RICH resumed his work.

'It seems you gave five shillings an acre, Sir,' said Mr. CLINTON. 'Five times five hundred shillings, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Interest at five per cent, six pounds five.'

'When did I buy it?' asked Mr. RICH.

'Oh! when did you buy it, Sir?'

Mr. RICH snatched the book a little pettishly and gave it MEADOWS.

'You make the calculation,' said he; 'the figures are all there. Come to me when you have made it.'

'The land had been bought twenty-seven years and some months ago. Mr. MEADOWS made the calculation in a turn of the hand, and announced it. RICH rang a hand-bell. Another snuffy figure, with a stoop and a bald head and a pen came through a curtain.

'JONES, verify that calculation.'

'Penny half-penny two pence, penny half-penny two pence. Mum, mum! Half-penny wrong, Sir.'

'There is a half-penny wrong,' cried Mr. RICH to MEADOWS with a most injured air.

'There is, Sir,' said MEADOWS, 'but it is on the right side for you. I thought I would make it even money against myself.'

'There are only two ways, wrong and right,' was the reply. 'JONES, make it right. There, that is the price for the next half-hour; after business hours to-day add a day's interest; and, JONES, if he does not buy, write your calculation into the book with date—save time next customer comes for it.'

'You need not trouble Mr. JONES,' said MEADOWS. 'I take the land. Here is two hundred and fifty pounds—that is rather more than half the purchase-money.'

“JONES, count.”

“When can I have the deeds, Sir?”

“Ten to-morrow.”

“Receipt for two hundred and fifty pounds,” said MEADOWS, falling into the other’s key.

“JONES, write receipt—two, five, naught.”

“Write me an agreement to sell,” proposed MEADOWS.

“No, you write it; I’ll sign it.” JONES, enter transaction in the books. Have you any thing to do, young gentleman? addressing CLINTON.

“No, Sir.”

“Then draw this pen through the two crosses on the map and margin. Good morning, gentlemen.

And the money-making machine rose and dismissed them as he had received them, with a short sharp business cough.

‘Ye fair, who turn a shop head over heels, maul sixty yards of ribbon and buy six, which being sent home, insatiable becomes your desire to change it for other six which you had fairly, closely, and with all the powers of your mind, compared with it during the seventy minutes the purchase occupied, let me respectfully inform you that the above business took just eight minutes, and that ‘when it was done, ’t was done.’

Is n’t that graphic ‘to a degree?’ - - ‘*The Parlor Magazine*,’ of New-Orleans, with which we are for the first time made acquainted, by the number for January, now upon our table, both in its editorial direction, and in its typographical excellence, seems to us to be a Magazine which ought at once to elicit encouragement and secure success. It is well edited, by Mrs. V. E. WILHELMINE McCORD; well printed upon excellent paper; and numbers among its correspondents many distinguished writers, male and female, of our country. We thumb-nailed the subjoined passages, taken entirely at random, at which we something *more* than ‘glanced’ in passing. We *indicate*, rather than *cite* them; because we desire the reader to find in the Magazine itself the articles whence they proceed. The first conveys an idea of ‘*A Sister’s Love*,’ which is as terse as it is eloquent:

‘A LADY who has lately lost a brother by death, writes us in a vein of touching sadness, to which many afflicted hearts will respond: ‘I cannot tell you how deeply I am stricken by this sudden bereavement. Day after day I stand, gazing after him, stretching out my hands toward the unknown shore—calling on him for some assurance that he still *is*, and not lost forever; but all in vain; and the beautiful faith of my life reels under the first stroke. God forgive me; but I cannot help uttering, ‘If a man *dies*, shall he *live* again?’ Were the world mine, I would give it, to be reassured on this one point, upon which never in my life before has fallen the shadow of a doubt.’ Ah! mourning sister, that skeptical question which now tortures you, and has tortured millions of bleeding hearts, was answered to the weeping sisters of Bethany, once and for all.’

The second is a tribute to the potent influence of a small current ‘piece of peewter’ of ‘these United ’n States ’n,’ that cannot be resisted:

‘O ALMIGHTY DOLLAR! worshipped of the universe—pride of the rich, and hope of the poor—friend of the scoundrel, and enemy of the scholar! O divine dollar! to whom altars are erected in every land, and whose pale suppliants address thy throne in one continuous yell of supplication; sought at the Boreal pole; pursued under the Louisianian sun; snatched from the very pocket of yellow fever, or wrested from the regions of the Esquimaux! O omnipotent dollar! who hast presided over the sacrifice of maiden modesty, and made the visage of the hoary lecher look beautiful and bright; hast seen the knife of thy desperate votary fleshed in the breast of a sleeping victim, while honor, virtue, courage, truth, and all the fairest attributes of humanity, have been piled at thy altar’s foot, as offerings of love; and hast weighed down the boat of

CHARON with thy golden burden, as he ferried the souls who worshipped thee in life to the regions of wailing and sorrow — over the entrance of which the Florentine read the fatal '*lasciate spemem* !' Most potent dollar !'

The 'almighty Dollar' is Mr. IRVING's phrase. - - - We all know what a winter we have had, in *this* part, at least of the 'Empire State.' It shall be our province to present a picture of the same, (already painted and 'drying in full color,' as the artists term it,) in our next number. We would really *rather* do this a month hence for the sake of *contrast* — for it will be *warm* then ; and we (our friend Captain HULSE and 'OLD KNICK') can describe our perils on the Hudson River ; our dangers on the ice ; our delivery thence ; our being '*sold*' (not into slavery, exactly, but *saved* at any rate,) for 'what we were worth,' without insurance ! - - - A CORRESPONDENT in Norwich (Conn.) sends us this legitimate specimen of '*Hibernian Logic*' :

'MICK CASHY used to 'tend' in 'CAREW's Grocery' on the corner. SMITH (you know SMITH?) went in the other day after some 'fixins', and among the rest, called for a gallon of molasses. There was about a pint in the measure, when MICK commenced drawing, and after filling it he poured into SMITH's vessel until about a pint was left, as before, in the measure, and then set it down under the caak.

'Hullo!' says SMITH, 'what are you about? Why do n't you put in a gallon, as I ordered?'

'A gallon is it, Sur! An' sure an' there's that much in the jug,' replied MICK.

'Of course SMITH would never believe this, as there was a pint left in the measure ; and he 'made no bones' of accusing MICK of attempting to cheat him.

'Sur,' asked MICK, 'was n't there a pint in the measure?'

'Yes.'

'Well, thin, there's the same now!'

'Yes.'

'Well, thin, shure an' ye have all that belongs to yez, for did n't I draw the measure full and put it in the jug?'

'No: there's a *pint left*!'

'The devil, Sur! an' was n't that pint *there before*! Get yerself out of the store, ye specimen of maneness, to be after chatin' a lad out of a pint of molasses!'

'SMITH 'left,' being utterly unable to convince MICK of the 'error of his ways.'

Be jabbers! — 'convince' an Irishman! - - - In the brief sub-section of our familiar chit-chat which ensues, we desire to be considered as *trying* to express 'many things in a few words ;' in *short*, to *condense* honorable praise in *words*, which might well be extended to as many pages, and yet not exceed a proper meed of commendation. We desire to say that we have not encountered any series of works in this country, which, in beauty of typography, excellence of paper, fineness of engraving in the illustrations, and careful revision and editorship, compare with *Messrs. E. H. Butler and Company's Illustrated Poetical Works of Goldsmith, Campbell, Thomson and Macaulay*. Nothing so nearly resembling (not in the size, of course, but in the excellence of the features we have indicated) CADELL's matchless edition of the Waverley novels, has ever appeared in this country. The works above-named, and others of a kindred character from the same house, are better, rarer gift-books, than New-Year's or Christmas afford ; while they are indispensable to every well-ordered library. - - - At

the annual commencement of the South-Carolina College at Columbia, S. C., writes a Southern correspondent, 'Hon. WILLIAM O. PRESTON, formerly President of the College, arrived on the platform after all the seats were occupied. As the distinguished Ex-Senator and Ex-President 'noble, gifted, and worthy,' ascended the stage, with blanched locks, attenuated person, and tottering steps, Mr. YEADON, of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, vacated his chair, and tendered it to the old man eloquent, who accepted, and Mr. YEADON, there being no vacant seat, sat down at the feet of Mr. PRESTON. Hon. JOHN S. PRESTON, who was also on the stage, brother of the Ex-Senator, immediately rose, and with much earnestness urged Mr. YEADON to occupy his (Col. P.'s) seat; but our courtly editor declined the courtesy, adding: 'I prefer sitting at the feet of GAMALIEL.' Thereupon PRESTON replied, with that happy eloquence which all who have known so well remember: 'Ah! Sir, I see you are emulous of St. PAUL.' - - - THE prediction which we made in these pages, at the time of the laying of the corner-stone of the '*Rockland County Female Institute*,' at Nyack, on the Hudson, is already more than fulfilled. That institution is even now a complete success. A notice of the proceedings at the 'opening' in August, and especially of the comprehensive and eloquent addresses of Hon. M. G. LEONARD, Professor HOWARD CROSBY, of the New-York University, and Rev. B. VAN ZANDT, Principal of the Institute, on that occasion, was, we regret to say, crowded out of the number of the KNICKERBOCKER in which its appearance would have been timely: and although still in type, we prefer, instead of going back so far, to say *now*, that the 'Institute' is not in the 'full tide of successful *experiment*.' There is no '*experiment*' about it; it is in the full tide of successful *operation*. It numbered at once some sixty-five pupils, and this number is gradually increasing, at a season of the year when few similar schools increase at all. A brief vacation exists at present: but the INSTITUTE will assemble all its inmates in two weeks from 'this present writing.' No more convenient, picturesque, healthful situation, or a more complete edifice, for its purpose, can be found in all the State—we might indeed say, in the Union. And this same Institute is the generous donation of a 'wide-souled *heart-nobleman*,' (to use a German phrase of SCHILLER,) who, although recently departed from among us, leaves his revered memory, and something more, behind him. Even as we write, we see a bequest from his hand of *twenty-five thousand dollars* to our 'House of Industry' at the Five Points, and in all, previously, to the 'House' and its faithful Superintendent, Rev. Mr. PRASE, seven thousand five hundred dollars more. Long remembered and honored be the name of SIMON V. SICKLES! - - - THE PALMER MARBLES still remain on exhibition over Dr. CHAPIN's church, 548 Broadway. The severe cold, and almost impossible walking, has prevented thousands from seeing them, who would have done so under more favorable circumstances. We are glad to learn that they will remain in the city some time longer, and we will only say that every person who does not pay them one visit, will miss a view of the most beautiful collection of marbles ever exhibited in this city. Strangers will find the place readily, it being between the St. Nicholas and Metro-

politan Hotels. - - - 'HA! HA! HA!' Well, we could n't help it. In the silence of the sanctum, broken only by a broken simile, (sounding like a man speaking 'broken china' in a voice like the tearing of a strong rag,) we read this second line of the eighth stanza of the poem addressed to the Editor by a cherished friend on page 294:

'A loaf for her had been a crumb.'

It will of course be understood that our friend meant *exactly the other way*: to wit, that 'a *crumb* to her would have been a *loaf*.' - - - This particular department of the KNICKERBOCKER, for the present month of March, is *more than two-thirds* filled with matter which was in readiness for our February number. When we mention the fact, that our first three numbers of a volume are always stereotyped, and that the next three are 'letter-press,' printers and publishers, if not our general readers, will understand that '*necessity* is laid upon us' to 'print, lose, or re-print' what we have in type. Elsewhere we have mentioned the unexpected circumstances connected with what we here briefly advert to. - - - The opera under the direction of Monsieur STRAKOSCH, has thus far been very successful. PARODI has won new laurels in every character in which she has appeared. The opera of *Norma* we have never seen better done. Madame PATRI STRAKOSCH sung and acted the part of *Adalgisa* charmingly. She made a delightful impression on all who heard her. The debut of Madame DE WILHORST created quite a sensation in 'upper-ten-dom,' and she received a warm welcome to her new sphere. - - - Some lines entitled '*The Widow to the Bride*,' which not being designated as 'selected' we infer to be original in '*The Churchman's Monthly Magazine*,' strike us as being imbued with deep feeling:

'I saw thee wedded, lady,
At the altar's holy side,
As with roses 'mid thy shining hair,
Thou stood'st a happy bride;
The soft light o'er that joyous band,
A tender radiance shed,
While priestly word and marriage-ring,
Proclaimed thee duly wed.

'I saw thee wedded, lady,
With the love-light on thy brow,
And I heard thy low-breathed whisper
Of the holy marriage vow:
And by the quick pulsation
In my bosom's inmost core,
I knew thy heart was throbbing
As it ne'er had throbb'd before.

'I saw thee wedded, lady,
And my thoughts went roving back
To a bridal day which long ago,
Illumed life's sunny track:
When like thyself, I vowed to love,
Through weal and wo, for life,
And with the golden circlet claimed
That sweetest name — a wife.

'Oh! marvel not, if 'mid the smiles
That graced thy nuptial hour,
Mine eyes were wet with bitter tears,
Which fell like summer shower:
It was not envy of thy lot,
Nor sorrow at thy bliss:
I would not that thy cup of joy,
One shining drop should miss.

'But oh! 't was memory, MEMORY'S power,
Which thus my spirit bowed:
I knelt again as once I knelt,
And vowed as once I vowed:
Methought I stood as thou didst stand,
The loved one by my side;
Then looked upon my darkened robes,
The widowed, not the bride!

'Yet, lady, though my heart was sad,
As sad it oft must be,
Heaven's best and holiest benison
'T would still call down on thee.
Joy to the bride! Love's brightest wreath
For thee may true love twine,
And be thy wedded life as blest,
And oh! less brief than mine.'

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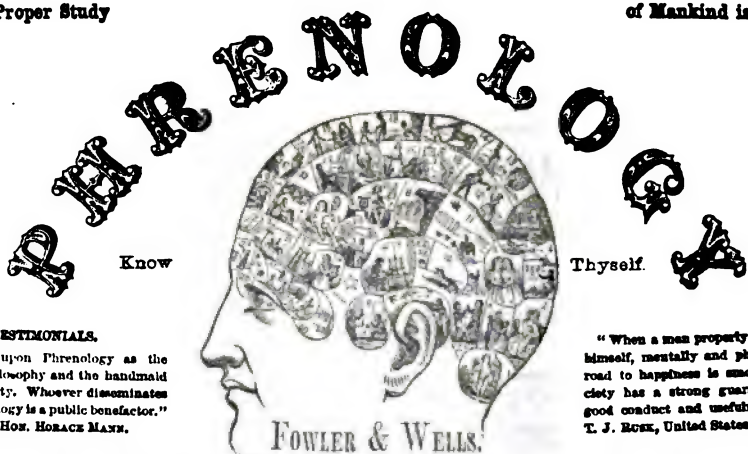
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NAMES AND NUMBERS OF THE ORGANS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. AMATIVENESS.—Sexual love, fondness, attraction, etc. 2. PARENTAL LOVE.—Union for life, the pairing instinct. 3. FRIENDSHIP.—Sociality, union and clinging of friends. 4. INHABITIVENESS.—Love of home and country. [ness.] 5. CONTINUITY.—Application, finishing up, consecutive. 6. VITATIVENESS.—Clinging to life, repelling disease. 7. COMBATIVENESS.—Defense, resolution, force, courage. 8. DESTRUCTIVENESS.—Extermination, severity, hardness. 9. ALIMENTIVENESS.—Appetite, relish, feeding, greed. 10. ACQUISITIVENESS.—Frugality, saving, industry, thrift. 11. SECRETIVENESS.—Self-control, policy, tact, artifice. 12. CAUTIOUSNESS.—Guardedness, safety, provision, fear. 13. APPROBATIVENESS.—Love of character, name, praise. 14. SKIL-ESTEEM.—Self-respect, dignity, self-reliance, independence. 15. FIRMNESS.—Stability, perseverance, decision. [pendence.] 16. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—Sense of right, justice, duty, etc. 17. HOPE.—Expectation, anticipation, trust in the future. 18. SPIRITUALITY.—Intuition, prescience, prophecy, faith. 19. VENERATION.—Worship, adoration, devotion, deference. 20. BENEVOLENCE.—Sympathy, kindness, goodness. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 21. IDEALITY.—Taste, love of beauty, poetry, and refinement. 22. SUBLIMITY.—Love of the grand, vast, endless, and infinite. 23. IMITATION.—Copying, mimicking, doing like. [mitate.] 24. MIRTH.—Fun, wit, ridicule, facetiousness, joking. 25. INDIVIDUALITY.—Observation, desire to see and know. 26. FORM.—Memory of shapes, looks, persons, and things. 27. SIZE.—Measurement of quantity, distance, etc., by eye. 28. WEIGHT.—Control of motion, balancing, hurling, etc. 29. COLOR.—Discernment and love of colors, tints, hues, etc. 30. ORDER.—Method, system, going by rule, keeping things in place. 31. CALCULATION.—Mental arithmetic, reckoning. [in place.] 32. LOCALITY.—Memory of places, position, etc. [tells, etc.] 33. EVENTUALITY.—Memory of facts, events, history, etc. 34. TIME.—Telling when, time of day, dates, how long, etc. 35. TUNE.—Love of music, singing and playing by ear. 36. LANGUAGE.—Expression by words, actions, looks, etc. 37. CAUSALITY.—Planning, thinking, reasoning, adapting. 38. COMPASSION.—Analysis, inferring, discrimination, etc. 39. HUMAN NATURE.—Perception of character, motives, etc. 40. SUAVITY.—Pleasantness, blandness, persuasiveness. |
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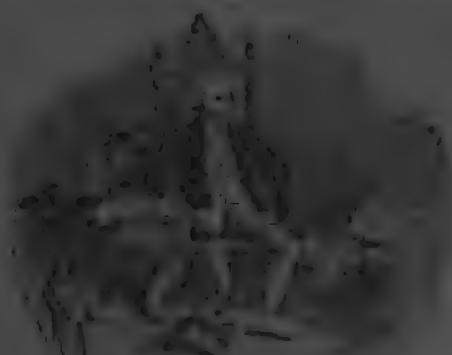
O. J. Wood & Co. Boston.—As I have been supplied for many years with Restorative for the hair, for use in your hair, and the W. H. Restorative, and having experienced the beneficial effects of its use, I would like to state an opinion in the State of Ohio, as some of our friends West, should not wish to make such an impression, and also a statement of their "satisfactory result." It is Dr. Charles A. Smith, of the State of Ohio. I have been engaged in the drug business for many years, and have sold various preparations for the hair. I have found nothing that restores the hair so rapidly as the W. H. Restorative, and as well as your. I have felt convinced that your Restorative is what you represent it to be. I would like to compare it with the W. H. Restorative, and it must sell. Yours truly, C. A. SMITH.

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The Knickerbocker Magazine,

For 1887.

THE Forty-ninth Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number of January, 1887; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of *ST. LEGER*, and the *SPARROW-GRASS*, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. Mr. COCKENS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and Mr. KIMBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, Rev. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MAJOR SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly, and Mr. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the *TABLE* of Mr. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *en fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLIX.

APRIL, 1857.

NO. 4.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

DISPUTATIONS.

WE are not writing a novel, and never attempted plot or counter-plot in our lives, but are portraying certain phases of human life and character, and might perhaps more appropriately have denominated them Heart-pictures. The details of family affairs have little interest for outside observers, and are nearly the same in all, with the variation which slight circumstances give, and the tints which variety in character bestow.

The little boy 'grew into jacket and trowsers' by all the usual processes which confer this dignity upon the young aspirants of such honors, and his wonder over the little sister who usurped his place in the cradle and the nurse's arms, was manifested as wonder is usually manifested on such important occasions. He asked a hundred times a day, 'What can it mean?' and 'How came she there?' and my 'new-fangled notions,' as Aunt Ida called them, were put to another severe test, when she insisted upon silencing the little inquirer by the common and vulgar falsehoods which are the almost universal resort of mother and maid in similar emergencies.

'There is no other way,' she declared; 'every body does. What can we do? Surely you would not have him told the truth? He will not remember.'

'Do you not remember the stories which were told you, and also the impressions you received, and supposing there were no alternative, do you think the truth could possibly be more corrupting than these falsehoods? Beside, they are not believed, and only send them to pursue their inquiries where they arrive at more satisfactory results.'

'What would you say, then, that should be adapted to their under standings, and still be true?'

'I would bid them wait till I thought proper to satisfy their curiosity. I do not believe that a knowledge that is universal, concerning relationships holy and Heaven-ordained, is unfit even for the ears of children. What a strange morality it is that condemns falsehood as so debasing a vice, yet makes it necessary to delicacy and purity ! Children are not long in observing that Christian mothers have told them what was not true, and they are philosophers very early in attempting to solve the problem, why what is right in one case should be wrong in another. They must be punished for following an example which it is thought necessary to set them, and very well I remember the reasoning process of which I was guilty, that probably what was wicked for children was right for grown-up people, and I looked at some good old ladies, and thought : 'When I am as old as they, I can tell lies.'

'The children of different families compare what is told them in each, and it requires no great precocity to see that so many versions of the same events cannot be correct.'

But still Aunt Ida thought I was growing 'strangely altered ;' she never saw any body before who was so particular. She never heard the minister say any thing about it, and surely he would if it were something so terrible.

I did not attempt to answer her in this matter, though I might have told her that ministers were in the habit of preaching about things in general, too liberally concluding that the particular application would not fail to be made. As one of them has wisely said : 'Preaching against sin in general, thus leading men to complain of the evil in their hearts, while, at the same time, they are awfully inattentive to the evil of their conduct !' It is only sins of great magnitude and dignity that are worthy of being particularized.

We had, to spend the winter with us, a young lady, who would be called in fashionable parlance a 'splendid girl,' and in the parlance of another class, a 'finished coquette.' 'Coquetry was a lady's privilege,' she asserted, 'a right she should maintain when she is awarded so few.' It was one which she, at least, exercised without scruple. She came to the city to display her charms, in the hope of securing her permanent interest, and I was expected to assist in 'showing her off.' She was a brunette, with an oval face, and cheeks upon which the blush deepened into the rich tints that bloom in perfection among the dark beauties of the East. She was tall and well proportioned, and had in her air and stately step the consciousness of power, and in her flashing eye, the glance of the charmer as well as that which says, Beware !

In a family where there were two girls to 'marry off,' and neither of them engaged, she might have been considered quite a formidable rival. But the coquetry which she was at liberty to practise all to herself, as neither Mary nor Madeline had any gifts or inclinations that way, rendered her quite satisfied with her companions, and the consideration that in serious proposals the great variety of tastes leaves little room for rivalry, and threatens but little danger to conflicting interests, served as a quietus to the minds of all.

Though pronouncing me a great deal too particular in some things, Aunt Ida thought I was far from being particular enough in others.

She did not approve of young ladies receiving the calls of gentlemen every evening, any more than the setting up of nights of the servants, and balls and parties were in her eyes a great waste of time and money.

'What should they be doing?' said I; 'they cannot spend all their time reading and sewing; and if they could, it might not render them more useful or interesting. You must concede that they are not indolent, but perform a commendable amount of labor, both at home and in society. The social powers are not the less the gift of Heaven than those of manual labor, and must be cultivated.'

'But they need n't go into great crowds in order to be social, and dress themselves up gay, and dance.'

'They need not, perhaps; but we are more likely to find some one we like to talk with among many than few, and I have not observed that the conversation is less edifying where there are fifty of an evening, all gayly dressed, than it used to be in our country village where five met together of an afternoon in home-spun. People cannot always talk seriously nor to edification. As for gayety of one kind or another, I could never discover any sin in it. There is a great difference between making amusement the business and making it the diversion of life.'

'You must think it wrong to waste and misspend time?'

'To be sure, but some people think there is only one way of doing it, while it is impossible for the strongest and most healthy person to spend more than six hours a day in a way which they would call profitable, without serious injury. Moroseness and morbid irritability are inevitably the sins of those who live in solitude, and give themselves up to their own reveries.'

'Well,' exclaimed the good lady, weary of being always on the wrong side, 'I hope you have n't come to think coquetry an innocent amusement.'

'No, I shall agree with you, however severe your condemnation of this art; it is both wicked and vulgar to the last degree. But it is one of those little follies which the grave pass by as beneath the dignity of the censor, and being left for novelists to portray, escapes the notice of a large class who pass by novels with equal contempt.'

At this period of our conversation, Mary and Julia entered the nursery, and the latter entered into the discussion by saying:

'You would have ministers preach about love and matrimony and kindred sins, I suppose. What a coming down from his high estate it would be for Parson G — to commence talking to young gentlemen and ladies about love. I should expect to see Deacon S — and good dame C — with their hair on end in great consternation.'

To which Mary answered: 'They had none of them too much dignity to fall in love, and I never yet saw any body so dignified as not to delight to revel in love-stories. I see no reason why obligations and duties so universal and important should not be preached about. The Scriptures are given us for 'doctrine, reproof, and correction' in all things, and give us plenty of facts and comments upon this subject. Why, then, should it be a forbidden one to those who are ordained its expounders and interpreters? If there is a murder in the community,

or a theft, or Christian people are known to indulge in gambling or theatre-going, the minister does not hesitate to reprove, and the church to discipline. But not only trifling, but perjury and slander may go unrebuked when the heart, only, suffers. 'It is best to let these things alone, and hush them as soon as possible,' exclaim very good people, and therefore they stalk abroad in the land. Romances are left to teach morality on these points, and though they perform the task very well, it might do no harm to give them a little aid.'

'Well, you have made quite a speech for a modest young lady,' said Julia. 'Who would have thought you were so interested in blighted hopes and ruined affections? You evidently believe in the existence of such commodities, though I do not. A very weak lady she must be who would die for the love of any man.'

'I do not consider it any proof of weakness,' said Mary. 'Those are rather to be called weak who have no more depth than when, thwarted or disappointed in an affection which was found to constitute the happiness of a life, parts with it without regret. But it is not love which is thus easily resigned. Those are not capable of it who have no more feeling.'

'I might feel, but I should be too proud to betray it.'

'I have seen those,' said Mary, 'as proud as yourself, and with something stronger and better than pride to sustain them, cast down and utterly destroyed, as far as usefulness was concerned, by a broken heart; and had my respect for them increased rather than diminished.'

'But you know very well that from the world a woman meets with nothing but scorn in such a trial, and she might as well have committed a crime, for all any sympathy she receives.'

'It is only the vulgar who judge in that way, and neither their pity nor sympathy would be a very soothing balm if it were bestowed.'

'The vulgar make up the majority in the world, and you are obliged to meet them; it is quite useless, and only affectation, to pretend to be indifferent to their opinions.'

'I would not be indifferent to the opinion of any person in the world, but I want neither the pity nor admiration of the multitude. If I am afflicted I would wish for the sympathy of those I love, and it can be only a few whose society is really valuable at any time. But it is very easy to talk; experience only can teach us what we should do under any circumstances.'

'You seem quite subdued,' said Julia; 'one would think you had actually been bitten. You must at least have felt a little touch of the tender passion.'

'And supposing I have, is it to be ridiculed?'

'Oh! no. I tender you my sincerest compassion. Pray, who is the lucky swain, who is sighing and dying for such a prize; for I will not suspect you of the folly of indulging in unrequited love?'

'Julia!' exclaimed Mary in accents of stern reproach, 'when will you cease to trifle? You will learn some day, I fear, to recoil from your own sting.'

'Your fear is not a disguised hope, I trust!'

'No, I should be sorry to see your own weapons turned against you. But I wish you could learn, without any bitter lesson, to be frank and serious in serious things.'

'You would have a young lady in love talk about it as she would about going to church, I suppose. Come then, I am willing to be confessor; let's hear how proper young ladies manage such delicate affairs.'

'I am not in love, and never was, and nobody was ever in love with me, if you can't rest till I tell you the truth.'

'Now, as if you expected any body to believe such a story — that you had never had an offer!'

'I did not say that.'

'But you implied it, unless you think men are in the habit of offering themselves to those to whom they are indifferent.'

'I certainly think it is often done, but I am not at liberty to speak of offers; these are the secrets of others, not mine. If I were in love I should think it my own to reveal or not as I chose.'

'You are very conscientious. For my part, I see no harm in making it known that we are not so anxious to be married as to 'jump at the first chance,' as half the world thinks, and as men are always sneering. I think it does them good to be humbled a little. A man is not fit to be married till he has been refused three times. This brings him to a proper estimation of his importance; so out of pure benevolence, I like to bring them to my feet, and then help them to rise out of their humiliation. Then I make known my golden opportunities, so that when I come to the uncertain age, unmarried, it may be known to the gossips that it is not owing to lack of appreciation.'

It was impossible to help smiling at her rhodomontade, and also not to find a little excuse for a vain girl in the world's thoughtless and wicked sneers, and we were scarcely relieved from this disputation when another was excited by a remark from Aunt Ida, which was quite a common one with her, and which we have heard and read ten thousand times in our life.

Madeline was not a favorite with her, and her peculiarities were continually disturbing her equanimity. On the present occasion, in tones more than usually emphatic, she exclaimed:

'I never saw any thing so stupid. You will be an old maid, as true as the world, you are so odd and so fussy.'

'And what if she is?' I asked; 'will it be a fault for which she is to be condemned?'

'Why, we never do take a fancy to such girls. She has no show off to her. If a gentleman calls, she acts as if she were paralyzed, and is a perfect prude — a real old maid.'

'Dear Aunt Ida, you must excuse me if I say I think this a most wicked and unwomanly way of talking to young ladies.'

'Dear me, and what do n't you think wicked now-a-days? You have strangely altered, coming to the city. You did not use to talk so.'

'I have learned strange things coming to the city, and have had many experiences to give me new views of life, and especially of

woman's life. Beside, whatever I might have thought, I should not have spoken them. I am married now, and this you know gives one new privileges. Once had I spoken as freely as I do now, our kind neighbors would have exclaimed, 'Sour grapes,' and that fearing the solitary state myself, I had become its advocate or apologist. Therefore, however wise and true my opinions, it would have done no good to speak them. But it was only the other day that you were shocked at a certain custom of society, which gave young ladies the appearance of wishing to get married: What can they do with your contrary advice, not to seem to desire marriage, and yet feel the deepest disgrace in not attaining it ?'

'Why, they can ——'

'They can what ?'

'Why they need n't ——'

'Need n't what ?'

But I waited in vain for an answer. It is often difficult to give a reason for the most positively asserted opinions, or justify oft-repeated advice. She was evidently confused and did not speak. And I said to her : 'I will tell you one of the consequences of talking in that way which came under my observation. One of the young ladies of a large family was less agreeable and attractive than her sisters. They had lovers and she had none, and as is often the case, those of her own family manifested that her want of beauty depreciated her value in their eyes. She heard it continually ringing in her ears, that she would be 'the old maid,' and they should always have to support her. The others were married, and patiently and kindly she toiled 'to fit them out.' Her heart was heavy, for it is a sorrow which a neglected woman alone can understand, to be constantly reminded of deficiencies for which there can be no blame, except in Him who made her. She was not bright and happy, and her parents did not love her, and she knew and keenly felt that she was in the way ; that they wished to get rid of her. So she said to herself : 'A life of sin brings no more reproach. I will go where the bitter taunt cannot reach me, at least where those whose duty it is to soften my misfortunes cannot trample upon me.' So she went deliberately forth to seek refuge among those who repulse none from their doors ! Sought refuge from father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, who made her home hateful and her life wretched. When she was gone, how they mourned her degeneracy and felt themselves afflicted by her ingratitude. Whose sin was greatest in this matter ?'

'Is it true ?' said the good lady in a mournful tone.

'It is true, Aunt Ida, and not true of one only, but many, as I could prove to you from the annals of every crowded city. It is a low and vulgar way of talking, and leads, in young girls' minds, who have nothing to do but dream and think, to trains of thought which blight their innocence, and when hundreds of Christian mothers have corrupted their daughters in this way, and they consequently find them early filled with all manner of evil imaginings, they wonder where they learned what they have been so careful to hide from them.'

For the first time I succeeded in bringing my friend to think seriously upon a subject which she had considered without reference to consequences, and never again heard her impatience explode in a similar way.

I had as long and serious arguments with my husband, to convince him of the necessity of investing for his daughters a sum, to be held in their own right, sufficient to give them independence and relieve them from all fear of being homeless and friendless, and from the feeling of compulsion to marry in order to be settled. But I had not the same satisfactory result. He could not understand any thing about this fuss concerning women, and above all, could not see any danger likely to fall upon his girls. When they were married, as of course they would be, he could portion them handsomely, and that was all they needed. It was no use setting women up with property. They knew nothing about managing it, and it was better that they should be dependent upon their husbands.'

'But if they should have no husbands?'

'Of course they will. Women always get married, at least they should. These new notions that women should take care of themselves, are all nonsense.'

'Girls of rich fathers are almost sure to be blessed with husbands. I have known many who congratulated themselves on being chosen for their superior attractions, who owed their good fortune entirely to the prospect of a few thousand dollars. Would you like to have your daughters sold in that way?'

'Of course not, but it is impossible to live without money, and women are so extravagant now-a-days that it takes a pretty round sum to support a wife. I do not wonder men like to get a little with her who is to quadruple their expenses.'

'Is it always the women who like to live in elegance and luxury? Who is it in your house that values most the style of living and dressing in which we are indulged? Who would feel most depressed and humiliated if misfortune should oblige us to seek a humbler home? Men are influenced by the pride which covets success, if not wealth, and wish to have the applause which attends him who is known as a man of fortune. The extent of a man's wealth is judged by the establishment he is able to keep, and it is quite as often his fault as that of the ladies of his household, when they rush into extravagance and live beyond their means. But when girls are married, it does no harm for them to have a little sum all their own to fall back upon in case of misfortune, or resort to if her husband prove miserly, for it is only time that proves character in those things which most affect the happiness of both.'

'I shall not give a fortune to my girls. They must marry men who will make their own, and then they will know how to value it. It is better, too, for them to begin as I did, and climb the ladder slowly.'

'This is true; but is it not cruel to educate children in a luxurious style of living, which becomes necessary from habit, and then send them forth with extravagant tastes and small means? I see no harm in a

young man's marrying a lady with a fortune, who is willing to bestow it upon him, if he is capable of taking care of it ; even then, I would have a little kept in reserve.'

'If I gave to a daughter a fortune, I would secure it all to her, so that her husband could neither manage nor spend it,' exclaimed my husband with some warmth.

'I would not,' was my reply, which infinitely surprised him. 'A man who is not the administrator of his own pecuniary affairs, in every respect the head of his household, is degraded. A woman who marries a man, believing him to be so imbecile or so unworthy of trust that she is not willing to confide to him the management of her fortune, has degraded herself. If she has so great a desire to rule that she prefers to be sole arbiter in her own proper department, and also in that of her husband, she has no right to be married, and a man must be less than the ninth part of a man who will sell himself by such a bargain.'

'Why not give him the whole if he is to have the largest part?'

'She should have a little portion for herself, which is very different from managing the whole for herself and him too. Would you like to come to me for a check of a hundred dollars every time you wished it? or would you like to receive from me so much perquisites instead of giving it me? I assure you such an arrangement would be more disagreeable to me than to you. If I manage well my household, it is enough, and there is sufficient room for the exercise of all my good gifts.'

'There are many professions in which men engage for the love of art and science, in which they cannot get rich. If love only accompany the gift, we see no better use a woman can make of her fortune than confer it on one whose only reward is honor for his toil. I would say as a noble woman once did to her husband, 'You have conferred upon me honor and the highest happiness ; it is no degradation to receive from me riches ;' and when through misfortune he had lost all, she still said without regret : 'I am honored and happy.'

But though my eloquence was freely acknowledged, it did not procure me the boon I asked. When the girls married there would be time to think about the dowries, and the money could be used to better advantage while kept in the circulation of active business, than in a dead investment. So being a woman and having, therefore, no control of funds, I was obliged to yield. I perhaps did not plead as earnestly as I should, had I not felt the utmost security myself. There did not seem a possibility of failure, and I had no doubt the promise would be fulfilled when the occasion came. But my husband, like all fathers, was more anxious to leave wealth to his son than competence to his daughters.

The son would bear his name, and that he should have with it an inheritance, was something that seemed to him a right. Not to do it, would also be a neglect of duty on his part, and I could plainly see it was an idea that fostered his pride. He should still live in his son, and be the founder of a name — a family.

A FABLE IN RHYME.

A FABLE in rhyme, purchased (regardless of expense) for the *SMOKER'S MAGAZINE* of the administrator of the late G. S — x.

A QUADRUPED that boasted noble ears
And larynx resonant as a bassoon,
A sturdy brute, that drowned the cockney jeers
Of wits and critics with a hideous tune,
That might have put to rout a horde of savages,
Stood tied to JONES's cart eating his evening cabbages.

Far in the western sky the crimson flags
Drooped from the bastions of JOVE's Malakoffs:
The grim guns slept, that erst with thund'rous brags
Bellowed a god's defiance, when with scoffs
And shouts profane the Titan's rude banditti
Clambered the mountain peaks t' assault the cloud-based city.

Lo! MERCURY, (who cuffs like shuttle-cocks
Down to the Styx all democratic strangers
Who dare in yellow waistcoats and black stocks
Stride into the Junonian ante-chambers,
The herald of great JOVE, unto the brute
Came from the skies and bowed with courtliest salute.

'O noble lord! most musical and wise
Of all mammiferous quadrupeds,' he said;
'From yonder cloudy city of the skies,
I come to thee — yea, from the presence dread
Of JOVE himself and his celestial minions,
And bring, illustrious Prince, to thee these silvern pinions.

'For thus with words most weighty,' said great ZEUS,
'PEGASUS has grown old, and blind, and lame.
Upon my word, there 's not an aged goose
But puts his feeble flutterings to shame;
The very crows do shrewdly follow him
When on the aery sea he vainly tries to swim.

'Put him upon my pension rolls to-day,
Ten thousand crowns a year, one hundred grooms,
And twenty meadows in Arcadia:
And take, my son, these wings of silver plumes,
By PHOENIX moulted, and with instant haste
Run to the earth and bear the gift to yonder beast.

'To that most noble slave whom there you see
Basely haltered to a churl's vile cart,
Who all the day in servile drudgery
Hath hauled rank onions to the neighboring mart;
Go free the princely serf, untie the tether:
No more his back shall feel the clown's tyrannic leather.

“For none of all the beasts that walk the earth,
Nor the red CÆSAR of the Nubian sands,
Nor elephant, that bears his mighty girth
Before world-wasting Mogul’s conquering bands,
Possess such valor, wit, or noble pride
As dwells within that peerless donkey’s grizzled hide.

“Bid him disdain earth’s bramble-bearing sods;
The bondage of ignoble gardeners;
Henceforth the winged courser of the gods,
He shall outstrip the laggard meteors;
And while he speeds the starry course along,
Shall pour like Phoenix from mid-air his mighty song.

“No more on road-side thistles shall he feed,
No more seek solace in rank garden roots;
Ambrosial lilies from th’ Elysian mead,
Arcadian melons and Hesperian fruits,
Shall heap his golden crib: meanwhile, as grooms
The tuneful Nine shall rake his ribs with pearly combs.”

Thus MERCURY harangued with gestures splendid,
With grace Olympian and tropes celestial.
The hungry ass, with ears agog, attended,
But ne’er forgot his cabbages terrestrial
Amid the stream of rhetoric divine:
And thus replied to him in jargon asinine:

‘I’ve often to the public said, Sir HERMES,
PEGASUS is a poor old dromedary,
Of doubtful wind and tender epidermis:
Fitter to knock upon the head and bury,
Than send skylarking ’mong the moons above:
In this respect my views agree with those of JOVE.

‘I ne’er have risen from the firm ground, higher
Than yonder garden picket-fence. Alack!
JONES saw the flight, rushed forth with fiendish ire,
And with atrocious cudgels bruised my back.
I barely snatched one vegetable trophy,
Then fled, while JONES behind swore a victorious strophe.

‘And, by-the-by, I pray thee, my good cousin,
Betwixt those garden pickets slyly reach,
And steal of those young turnips half-a-dozen;
That base curmudgeon JONES would sooner twitch
The carrotty hairs from his MATILDA’s head,
Than pluck one of those tender turnips from its bed.’

‘Thou only hast to wish, most noble Earl,
MERCURIUS said, and with his cunning’s art
Ravished the treasures of the stingy churl
And poured the tempting turnips in the cart.
The ass fell to with royal appetite,
And thus again discoursed betwixt Elysian bites.

' Had it but pleased great JUPITER to use
 My various talents in some other way,
 As judge, field-marshal, or male grace, or muse,
 First trumpet in th' Olympian orchestra,
 Or speaker of the house of Demigods,
 Rather than rank me with the vagrant asteroids.

' Or had it pleased him that I should declaim
 Before th' assembled gods a weekly lecture
 On taste, the drama, science of the brain,
 Or music, surgery, or architecture,
 It would have seemed a better adaptation
 To my peculiar bent of mind and inclination.

' But since his Highness orders me to try
 My speed and bottom on the starry course,
 I beg to hope, sweet MERCURY, that I,
 As well at least as that half-fowl, half-horse,
 PEGASUS, can out-soar the scudding clouds,
 And load the vagrant breezes with my lyric odes.

' For though my bronchial tubes have lately grown
 A trifle delicate, I still can marshal
 Voice to pipe a middling baritone :
 So I 'm assured, by friends perhaps too partial,
 When my own compositions I've produced
 To importuning friends who would not be refused.'

Then did MERCURIUS, with golden buckles,
 Fasten the wings of Phoenix to the brute.
 The ass received the belt with eager chuckles,
 Gnawed the base halter, and with spiteful foot
 Kicked o'er the cart, whereat curmudgeon JONES
 Came from the cottage-door to bruise rebellious GRIZZLE'S bones.

' Ha ! base-born, onion-eating wretch ! ' the ass,
 Flapping his wings, cried out with accents furious.
 ' Com'st thou with hickory cudgel to harass,
 Infamous clown, this famous god MERCURIUS,
 And me, who, from a wingless chrysalis,
 Do now sprout forth a full-fledged bird of Paradise ?

' Get thee some other drudge, audacious knave,
 To help thee do thy filthy marketing !
 Henceforth am I no cheating huckster's slave :
 But spurning the vile earth, on glorious wing
 I rise to chant for ears celestial, odes,
 And run, a singing meteor on starry roads.'

Then, braying like a batt'ry of trombones,
 And lashing like a dragon his long tail,
 He rose in air ; one vulture swoop at JONES
 He gave, who sank on 's knees with terror pale :
 Then soared aloft with evolutions grand,
 And, like a water-spout, his song burst on the land.

And all the startled populace of earth
Ran out of doors to see the flying jackass.
Some fell in fits, while others roared with mirth :
And puzzled Science, peering through her spy-glass,
Shook her wise head, and with her wise mouth muttered
Things too unutterable to be uttered.

Even the gods broke up their parliament,
Though on the floor stood eloquent APOLLO,
And to the outer walls in bright throngs went
And gazed in wonder down the world's vast hollow :
But ne'er a learned muse, from song to history,
Could guess the genus of the phoenix-feathered mystery.

For ne'er did such a braying Phoenix raise
His song infernal o'er the world's broad plains :
Not even in those geologic days
When alligators passed for lambs ; when cranes
And stilted herons were accounted snipe,
And PAN to dancing pachyderms played on his pipe.

Some said it was a pelican of STYX,
Hurried to day-light by cross CERBERUS ;
And pelted the queer fowl with stones and bricks :
And in his hat left one brick of the muse.
But all the louder brayed th' exulting brute ;
He thought it was a complimentary salute.

But JOVE, with broad grin and a half-choked chuckle,
Stood in the rear of the celestial folk ;
And soon the whisper ran around the circle,
' His royal Highness has been pleased to joke : '
And th' immortals, as in duty bound,
Made, at the hint, the heavens with loud laughter sound.

And JOVE thus spoke when the gay throng grew quiet :
' Ye all good gentlemen and ladies fair,
Do know, that with hard driving and poor diet,
PEGASUS has become but fit to scare
Crows from a corn-field. See his piteous bones,
His hollow flanks, his hoofs knocked up by cruel stones.

' I never saw or knew such maniacs
As this new tribe of poets. Once in saddle,
They scurry o'er the plain with whoops and whacks,
Like Indians at a dog-roast : yell wild twaddle ;
Perform fantastic pranks and circus feats ;
And soon will kill PEGASUS with their ten-mile heats.

' So I have manufactured a fast crab,
Expressly for this neck-or-nothing gentry :
I'll add perhaps a tiger and a cab :
'T will be a turn-out suited to the century.
Unto Arcadia let HERMES lead
Ill-used PEGASUS in fair pasture-lands to feed.'

JOHN'S WIFE.

BY W. W. BOWE.

I WAS sitting the other evening with my friend John at his own dinner-table. His wife had just left us to our coffee — neither of us drink much wine — and we were both musing pleasantly, as men are apt to do after a good dinner. All at once I thought of John's wife — a right pleasant subject — who, as I said before, had just left us. I suppose she went to hush the uproar of her blessed baby.

A most lovable woman is John's wife, with a pretty name — Nelly, and an eye as clear as a trout-brook, and a face so full of beautiful honor and truth that I never tire of looking at it, and find some new charm every time I look; and yet dare not look save with honest thoughts. I had known her but a short time, and was curious about her history; so I said to John quite suddenly:

'John, where did you get your wife?'

'What?' said John, starting from his reverie.

'My dear fellow, I do not wish to pilfer any of your heart-treasures; but really I would like to know something of the wooing and winning of such a noble spouse as your own. 'I hope I do n't intrude.''

My friend John is a methodical young fellow. With a heart as tender as a girl's he unites an intellect as keen and certain as a Damascus blade; while he has dreams of purple poesy, he is very exact and straightforward in action. He is, therefore, a very successful business lawyer in Wall-street; whereas some of his friends, who knew only the romantic side of his character, thought him a promising recruit for enlistment in the 'shoe-black-seraph army' of poor-devil authors. In reply to my last question, John pulled out his watch, looked at it carefully, put it back in his pocket, and said:

'We have half an hour to spare. I will tell you something of my courtship. You will excuse me if the story sounds egotistical, for you and I, Will, are one in feeling.'

I WAS seventeen when I entered college, so that I had grown to be quite a man, in feeling at least, when my class reached the dignity of Junior year. I used to try desperately to be a great student, for my sister's sake more especially; but some how I could never make myself a satisfactory book-worm. Do n't you think book-worms are great humbugs? I know that if you ransack an old library, you will find many of the more ancient volumes sadly gnawed by a sort of worms from which I suppose our literary 'grubs' get their name. Now good honest people have thought these worms were a sort of literary ghouls crawling and digging among thought-sepulchres, and gorging themselves with the exhumed literary remains, long after their cousins, the skin-

worms, have devoured the poor authors' bodies. But modern entomologists have, I am told, discovered that these worms know nor care very little about etymology, syntax, or prosody; that they are not the literary gourmands they have been reckoned; that they do not dine off mathematics and history, peck at poetry for dessert, and take a snug siesta in the corner of a treatise on metaphysics. It seems that they eat only the covers of books, and that for the sake of the leather, for which they have a fondness inordinate, much preferring calf, sheep, or turkey binding to the intellectual bill-of-fare aforesaid. I think the same mistake has been in vogue with respect to book-worms, metaphorically so called. Honest folks have thought that they really gormandize books; that their life is an intellectual dinner, with each course a course of reading. This, my dear friend, I take to be a mistake. Like their namesakes, they only gnaw the covers of books. They fill themselves with sheep-skins and goat-skins, (fit lining.) They gorge themselves with husks and leave the fat kernel for the true epicure. But I am prosing.

One fine day in October of my Junior year, I was lying stretched out in one of the cushioned windows of the college-library, pharisaically thanking Heaven that I was not a book-worm, and reading Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria,' (I thought then that I understood that work,) when of a sudden the door opened, and in trooped a small battalion of belles and beaux. I did not notice them especially, for it was quite common for parties of visitors to come on College-Hill to view the libraries and cabinets, and, as we sometimes flattered ourselves, to see the students. So I read on for a few moments, when, as the party approached where I was seated, I looked up to see whether the girls were pretty, (for I hold it as proper and instructive to look at and admire every pretty woman one meets, as to study every fine landscape one may chance to see. Why should we go stare at cataracts, and sun-rises, and paintings, and never look at the loveliest of all created things, women?) By Jove! as I looked up, behold my eyes met those of my ideal woman — the realization of my imaginings — my dreams incarnate. I had never seen her before, yet I knew her in a moment. I seemed to be swept toward her. I could hardly resist the impulse that told me to jump up, grasp her by the hand, and cry out:

'Friend — dear friend — thank God, you have come at last!'

But a second thought said that such a demonstration might seem ridiculous in this matter-of-fact life, so I merely bowed my head reverently, as if to say: 'I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but nevertheless remain your obedient servant.'

As she glided past me, I saw that her form was noble, her features fine; but that was not all, she looked as if she were honest. I had dreamt a whole year about an honest woman — a girl honest to herself and therefore courageous; honest to others, and therefore unaffected; passionate yet pure; seeking to obtain no admiration under false pretences; without guile or craftiness; gentle as the dove, yet bold for the sake of the truth; ever doing her duty, quietly, calmly; and I thought that if I could meet such a woman, and recognize her, I would bow down and worship at her feet, though I should chance to be in the

middle of Broadway with two rival omnibuses racing toward me. Fortunately I did not meet her in such an inconvenient locality for devotion. I met her at last in the silent old college-library.

I had no difficulty in finding out her name — it was Nelly Appleton — and in gaining the honor of a formal introduction. She was just what I expected; her noble face being but the vestibule of a nobler soul-temple. The 'sweet influences' of her companionship were as delicious to me as cold water to a thirsty man. I did not stop to consider whether I was in love, any more than a hungry boy would stop to consider the chemical composition of a peach. I feasted, asking no questions. Nelly's father (her mother was dead) had taken up his abode temporarily in the little village over which the college was superjacent. So I saw her very often. We soon became intimate, and had pleasant little plans, and even confidences of our own. We rode and drove together up and down the beautiful valley of the Oriskany. I did not read the 'Biographia' any more, for I had a pleasanter life to study.

One day Nelly and I went with a party of a dozen friends on a trout-fishing and pic-nic excursion. The day was as long and bright as a June sun could make it. We were all gay and happy and lucky. The trout bit as if they were bent on *felo-de-se*. The birds over our heads sang as if they were wild. As for the party, assuming the fact that they were all young and free from care, you may imagine the jollity that bubbled up in our midst. About noon we reached a little cascade in the brook, which came tumbling through a great gorge in the hill-side; and in this noble dining-room of nature our pic-nic lunch was laid beneath a wide-spreading beech, and near a cool spring. Nelly and I were deputed to gather ever-greens and flowers to deck the feast. We strolled off together to a solemn corner of the glen, where the silence was broken only by the music of the cascade, and the darkness was relieved by a single broad ray of light which fell through the foliage above, and was shivered in a thousand glittering fragments on the ripple of a rapid. Why we wandered toward this spot, Heaven knows; certainly no flowers could bloom in so dark a nook, save one of hope for me. Unconsciously, I sat down on a broad slab of moss-grown granite, and Nelly sat down by my side. Some how we both forgot our errand, to wit, the ever-greens and flowers. We talked for some time quietly of our six months' acquaintanceship; and gradually, in a lower tone, I came to tell her that same old story — you know what it is — which I suppose Jacob told to Rachel, and Romeo to Juliet, and Strephon to Chloe, and which will be whispered by youth in beauty's ear to the end of time. She turned her face and looked steadily in mine for one moment, as if she would read the last letter on my heart's tablet; then bowed her head with a true womanly blush, and laid her right hand in mine. For further particulars of that pic-nic, you must inquire of the rest of the party.

Days and days rolled on, and naturally enough Nelly's father was made acquainted with our loves. He was a man I could not like — the dear girl must have inherited her goodness from her mother — and as soon as he heard the story, a great quarrel blazed up. He thought I was poor, as indeed I had been, until the demise of an uncle I never

saw, left me with a snug little fortune. Of this windfall I had not told the daughter, for, like a romantic young man that I was, I wished to win not buy her heart; and I was quite too proud to tell the father of it, when he accused me of the crime of being penniless. High words passed between us in Nelly's presence; and in my madness and cruelty I accused her of sordid motives, because she hesitated between love and filial duty. She answered me with indignation — I liked her better for that afterward — and I left the house in a rage. It was the old story again, old as lovers, and one that will be reenacted half-yearly till doomsday. A stern parent — a hesitating girl — a foolish boy — these elements will make up little private theatricals, and enact tragedies thereat, till the world melts.

The next morning I woke up with a horrible suspicion that I had been acting in a very silly manner. I rushed down to the village, in a very disheveled state, to see Nelly and pray forgiveness. The maid at the door told me, with aggravating calmness, suggestive of a fee received at parting, that Miss Nelly and her father had left town that morning. Whither they had gone she had not the faintest idea, neither had the landlady. They had simply paid their bills and gone. What was it to Mrs. Jones or Bridget? They had got their money. I returned to my room, and occupied half-an-hour profitably in cursing myself for a dull and muddy-mettled rascal. Then I wrote a long letter of penitence that would have moved Caligula to tears, and mailed it to Nelly, directed to the town where she had lived before her mother's death. To this I received no answer. In course of time I fell into a melancholy that stirred the sympathy of all the old women in the neighborhood — smoked myself into a state of shocking leanness; read the whole of Wordsworth's 'Excursion'; studied some in self-defence; and made myself very disagreeable to all my acquaintance. But youth and health, in a man at least, cannot be conquered by disappointed love. By the time that the next June began to deck the valley with green and gold, I went so far as to make one at a small tea-party.

On the morning of the tenth of this June, (I marked the day with a white stone,) our class, now Seniors, had assembled by a fellow instinct of idleness, congenital in a fine summer morning on the college green; and as it was the season of flowers, not fruit, we were ready for every thing except study. It was a balmy air we breathed, fun-inspiring, adventurous. At last the flower of the class, Charley Foster, (God help him, he is dead now,) spoke up:

'Boys — let's go to Trenton Falls!'

'Capital!' cried all.

'How shall we go?' suggested a prudent young man.

'Walk, of course,' said a rash young man.

So off we walked, some in dressing-gowns, some in slippers, just as we had come from breakfast. We took no more thought for the morrow, for the consequences, or for the wrath of the faculty, than the lilies of the field. It was a tramp of twenty-four Irish miles to Trenton, yet it seemed nothing in the prospect. However, when we had gone eight miles, and reached the sleep-awake town of Whitesboro, and got our dinner, it became evident to the more prudent that pedestrianism

would not do. It was more tiresome than jolly. A committee was appointed to ransack the village for means of transportation. Shade of Bucephalus ! what nags were found ! And what wagons were wheeled out ! The cavalcade, as near as I recollect, was arranged as follows : My humble self led the van, astride an ancient pony impressed from the town common ; a pony whose age was a theme of traditional discussion in Whitesboro, and whose iniquities had developed and matured with his years. Next came a 'democrat-wagon,' as rheumatic as democratic, with three seats and nine occupants, propelled by a pair of lugubrious mules, with ridiculously slim tails, and magnificently large ears : then came our mad wag, Charley Foster, seated in gorgeous state in a doctor's sulkey, an emaciated Major Edsonian concern, that looked like the skeleton of a vehicle that might have flourished grandly in the previous century, and was drawn by a spectral horse eighteen hands high, with bones like a mastodon's : next came a family carriage, with its centre of gravity six feet from the ground : next two buggies of more modern pretensions ; and last of all, a 'solitary horseman,' without any saddle. You may suppose that the procession naturally elicited the wonder of the good farmers who were hoeing corn in the valley of the Mohawk ; and that children from school-houses, and rosy lasses from dairies ran out to stare at us. We got on so bravely, that just as the sun was kissing the hill-tops that encircle Trenton, we entered in imposing phalanx, the fine grounds of mine host Moore. The dust of travel brushed off and washed down, and a good supper discussed, and we were off to see the Falls.

Have you ever been to Trenton ? No ? Then go next summer by all means. As my friend Delia used to say, it is a 'sweet' place. Did you ever see a humorous rustic present to a young steer a whole hard pumpkin, and watch the eager manner in which the ravenous beast would roll the huge fruit around and lick it, and bite it, and at last, with impotent rage, give it a great toss, and run away in much disgust ? That is my idea of Niagara. It is too great and hard. I cannot get hold of it, and give it up in despair. But Trenton is pleasantly sliced up in four or five different cataracts, and I can ruminate over it leisurely.

For a good description of the sight that met us as we reached the foot of the long stair-case, I must refer you to Nat Willis's charming letters. It was exceedingly beautiful. The moon, a little past the full, was hanging just over the gorge, and her mellow light came dripping in a silver shower through the trees that overhang the walls of rock on either side. Past us, as we threaded the narrow path leading up the glen, ran the dark stream of most unromantic name, swift and mysterious as 'Alph the sacred river.' Here its waters were choked up between hostile rocks, and fought their way desperately ; there they gained the victory, and rolled on in deep, stately grandeur ; and far above we could see them dashing in a great battalion over the ledge of the first cascade. A walk of half-a-mile through this wonderful corridor brought us to an amphitheatre, hewn out in some pre-Adamite convulsion, where the huge rock-seats scattered about suggested that we should sit down and enjoy the prospect cosily. I had strayed off from

the company in search of an eligible alate-sofa, when my attention was attracted by a pleasing sight — a young lady sitting alone at a little distance, and looking as romantic as you choose. Of course I made it necessary to pass her in my search for a seat. As I approached, she turned her face toward me in the full moon-light. Judge of my surprise, Will, my confusion, my tempest of emotions. I could have sunk into the ground ; but fortunately the foundation where I stood was very flinty. She looked at me a moment inquiringly, with the same glance of earnest questioning she had given me a year before.

'John ?'

'Nelly ?'

And then, as she rose up, a blessed ray of forgiveness wreathed her face with roses, and illumined it like a glory.

'Dear John —'

'Dearest Nelly !'

I forgot for a time the beauties of Nature as manifested in moon and cataract, for there was living beauty and goodness nearer to me, clasped in my unworthy arms : and all was forgotten that was gloomy and cruel in the past ; and all that was hopeful for present and future stood revealed in the light of love and faith. O my friend ! there are times when a decade of years is distilled so that we sip its pleasures in an hour's space ! For such an hour, Nelly and I sat on the broad alate rock, by the rushing river, and talked together of the past and the future. She had nothing to say about herself, except that she had never received my letter, and that her poor father was dead, and had left her quite alone. I would protect her ? That she was travelling with some friends at present : she had been very sad for a year past, yet had hoped to see me again ; and was very happy now. Would I forgive her those unkind words spoken in haste ? She would never speak unkindly to me again.

And she never has spoken aught to me, Will, but words of honest, devoted affection. I wish I were more worthy of her than I am.

SONNET : CHARITY.

'BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.'

'T is said the Earth grows doting in her age,
And looketh ever backward ; that her heart
Out-poured its mother-tide on knight and sage,
Her first-born sons : and now, not all our art
Can win one love glance from her tear-blind eyes.
Come, KANE ! and stand before her ; let each scar
In glory now beneath the polar star
Proclaim the greatest hero 'neath God's skies !
And if she maunder still of victors dead,
Blood-stained, while thou art robed in Charity ;
If crowning them she strip the laurel-tree,
And thee disowning, will not wreath thy head :
Then, God of orphans ! let this wanderer come
To share the crown and sun-light of THY home !

M Y W I N T E R - T I M E .

BY JEMMY MARSH PARKER.

I.

Go, wild winds, go raving across the bleak hill !
And hurl off the sere leaves that flutter there still :
And through the black branches howl madly and shrill !

II.

Go drift up, go drift up the snow cold and high :
Let its whiteness make blacker the grim, angry sky !
Let the pilgrim go breast-deep to stiffen and die !

III.

Go howl in your fury ! and in your disdain
Give mock to the world and all of its pain :
Give mock to its sorrow and hot-throbbing brain !

IV.

And here in the mid-night I'll laugh as I list,
For my heart has gone from me ; 't is keeping a tryst
With lips that it loves, that kiss not when kissed !

V.

I laugh as the snow drifts cold in my breast ;
'T is warm as the idol that last there was pressed :
'T is warm as the pillow that now gives him rest.

VI.

I've called to him, wild winds, with passion so deep,
That the stars, they could hear me and look down and weep :
But never my wailing has broken his sleep.

VII.

I've knelt, where he lieth, from morning to eve,
And whispered the love he once smiled to receive ;
And begged for the kisses he once begged to give.

VIII.

But never a word broke the silence so chill.
Go ! wild winds, go raving across the bleak hill !
And through the black branches howl madly and shrill !

IX.

And perchance ye will wake him ; for if he should hear
In his dreamings your ravings so mournful and drear,
He would shake off that slumber and haste to me here.

X.

For I am his darling. Wild winds, does he know
I am standing alone in the cold-drifting snow,
With my hopes frozen up in a winter of wo ?

H A N N A H T R A C Y.

CHAPTER FIRST.

PERHAPS some people would like to hear an old lady's auto-biography ; at least, so I flatter myself. It is nothing very astonishing, dear reader, but merely a short, simple story, such as hundreds of others have written. I hope, at any rate, these few pages will meet the eye of some sympathizing friend of my own sex, as nothing is expected from the members of the other, who, I believe, never read such trash, though I have often seen them taking sly peeps at the 'abominable stuff' frequently seen in magazines. But enough of this, and now for the commencement of my narrative.

I am the eldest of three children ; our mother died when I was eight, my sister Amy six, and dear little Nellie two years old. Our darling Nellie ! to think of her as she then was, recalls my mind very forcibly to years long fled ; for, though old now, it seems but a few years since the days of my childhood. My father did not seem to know what to do with us after the death of our mother, as being a clergyman, it was impossible for him to devote much time to three motherless girls. Mr. Tracy (that being my father's name) was much beloved by his congregation, but we children stood very much in awe of him, excepting Nellie, who was not at all afraid ; she was his favorite, and how could it be otherwise ? — for she was the most confiding and dependent little thing that ever lived. She would sit on his knee for hours with her little curly head nestled on his bosom, now and then looking up in his face with her large, mournful blue eyes.

About a month after my mother's death, my father concluded to send me off to boarding-school, through the advice of Aunt Ruth, my father's sister, who was accordingly duly installed as house-keeper, and put in charge of my sisters. My aunt, whom I never liked, and with whom I was no favorite, thought it better to send me from home, as I was getting so large and unmanageable ; my father, not exactly knowing what course to pursue, thought it a good enough plan ; but as the time for my departure drew nearer, he caressed me more than usual, which often made me feel like showing some demonstrations of affection, but there was always in his manner something that repressed the impulse.

It was a great novelty for me to go to school, as having always been taught by my mother at home, I had never been in such a place, so that it was not without pleasure I looked forward to it, and a boarding-school seemed the height of my childish ambition. However, the day arrived at last for my departure, in company with my father. How well I remember that day ! It was a lovely morning in April, warm and pleasant, when I bade farewell to my aunt and sisters. We children cried very much at parting, but our childish sorrow was soon overcome by the arrival of the stage, which attracted all our attention. In

a few moments we were on our way to the mansion of happiness, as I then thought it : of course I never realized that happiness, although I had many happy hours at school ; but I never have been so happy since as I then was in the anticipation of it. We arrived at my place of destination, after travelling all day, for though it was only forty miles from my native village, it took longer to travel then than it does now, travelling being done in stages. We stopped at a beautiful house in the suburbs of one of the largest towns in New-England ; at the wicker gate stood my future school-mistress, ready to receive me. I was lifted from the stage and formally introduced to her by my father, he having seen her before. My heart sank and I trembled violently at the idea of meeting a stranger, but was very soon calmed by the lady, who took my hand and led me kindly to the house. My father kissed me affectionately, bade me be a good girl, said he would come soon to see me, and took his departure, leaving me to the guardianship of Mrs. Wells, (the principal of the school.) Child as I was, it seemed very desolate to be alone. My ambitious desires of school were beginning to be crushed under the weight. When we were left alone, the lady drew me fondly toward her, and divesting me of my hat and shawl, looked at me with a sad countenance, caused by my dress of deep mourning, the sight of which had excited the sympathy of her tender heart for the poor motherless child.

'Now, my dear,' said she, 'I hope you will be happy with us ; there is quite a number of little girls here, and you will get very easily acquainted, no doubt.' Then taking me on her lap, (how I loved her at that moment !) she asked my name.

'Hannah Tracy, ma'am,' was the reply.

How I came by the name of Hannah, I am unable to inform you, as I never knew a relation of that name, but I think my parents must have inflicted it on me in honor of some beloved antiquated kinswoman, my sisters bearing names so different.

Mrs. Wells then took me out to a play-ground, where I made the acquaintance of about a dozen little girls, my school-mates, the eldest not over twelve. It did not take long to make myself perfectly at home, they gave my such an affectionate reception. Mrs. Wells, I found, was a widow, who supported herself by taking a few scholars to board ; she was an excellent and pious lady, and to the children under her charge as a good mother ; so conscientious was she in doing her duty to them, that it was more like a family of sisters than a boarding-school, though that seems almost like a profanation. I will pass over the years I was at her school ; suffice it to say that, during that period of my existence, I was contented and happy.

CHAPTER SECOND.

EIGHT years passed away ; I had attained my sixteenth year and was fast changing from childhood to womanhood. What a Methuselah I thought myself ! Though only a child, I had a true woman's nature.

During the eight years I was at school I saw my sisters but once ;

my father usually visited me twice a year, so I heard from them occasionally. One morning I was aroused quite early from my slumbers by a servant handing me a letter, on which I recognized my father's handwriting. Mrs. Wells had frequently received letters from him, but this being the first I had ever received from him, I was fairly dizzy with delight. The contents were that he had married again, thinking the children needed a mother's care, as they were getting spoiled, and the hope was expressed that I would love my new mother, as I soon would have an opportunity, for he was coming for me the next day. A sigh of disappointment escaped me, for if I had ever thought of my father's second marriage, it was always associated with Mrs. Wells. I regretted exceedingly leaving my adopted mother, as I called her; however, I found there was very little time for grief, as I had to prepare for my departure. The following day I left, accompanied by my father, and shed many tears at parting with my beloved friends. It was some time after we started before I was able to control myself; he held my hand in his, and from the few words he spoke, I saw he thought it was the change at home that was grieving me. Not till then was I sensible how foolishly I had behaved. By great effort I mastered my emotion, and was astonished at the ease with which we chatted about every thing. He told me I would probably find Oak Cottage changed since I left it, and that my aunt had gone away very much enraged at her place being usurped by some one else. I then formed a resolution to make it my duty to love my step-mother if it were a possible thing, although visions of wicked stop-mothers were constantly flitting through my brain; and I hoped her determination toward me was the same.

We arrived at last at the parsonage, and found the place indeed altered since I last saw it, every thing having grown so much. The porch was covered with honeysuckles and woodbine, and the ivy, which had been set out when I was an infant, fairly covered the sides of the house. I was delighted at meeting my sisters, and found them grown entirely out of my remembrance. Engrossed with the pleasure of again seeing them, I had forgotten that there was a third member of the family, until I heard my father say, 'Hannah, my love, this is your mother,' and raising my eyes, beheld standing before me the loveliest little creature that I ever beheld. A cry of indignation nearly burst from me, expecting, of course, to see a middle-aged lady, wearing a cap, black gown, and white kerchief, and carrying on her arm a black silk bag, instead of a beautiful, fairy-like girl. She saw plainly my disappointment; her eyes filled with tears, and she whispered: 'Hannah, dear, do love me.' I recollected my good resolutions, and we were friends from that instant, though still the idea seemed absurd that my father should place at the head of his house so fair and delicate a young creature of only seventeen, just one year my senior, although I had the advantage as regards height.

Amy had grown to be a tall girl of fourteen and had been spoiled by Aunt Ruth, with whom she was a great favorite; and I could see that Mrs. Tracy had not been kindly welcomed by her; but Nellie and our little Mamma, as she called her, instinctively clung to each other.

prompted by their similar dispositions. It took but a few days to see that Mrs. Tracy knew nothing of house-keeping, and was totally unfit for a minister's wife, so that I finally took the management of every thing, and was much better able to bear the burden, being the stronger, and it was no small relief to her when I took possession of the keys. It was not long before my father saw that he had taken a very foolish step, for there was no sympathy between them, and he treated her more like a child than a wife and companion. However, Aline and myself became inseparable, and if it had always remained as it was, I should never have known any such deep sorrow as has fallen to my lot ; but changes will come ; they crept their way along even in our unpretending little abode, notwithstanding the two old oak trees that had stood for a century in front of the house, each like a sentinel at his post, guarding it from the enemy.

CHAPTER THIRD.

MR. TRACY'S duties as a country clergyman compelled him to be from home a great deal, so that we would spend many evenings without him. He assisted a number of young gentlemen in their preparatory studies for the ministry, some of whom came from a distance, and among them was one named Charles Linwood, a Southerner, who, having no other acquaintances, visited us very often, in fact, was our daily companion. He was tall, and of a commanding figure, with black hair and eyes, and fine features, and the possessor of an unblemished character. It was not long before I found him my idol, and so happy and selfish was I in my love for him, that the possibility of his not returning it never occurred to me, silly child that I was ! He was considered a privileged being to come and go at his pleasure. Nellie always seemed to fore-know his coming, for the moment he opened the little gate, she would run as fast as possible and throw her arms around his neck ; and often have I wished, with the blood mantling in my cheeks, that I was a little child, that I might enjoy the same privilege : however, it was not to me that privilege was secured, for alas ! a cloud was overshadowing our little household and the sun-shine fast declining. Aline had great musical abilities ; her voice was rich, melodious, and bird-like, and her execution on the piano very brilliant : she would pass hours playing. At my request, Mr. Linwood often mingled his voice with hers, without the thought ever occurring to me of the danger of these two young people being thrown so constantly in each other's society. One morning, as I was busying myself with some household arrangements in a room adjoining the parlor, I heard indistinctly two people conversing there in an under-tone. One was the low, manly voice of Mr. Linwood ; the other, Aline's. I was spell-bound to the spot on hearing Charles utter these words : ' Dearest Aline, only say that you love me and I will leave you forever.'

' Mr. Linwood ! Sir ! is this the way you address me ? '

I caught a glimpse through the half-open door of Aline, her slight figure looking commandingly beautiful ; and the expression of her features indicating great firmness of character, blended with sympathy,

seemed to reveal deep and powerful feelings which had hitherto lain dormant.

Charles rushed madly from the house ; for a few moments there was almost a deathly stillness, then came a heavy fall. I ran into the room and found Aline had fainted ; I rendered her the necessary aid, and as soon as she was restored to consciousness, she was conveyed to her room, which she did not leave again for three months. She was very ill, indeed, during that time. Night after night I watched her when her life was despaired of. I prayed fervently that she might live, who had torn all my hopes from my heart, and it was then that the religious instructions and influence of my excellent teacher sustained me in the hour of trial.

Aline had become more endeared to us all ; even Amy's prejudices were overcome, and we loved her as a sister. She did not know that I was in possession of the secret that had crushed my hopes and brought her her first great sorrow. I could at least think of him, but that was denied to her.

Of the manner in which she became my father's wife I was then ignorant, but have since learned the circumstances, which were as follows : Previous to my father's acquaintance, this delicate creature had supported herself and an invalid mother by teaching music, and finding that was not sufficient support, so few scholars being obtainable in a country village, she came to my father, on account of his being a clergyman, and through his influence, became the village school-mistress. A few months after, her mother died, leaving her perfectly alone ; for though she had a few wealthy relatives who occasionally sent her a few dollars, by none of them was she offered a home. It was at this time my father became interested in her, and in a few months she became Mrs. Tracy, mistaking her feeling of gratitude toward him for love.

We saw nothing of Charles Linwood, after his abrupt departure, for a long time, as he left the village, soon after, to travel, we knew not whither. Aline, in the spring, began to regain her health, but her constitution had received so great a shock, that I knew it would take months to restore her entirely.

I suppose my readers have sufficient curiosity to desire to know what I did on this occasion. I did not pine away, finding no time for the indulgence of my grief ; but sometimes took a glance at my image in the mirror, and thought it possible that some one might yet take me for better or for worse, as I thought myself tolerably good-looking. How unfortunate I was not a beauty, as heroines usually are. Picture to yourself a tall, awkward girl of seventeen, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and nose and mouth with nothing remarkable about either. I found myself become a great personage at home, and was constantly in demand by some member of the family. In this manner we lived quietly on about a year, when a calamity befel us that entirely changed the tenor of our lives : our father was taken from us, after a short illness, leaving us nearly destitute.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Not long after my father's death, I found we would have to vacate the house, it being the parsonage. Strangers would henceforth be the occupants. We had lived there so many years that it seemed as our own, so it was not without the deepest sorrow that we thought of our departure. I was sensible, also, that it would be necessary to depend on our own resources for our maintenance.

My father had been much beloved by his parishioners, and after his death we often received small donations of money, which were very acceptable. After the sale of our household furniture, I found I had quite a sum of money left, which would be sufficient to take us some distance away if we thought it necessary to go. Aline and I clung to each other with the indissoluble tie of friendship. I was full of the energy of youth, constantly making plans and building castles in the air, that I would eventually make a fortune, and in some enchanting spot build a beautiful house, in which Aline, my sisters, and I would take up our abode and live in peace and happiness the remainder of our lives; but I could not usually indulge in these imaginations for any length of time before the sad reality would force its way into my mind. Aunt Ruth (my father's only sister) sent us an affectionate invitation to come and live with her, but insisted on our giving up our acquaintance with that artful and designing little hussy who had led our father such a miserable life; but this I declined, while thanking her heartily for the interest she took in us, and we did not hear from her again in relation to it. My dear friend, Mrs. Wells, on hearing of our bereavement and destitute condition, wrote, offering to take Amy and give her such instruction as would be beneficial. She was accordingly sent there, as I well knew she would be kindly treated. We finally concluded to go to the city of New-York, and through the kind attention of a friend of my father, we succeeded in obtaining two small rooms in the house of a very respectable widow lady, in which we soon found ourselves quite at home, notwithstanding our sadness at leaving Oak Cottage.

Our next difficulty was how should we procure something to do; and Aline determined to give lessons in music. So we accordingly put up a modest tin sign, on which was painted, 'Music taught here,' looking very much like, 'Washing done here.'

I succeeded at last, in procuring some plain sewing, for which I received a very small compensation, barely enough to supply us with provisions, and putting us several weeks behind with the payment of the rent, so that our situation became so deplorably embarrassed that we were obliged to give up one of our rooms. Aline finding nothing to do, for our splendid sign had utterly failed in its object, concluded to devote herself to Nellie's education, which had been sadly neglected. After struggling in this way a few months, I at length was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as daily governess, from which time our prospects grew continually brighter, and our united income enabled us to hire half a house, which seemed to us spacious and beautiful as a palace; but yet in spite of this improvement of circumstances and my youthful years, life was beginning to grow wearisome to me,

so monotonous was every thing. Had it not been for Aline, existence would have been unbearable, but on returning home at evening, fatigued and heart-sick from my unceasing toil, I was sure to receive a cheerful welcome, which at once acted as a balm and soothed my wounded spirits to rest. My youthful hopes and feelings were fast departing; it seemed then so many years since the days of my childhood; often would come the remembrance of my dear mother, quieting some little childish sorrow or outburst of temper, when I would lay my head upon her breast and receive the maternal kiss of peace, which was sure to subdue me and restore all my good nature.

One day, on returning home from my pupils, I entered our little sitting-room, when lo and behold! there stood before me a gentleman, whose well-known countenance was no other than that of Charles Linwood, who was sitting by the side of Aline. He instantly came forward to greet me warmly, at which I burst into a violent fit of weeping, tears long pent up were they, but by them were ascribed entirely to the joy of once more meeting an old friend, though they were the tears of utter hopelessness, for one glance had sufficed to reveal to me that they perfectly understood each other. I soon, however, recovered my self-control, and returned his welcome heartily. He informed us that after leaving Oakland he went abroad for his health, had been back but a few months, and had not heard of my father's death until his return, since which time he had been trying to find us, and had only just succeeded in doing so. We were mutually delighted to meet again, and conversed for a long time on the events of the last three or four years: then came a long pause, which none seemed desirous to break, but which was interrupted by Nellie, who now entered the room for the first time since Mr. Linwood's arrival: though fourteen, she was still a perfect child; so, what should she do on seeing him, but throw her arms around his neck as of old, and kiss him over and over again; he, meanwhile, being much astonished at receiving such a salute from a strange young lady. 'Why, Nellie, dear, I should not have known you, you have grown so tall; a few years make a great change indeed,' said he, surveying her admiringly, at which my young lady blushed very prettily. 'I knew you would come back again,' said she, shaking her head very knowingly, as if she were some little fairy. 'Well, my child, you have proved a true prophetess, for I certainly am here.'

Aline was unusually quiet that evening, although her face was radiant with happiness.

'Hannah, dear,' said Charles, confidentially, 'I have something of importance to communicate to you. You are aware, no doubt, of my ardent love for Aline, which I at last find reciprocated, and am once more happy in possessing the heart of the only being I ever loved; but so unselfish is she, that she will not consent to be mine unless our union be sanctioned by you.'

'No, my sister, the dearest friend of my heart,' said Aline, 'I will never leave you, unless with your consent,' and with these words, she seated herself by me and looked up at me, so dependent and beautiful, that it would have been a hard heart that could have resisted those pleading eyes. I rose from my seat, taking Aline by the hand, and

leading her to Charles, placed it in his. 'There, you foolish children, love each other and be happy.' I received a kiss from each, and then returning to my chair, sat bolt upright like an automaton, with my feet on the fender, gazing at the fire as if looking into futurity, but its brightness seemed a mockery of my destiny. I sent Nellie from the room to prepare her studies for the following day ; but she went very reluctantly, anxious, I suppose, to see what was next on the programme. The lovers were so enraptured with each other, that they talked over their plans before me, forgetting my presence, but in them all my welfare was the first considered. Yet the love and kind wishes of such dear friends did not make me happy, for after a sleepless night, I could see but one proper course to pursue, and that was to separate from them. On communicating this resolution to them, Aline at first tried to persuade me to the contrary ; but, knowing my independent disposition, and seeing my determination, ceased to remonstrate with me. In a few days they were married, and departed to his residence at the South, declaring that the only draw-back to their happiness was my refusal to accompany them to their sunny home.

We were nearly inconsolable at Aline's departure, and to add to our trouble, I was taken very ill ; had it not been for the care which my little nurse Nellie bestowed on me, I think I should never have recovered. I had always treated her as a child, but found her womanly character developed in her attendance on me during my sickness. After my recovery, life did not seem so wearisome as before, and I resumed my occupation as governess with renewed energy.

Not long after, we received intelligence of the death of Aunt Ruth, and that we, being the only near relatives, were the heirs to what proved to be a considerable estate.

At last, I found myself in the enjoyment of that fortune of which I had so often dreamed, and which, though not earned by my own exertions, I found none the less pleasant on that account. Though many years have since passed, I am still alive to enjoy it, and if any of my readers will take either steamboat or car to our pretty little village on the Hudson, and ask the way to the residence of old Miss Tracy, (as I am generally called, for although I had many opportunities to change my name, I have never done so, as you perceive,) you will have the pleasure of renewing your acquaintance with my ladyship, whom you will find very much altered in appearance, and quite infirm. Nellie married very young, but lived only a few years after. Amy, like myself, never married. Mrs. Wells gave up her school and came and lived with us for many years. Aline and Charles lived happily together, and I visited them frequently, but never could be persuaded to remain long at a time. They have all long since been taken from me ; the only one I have left is the grand-child of Aline, bearing her name, to whom I am devotedly attached, and who accompanies me whenever I go out.

I sometimes hear children say : 'There goes the rich old lady and her beautiful grand-daughter.' I thank God I have been richly rewarded in the affection of this dear child, who is the consolation of my declining years, and in whom my first Aline seems to live again.

THE CHILD AND THE SOLDIER.

A BALLAD OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

BY J. SWETT.

THROUGH the gloom of Russian forests struggled the retreating foe,
Where the sombre pines were shrouded in a drapery of snow;
That 'Grand Army,' torn and shattered, fled before the north wind's breath:
Wintry skies scowled darkly o'er it like a gloomy pall of death.

Howling o'er the Steppes in fury swept the frosty winds in wrath,
Following with relentless vengeance on the mighty conqueror's path;
Sharper than the Cossack lances, bitter blasts pierced to the bone,
And the moaning of the storm-wind drowned the soldier's dying groan.

Round the army's mid-night camp-fires stalked the gloomy Terror King,
And with cold and icy fetters sealed forever life's warm spring;
Heroes sank in wakeless slumbers, chilled by piercing hail and sleet,
Dying while the snow was weaving round their forms the winding-sheet.

Mixed with grim and bearded warriors that upon the long march pressed.
Was a mother with an infant clinging to her weary breast;
In those scenes of gloom and terror seemed that young and lovely child
Like a flower on Alpine summits where the wintry snows are piled.

Pangs of hunger, nights of horror, banished love from every heart;
Dimmed the glorious 'Cross of Honor,' rent the strongest ties apart:
That young mother's heart grew callous, death had filled her soul with dread,
And she flung away her burthen, flung it to the snows and fled!

Wildly shrieked the child deserted, but she closed her eyes and ears,
Heeded not its piteous moanings, deaf alike to shrieks and tears.
'I must see my native country,' muttered she in accents wild:
'I must live, but let him perish, he is but a little child.'

Then a stalwart grenadier raised the child upon his arm,
Saying to the heartless mother, 'Shield thy infant boy from harm;
But again she flung it from her, when the 'bravest of the brave,'
Hero of a hundred battles, stooped the little child to save.

Even then the frantic mother cast her child once more away,
And again the boy was rescued by the arm of gallant NER:
'Take the boy,' said the old hero, to a soldier of the Guard,
'Thou art kinder than its mother, though thy face is battle-scarred.'

That old soldier passed a comrade and refused a helping hand,
Though he shared his cup of water upon Egypt's burning sand;
He had heard and left unanswered many a wounded comrade's cry,
Left upon the freezing snow-banks in the mid-night gloom to die.

Though he staggered faint from hunger, all affection had not fled:
'I will be to thee a mother,' with a choking voice he said;
And he shared his scanty ration — little food had he to spare;
Nightly pressed him to his bosom, like a guardian angel there.

Through a thousand untold horrors that frail boy was borne along :
 He survived the cold and hunger which laid low the bold and strong ;
 When the remnants of the army reached the Rhine with shouts of joy,
 There was seen the grim old warrior and the rescued little boy.

But the cold, inhuman mother perished with a fearful doom ;
 For she died in the retreating in a night of death and gloom ;
 Fiercely swept the freezing river where she sank to rise no more,
 With the thousands who died shrieking on the Beresina's shore.

San Francisco.

K L L A S - L A N D .

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

THE storm has at length come. The visible signs, so long overcharging the skies, have at last been verified. Soon after Mr. Standish was with us, as related in a former letter, the fact that Father Green on that occasion took wine, and that Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., expostulated, were known.

You will please not forget the dignity of our suburb. It is a great metropolis on a small scale, and with variations. We have our *Harper's*, *Putnam's*, *Knickerbocker*, and other magazines : our *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times* : our *Churchman*, *Evangelist*, and *Independent*, each walking on two legs, circulating free of postage, of its own motion, spreading knowledge, criticism, and plans for a millennium. I do not know with what number of cylinders these impressions are made, nor whether with Adams' or Hoe's presses, nor how much, if any, margin of profit is left for the news-boys. But the machinery is ample and rapid. Copies are multiplied, new editions with post-scripts easily and cheaply added, and if the same processes could be generally adopted over the surface of this little planet, the world would have all the benefit of magazines, newspapers, rail-roads, and telegraphs, 'on the voluntary principle,' and positively, without the trouble of subscriptions, stocks, and bonds, always as yet below par ; but forever on the brink of being 'a good thing,' and bearing a premium. These processes favor us with the relish of a surprise. One reads his newspaper of a morning or evening, or his magazine while smoking his segar after dinner, or it may be on the cars. One says to himself : 'Here is my stock of news, my dish of gossip for the day : here is my literary bulletin, my air-castle builder, my general expositor for the month !' He expects and he receives. He comes to the feast an invited guest, and at an appointed hour. But in our neighborhood publications you come upon your fortune unawares. A piece of news, a criticism, a good hot scandal, a sweeping and universal reform, a programme for a millennium, is thrust upon you at any turn of the street, at any odd hour. One retreats to his own hearth, perhaps gathers about him a few friends, and says to himself : 'Here,

now, is a comfortable privacy, 'the world shut out.' Let us eat, drink, and be merry.' But lo! in such an hour as he thinks not, when he most flatters himself that his heart is void of offence, he runs foul of some society, and knocks a hole through the bottom of some body's millennium. We are certainly made in the image of God in one or two respects. Our eyes are like His, in that they search all hearts. We do not allow *our* commandments to be disobeyed with impunity. All we seem to need to make the likeness complete, are His wisdom, His patience, His mercy, His benevolence, His love, His power, and the infinite harmony and beauty of His character.

You know that we had a rather stiff time, trying to entertain Mr. Standish. A bottle or some such matter of native wine was used, without malice of any sort. We are in favor of temperance societies. On the whole it is very well to let liquors and wines alone. I believe I have contributed toward Beetles and Apostles in an exemplary manner. We did not on that occasion mean any mischief to the world at large, nor to temperance principles in detail. The matter got out through Mr. Weaver. The sepulchral voice with which Rev. Mr. Motherwort admonished us, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' amused him. He related it as a good joke. It soon reached the ears of several societies, and assaulted them as 'with sticks, staves, stones, bludgeons as aforesaid.' A minister of the Gospel had done it! had, in fact, been guilty of drinking a toast. Mr. Motherwort did not spread the report. He merely could not deny it. Was there spirit-rapping also? What was the world coming to! Every old sore and bruise, every smothered discontent broke loose. Father Green was in for it. I was in for it—I who would not intentionally maltreat any body's plan of reform.

Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., has now been evangelizing around this part of the country for a long period, doing wonderful works, and stirring people up. If he could be prevailed on to receive a call for a settlement! What might we not do, under such an influence! If under Father Green we have been moving slowly and gently toward heaven, might we not under Mr. Motherwort, make more rapid strides? Of course we will not listen to the suggestion which has sprung up to dismiss Father Green from his charge. Of course, a part of us will therefore organize a new congregation, and build a new edifice. We will initiate this step by a public call of a meeting of the congregation to consider the propriety of the use of wines and spirituous liquors by ministers of the Gospel.

Mr. Standish must hereafter do much, if he would counterbalance the mischief he has occasioned. Meanwhile a few of us politicians set our wits to work to manage the meeting. We counted. We planned committees. We contrived resolutions. We did not mean to be out-generalled nor out-voted.

When the meeting assembled, your father was made chairman with little opposition, but the strength of the Motherwortarians was greater than we had hoped. Some management was necessary. The friends of Father Green understood each other, and would stand shoulder to shoulder for the love they bore him. The chairman inquired what business was before the meeting. A leading Motherwortarian offered

a string of resolutions to test the sense of the meeting, expressing a subdued but deep disapprobation of the use of wines and liquors, and especially of their use by ministers of the Gospel. These resolutions were received with a hum of approbation. A gentleman, very well known as a friend of Father Green, moved to amend the resolutions, by adding a clause against the use of tobacco. On this clause sprung up a fierce debate ; but during its progress another amendment was proposed denouncing slavery ; and after a while, a third, deprecating the Pope and Inquisition. Our Motherwortarian friends were divided into fragments, each fragment throwing its brilliance like pieces of broken diamond, at random upon the meeting, and, as it were, piercing each other with sharp rays of truth militant. I do not remember ever before to have seen so many millenniums let loose in a single collection of persons. I think the world might for once have learned what a miserable contrivance it is ; that it is no great things to be a world any how ; and especially nothing to be proud of to be *such* a world ! Had the MAKER of the world been present, He would have learned a piece of their minds ! In that benign assemblage were many, very many, who, on their own showing, loved their CREATOR, and held every thing cheap that would not contribute to His glory ; but not one who would not consider it disreputable to be caught in the act of making such a world as He had made. To save His credit, they intended to make it over again, and show how worlds ought to be made : they were impatient of all delays interposed between them and the taking of this poor sham of a world to pieces ; cleaning it, refurbishing it, putting it together again in different combinations ; and fixing it generally in good repair, so as to turn off a millennium or two every year. All this was much as we expected, and the friends of Father Green soon had control of the meeting. They were the conservators and peace-makers of the occasion. Our triumph was complete, until Father Green, who had thus far said nothing, took the stand amidst profound and almost painful silence, and upset all our well-laid plans. He was brim-full of feeling, and I thought was going to read his opponents a lesson ; but his words were few and humble.

‘Brethren and friends : I am an interested spectator of this scene. My heart is too heavy to say much. The ties which have been growing up between us, have become to me very strong ; so strong that I have none on earth to be compared with them. But I see the path of duty clearly, and this alone relieves me from a degree of pain which might otherwise be insufferable. Those ties must yield to new relations. Some other person may do you more good. I appeal to those who best love me to make up their minds to it, and to give their best thoughts to making the change a profitable one. I should be unworthy the relations with which you have honored me, if I could for a moment consent to stand between you and union and happiness.’

This seemed to us, who had stood for him, almost like a rebuke. Our victory had vanished. But if we were humbled, what was the state of our Motherwortarian friends ? They were prepared for controversy, but not for this. A reaction seemed to take place in their bosoms, and protests were made against being understood to love Father Green less than

others. They only differed from him in opinion on some matters of interest. He was again brought to his feet :

'I know it, my friends : that is all ! If you should not love the truth more than you love any man, you would fall far short of the true standard. The fault is perhaps in my own temperament. One's temperament, at my age, sometimes takes the place of conscience. It is my temperament not to set a great store by human opinion ; neither my own nor the opinion of others. I have seen the truth, going into many a controversy, radiant and shining with unspeakable beauty ; but coming out of a controversy, I have never seen her wholly unmarred, and like herself. In a controversy, and coming out of it, she seems almost like something else. I am sensible of the defects of my own character. When I attempt to lay about me in controversies for the truth, I begin to be conscious that it is not the truth alone which I am fighting for, but truth *and* victory. Victory being won, truth seems to be no better or brighter than before. My temperament leads me sometimes to suspect that truth is not much indebted to human aid, and that if we would be modestly content to let her shine, she would melt the icebergs from her course faster than we can do it for her. But this temperament of mine, is no guide for others. Men must stand up to their convictions. Depend upon it, I will never blame you for it.'

The Motherwortarians were not perfectly pleased with this aspect of the matter. It did not leave them so well assured, nor so triumphant as in their opinion their course deserved. They knew too well the modes of argument which had prostrated before them so many unresisting, silent giants of straw, to leave the occasion unimproved. They had been accustomed to carry on both sides of the controversy ; making their imaginary opponents place their defence on untenable grounds, and thus driving them to the wall. They seemed to think another occasion had arrived for a similar triumph. One of them, with real or affected deference of manner, inquired :

'Whether, if Father Green attached so little importance to matters of opinion, he ought not to yield his prepossessions, and give his example more decisively to Christian influences ; in short, to take a step forward and unite his congregation on high temperance, evangelical, anti-slavery ground ? Was it not the duty of a Christian teacher to rebuke sin ?'

Father Green said : 'It is, I think, the leading duty of a Christian teacher to rebuke sin in himself ; to show it no lenience, but to expel it as far hence as possible : if he can succeed perfectly in his own case, his example and kind persuasion may do much to assist others. As to taking steps in advance for the purpose of harmony, I think no Christian should hesitate one moment. But this pre-supposes a belief on his part that the step proposed is a step in advance, and not a step in some other direction, as for instance, a step in the dark.'

'But,' inquired the Motherwortarian, 'is there any safer character for a Christian to imitate than CHRIST HIMSELF : and did not He denounce the wicked ?'

'So far as my knowledge or belief can go,' said Father Green, 'there never was and never will be another SAVIOUR given to us. All our

hopes hang upon Him : all our salvation depends upon our efforts, however distant and humble, however wayward and ineffectual, to form our own character upon the model of His divine perfections, and to draw thence by unpresuming faith, the help we need. He was God, and knew of a verity when and where denunciations were deserved. But if with His quick glance through the hidden nature of things, He used so little denunciation, I can but feel that with my poor, blind, imperfect faculties I run a fearful risk to attempt it at all. There are occasions when it seems to me denunciation and rebuke would be appropriate ; but these are sometimes such occasions as He used for His most touching exhibitions of tender mercy and compassion. I find peace of mind and solace for my soul, in attempting such acts as would seem to meet His approbation in respect of gentleness, charity, and good will. But if I approach the awful brink of denunciation, I feel like one standing on a dangerous precipice, covered with dismal clouds and darkness. Another step might aid no one, but plunge me hopelessly into that fearful abyss where one is given over to the odious and unchristian practice of passing judgment on his neighbors. Sometimes our Lord was beset with irreverent and mocking crowds, exposed to bodily harm, and to the rude clamor of blasphemers. He did not prostrate them with a glance or a frown, but disappeared from among them.

At this point Mr. Antinous Weaver, who is an ardent admirer of Father Green, ejaculated :

‘Jest exactly as Father Green is going to do.’

Several Motherwortarians rose to a point of order. The chairman declared Mr. Weaver out of order.

Father Green protested that he intended no such application of his remarks. He had not been ill-treated. Nothing unkind had been done or said against him. Persons were endeavoring to pursue their own convictions ; that was all.

Here another Motherwortarian wished to say that he did not remember ever hearing Father Green denounce the Pope or the great whore of Babylon. If not out of place, he would be glad to know if Father Green did not believe it to be the duty of a Christian to make war on Anti-Christ ?

Father Green would be happy to answer any questions. It was very kind to take so much pains to understand his feelings. He must, in the nature of the case, content himself with brief explanations. He was not in favor of the Pope. His claim to infallibility seemed to him to be a fearful thing. He had not denounced that particular Pope to which his friend alluded. Among other reasons, he would mention that the Catholic Church had but one Pope, and he was made, for the most part, out of gentlemen of pious habits, advanced age, and great scholarship. He was elected by a College of Cardinals, and to most of the members of his Church was distant and not meddlesome. This form of Popery had the advantage, therefore, that there is but one Pope, and he very distant. There was, however, in the mind of Father Green, a strong repugnance to admit that one man could stand between another

man and his **MAKER** ; but if the idea were at all admissible, he would prefer there should be but one, and that he should be pious, learned, full of the mellow touch of years, and far away.

The gentleman who had put the question did not understand the reply. He would not say it was evasive, but would like to know what was meant by the phrase 'that particular Pope to which his friend had alluded ;' and what was the bearing of his allusions to more Popes than one. Did Father Green mean that there was more than one Pope, or that where Popery was referred to, there could be any question of the kind of Popery intended ?

Father Green said : ' I have sometimes thought we have a great deal of Popery among us : a great many little Popes, not elected by any College of Cardinals : not pious, not learned, not ripe in experience, but young, rash, ignorant, audacious little Popes, who issue their bulls in droves and send them goring up and down among peaceful people. These Popes elect themselves, and infest our churches and neighborhoods. Presbyterian Popes, Baptist Popes, Episcopalian Popes, Methodist Popes, Temperance Popes, Slavery and Anti-Slavery Popes, Political Popes — men who think us wrong because our minds do not fit to the same groove, nor our consciences take hold upon the same jurisdiction with theirs, and who therefore excommunicate us and cause the whole structure of social and religious life to be split up into ten thousand little Poperies. It is easy to find anti-Christ and Popery, and spiritual whoredoms ; but what better can we do than to spare our arrows and thunderbolts, and trust with serene and cheerful faith, that our loving and divine **MASTER** will lead us safely through all these quagmires and fogs ? '

Our inquiring Motherwortarian friend thought he understood the reply. ' If he did, it was a sweeping condemnation of Temperance Societies, Anti-Slavery Societies ; also of much of the organization of our churches ; perhaps a condemnation of the entire ' principle of association and moral suasion ' to which the whole world was so much indebted. He would like to know whether he himself was considered a Pope because he advocated temperance and other reforms ? Who were the little Popes alluded to ! He thought they had not misconstrued Father Green when they supposed his influence to be against all these advancing lights of the age. He believed the cat was now out of the bag ! '

Father Green said his remarks had no personal application. Had he wished to complain or make an accusation, he should have sought his brother in privacy. Whether the cat was out of the bag or in the bag, he had endeavored to answer truthfully. If he had been conscious of having any cat in the bag he certainly would let it out, for it must be an uncomfortable place for poor pussy.

Several gentlemen addressed the chair at once. They wished to put one more question. The chairman gave the floor to one who had not before spoken.

He had waited in silence the upshot of this dialogue, until it seemed to him no longer proper to withhold his protest. He had heard doubt

thrown upon the most sacred causes, upon the efforts of the best men and women of the age, and now it seemed they were to be regaled with untimely derision. But to avoid the possibility of mistake, he would respectfully inquire of Father Green whether he avowed himself an open opponent of these movements?

Father Green would thank his friend to explain what movements he referred to?

'The Anti-Slavery movement!' said some body from his seat.

'The Woman's-rights movement!' ejaculated a talented woman.

'The Temperance movement!' said another.

'The Tract movement!' said yet another.

'The Missionary movement!' said another.

'The Education of Indigent Young Men for the Ministry movement!' said another.

'The Transportation of School-mam's to the West movement!' said another.

'The Sewing Society movement!' said another. 'The sew up domestic missionary families movement!'

'The Church Building for Destitute Congregations movement!' said another.

'The Anti-Tobacco movement!' said another.

'The Anti-Tea and Coffee movement!' said another.

'The Mother's Help One Another to Advice movement!' said another.

'The New Translation of the Bible movement!' said another.

'Really, my friends,' said the gentleman on the floor, 'you remind me that my question covers the whole ground of the spirit of the age, and save me from particularizing; but I confess I had in my mind the Temperance and Anti-Slavery movements.'

Mr. Weaver begged the gentleman for leave to make a single suggestion. He wished the meeting to consider the propriety among other things of a time to go home movement.

Father Green said he was afraid the discussion was tending to unprofitableness. All he considered it important to say was, that he was not conscious of opposing any of the movements named. He did not think, that with all the movements, there was any too much good done. The object was large, the fields of exertion various. There was no need for one to jostle another. He would say for his own part, that while he opposed no one, the explanation of his whole conduct was to be found in the fact that his particular attention had been called to a field of exertion less attractive and less occupied than many others, but not hostile to them. He had undertaken a very arduous and difficult reform, requiring constant vigilance, and not accompanied, for the present at least, with very striking results. It was in the first place to become himself a modest, unselfish and pure Christian; in the next place, to use any little influence he could, to induce his friends to attend to their own reformation before reforming the world. He had sometimes thought that if he could mould himself to the true Christian ideal, it would be a great and glorious achievement. If there could be one, two,

three persons in any circle or neighborhood who would truly love their neighbors as themselves, who would become as little children in CHRIST, dealing truly, faithfully, tenderly with all, and waiting meekly to learn before seeking a commission to teach; perhaps the truth would make them free; perhaps their influence would be genial and shine afar; perhaps they would be made the means of many blessings. 'These have been my dreams. A better man might be more successful in their fulfilment.'

The resolutions were called for and cries of 'Question! question!' Here ensued sundry perplexing questions as to what would be the effect of voting one way and the other on the amendments. Several votes were taken. Some of the resolutions were divided, some laid on the table, some amended, and other progress made, during which a motion to adjourn was carried by general consent. I am sure I do not know who was triumphant and who beaten. The result has been that Father Green persisted in resigning his charge, and Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A. B., has been duly installed in his place.

I have been reflecting on Father Green's explanations to the meeting. If I understand him, his views must lead to uncomfortable results. In these 'great movements' one can do his duty cleverly. People naturally enough discover each other's faults and meet together to confess them, each confessing his neighbor's sins, and each telling his neighbor what to do to be saved. An enlivening sympathy is engendered, and much can be done to send similar movements over the face of the globe. One feels that in taking a share of such expenditures and exertions he is not without merit. If the service be the service of one's MAKER, one may be excused for feeling as if his MAKER would in some form acknowledge it, and as if an account were accruing in which his credits are likely to accumulate. That this is the way to serve one's MAKER I can see no reason to doubt, without calling in question the votes of countless meetings, and in short, the spirit of the age. On the other hand, it is a great bore to be obliged to think continually of one's own faults. If one were compelled to make a Christian of himself, in Father Green's sense of the word, before he were permitted to set about reforming others, I fear we should have a dull time. What would become of all our magnificent contributions and liberalities if no person were permitted to contribute or put a cent into the LORD's treasury until he had first paid his debts, and paid back to the injured or cheated every thing obtained by over-reaching, by unfair bargains, by deceptions? What would become of the 'movements' of the age, if no person were permitted to advocate a reform, until he should first wash himself clean of his bad dispositions? What if no tongue should be permitted to harangue as the advocate of causes, until first purged of all tendencies to exaggeration, to detractions, to uncharitableness, to unkind interpretations? I like Father Green from personal considerations, but I cannot abide his doctrines. What would the world come to? I will not say that the idea is disgusting, but really it is hardly possible to conceive any thing more distasteful.

On the evening after the meeting which I have described, I walked

over to Nathan's to have a chat with Father Green. I hoped to find him alone, but Weaver was there.

'Fact is,' said Weaver, 'I could n't at first quite come it : *nix comes* ; but it sort of got through my hair that I could smell it. It's nice, I tell you. It's really — well ! You see it's jist here. Suppose each man and woman, you and I, and he, for instance, should clear the devil entirely out of our minds and hearts — kick him out, cut off his tail and put a ring in his nose — so that we would have nothing in 'em but right up and down goodness : as clean as a new bib, and sweet as milk and charity ; and we only wanted to tell the truth and make folks comfortable ; would n't it shine through us ? Would n't our faces look sort of loving and comfortable ? Would n't folks just love us as they do clean babies ? We would be mighty persuasive men, I tell you. We need n't go making speeches, getting up contributions, and so on, unless we had a mind to, because we should look it and act it. It would be the genuine article, real old Doctor Jacob Townsend ! Each man would be a society ; an illumination ; a book with picters, gilt edge, spring back with a tuck. Would, by thunder !'

Whether Father Green was pleased at Mr. Weaver's interpretation of his hints he did not say. Mr. Weaver did not seem to call in question the excellency of his own powers to entertain.

One is led to wonder why such a person is tolerated, least of all, made welcome among educated persons. Perhaps it is because he is himself a man of education, addicted to drollery of that low species which consists in repeating and exaggerating the peculiarities of sects and classes of persons, never taking the trouble to distinguish whether you laugh with or at him. He picks up and rehearses the peculiarities of dialect and manner of the stage Yankee, a kind altogether unlike any live specimens I ever saw ; also the low phrases of boat-men and laborers. He is a mimic who imitates only with such extravagant burlesque that no one sees a resemblance to himself. Mr. Weaver is a most meddlesome and excellent friend ; he is a money-maker ; he has what Mr. Carlyle would call 'insight ;' and with all his folly, seldom passes quite over the line which separates the ridiculous from the disgusting. I believe on this occasion he had the sagacity to discover that both Father Green and myself were willing he should leave as soon as his visit was fairly ended, and he did leave.

Father Green and I sat a moment in silence. Our eyes met with a sober and searching glance, but lips and tongue remained unmoved. We seemed to understand each other ; but if so, no convenient words were found to express the shade of thought. We were both thinking of the change he had determined upon, its effects upon others, and upon ourselves. But I was thinking mostly of him and his prospects ; what could he do to occupy and support himself ? how avoid circumstances of dependence ? At length he said inquiringly :

'And what next ?'

To which I responded explicitly : 'Yes, what next ?'

Another pause ensued.

'It will all come out right, I think,' said I, 'some how or other.'

'I think he has capacity enough,' said Father Green. 'If we can secure him a better situation somewhere in your railroad company, for instance, he will hardly miss what little I have heretofore done for him.'

'Whom do you mean?' said I.

'Nathana,' was his laconic answer; 'of course, who else should I mean?'

'But you will excuse me,' said I, 'it was of yourself I was thinking.'

'Very much like you,' said he in a complimentary tone. 'But we shall see about it. This break-up I have long foreseen. The particular occasion was an accident, but the same result has been long foreshadowed. As for the future, I believe I have all the provision I need. I confess that I feel solitary and widowed in breaking up these old relations; but my pecuniary arrangements are all made. I have long since made my dispositions, and feel safe and at ease.'

'My dear friend!' said I, 'you relieve me. A load has fallen from my mind. I was not aware that you had property.'

'That is true,' said he, 'I have none; therefore I am at ease and independent. I have nothing to trouble me in that line; no cares, no apprehensions. But I have a few persons in my mind's eye whom I have imagined to be the better for my interest in them. They have a beautiful tendency to poverty, but do not fully know how to enjoy it. They are nearer heaven than they think; but I fear to leave them, lest they miss their way and go on in bitterness, desiring more than is good for them.'

A L A M E N T.

SING, little robin, sing,
Sing in the shady grove:
Thou hast thine own dear home,
Thou hast thy mate to love!
While I sit alone,
While I sadly weep,
My beloved one
Sleeps the last long sleep.

Toil, little robin, toil,
Toil for thy nestlings dear;
Ever unwearied toil,
Bringing to them good cheer.
No darling cherub head
Rests upon my arm,
No tender babe is mine
To shield from want and harm.

Sleep, little robin, sleep,
When the day is gone;

Calmly rest in peace,
All thy duties done.
While upon my couch
I must toss till morn,
Worn with weary wo,
Lonely and forlorn.

Oh! 't is hard to live
Evermore alone!
Longing still to go
Where my love is gone.
Near that lonely mound,
To wildly weep and pray,
While above the grave
The robin sings all day.
Sing, little robin sing;
Tear my heart in twain!
Soon will come the day
When no more 't will pain.
E. DUDLEY.

T H E T R I A L .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

THE embers on the hearth were dead,
The lamp was almost gone ;
And in the room
The sombre gloom
Of mid-night floated down :
The darkness of death and of mid-night
Commingled into one !

II.

Three maidens watched beside the dead —
Three maidens young and fair ;
Two to weep,
And one asleep
Within her easy-chair :
'T would turn the brain of an anchorite,
Their beauty was so rare !

III.

At early dawn so cold and gray,
The sleeping beauty rose ;
From off the head
Of the stately dead
She lifted the burial clothes :
'Had his life but lasted another year,
I might have wept its close.'

IV.

The second beauty dried her eyes ;
Up flashed her soul of pride :
'His hand was mine,
His heart was mine,
I would he had not died !
Had his life but lasted another day.
I would have been his bride !'

V.

The other maiden bowed her head
To the dear form beneath ;
Her bosom pressed
Upon his breast —
A kiss at every breath :
Lo ! life flows back to the wasted frame !
And true love conquers death !

THE SONG OF THE BOHEMIAN GIPSY.

I HAVE always loved the Swiss. Whether William Tell is a fable or a truth, I have believed in him, and answer all objections to his historic position with these lines from our own free, mountain poet :

'CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
TELL ! of the iron heart, they could not tame !
For thou wert of the mountains. They proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.'

I like to think that men are better for being born among the mountains. It enlarges humanity to look on great objects, and the dweller among mountains has great and majestic neighbors. Their silence is eloquent to the mountaineer, and he dies if he cannot see them.

I like to remember those brave men who closed about Maria Antoinette, the immortal Swiss Guard ! To such men death is not fearful. They step but from one height to another. As from one snowy Alp another peak is attainable, so is the ascent easy from a loyal life to a glorious immortality.

So when I left the new world for the old, I determined to see if my conjectures were not true ; to see if the Swiss, beside being brave, were not a poet too. I knew he was religious ; I believed he must be a lover of beauty ; his cottage, his costume, his carvings told me that. I suspect, in fine, that I wrought myself into a belief that the rarified air of the mountains nourished a race somewhat advanced beyond our common humanity.

I had better fortune than most theorists, in at least one instance.

•With that pleasant unbelief in my own good fortune, which attends us often when a long-cherished hope is being realized, I found myself ascending a romantic mountain-pass in the land of my fond enthusiasm.

Paris, gay and enchanting as it was to the untravelled American, did not for a moment erase my Swiss romance from my mind. So, shouldering a very traveller-like and picturesque knapsack, I left guide-books behind, and walked away from the great route. I had been directed to one of those mountain settlements known as Alps, where I was told I could find shelter and entertainment, the simple inhabitants being one and all hospitable, and accustomed to take care of the stranger who sought them.

The mountains lay all about me. At every step the scene became more and more solitary, silent, and magnificent. Just as the silence became oppressive to my unprepared ear, the sounds of the village came down to me. The lowing of the herds, the hum of life, and the sound of music.

A strange, wild air, yet not the fôgel of the mountaineer ; a mournful yet exquisite melody, such as Consuelo might have sung when she looked from the castle-wall toward the great road and sighed to be free. There was the unanimity of one instrument, and the melody of two in the music. Could it be a violin so well played in this remote

spot? Presently a voice added itself to the instrument, wild and uncultivated like the air itself, yet a rich contralto.

A turn in my path, and a few steps brought me to the village, and the musicians were before me.

Two young men, with violins, were sitting before the door of a cottage. A young girl stood near them, and an old man sat within the door. As they saw me approach, one of the young men laid down his instrument and walked toward me. With natural courtesy he accepted my story, and invited me to enter and sup with them.

These preliminaries settled, I began to examine my surroundings, and the company to whom I had thus introduced myself.

The cottage was a comfortable specimen of its class; its only ornament a picture of the 'great Captain.' The old man had been a soldier, and like all men who had served Napoleon, believed he had followed a demi-god. When the wars were over, he had come back to his mountains, there to fight his battles o'er again, and die at home. He was the father of the two young men, while 'Gertrude' was the daughter of a neighbor.

Gertrude was the possessor of the voice.

Both young mountaineers were well-looking. Twin brothers they told me. Alike in feature, yet differing in complexion. Wilhelm was fair-haired and blue-eyed, while Gottlieb had the finest dark eyes imaginable, and long black hair. His face was full of genius, and his eye burned in its socket like a coal of fire.

After we had supped and talked, I asked to hear the violins once more. I could but express my astonishment at the excellence of their performance. Wilhelm, who seemed the spokesman of the party, told me that they had picked up all they knew in their yearly visits to the fairs, whither they went to dispose of their chamois skins and the products of their simple industry. He said they lived but for one object, which was to earn money enough to go to Paris to study the art, and to take Gertrude with them that she might cultivate her voice. Gertrude's mother had promised them that when they should be ready, she and her daughter would go with them.

Gertrude having performed the few household duties of the establishment, prepared to take her departure. Both young men started to accompany her. When we were left alone, the old man told me his little story.

He had followed the army into Italy. One night he heard a beautiful voice singing the strange wild air which I had heard. He sought and found the singer. 'A peasant girl with wondrous dark eyes,' he said; 'the eyes of Gottlieb.' When his fighting days were over, he went back to the sunny plains, found the voice and the wondrous eyes, and brought his Italian bride home to the mountains. But the transplanted flower had not thrived. She put her twin boys in his arms, and died, leaving but them and her song as her memorial.

'She called it 'The Song of the Bohemian Gipsy,' for once having given food to one of these strange people, the woman sang this air, and told her to remember it, and it would bring her a blessing.'

'And Gertrude?' I asked.

'Is almost the sister of these boys. Gertrude's mother, my early

play-mate, and now old friend, took them from their dying mother and brought them up for me. The father and husband was killed while hunting, and his wife and child are doubly dear to us since they have no other dependence. All that we have is theirs, and you have heard how beautiful a voice Gertrude has. My sons will not go to Paris until Gertrude and her mother can go with them.'

This song, the wild Bohemian air, seemed the delicate chain which held them all together. It had been arranged by Gottlieb, and Gertrude's beautiful voice had added itself to the composition. I found it was a sort of evening hymn with them. They only played it at sunset. To their simple and devout souls it seemed sacred to the dead mother whose legacy it was, and I afterward saw them glance upward as its chords died away, as if expecting her benign face to look from the sky to bless them.

As they played to me again, I observed that great as was the pathos and feeling with which Gottlieb rendered his part, Wilhelm's achievement of the difficulties of the instrument was far greater. Gottlieb sometimes paused in despair as Wilhelm's adroit fingers swept the instrument and overcame it; but still the unanimity was wonderful. Sometimes one soul seemed to animate them. Again Gottlieb would swerve or fail, again take up the strain and go on triumphantly.

The arrangements were all by Gottlieb. It was beautiful to see how proud was each brother of the other's excellence. Wilhelm held his breath with delight while Gottlieb improvised. Gottlieb's eyes flashed with excitement and pleasure as Wilhelm seized the thought and adorned it with his skill. The great world-strife of Genius and Talent was going on here. Genius was dreaming, and Talent was acting. Genius suffered and created, Talent achieved and enjoyed.

When the day came, the brothers slung their guns on their broad shoulders, and departed for the chamois. It was Wilhelm who brought the burden back.

In the carved work which employed their leisure hours, Wilhelm's practical ability showed itself; but over his violin, Gottlieb breathed out his greatness. There shone the genius of the future composer.

Like many poetic and gifted people, Gottlieb was melancholy and reserved. He leaned much on the strong and buoyant Wilhelm. It was Wilhelm who planned and executed their little trade. It was he who talked and made the house cheerful; but Gottlieb was the one whom the old father best loved.

Deep was my regret when I was obliged to say farewell to my interesting new friends. They had verified all my hopes, and made true my belief in their nation. It was true, I might never find so much goodness, sympathy, and, above all, genius, as I had found here; but I was content with this one proof of what was possible; and with many good wishes on both sides, and hopes of again meeting, we parted.

Two years after this adventure, I found myself again in Central Europe. A diversified and somewhat perilous experience in Eastern travel had swept from my memory the Swiss hamlet and its inhabitants. I was in the music-loving city of Hamburg, and wandering in the public garden, glad to see again the peaceful Germans enjoying

themselves in the open air, and wondering when my own countrymen would learn to take life so sensibly and quietly,

Where had I heard that delicious strain of music before ? What association did it bring back to me ? A fresh breath of mountain air ; the lowing cattle ; the voices of women calling them ; the sad, low sound of the breeze among the mountains ; a low, plaintive movement ; notes dropping down through tender minors into a continuous chant ; then a song rising out of the midst like a bird from the depths of the forest.

It was 'The Song of the Bohemian Gipsy.' A delicious emotion possessed me. In all my travels I had found nothing so perfect in its way as this little Swiss idyll, and it gave me delight to renew my acquaintance with it. I soon found my young friends. They had succeeded. From their excellence when I heard them, they had gone onward to surpassing merit. They now belonged to a famous band which was going from city to city, and they were its chief ornaments.

The composition by which I had detected them was a pastoral symphony by Gottlieb, into which he had introduced the beloved song. It had made a name for the young composer, who was, however, more silent and more melancholy than ever.

Wilhelm told me with sparkling eyes, that Gertrude was a successful pupil of the Conservatoire ; that in a few weeks she was to sing in public ; and he begged me to accompany them to Paris to hear her.

It was with no small interest that I watched pupil after pupil ascend and descend the elevated platform, where the future *Grisis* and *Persianis* were to present themselves. I did not remember Gertrude's appearance. I only remembered that she was not striking in any way, that she was very young ; and therefore expectation had much to work upon.

A fair-haired, dignified, and most lovely girl at length ascended the platform. Her dress was white, and at her bosom she wore a bunch of the pale pink rhododendron. Her luxuriant hair formed a natural crown, with its glossy braid, around her head. From the respectful manner in which the other pupils came forward to listen, I knew that this was a pupil of merit.

She sang. A great thought of Handel was rendered with a purity and force most remarkable in one so young, so inexperienced.

Her voice, a contralto which has since enraptured Europe, was in its morning freshness. Time, which would not diminish its beauty, would add to its expression. She must love, she must suffer, before all its divine quality would reveal itself.

I had recognized Gertrude's voice, although her person was unknown. Perhaps I wondered how this peasant girl had so soon attained the highly intellectual and refined expression, both of voice and feature, which she possessed ; but I had but to look in her eyes, those great unconscious eyes, looking not at the material world, but into that invisible one which surrounds it, to recognize the presence of genius, and genius always works miracles.

When she had finished, and received the plaudits of the audience, she paused and looked earnestly at some one near me. I followed the

direction of her eyes, and saw her noble 'Swiss Guard,' the brothers Wilhelm and Gottlieb, standing, pale and with swimming eyes, each, too, with a kindred flower, the beautiful mountain rhododendron, at his breast. In this moment, the most proud, the most full of emotion, of their lives, they saw but each other. A look of unspeakable gratitude and love suffused Gertrude's face. She took the flower from her breast, kissed it, and waved it toward them.

To their industry and generosity she owed all that nature had not given her; and they, brave fellows, asked but her success.

The splendid abilities of Gertrude procured her a speedy engagement. She was to sing in opera. Wilhelm and Gottlieb desired no better fate than to get places in her orchestras. They, with the old mother, and Gertrude, would travel together always, Wilhelm said.

'Wilhelm, my dear fellow, have I not read a secret of yours?' I asked him, as he told me his plans. 'You love your beautiful and gifted Gertrude.'

The good fellow struggled with his emotion, but was entirely overcome by it as he said:

'Ah! worse than that; we both love her!'

My cheerful, gay Wilhelm, my brave mountaineer, was weeping bitterly. I saw there was a heart-break in either case. Gottlieb could never bear such a disappointment. I dreaded to see how much Wilhelm had wrapped his heart up in it. Could one bear even happiness at the expense of another? and could either live without her?

'My friend,' I reasoned with him after the cold fashion of a man who is *not* in love, 'Gertrude must decide, and whether she decide for or against, remember the world is wide, your art is engrossing, you have not seen all the fair maidens in the world; do not wrap up your happiness in her so completely.'

I was convinced that Gertrude could love but Gottlieb. They were kindred in greatness. They could understand a thousand things in each other into which the gay and practical Wilhelm had not entered.

I felt, too, that though Wilhelm would suffer, he was so strong that he could be saved, and that so valuable a life as his must not be thrown away on a disappointment, keen as I own this must be.

But I did not know women—who does?—and it was *Wilhelm* whom Gertrude loved! The brothers wrapped their arms about each other, and the grief of one was the grief of the other, and the happiness of one was the crown of both.

'Have I not loved him since I could speak?' said Gertrude mournfully to me. 'Have I not loved him since he threw his arms around me, and leaped the glacier when the avalanche was coming? Have I not always loved his kind and joyous face? Have I not leaned, as Gottlieb has, on his faith, his courage, his strong, manly heart? No, dear friend, I love them both; I would die for either as they have generously lived for me; but Wilhelm is my husband, my first, last, only love!'

The lovers had the deep alloy to their happiness that Gottlieb was sacrificed. He was calm and silent as ever ; but the light had gone out of his glorious eyes, the magic from his touch. He performed his duties mechanically, and smiled only when he met the eyes of Wilhelm imploringly fixed on his face. His love for his brother had not suffered or grown cold. It was now his only happiness.

A deep, abiding interest in Gertrude's success seemed to give him a reason for living ; so I was prepared to see him take his seat in the orchestra the night of her *débüt*.

Manfully Gottlieb played his part. Manfully he looked and saw how great she was. Manfully at the conclusion of the second act he grasped Wilhelm's hand.

One moment the eyes of the lovers met. One moment Gertrude trusted herself to look toward Wilhelm. The history of all their patient trust, of their glad fruition, was in that look. Gottlieb saw it. It was the one last blow ; his head sank on his shoulder, and the red blood gushed from his mouth. I saw Wilhelm catch him in his arms ; a confusion in the orchestra, and I left the theatre.

Gottlieb but lived to reach his beloved home. It was permitted to me to accompany the sad little group on their melancholy journey.

Wilhelm and Gertrude, with self-accusing looks, ministered to Gottlieb perpetually. They felt that they had killed him, and their whole thought seemed to be to obtain his forgiveness. They did not reason that to them had been given the harder part, *to live* ; while to him, the man of genius and fervor, was given the great boon, *to die*.

On such an August evening as that in which I first saw the young musicians, Gottlieb felt the terrible approach of death. As in every emotion of life he had called upon Wilhelm, he was his first thought now.

Wilhelm held him in his strong arm, that arm which had been always his support and stay, and comforted him with his firm, faithful voice.

'My brother, pray for me.'

Wilhelm prayed as seldom mortals pray. A manly trust sustained his heart, and Love and Faith bore the prayer aloft.

'Gertrude ! my sister !'

The feeble strength of the dying man enabled him to draw her toward him, and he imprinted on her brow one last kiss.

For a moment he sank back exhausted by the effort ; but he roused himself again to ask for his father's blessing.

The poor old man, kneeling by the bed-side, extended his trembling hand over the head of his best beloved child, and blessed him.

'Gertrude ! sing my mother's song !'

Gertrude looked at Wilhelm, and from his great heart drew strength to raise her voice in the 'song which brought a blessing.'

Amid the shadows of the majestic mountains, surrounded by all he loved, and on the wings of that noble and beloved voice, the soul of the young musician passed away forever.

T R U S T O N .

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. ADÈLE GARLTON.

It cannot be, 't is but an idle story,
That deep deceit does every bosom fill;
It cannot be, earth has some lingering glory,
And many an unseen spirit walks here still.

It cannot be that all we meet are faithless,
That fondest words act but the falsest part;
Love may be found, love firm, and strong, and deathless,
And pure enough to fill a seraph's heart.

Ah! well I know that faith will often languish,
When those we trust, with JANUS-looks we see:
None have mourned this, fair friend, in deeper anguish
Than he who whispers now, trust on, to thee.

But wouldst thou turn, nor watch the glory beaming
In yon fair sky a sea of wavy gold,
Because some cloud there with its gorgeous gleaming,
May nurse the lightening in its fleecy fold?

When friend meets friend, affection's look returning,
When hand clasps hand in pressure soft and warm,
Why must we fear a hidden hate is burning?
Why in the wind's low breathing hear the storm?

Ah! who could deem the eyes we see around us,
So clear, so kind, so faithful, and so gay,
Whose lingering glances with a spell have bound us,
Charm, like the serpent's gaze, but to betray?

Who could live thus? I'd rather far be lying
Unknown, unwept, in some forgotten grave;
With naught but zephyr dirge above me sighing,
Than thus to live suspicion's gloomy slave.

Oh! by the light life's early path adorning!
Oh! by the love that hallowed infant years!
Oh! by the hope that glowed in youth's fond morning!
And by the memory of bitter tears;

Dream not that TRUTH has spread her snowy pinions,
And winged her way far from the homes of earth;
That this glad world is but a fiend's dominion,
Where naught but evil thoughts and things have birth.

Trust on, trust on, O lady! fearful-hearted,
Let no such dread thy generous bosom fill:
Trust on, though Eden's glory has departed;
Full many a bud is left to blossom still.

Believe, be true, be gay, be glad as ever;
Leave these dark fancies, and their gloom forget:
Fear not, those live who could betray us never:
Kind hearts, fond hearts, dear hearts are left us yet.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER FOURTEENTH.

SCARCELY any body who ever had the honor to serve on guard at the garita of San Antonio feels inclined to give a favorable report of that particular locality. The assistant-adjutant-general, whose province it was to announce the detail for that place, must have often been conscious that he was thereby encouraging profanity; for every body, excepting myself, considered an appointment for a tour of duty at that demolished gate of the city, to be a temporary banishment. Nearly all the officers execrated the fate that sent them thither: so did not I. Somewhat in the spirit of the ancient growler, Diogenes, (Dogknees we innocently used to call him at school) — who, when waited upon by a delegation of the citizens of Athens, with the information that the people had condemned him to live out of that city, retorted by condemning them to live in it — I generally thought it a relief to be out of the way. Not that I too am a snarling cynic, but a philosopher.

There was some reason for the aversion that was entertained to a four-and-twenty hours' stay at San Antonio. To most of the subs it was a tantalizing drag by day, and a fertile source of annoyance by night; but to me it was by no means unpleasant, inasmuch as it afforded that piquant sauce, adventure. Let me be the historian of my own reign in that contemptible village, which the fastidiousness of my fellow-soldiers has caused them to slight, as unworthy of note. It would be unjust in me not to hand down a record of my administration in that suburban village, where for several days I was *ex-officio* chief-magistrate, as well as commander-in-chief over the military forces there assembled, in fact, having the powers of an *adelantado* of the old rule. To say that my sway was unlimited and uncontrolled by virtue of the high civil and military functions reposed in me, is only a pardonable license of words. My troops numbered, all told, forty infantry, nine dragoons, and four artillery-men. With Cæsar, I could feel that it is better to be the first in a village than second in Rome.

That station was distant about three miles from the National Palace, at a point where the Custom-house — not a rare class of buildings thereabouts — had been fortified, and the avenue escarped and ditched. There it was that the dauntless Phil. Kearney, with his company of dragoons, had trodden upon the heels of the flying foe, after the battle of Churubusco; and there it was that the enemy turned upon their pursuers, after their leap over the mud rampart, and killed Major Mills, who had joined in the chase for sport, and exacted from the gallant Captain a toll in the shape of his left arm, barely allowing him to escape with the other; and there it was that Captain Steptoe, with his flying artillery, had let fly iron missiles, until nearly all the mason-work had tumbled to the ground, or had been pierced like the top of a pepper-box. A twelve-pounder gun, and another of double that calibre, thrust their muzzles through the embrasures, so as to command the only access

sible road in front ; and within a convenient distance, there was plenty of assorted food for them. Had it not been for the severe cannonading bestowed upon the principal building, our men might have been given to the effeminate luxury of sleeping under a roof. As it was, the only remnant of the screen that hid the glorious heavens from view, was a strip of ceiling of a few yards in width ; but that was sufficient at a pinch, to shelter the soldiers from the droppings of the clouds, beside affording protection to my grass hammock that was slung between two pillars. The warriors did not sleep very much, for they soon discovered that the secret of perpetual motion lay in the straw that the former occupants had kindly left on the floor. The industrious fleas were at home there. I am afraid that the constant illustrations of phlebotomy were not taken in good part by the lodgers beneath my pendent couch. They did not regard the advantage of such assistance in keeping off torpidity in the hour of danger. I had no reason to complain, having foreseen the consequences of a sojourn there. So much greater was the inducement to remain in the roofless atmosphere, and contemplate the picturesque scenery.

The more humble mud-built abodes of the natives, about a hundred of which were scattered in the vicinage, had been vacated on account of the racket raised about their heads by cannon-balls and shells ; and not many had cared to return to their ruined homes. My jurisdiction, therefore, was confined to a fluctuating populace and such persons as were compelled by circumstances to pass through the eye of the needle, on their way into town ; although many of the natives did remain at the post during the day-time, for the purpose of driving a two-penny trade.

The municipal regulations had imposed a heavy tax upon tobacco and some other articles of consumption that came under our notice ; and it was a part of our instructions to do honor to that admirable fiscal ordinance, and thereby increase the revenues of Uncle Sam. With unsurpassed fidelity did the nephews of their uncle perform their thankless task. Not a single civilian eluded a search for the contraband commodities ; and confiscation immediately followed any detected attempt to defraud the treasury. I do not pretend to state that the books of the Treasury Department bear any great evidence of the expertness of my troops, for that might be misconstrued into a boast ; but I do mean to assert, that after such a tour of duty, it was manifest that the seizure and destruction clause had been applied to the pernicious weed, and that great restriction had been imposed upon the vending of intoxicating fluids. Not a bottle of *calatan* was suffered to pass by to defile the town, not a pig-skin of *pulque* wiggled on the back of mule or donkey that was not tapped, though moderately, of its grateful beverage ; not a roll of the narcotic plant escaped a visitation, until all of the men who could avoid the eye of their officer would have indulged in the luxuries that were so cheap to them. As for the great variety of fruits and vegetables, they were not required to pay a very heavy toll to the custodians of the treasury. The natives were so habituated to the extortions of their own kith and kin, that they did not see any great hardship in the continuance of the custom.

In the search for smuggled goods, my assistants would sometimes discover concealed weapons. Such an infraction of law would certainly bring condign punishment upon the offender. My prime-minister, the orderly-sergeant, would report any important arrest to me, but would sometimes defer so doing until he had meted out a foretaste of the penalty for malversation. An ill-looking fellow was detected with a keen-edged knife hidden in his bosom.

'Corporal Allison,' said my worthy subordinate, 'tie this chap up to that post, and let him know, in your best Spanish, that he is to be shot in just three minutes by my watch.'

If the culprit had known that only an apocryphal time-piece had been referred to, in connection with the termination of his existence, he would have been easier in mind; but he did not know that; then the inflexible little corporal fastened him with his hands behind the post, and a shooting party stepped to the front. The minister of the law relented under the protestations of the prisoner, and commuted the sentence by granting life and a flagellation with a stout whip.

I accidentally heard the order of the sergeant, and interfered in time to prevent a very severe castigation, and sent the yelling knife-owner, under charge of two dragoons, to the main guard-house in the city. He mounted his mule, and his guard their horses, and set off for prison. The dragoons came back with the mule, reporting that the *lépéros* had blocked up the street near the market, while the prisoner had flung himself to the ground and escaped. Perhaps they told the truth — perhaps they did — but nobody believed them. A largess may have worked upon their sympathy. They felt disappointed in not receiving a present of the mule for their honesty in bringing it back. The infantry thought that they had the best right to the plunder. As in duty bound, I retained possession of the animal, and finally when the quartermaster refused to receive it, abandoned the bone of contention to all who claimed a share; but the captors did not have the face to make any demand.

Now let us look at the night duty. With the coming of darkness the vigilance of the sentinels was put to the proof. The enemy, in front, was not half so much to be dreaded as the general officer of the day, in the rear. There was one high functionary who used to come flying into the midst of the various detachments on guard, with the wicked desire of surprising the posts. Sometimes he caught a weasel, but not asleep. Wo to the laggard that fell into his clutches. Two could play at that game. My order to the sentinels was, to fire upon the first person who should presume to impose upon good nature, whether that person were general officer or not. No recognition without the password. The alacrity with which the order was obeyed was quite amusing to me, but not so to the offender against discipline. Clatter came the hoofs down the avenue. A hoarse challenge. An attempt to trifle with the sentinel, who declines to parley, and repeats his demand to know who went there. The intruder spurred up his steed. Bang! The foiled individual discovered his error and gave the word. Proclamation was then duly made of the advent of the general officer of the day, and he and his aids were received in the usual man-

ner. He came near receiving a punctured hide, and was taught a lesson.

I was lying in my hammock one wet night when the visiting superior officer was announced. Of course my accoutrements had not been removed. In the haste to be prepared to receive the visitor, my sabre got entangled, while my spurs almost defied separation from the treacherous meshes that bound down my heels; but the ranks formed promptly, and ere the horse-shoes struck fire from the stones in front of our quarters, we were all in place, as motionless as statues.

'Officer of the guard!' exclaimed the foremost of the mounted figures, in an indistinct nasal blurt.

I indicated my whereabouts in a curt reply, indignant that a drunken frolic should have called us out in such inclement weather. To each of his many replies he received a concise response, that to some might have seemed surly. I could not see his face, nor guess who it was that had availed himself of rank to drop in at such an unseasonable hour. With a recommendation to me that vigilance should be maintained, as it was not impossible for the enemy to give us a turn, and an intimation from me that I knew my duty and would perform it, the colloquy ended and the conference was over. My reflections were any thing but favorable to the individual with the defective voice. If a man desires respect he must respect himself first. The rebuke that I intended did not turn out very cutting, inasmuch as it was not understood.

'The old General's every inch a soldier! I served with him in the Florida war, where that rifle-bullet spoiled his pipes.'

'Eh? What's that?' I inquired eagerly of the man who had thus addressed a comrade.

'I was only saying, Sir, that General Riley was ——'

'General Riley! Oh! yes; I didn't recognize him. Sure enough it was the General.'

So I had been guilty of a mental defamation of character; yes, a trifle more. Then the remembrance of the gallant veteran's gruff lisp, caused by a shot from an Indian, came distinctly to mind, although I had never before heard him speak. I deferred making an apology. Much to my relief, none was requisite. In his report to head-quarters, General Riley gave me an honorable mention for prompt and officer-like bearing and highly commendable alertness on duty. That taught me not to be in haste to make the *amende honorable* until it was certain an offence had been committed; and, in pursuance of my new rule, when an awkward passer-by trips me up, I allow him to do what is sometimes done by the wrong party, that is, to ask pardon. But to return to San Antonio.

The hints that the General had thrown out led me to think that more guests would visit our post than could be conveniently accommodated. A word to the wise is sufficient. Our arms were carefully inspected, and the most clear-sighted men placed on guard. There had been whispers of suspicion that the disaffected citizens and the disbanded troops intended to make an *emeute*. As the rain slackened, the wind seemed to bear on its wings the murmur of tongues and the clatter of feet; but as the videttes would at times talk to each other, in spite of

orders to the contrary, and as surprise-parties generally have the wit to hold their prate, the faintly-heard sounds did not make much sensation. Yet we were not entirely free from a nervous anxiety in the prospect of a turn-up. When it was so late that honest men should be asleep, and none but the evil-disposed and uneasy sprites are supposed to be stirring about, our nerves were braced up by what we heard. The most distant vidette fired his carbine; and then the nearer one did the same, and dashed up to us, with the pass-word on the tip of his tongue. Presently the horse of the other came in on a trot. Who could not see all at a glance! Several of the videttes of our army had on different nights been lassoed, dragged from their stirrups, and carved up before they could have time to think. Only two pieces had been fired, and we could not mistake the ring of our carbines; so we concluded that the missing man had been choked to death. We preserved a quiet, in hope that the expected visitors would come within a loving embrace. The two cannon were so planted as to sweep the road. Each musket was grasped the tighter, while the dragoons stood by their horses, ready to mount, or to act on foot. It was just exciting enough to be agreeable. The darkness was too thick to be penetrated by human sight, however sharp, and the most lynx-eyed could catch no glimpse of newcomers. When almost out of patience, because they did not bestir themselves more briskly, and come and receive their drubbing, the way boys are accustomed to do at the school-master's beck, the rumbling of wheels in the distance saluted our expectant ears. Could we contend with a large force? Ay, could we: so much the more glory in it. In fifteen minutes the noise of cannonading would bring reinforcements to our assistance; and until that time it was doubtful if we could be driven from our position. All was again still. Not a sound did we make for thirty seconds — a long, long time — when the propitious moment was about to open. Then came echoes of steps and a stifled sound of feet moving through the mud.

'Steady, men! Wait for the order before you fire.' A caution was necessary.

Reflections: the auspicious moment for becoming distinguished or extinguished was at hand. Ha! notice in general orders, in which would be recited somewhat as follows: Night attack upon the out-post of San Antonio; gallant defence by the Spartan band, under command of So-and-so, etc.

Nearer, still nearer came the footsteps.

'Ready, men,' I said in a low tone.

'Don't fire! It's only m-e-e, d-o-n't ——'

'T'other dragoon,' suggested an artillery-man. He was right. It was poor Pilgarlick, so soaking wet and muddy, that dark though it was, we could easily tell that he had been in the ditch. Every faculty was nearly paralyzed by terror and chillness. By dint of shaking he was brought to a realizing sense of his condition, and then he essayed a report. Anti-climax: a slim chance of laurels. He said, that while in his saddle, keeping a sharp look-out, he saw an object slowly moving from under the stone bridge just below him, and in a minute or so more he saw it move again, until it was about to spring toward him, upon

which he fired. He could not be certain of the effect of the discharge, for he just then struck spurs so deep into the sides of his horse that it reared and threw him into the nasty water. His manner was quite ludicrous and his teeth chattered with the cold of his drenched garments. No other material circumstance had come within the knowledge of the narrator. The other vidette who until then had been entirely overlooked, stated that he had fired to give the alarm, and simply because his neighbor had done so.

Mounting a horse, I begged that the adventurer would guide me to the scene of his exploit, having indeed but a very slender faith in his partially incoherent narrative.

'There! — right there! ejaculated my guide, upon which we stopped our animals, and peered at the ground a few paces farther on. He pointed with a grim satisfaction to the foul wretch who had attempted to bereave him of life.

Dead men tell no tales, nor do they harm. There lay a white object, sure enough. The terror of my companion did not abate as we advanced to the prostrate figure. It was indeed a dead body; but when the course of life had been terminated, was not so manifest. It was the bleaching carcass of a horse! Imagination had done the rest. We silently returned. I saw no particular good in exposing the soldier to ridicule, particularly after learning that his mind was somewhat affected by recent illness.

When day dawned we saw a coach and horses fast in the deep mud of a cross-road, and ascertained that a party of belated foreigners had contributed to our annoyance, not daring to call out lest they should be slaughtered through mistake.

GLORY.

At last the guerdon of my toil!
Now I shall gain the jewelled wreath:
Did victor ever win such spoil?
Leap! glittering blade, leap from thy sheath.
That bauble, sparkling bright,
Dazzled the soldier's sight.

That gorgeous globe of beauty, tinged with all
The hues that dye the mist o'er sunlit fall,
The laurel, linked with immortality,
Were then within his grasp. But what reality!
The air-blown bubble broke!
Was gone! — the wreath was smoke!

(Not a very) OLD AUTHOR.

My vigil of four-and-twenty hours made such an addition to the long arrears of sleep due to me, that it cannot be wondered that, for half a day after being relieved, I reposed in a state of solid forgetfulness.

My awakening was upon a night dark and destitute of joy, gladness, comfort. In-doors there was a damp dreariness that rendered any thing but somnolency peculiarly unpleasant. If fair weather in that land was to us remarkably buoyant and exhilarating to the spirits; so its opposite — to all who had not opportunity to mingle in the dissipation and gayeties that were so rife — caused a corresponding mental depres-

sion, which the surroundings did not tend to alleviate. There was no domestic circle to allure the mind from its sombre imaginings, no antidote to the dull feeling of despondency that affected the languid tenants of the numerous temporary hospitals, for such indeed were all the habitations of our troops. Even our own wide room had its sick. We had rescued a pet lad of seventeen, named Edward Hottezke, a political refugee from Germany, and had cheated the common receptacle for our sick soldiers of a patient under the influence of brain-fever. The boy's bed was near mine, and it was a miracle that in his flightiness he did not sabre his best friend in his slumbers. When his ravings had aroused me, I happened to think of some others who were tossing with fever, or gritting their teeth with the agony of wounds; others who did not neglect me when I came within an ace of leaving a vacancy.

The rain came down in a deluge; but that did not perceptibly lighten the surcharged cloud that, like a funeral pall, spangled at the edges by stars that dimly twinkled, hung over the city. The streets were deserted, save by now and then a firmly-treading patrol or sentinel, or occasional muffled figures flitting through the gloom. Those might have been outcasts prowling with nefarious design upon the unwary, or they perhaps were proper persons on errands of mercy or other matters that did not bear to be deferred; nobody stopped to inquire which. What a time it was for an excursion on foot! Yet there were some who could not be intimidated by the pelting discharge from the heavens. The attraction was too powerful for such to withstand. An immense building, brilliantly illuminated from pavement to the highest story, had a gathering of bewitched human beings. Hazard-loving natives, officers whose pay-rolls had been cashed months in advance to supply funds, and keen-scented army-followers, were wont to congregate there for frantic nocturnal revels. It was the most extensive gambling-hell in the city, a moral charnel-house, licensed by the municipal authorities, and well encouraged by desperate Mammon-worshippers, a class of men whose haggard faces bear unmistakable traces of the heart-corroding passion. No loud oaths nor ribald jests desecrated the solemnity of the hour; for it was not one of the places that enjoyed unbridled license, and where the most abandoned men of both nations met in wicked embrace; but it was an establishment frequented by gentlemen, the same house that was one night suddenly closed by a certain brigadier, whose exalted civil position since that time has given him a world-wide notoriety, and whom compunctious visitings kept away until he had lost all his money at the *monte*-table; and it was that place that the governor of the city, General Quitman, directed to be immediately reopened, for it was beyond his province, being under the protection of the government of the land. The haunted atmosphere of the scene did not well accord with my reflections, and so soon as the storm that had driven me to seek refuge there had somewhat abated, my excursion was recommenced. In about fifteen minutes I was on the outskirts of the town. The thoroughfares were flooded, and the walking as dangerous on that account as it was from the hordes of dogs of all degrees, whose howlings and barks made a very unmusical accompaniment to the fitful blasts of the storm-breeze.

In what was yet a stately mansion, despite the ravages of time, and which may have been the domicile of some knightly *conquistador*, long since consigned with his name to oblivion, a wounded friend had taken up his abode. He had chosen that secluded spot because it would probably be free from intrusion, there to nurse his lance-cut, or sigh out his soul in comparative solitude. His trusty servant, like a faithful retainer of the olden time, did not slight the duties of his office, but was always at hand; and for a defence, he was worth more than a garrison of mere mercenaries who could not have felt for their charge the solicitude that he did. Our language had become so unfamiliar in that retreat that the worthy Michael received me as if I were a spectre; and it was only after some moments before he could assure himself that real flesh and blood supported my drenched cloak.

'Indade, Sir, but it's meself that's glad to see you, for it's kilt I thought you was when the big shot knocked agin you at San Cosmé.'

'Is the Captain asleep?' I inquired after a warm salutation.

'Ay indade is he, Sir; and it's little waking he'll be doing agin. That's what put me into a mighty trimble more nor the yellow-skins ever give me. To be left all alone, and *sich* doings!'

'Is he — gone — then?'

'Surely; and well out of trouble he is too; and a fine good Christian he was; and when the kind lady-superior kim from the convent, right back of here, and brought him fresh fruit, he used to converse wid her in Mixican, and look very heavenly, so he did. He sent me to ask Chaplain McCarty, at General Scott's, if he would not visit him; and a rale Christian is that same chaplain if he is a — (*heretic*, he would have said.) Then, when the good chaplain used to talk to him, he seemed much better in mind, and he used to read the good book that he had in his trunk. Within a couple of days the poor Captain got very quare, though as gintle as a lamb; and to-day he hardly took any notice of me, so that I think he got a little touched here, (tapping his forehead.) A little before dark this evening, he woke up from a doze, and his eyes opened so bright, and he looked pleased, and held out his arms just as if a little burd was a-flying round him. Poor gentleman! O Sir! did you ever see any thing so happy as he looked! and his lips moved as he would try to talk to something in the air, and he looked so heavenly that me heart kim up in me troat, and I nearly choked in concaling me grief, as I saw, do you percaive, Sir, that his head was turned. He did not mind me when I spoke in a whisper to him, and seemed not to see any thing but the burdies he thought was about him. Dear me! I got into a perfect trimble when he unclasped his hands and lifted himself up out of bed, just as if some invisable sperit was carrying him off; and he raised up — up — and whin me wits was a-going quite and I almost thought that I could see something white standing in the dark beside him, he sunk gintly back as I held me arm under his shoulder. I spoke to him softly first, then louder, but he was gone. But he looks so like life that I did not dare to touch him, until some body should come. You will stay all night, Sir, will you not, now?'

My conscience smote me for not having sooner come, and I had no

disposition to leave until all should be over. The superstitious Michael followed behind me to the room where the remains of my late friend lay. He was right when he said that life appeared not to have flown ; for the fine intelligent eyes were wide open, and animation seemed but to be suspended. What a flood of recollections did that sight recall ! Our many unreserved conversations and mutual confidences ; the hopeful setting out on an honorable career and its clouded termination ; and the blighted aspirations of the manly, gifted spirit who had inhabited the frail though finely-formed figure before me. A small pocket-Bible lay open on the table by the bed-side. My friend probably had been reading Ecclesiastes Twelve, some verses of which were underlined in pencil. That circumstance and the sight of several little mementos of affectionate regard induced the train of thought, the penning of which whiled away the lonely duration of darkness.

'O LIFE ! this is the acme of thy round.
 Set is thy sun ere scarce thy noon is reached ;
 Yet may we hope that, when thy night is past,
 A morn more glorious far than any here
 Awakes by angel-song the soul set free.
 This dismal night, more melancholy made
 By mongrel's howl, has yet its cheering tones,
 As, mingling with the murmuring of the breeze,
 A touching cadence from a convent cell
 Is carolled by a nun who must have loved ;
 And her sweet voice comes like a healing balm
 To soothe my troubled soul. Death is not sad,
 When viewed but as the transit of a shade.
 O spark immortal ! now indeed thy home
 Is that blest Paradise that blooms in youth,
 Perennial in surpassing loveliness,
 Transcending all that POPE'S DA LEON dreamed !
 How listless are those messengers of sound,
 Who tidings of the world without conveyed
 Into the many chambers of the brain.
 O sense oft drunk with melodies that charm !
 When subtle fingers, with perception keen,
 Swept trembling strings, and rich mellifluous waves
 Of sound welled forth ; and when symphonious breath
 Evoked concords electric, ye were wont
 To catch each dulcet note's vibrating thrill,
 Each modulated strain, as Song's own soul
 With that of Man communed.

But lo ! do spheres
 Not hymn aloud to HIM by whom attuned,
 As they revolving render choral praise ?
 Do not the morning stars triumphant sing
 Again, and pour forth psalms only heard
 By spirits purified from aught of earth
 That clogs the essence in this mortal state ?
 Ye orbs, of diamonds emulous of yore,
 When Beauty thrall'd you as by sorcerer's spell :
 In which reflected inmost thoughts were read,
 By fires that shone through windows of the soul :
 Why lead-like now ? Why dance no more in mirth
 And joy ? Have filmy screens shut out all beams ?
 Cannot the rain-bow's hues delight you more ?
 Bright did ye gleam when first volcanic mounts
 With frosts eternal loomed with soaring heads ;
 When Orizaba's towering diadem
 Of blazing gems in rays prismatic glow'd,
 Beneath the orient sun ! when the blue vault
 Did seem to rest on castellated heights

Of frozen light, as if to join both worlds
 By airy ladder, such as JACOB saw.
 Cannot your vision sweep the firmament,
 Where wheeling planets cross each other's path,
 And see afar, among the stellar hosts,
 This world of ours — an atom in the scale?
 And mouth, of late so eloquent! whence poured
 The strain unstudied from the burning heart!
 Why closed are now thy portals? Why utterance
 Of subdued grief and passion fierce forbid,
 Which in their freshness fluttered on thy lips
 In lingering flow, or like the current swift
 Of winter's stormy stream, in torrents rolled!
 It seemed that thou wert touched with hallowed fire,
 As then were clothed in words the thought sublime:
 But thou dost move no more, instinct with life.

Ye nostrils, which imbibed the breath of spring,
 Perfumed by orange groves and myriad plants,
 Whose scents exhaled in flower-enamelled vales,
 Your magic is all gone! your sense all sealed.

What broke the golden bowl that held the brain,
 Where Reason on her throne did guide the reins
 Of all the faculties? The fine-wrought nerves,
 Concentrated at that throne, no more fly forth,
 Transmitting to the eyes the power to see,
 The hearing to the ears, motion to lips,
 Diffuse throughout the wondrous frame the sense
 Of feeling, exquisite, all functions give
 Of life! Not age relaxed the silvery cord,
 Whose white, resplendent threads a thousand ways
 Out-branched, like sensate telegraphic wires:
 Nor did the almond blossom on that brow;
 Yet still the buckets at the fountain crushed,
 And all of Music's daughters are brought low.

That smile ecstatic tells that thou didst glide
 With mind untroubled from this scene of care.
 Did memory then renew those days of bliss,
 When loved thou wert full well? Didst thou again
 Hear tones assuring that two souls in one
 Were blent? that mystic union formed by God's
 Own law. Yes! thou didst feel that *one* a world
 Beside displaced; and thy heart's chill dissolved
 Like snow-flakes bathed in sun. Alone no more,
 Alone! no dear *one*, she was ever near
 Before thy mental gaze, as erst in days
 When first your young affections intertwined
 Like pliant branches, and your nestling hearts
 In unison did throb. It seemed that still
 Your breath commingled, as the warbling lips
 From her pure spirit into thine transfused
 A sympathetic balm. No night so dark
 But thou couldst see her radiant smile, no day
 Had pain but thought of her dispelled.

And when
 Ambition lit her torch that inly burned,
 And like an *ignis fatuus* lured thy steps
 To this fair land, where circling seasons joined
 By vernal wreath weave a bright, flowery chain,
 Who could then see a pitfall in thy path?
 COLUMBIA (emulating Rome's proud dame,
 CORNELIA, who called her sons her jewels,
 With pride maternal, such as thee displayed,
 In all the flush of manhood's active prime:
 Her sons who gladly hailed the day of strife
 That closed upon their decimated ranks.
 But who then wept, when morning showed the sight
 That brought to mind the tale of eastern clime:
 Where weary travellers threw themselves beside

Rich poppy-fields, which lulled to sleep, then stole
Away their lives ! a fitting parallel.

Lest thou shouldst rear an idol in thy heart
And not adore the Being increate,
Of whom thy soul is but an effluence dim,
She was removed ; *she* was etherealized.
How could they say she died ? First in thy thoughts
Her image always lived ; and 'fore thy gaze
A floating form, as if instinct and light
Did marble animate ; and on her cheek
A vermil tint blushed through the clear white pearl :
Yet none but thee beheld celestial shape
(Like that the eye of faith to Spaniards showed,
When sainted MARY led their battle-van,)
None thought that one redeemed then hovered near,
Who joyed, when on a foeman's lance was borne
A welcome summons to rejoin thy love.

That name lisped forth by thee from lips all pale,
Thy Guardian Angel called ; and all life's sweets,
In that brief space compressed, made thy last hour
The happiest, holiest of thine earthly span.
The past came rolling back ; and bright thine eyes
Exultant beamed upon thy spirit-bride :
Then was renewed thy youth ; then thou didst list
The rustling whirr of viewless plumed wings :
That sound prelusive of seraphic choirs.
As upward springs the lark on joyous wing,
When purpling morn peeps o'er the eastern hills,
So hence, on thine eternal morn, ye twain
In shining garb did rise to heavenly realms.

W. E. BROWN.

STANZAS : THE RIDDLE.

BY J. I. P.

I.

My lady is certainly pretty,
My lady is certainly fair :
She's charming, she's graceful, she's witty,
She sings like a bird in the air ;
But then, sure the deuce must be in it !
I think she is all I could love ;
Her glance, when by chance I can win it,
Lacks something my pulses to move.

II.

I'm cold, or she must be colder,
(I wonder now which it can be :)
Or the love, with which others behold her,
Would waken some feeling in me.
'T is puzzling, indeed quite a riddle,
When one cannot read his own heart ;
But finds, when he gets to the middle,
He's just where he was at the start.

III.

Do I love her, or not ? that 's the puzzle,
And who shall unravel the thread
That binds up my heart like a muzzle,
And smothers the thoughts in my head ?
If I thought now it would not o'ertask her,
My fancies to take from the shelf,
Like a bundle of books, I would ask her,
This minute to read me myself !

IV.

Do I love her, or not ? will she tell me ?
If so I should much like to know ;
And where that same passion befel me ?
And how does its presence here show ?
And then when my heart, beyond doubt, it
Is clear she has truthfully shown,
I venture to hope, while about it,
She 'll tell me the state of her own.

A F A T E .

BY G. D. G.

I.

A WAIL ! for what ? for a broken heart
That cracks with a grief it dare not own :
Or one that slowly withers, apart,
Hard, hopeless, and alone ?

II.

For neither ! for neither ! This wail shall rise
For a heart that dies a bitterer death ;
With a hope in its fiercest agonies —
A cheer in its latest breath !

III.

Ay ! a cheer and a hope, like those that mock
The clinging plant on the sea-ward turf ;
Torn forth from its pedestal of rock
By the rude and angry surf :

IV.

Torn forth and flung, on the bitter crest,
To the NESSUS' grip of an icy plain ;
Where sun nor shower dare pause for rest
In the night of the Arctic Main.

V.

A taunting cheer hath the trembling plant,
In its ceaseless prayer for the tardy day ;
And a lying hope, in its parched pant
For a rain-drop gone astray.

VI.

A lying hope ! If an errant cloud
Speed downward a spying drop of rain,
'Tis midway wrapped in an icy shroud
By the frost-king of the Main !

VII.

And a taunting cheer ! When the prayer-won Light
On the ice-berg's summit afar is shed,
The plain still cowers in a pitiless night,
And the suppliant plant is dead !

VIII.

And the heart that trusts for a constant strength
To the strength of another, as frail as fair,
Shall die, like the polar plant at length,
In the Arctic Main of Despair !

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

It is not well to take a man always by his looks, but it happens sometimes that the first opinion formed at the first glance, turns out to be the correct one. The man before me at that moment was a perfect Hercules, and I felt not a little surprised as well as pleased, that I was able to shake his grasp from my shoulder. The time came when the finger of a pale-faced, delicate-limbed individual, conveyed more weight in its touch, upon the arm of this huge specimen, than his broad and bony hand did upon my person on that occasion. It was some months afterward, and he then found, that shake as he might, and raise his muscular limb as he might, even if he had the power of twenty men in its folds, he could not for one instant of time cease to feel the feather weight of that finger upon him, and it never relinquished its pressure, but held him down, his master and his victor. He did not dream that his destiny was fixed forever in this world, and probably in the next, when, on that quiet noon, he touched the unoffending person of a stranger : but so it did come to pass in the end.

But I have to deal with him now ; others, it will appear, dealt with him afterward, and to that afterward I will postpone my reader.

With my gun grasped firmly in my hand, I looked him full in the face.

And what a face it was that looked back upon me. Strange as it may appear, but the first thought that flashed across my mind was, that it would have been better if I had aimed my rifle at the tiger in my front, than at the fleeting deer, who had slain the no more dangerous reptile in its path. The serpent was dead before my eyes, but the giant beast, with his brow knit, and fanged mouth clenched firm, was living, and apparently ready to do any wrong his wickedness might prompt.

Do not suppose that I felt as self-possessed and cool as I do at this moment ; but it was necessary for me to rally to my aid all the energies of my mind, and assume the semblance of a calmness that I really did not feel, though I was not so craven as to yield one inch of ground to the insolent-looking ruffian who had ventured his interference in my conduct. Acting upon this policy, I addressed him in a quiet tone that took him off his guard :

'Are you the sheriff of the county, my worthy Sir ?' were the first words I uttered. There was so much of apparent innocence and greenness in my manner, that I perceived at once he was puzzled as to what course he should pursue. However, he did not hesitate long, for he advanced another step toward me, his brow still lowering. I now began to think it was some madman with whom I had to deal. 'No, I'm no d — d sheriff ; but you may be one, and if you are, the devil take

you out of this. I say again, what right have you to shoot in these woods — who gave you leave to shoot here ?'

'Who gives you the right to stop me if I want to shoot ?' I quietly reinterrogated.

'I give it to myself, and I tell you that if you do n't move off you'll see —'

'My good friend, if you raise your arm that way again, I assure you I shall bring the butt end of the rifle down upon your head.' The words had scarcely escaped my lips, when I saw his hand rapidly extended toward my throat, with the fingers stretched as if to clutch me to the death. So rapid was his movement, though not entirely unexpected, that I had barely time to spring on one side and lift the gun in the air, with the full intention of letting it fall, with whatever of force it might, upon his bushy, cap-covered head. If it had done so, my first adventure in the forest would have been somewhat different from my expectations. He had sense enough left to see the danger to which he was exposing his noddle, and accordingly he changed his tactics of warfare, and I observed that he was looking around him, evidently for some heavy stick, by the aid of which he might equalize the combat. Again I thought it necessary to give him a piece of advice. 'If I see you stoop to pick up any thing larger than a straw, I will bring the butt end of my gun down upon your head : so take care what you do.' My advice, as is usual upon such occasions, was totally disregarded, and he sprang to a broken limb of a fallen tree, that, if he had reached, would have very nearly put him upon an equality with the rifle-butt. He however was not destined to attain his object ; for my two companions, who, up to this time, with the usual and wonderful patience of their race, had remained tranquil witnesses of the scene, began now to think it necessary to interfere with the white people's quarrel. It was Mike who first entered the list as my champion ; Sampson paying me the compliment of thinking that I could very well manage the matter, and possibly anxious to witness some exploit that would give him an additional reason to respect and love the future guardian of his old home ; for there is nothing in the world a negro so much admires as gallantry, either in love or war, of their masters and of all the relations and kin of their masters. Sampson, I rather think, had great confidence in the butt end of the rifle and the rather stout hand that held it poised in the air. Another reason perhaps was that Sampson was not so exemplary a Christian as Mike, and possibly had a spice of the old Adam in his heart, that inclined him to like the 'scent of battle.' The momentary glance that I had of the powerful yet quiet form of my sable ally, revealed him to me with his hawthorn stick in his hand, his head bent forward, and his whole attitude exhibiting a consciousness that if he was needed, he could give the aid required. It was Mike who made the first movement of interference, and it was at the exact moment when my antagonist had made up his mind to arm himself with the club that lay some seven or eight feet from him, and it was as he moved to reach it, and while I was ready and determined to prevent it, that Mike stepped forward and commenced his part in the pleasant little semi-pantomime then in action.

The ruffian had not advanced one step in the direction of the broken limb, when he was arrested by Mike's laying his hand upon his arm, and with a strength that I scarcely could have expected in the old negro, he was held as if in the grasp of a giant equal to himself. The white man turned suddenly, and with increased passion, upon his new adversary, but catching sight of the uplifted rifle, and seeing that I was determined to bring it in contact with his head, he restrained the blow, threatened by both look and gesture.

'Rude Keller,' began Mike, 'why do you do so— what harm has that young gentleman done you? Aint you wicked enough taking timber that do n't belong to you any way, without trying to kill people that walks about the woods, and that do n't 'sturb you?' Rude Keller, for by that name Mike addressed him, again raised his arm as if to strike his questioner, when Mike interposed his book between them, holding it close to the white man's face. 'Would you strike an old man over such a book as that, Rude Keller?' 'Yes!' shouted the enraged beast, and with one quick and furious blow, he drove the book from Mike's hand, and struck the poor negro to the earth. In an instant Sampson was upon the ruffian, whose vast strength would have availed him little, had the knotted walking-stick fallen where it should upon the instant have fallen. There was no need of the rifle-butt either, for I saw that the fight was over, so far as the white man was concerned, though I felt every inclination to use the force of the weapon upon the infuriated man, who, without the slightest provocation, had so ruthlessly assailed us. This whole affair had arisen so suddenly, that I had not given myself time to speculate upon the motive of its commencing, and now that it had resulted thus far, so unfortunately to one of my companions, I determined upon pursuing a course that would bring the offender to a proper punishment. That punishment I did not contemplate as one that I was to inflict personally upon him myself; for I felt it would be unfair, if not unfair, unmanly, to take advantage of the superior position I occupied, being backed by Sampson; but my course was to find out his abode, and ere I left the neighborhood, place him in the hands of the law, for his attack upon myself, and his reckless and unwarrantable treatment of poor Mike. These thoughts passed through my mind with the rapidity that all men have experienced in their lives, and I knew that it would be an easy matter to conquer our assailant and render him perfectly harmless for the present; for I had but to load the rifle, while Sampson dealt with him, and thus armed, he could offer no resistance, or attempt any new assault. But all these reflections and determinations were rendered useless by a turn in affairs that occurred at the very juncture when Sampson had stepped forth to avenge the fate of the carpenter.

In turning to meet the interference of Mike, Keller had partially exposed his back to me, so that objects in the range of my vision would also be apparent to him, and thus it happened.

I saw a figure leisurely approaching from a screen of the woods. At first it was so dusky-looking in its form and color, that it was not positively distinct from the surrounding tints of the autumn foliage. However, there was the figure of a man, approaching with a steady though

slow progress, and as he neared our group, I could distinguish the calm features of the old Indian, Benny Brown. I could not be mistaken in the color of his skin, in the large black eyes, in the high cheek-bones, in the very step of the stranger. It was all Indian, though his costume was more of the civilized toilette than the savage.



In his hands rested his gun, held as if in readiness to be used. He was only seen by Rude Keller and myself. I was simply glad that he had come upon us at such a moment; but the expression of Rude Keller's face was such, that I at once perceived he was no welcome visitor to him. Old Sampson, too, observed the sudden change in Keller's face, and without taking one other step, or attempting one other gesture of attack, broke forth into his low chuckle, and still fronting his adversary, he said to Keller: 'Your Massa's coming, aint he?' Keller had ceased to look at Sampson, and his up-raised arm fell heavily by his side, while his face, heretofore so furious in its expression, changed to absolute fear. There was little of the bravo left in him. The change was rapid as thought, and I was left to future revelations to ascertain the cause of such complete mastery in the frail-looking old Indian over this powerful and violent man. Falling at once into the natural quietude and patience of my nature, I awaited the result of this strange occurrence. Old Mike had risen from the ground where he had been cast by the blow of the ruffian, and had with all due reverence and tranquillity, picked up his book of prayer, and was engaged in smoothing down the ruffled leaves. Thank Heaven, the book was unharmed. He placed it religiously in an inside pocket of his well-patched over-coat, where at least it would receive no more thumps, except those that rapped against it from his honest heart.

Sampson did not change his position, but kept his eyes intently upon the face of Rude Keller, and the same low chuckle of laughter would bubble over his lips, and the same confident expression of perfect knowledge of the whole position of affairs, radiate from his eyes. We were not kept long in suspense, for Benny had now reached the group, and without speaking a word to either Sampson, Mike, or myself, or indeed, apparently without noticing us, he walked directly up to Keller, and letting the end of his rifle drop upon the ground, while the muzzle leant upon his shoulder, almost touching his cheek, he gazed calmly and fixedly into the white man's eyes. In those eyes I could read as distinctly as you, dear reader, can read the letters on this page, hatred, fear, and horror. Benny kept his gaze steadily fixed upon Rude's face, over which passed rapidly the telegraphic signals of his vexed sensations. Over the Indian's passed neither cloud nor sun-shine, but his eagle eyes, in their steady glow, seemed to melt like molten lead into the very being of the other. Mike, with his over-coat buttoned close up to his neck, calmly and confidently regarded the scene. Sampson, with his hawthorn club, enjoyed it amazingly; and I, having time and desire for study, attempted, as you will observe, to analyze the emotions of the principal actors. The white man's as usual, were evident enough; the Indian's puzzled me. However, I was not left long to my meditations, for a movement of Keller caused the Indian to change his position, and so quickly, that his whole appearance changed from an old and quiet man, into that of a young and active brave. One flash of his hitherto half-dreamy eyes, one motion of his arm, and it was over. I had not expected the dreadful intention of the ruffian; but doubtless the Indian was not unprepared for it; he had possibly expected it. I said before that Benny's rifle, when I first saw him, was held in his hands, as if ready for action, and now I discovered that it was really so. It was upon the full cock. Keller perceived it at once, and prepared to act upon it as promptly. It was a bold thought, but a bloody one; but not so bold as I afterward had reason to know. As rapidly as the serpent had a few moments before uncoiled itself, to resist the approaching guillotine of the stag's hoofs, so rapidly and suddenly did Keller unfold his malice and his vengeance. The rifle was leaning against the shoulder and the cheek of the Indian, and a sudden movement of the butt would inevitably bring it nearer his brain, and the same movement might shake the delicate and ready trigger, and send the leaden load into the head of the Indian, and end the scene and gratify the vengeance.

The foot of the white man moved slowly at first, and as if without a motive, toward the rested rifle. The Indian did not seem to notice it; indeed, it seemed to me so natural, that I did not suspect the intention; but Benny was not to be so imposed upon, though he did not move an inch himself, nor did he lift his gun from the ground, or shift it from its tempting position. I looked for an instant over at Sampson, but there was that unmistakable expression of half-suppressed gratification, while old Mike, with perfect composure, kept his thoughts to himself, confident that Benny was the master of the position.

I saw the foot aimed to strike the gun-stock, but ere it touched the

weapon, a quick movement in Benny had lifted it from the ground, and the only result was that the blow missed its mark, occasioning a louder chuckle from old Sampson, and a grim smile from the Indian. The beast was baffled again, baffled where he had expected a victory, the worth of which to him, I then half concluded, was only to be a temporary triumph, no matter at what hazard and what cost, but which subsequent events showed to me was of life-importance to him.

For the first time the Indian seemed to recognize the presence of others; for he looked at me with an expression of quiet satisfaction, and then, without farther hesitation, placed his hand upon the shoulder of the beaten white with the air of a king.

'Take your hand off of me!' growled Keller; 'or I'll make you sorry for all this, Benny Brown!' The Indian kept his hand, fleshless almost it was, but full of cords and muscles, upon the shoulder of the vanquished bully, and bending low, so that his mouth almost touched the other's ear, he whispered to him for a second or two. 'My God!' exclaimed the now trembling man. 'Call on God in the right way,' humbly advised old Mike.

'Look up at the GREAT SPIRIT, and down by the running water,' added the Indian, pointing toward the river; 'and go away from the woods.'

CHAPTER EIGHTE.

RUDE KELLER looked first at the Indian, but at the Indian only for a moment, and then hurriedly, but with more of braggadocio in his manner, at the negroes and myself. There was something so calmly threatening, so overpoweringly cognizant in the face of Benny, that Rude did not venture to confront it for any length of time. The expression that gave character to the look, whatever hidden secret lay in Benny's knowledge, held complete control over the fierce temper and bullying heart of the subdued white man. Mike had spoken as a Christian; but with a more emphatic tone, the Indian had spoken of the GREAT SPIRIT, and with a significant gesture, had pointed to the stream that flowed at the base of the mountain and washed the shores upon which stood the solitary *Hut*, and had bade the white savage leave the woods. The Indian's order was given in a manner so full of the right to command, there was so much of despotic dictation in the simple sentence, that I expected to hear Rude promise to obey. I even listened to hear his meek voice announce that he would quit the forest forever; but no, his fate was upon him, and neither the intention was formed in his mind, or expressed by him, to depart. Had he gone, perhaps — But no matter. It is not the place now to carry the reader to the consequences of his refusal.

All that I have related in the last chapter, did not occupy as much time as I have taken to record it, and the minutes ran hurriedly along, bearing with them gestures, looks, movements, and words, as rapidly as moves the finger upon the old clock's face that I hear now, ticking away in the kitchen, where Mary, good old Mary, sits by her kindled hearth and darns the socks, worn into holes and fissures by my too heavy tramping.

Still Keller made no attempt to move away. He seemed unwilling to yield the battle-ground so easily, and I expected every moment a renewal of the strife. The bully, when beaten and foiled, though his heart may quiver to its very centre with the coward's chill, is always eager to find some opening in the character of his foe, whether of gentleness or apparent indisposition, to renew the contest, by which he may again assume his attack, illogically construing peace into fear, and in the present instance the theory did not fail.

I, being the younger of the party, though not the weaker, the most quiet of the party, though not the calmest really, was selected by him as the rallying point for his final demonstration. It was well that I had not withdrawn my eye from him; for had I done so, it might have fared badly with me. But I was on my guard. I had of course lowered the rifle from its previous belligerent position, and was using it simply as a support, by leaning my arm upon the muzzle. I was standing alone, my companions being respectively some three or four feet distant from me.

I saw his intention on the instant, and I avoided it with a rapidity equal to the attempt. One bold and vigorous lunge with his right arm, driven directly toward my breast, I foiled by springing upon one side, and extending my foot in such a manner as to meet his advancing steps, so that the next moment he lay among the crushed twigs of the withered branches, again vanquished and helpless.

'What's the matter with the white man to-day, that he falls when nobody strikes him?' quietly, but with bitter irony, exclaimed the Indian, as the fallen man gathered himself up, and with a bewildered look, gazed around upon the group.

'Case he's got bad luck to-day,' laughed in old Sampson.

'Cause he don't fear God!' said Mike, still seated upon the mossy sward, and with a negro's patience, a patience that amounts or descends, whichever way you like, to the extreme of humility, awaited the result of all this conflict, sure in his belief that the right would not be wronged.

'Now, Mr. Keller,' began the humble author of these pages, 'since you have tried several times to get the better of a stronger party than yourself, why do n't you quietly leave us to ourselves? This wood is large enough for you, and it is too large for me. Go, (I was getting a little annoyed and angry, too, at his sullen and defiant look,) 'go! and believe me when I say it, that if I ever meet you again, and you dare raise your hand toward me, as you have done to-day, I will use a weapon that will not fail me. I wish no trouble with you, but I am not afraid of trouble when it comes, and if you bring it to me, so much the worse for you.'

I stopped, expecting a fierce out-break of temper on his part; but he was now composed and only insolent.

'Is n't it as easy for you to go, as for me?' he asked with a half-smile upon his face. I almost longed to use the butt end of my rifle and smash his ugly features into a better outline; but without a change of tone, that could evince a change of temper, I replied: 'You

are right : *we* will go, but remember, there is no shame to us four men, in being generous to one — *we are not whipped.*'

'*Not this time, stranger. Every dog has his day. Did you ever hear your grandmother say that when you were a baby ?*'

Where was all that wild temper that in earlier youth had plunged me into many a long since repented outbreak ? Now I was so collected that I could beat back the fire that was flashing to my fingers' ends, and burned in me to clutch the insolent, and hurl him to the earth and trample him there, and stifle him there among the rotting leaves, and punish him for his longest day of memory. He could not have failed to notice that there was danger in the expression that only for a second broke over my face, for he looked around for something wherewith to defend himself. It was not necessary. There was a stronger power there than I physically could bring to bear against him, and it was to this power that he had to submit himself. It was a power that from some mysterious cause, he seemed to tremble at. Let but that power be brought to bear, as we have seen, in a mere whisper, when he was in the fiercest burst of his passion, and his face changed, the deep hues of winter and summer exposure, blackened as they were upon his countenance, assumed almost a ghastly hue ; his arm, raised to smite, fell useless by his side, and he was no more the infuriated tiger, but the licked hound, trembling before an influence which, with his great strength, he could have dashed to pieces when he pleased ; but that influence, embodied in the gaunt, and apparently, not really, feeble form of Benny the Indian, was too wary, from its natural instincts and habits, and from the knowledge of the character it had to deal with, ever to give him a chance to execute whatever design he might have of putting the Indian out of his way. It was to this power that he was again obliged to yield, for while I stood successfully attempting to control my rising temper, the Indian once more made an emphatic approach to him.

'Come,' said Benny, 'the sun won't shine in the woods where you stand, and it will be chill. It is time for you to look for the fires of the big cities where you came from. You are white and cold. You are white as a dead white man. Bad man, go to your big towns, where trees do n't grow, and where you can't poison the meadow-grass with your feet that burn. I tell you go !'

A hawk's shrill cry sounded through the air, as the prowling bird sailed over the spot where we were gathered. 'There goes,' continued the Indian, 'the murder-bird ! Listen, Rude Keller, to his cry. His beak is red with the blood of things weaker than he is ; his feet, too, are red with blood, and they spoil the finger of the tree on which he now has stopped to look down on you, on you, Rude Keller, his brother ! Look up, bad white man, if your GREAT SPIRIT in the skies will let you look up, and see your brother on the tree !' Keller instinctively raised his eyes toward a leafless limb of one of the neighboring pines, and there, perched upon it, was the fierce-glancing robber of the air. The Indian poised his rifle to his eye, and as the report rang through the woods, a fluttering lump of feathers fell with a thump upon the ground.

'The Indian's gun has killed the blood-spiller of the woods. The white man's law will kill the ——' The Indian's voice sank to a low murmur after he had uttered the commencement of the above, and when he came to that part which spoke of the white man's law, it fell into a whisper, and whisper though it was, it seemed to shriek into the ears of Keller. 'Now go, and come no more into the woods that belong to the GREAT SPIRIT. The white man's vengeance follows you here, and the paths are crooked, and you will not see straight. Go, and take the bad woman with you that makes the grape-leaves wither before the frost bites them — that makes the young white fawn, she keeps so close from the summer flowers, shiver when she speaks; take her, but I tell you, there is lightning gathering for you, and it will come when you are standing under the big tree, and you think the cloud is over on the mountain, and you won't hear the thunder, but you will feel the crooked flash. Go, or it may come now.'

Keller now appeared really to dread some atmospheric phenomenon, and totally craven in spirit, he turned away and left us. But ere he was hidden in the deep shadows of the forest; he turned to look at us, and as he did so, he waved his hand above his head, I knew not whether it was to threaten injury or to deprecate peril.

Now that the tumult had subsided, I deemed it fit that I should ascertain something of the individual with whom I had passed so pleasant a half-hour. To my inquiries, Sampson led me to infer, that Mr. Keller was one of the leading members of the timber-stealing fraternity, and lived some mile or so up the mountain, in a dense and almost impervious part of the forest, where madam, his wife, tended the kitchen-pot, and boiling over herself with a general and unappeasable rage, helped to make every thing boil about her, and acquiring no very enviable notoriety among the few and far between neighbors to whose ears the fame of her fury might be carried by wandering peddlers, with their mouths full of gossip and their packs full of treasure, from Solomon's temple. An affrighted, pale-faced, badly-treated girl, was also an inmate of Rude Keller's dwelling, and the honest venders of pinch-beck watches and Parisian diamonds, made many a young customer's heart thrill with envy or incipient admiration, as he dwelt in description upon the long waving ringlets, the dark eye, and the beautiful and melancholy look of the young creature hidden away under the shadow of cruelty and solitude at Rude Keller's cabin in the forest.

From Sampson I gathered the fact that Rude Keller had lived about the woods here for many years, more than ten, less probably than twenty years. Formerly he would do daily work for daily pay, but that was not often; and latterly he had associated himself with a gang of lawless pilferers who lived by robbing the timber on the property, and in any other way by which money could be made without labor. The sparse population and the careless way in which the laws were executed in that wild and retired region, gave them ample security in the prosecution of their villanies, and I was not surprised when I came to the full understanding of all these matters, and many more, that Rude Keller had attempted so violently and so promptly to eject me from the grounds he had appropriated exclusively to his own benefit

and that of his associates. His course was to drive away by violence, or frighten by threats any one who should attempt to exercise the simplest right of ownership over the soil, and it was for this purpose that he had crept stealthily behind our party, unobserved in the excitement incident to the rencontre between the deer and the rattle-snake, and doubtless he was somewhat disappointed in the result of his operations. The singular influence exercised by Benny Brown over this wild and irresponsible man, was something beyond the penetration of Sampson; though he had known of its existence for many years. That it was as complete as it was mysterious, I had had ample opportunity to observe.

The same calm that had lulled over the general scene seemed to have already fallen upon the spirits of my variegated colored friends, the Indian relapsing (if it had ever been disturbed) into his usual frigid, statue-like habit, while the negroes, whose characteristics, in many respects, resemble those of the American Indian, expressed no comment upon the incidents that had so singularly interrupted our



walk. The Indian stepped toward the body of the snake and severed the rattles from the body, safely depositing them in a pouch that hung at his side, while Sampson gave me an inquiring look as if he would ask me whether we should proceed farther or return to the Hut. My

object on starting in the morning was to form the acquaintance of Benny Brown, and that object being accomplished, it was useless then to proceed to his cabin, though I determined at no distant day to do myself the pleasure of leaving my card upon the red Baron of the wilderness. Mike rose and searching about him, at length selected an appropriate spot, where there was a rock overshadowed by trees and a pleasant seat of painted leaves. A peep of a still more distant range of mountains offered to his eye a screen against which his religious mind could rest itself, when weary of the perusal of his beloved book. Amid the sunlight of the early evening hour, we left him sitting there, while through a green lane of the pines the figure of the Indian was seen, with his ear bent close to the ground, as if in the act of listening. We had not proceeded many paces on the path leading to the crossing-stones by the old mill, when the report of a rifle rang sharp upon our ears, and then all was still. We did not return to the Hut that night.

‘ T H Y K I N G D O M C O M E . ’

BY JENNY MARGH PARKER.

‘THY kingdom come,’ our FATHER, is the burden of our praying;
Our hearts have grown sore heavy with grief at THY delaying,
For o’er the rocks and in the night THY little ones are straying.

‘THY kingdom come,’ dear FATHER, for bitter is our weeping;
The angels once around our path, are gone, or else are sleeping,
And the prowling wolf, with angry eyes, within the fold is creeping.

‘THY kingdom come;’ we wander here, and sin our feet is guiding,
And the cross upon our foreheads the tinsel wreath is hiding,
And in the hollow pomps of earth our hopes we are confiding.

‘THY kingdom come, THY will be done, on earth as it is in heaven;’
Oh! let our souls from all this guilt by THY pure love be shriven,
And that sweet peace the sinless have unto our souls be given!

The world is full of sin, dear CHRIST, and as we farther go,
We only find the deeper guilt, and much the deeper woe;
Ah! when we were a little child we never thought it so.

We thought the world was great and good, and that all men did pray
With faith like ours, THY holy prayer at morn and close of day;
We did not think the years could take our faith in THEE away.

Our faith in THEE — forgive it, LORD — and all our faith in men;
‘THY kingdom come,’ for we would have that childish faith again:
And well we know ’t will not be ours, no never, until *them*.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COLLIER.

The Voyage of the 'Balaklava' — Something of a Fog — A Novel Sensation — Picton bursts out — 'Nothing to do' — Breakfast under Way — A Phantom Boat — Mackerel — Gone, Hook and Line — The Colonists — Sectionalism and Prejudices — Cod-fishing and an Unexpected Banquet — Past the Old French Town — A Pretty Respectable Breeze — We get past the Rocks — Louisburgh.

'PICTON !'

'Hallo !' replied the traveller sitting up on his locker ; ' what is the matter now ?'

' Nothing, only it is morning ; let us get up, I want to see the sun rise out of the ocean.'

' Pooh !' replied Picton, ' what do you want to be bothering with the sun for ?' And again Picton rolled himself up in his sheet-rubber travelling-blanket, and stretched his long body out on the locker. I got up, or rather got down, from my berth, and casting a bucket over the schooner's side soon made a sea-water toilet. I forgot to mention the sleeping arrangements of the 'Balaklava.' There were two lower berths on one side the cabin, either of which was large enough for two persons ; and two single upper berths on the other side, neither of which was large enough for one person. At the proper hour for retiring, the Captain's lady shut the cabin-door to keep out intruders, deliberately arrayed herself in dimity, turned in with baby in one of the large berths, and reopened the door. There she lay, wide awake, with her bright eyes twinkling within the folds of her n — t c — p, unaffected, chatty, and agreeable ; then the Captain divested himself of boots and pea-jacket and turned in also, (the mate slept, when off his watch, in the other double berth.) Picton rolled himself up in his blanket and stretched out on his locker ; I climbed into the narrow coop, over the salt beef and hard biscuit department ; and so we dozed and talked until sleep reigned over all. In the morning the ceremonies were reversed, with the exception of the Captain, who was up first. ' I never see a man sleep so little as the Captain,' said Bruce ; ' about two hours, an' that's aw.'

The sun was already risen when I came out on the deck of the 'Balaklava ;' but where ~~was~~ the sun ? Indeed, where was the ocean, or any thing ? The schooner was barely making steerage-way, with a light head-wind, over a small patch of water, not much larger apparently than the schooner herself. The air was filled with a luminous haze that appeared to be penetrable by the eye, and yet was not ; that seemed at once open and dense ; near yet afar off ; close yet diffuse ; contracted yet boundless. There was no light nor shade, no outline,

distance, aerial perspective. There was no east and west, nor blushing Aurora, rising from old Tithonus' bed ; nor blue sky, nor green sea, nor ship, nor shore, nor color, tint, hue, ray, or reflection. There was nothing visible except the sides of the vessel, a maze of dripping rigging, two sailors bristling with drops, and the captain in a shiny sou-wester. The feeling of seclusion and security was complete, although we might have been run down by another vessel at any moment ; the air was deliciously bland, invigorating, and pregnant with life ; to breathe it was a transport ; you felt it in every globule of blood, in every pore of the lungs. I could have hugged that fog, I was so happy !

Up and down the rolling deck I marched, and with every inspiration of the moist air, felt the old, tiresome, lingering sickness floating away. Then I was startled with a new sensation, I began to get hungry !

It was between four and five o'clock in the morning, and the 'Balaklava' did not breakfast until eight. Reader, were you ever hungry *at sea* ? Were you ever on deck, upon the measureless ocean, four hours earlier than the ring of the breakfast-bell ? Were you ever awake on the briny deep, in advance, when the cook had yet two hours to sleep ; when the stove in the galley was cold, and the kindling-wood unsplit ; the coffee still in its tender, green, unroasted innocence ? Were you ever upon 'the blue, the fresh, the ever free,' under these circumstances ? If so, I need not say to *you* that the sentiment, then and there awakened, is stronger than avarice, pride, ambition, or love.

Presently Picton burst out like a flower on deck, in a mass of overcoats, with an India-rubber mackintosh by way of calyx. These were his night-clothes. Picton could do nothing except in full costume ; he could not fish, in ever so small a stream, without being booted to the hips ; nor shoot, in ever so good a cover, without being jacketed above the hips. He shaved himself in front of a silver-mounted dressing-case, wrote his letters on a portable secretary, drew off his boots with a patent boot-jack, brewed his punch with a peripatetic kettle, and in fact carried the united kingdom with him in every quarter of the globe. 'Well,' said Picton, looking around at the fog with a low and expressive whistle, 'this is serene !'

Although Picton used the word 'serene,' ironically, just as a man riding in an omnibus and suddenly discovering that he was destitute of the needful sixpence might exclaim, 'This is pleasant,' yet the phrase was not out of place. The 'Balaklava' was gliding lazily over the water, at the rate of three knots an hour, sometimes giving a little lurch by way of shaking the wet out of her invisible sails, for the fog obscured all her upper canvas, and the mind and body easily yielded to the lullaby movement of the vessel. Talk of lotus-eating ; of Castles of Indolence ; of the dreamy ether inhaled from amber-tubed narghilé ; of poppy and mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world ; of rain upon the mid-night roof ; the cooing of doves, the hush of falling snow, the murmur of brooks, the long summer song of grasshoppers in the field, the tinkling of fountains, and every thing else that can soothe, lull, or tranquillize ; and what are these to the serenity of this sail-swinging, ripple-stirring, gently-creaking craft, in her veil of luminous vapor ? 'How delightful this is !' said I.

The traveller eyed me with surprise, but at last comprehending the idea, admitted, that with the exception of the fog and the calm, the scarcity of news, the damp state of the decks, and the want of the morning papers, it was very charming indeed. Then the traveller got a little restive, and began to peer closely into the fog, and look aloft to see if he could make out the stay-sails, and then he entered into a long confidential talk with the Captain, in relation to the chances of 'getting on,' of a fresh breeze springing up, and the fog lifting; whether we should make Louisburgh by to-morrow night, and if not, when; with various other salt-water speculations and problems. Then Picton climbed up on the patent-windlass to get a full view of the fog at the end of the bow-sprit, and took another survey of the buried stay-sails, and the flying-jib. Then he and the Newfoundland sailor on the look-out, had a long consultation of great gravity and importance; and finally he turned around and came up to the place where I was standing, and broke out: 'I say, what the devil are we to do with ourselves this morning?'

'What are we to do?' That eternal question. It instantly seemed to double the thickness of the fog, to arrest the slow movement of the vessel. Picton had nothing to do for a fortnight, and I had left home with the sole object of going somewhere where soul and body could rest. 'Nothing to do,' was precisely the one thing needful. 'Nothing to do,' is exquisite happiness, for real happiness is but a negation. 'Nothing to do,' is repose for the body, respite for the mind. It is an ideal hammock swinging in drowsy tropical groves, apart from the roar of the busy, relentless world; away from the strife of faction, the toils of business, the restless stretch of ambition, wealth's tinsel pride, poverty's gallant harness. 'Nothing to do,' is the phantom of young Imagination, the evanescent hope that promises to crown

'A youth of labor with an age of ease.'

'Nothing to do,' was the charm that lured us on board the 'Balaklava,' and now, 'nothing to do,' was with us like the Bottle-Imp, an incubus, still crying out: 'You may yet exchange me for a smaller coin, if such there be!' 'Nothing to do,' is an imposture. Something to do is the very life of life, the beginning and end of being. 'Picton,' said I, 'one thing we must do, at least, this morning.'

'What is that?' replied the traveller, eagerly opening his mackintosh, and drawing it off so as to be ready to do it.

'Taking in consideration the slow and sleepy nature of this climate, the thickness of the fog, the faint, thin air that impels the vessel, the early time of day, and the regulations of the 'Balaklava,' it seems to me we shall have to be steadily occupied, for at least three hours, in waiting for breakfast.'

Then Picton got hungry! He was a large, stout man, wrapped up by a multitude of garments to the thickness of a polar bear, and when he got hungry, it was on a scale of corresponding dimensions. First he alluded to the fact that we had gone supperless to bed the night before; then he buttoned up his mackintosh, had a brief interview with the Captain, shouted down the gang-way for the cook, and finally disappeared in the

forecastle. Then he came up again with that officer, rummaged in the galley for the ship's hatchet, and split up all the kindling-wood on deck ; then he shed his petals (mackintosh and over-coats) and instructed Cookey in the mystery of building a fire. Then he emerged from the intolerable smoke he had raised in the galley, and devoted himself to the stove-pipe outside, Cookey meanwhile, within the caboose, getting the benefit of all the experiments.

At last a faint smell of coffee issued forth from the caboose, a little Arabia breathed through the humid atmosphere, and a sound, as if Cookey were stirring the berries in a pan, was heard in the midst of the smoke. Meanwhile Picton descends in the hold with a bucket of salt-water to enjoy the luxury of a bath, and reappears in full toilet just as Cookey is grinding the berries, burnt and green, with a hand-mill between his knees. The pan by this time is put to a new use ; it is now lined with bacon in full frizzle ; presently it will be turned to account as a bake-pan, for pearl-ash cakes of chrome-yellow complexion : every thing must take its turn ; the pan is the actor of all work ; it accepts coffee, cakes, pork, fish, pudding, beside being general dish-washer and soup-warmer, as we found out before long.

During the preparation of these successive courses, Picton and I sat on deck in hungry silence. Now and then an anxious glance at the galley, or a tormenting whiff of the savory viands, would give new life to the demon that raged within us. I believe if Cookey had accidentally upset the coffee tea-kettle, and put out the fire, his sanctuary would have been sacked instantly. Eight o'clock came, and yet we had not broken bread. We walked up and down the deck to relieve our appetites. At last we saw the three cracked mugs, our tea-cups, which had been our ale-glasses of the night before, brought up for a rinse, and then we knew that breakfast was not afar off. The cloth was spread, the saffron cakes, ship's butter, yellow mugs, coffee, pork, and pismires temptingly arrayed. We did not wait to hear the cook ring the bell. We watched him as he came up with it in his hand, and squeezed past him before he shook out a single vibration. Then we made a MEAL !

Breakfast being over, the fog lightened a little. Our tiny horizon widened its boundaries a few hundred yards, or so ; we could see once more the top-mast of the schooner. So we lazily swung along, with nothing to do again. Sometimes a distant fog-bell ; sometimes a distant sound across the face of the deep, like the falling of cataract waters. 'What is that sound, Bruce ?'

'It's the surf breakin' on the rocks,' responds Bruce ; 'I hae been listenen to it for hoors.'

'Are we then so near shore ?'

'About three miles aff,' replies the mate.

Presently we heard the sound of human voices ; a laugh ; the stroke of oars in the row-locks, plainly distinguishable in the mysterious vapor. The Captain hailed : 'Hallo !' 'Halloo !' echoes in answer. The strokes of the oars are louder and quicker ; they are approaching us, but where ? 'Halloo !' comes again out of the mist. And again the Captain shouts in reply. Then a white phantom boat, thin, vapory, unsubstantial, now seen, now lost again, appears on the skirts of our horizon.

'Where are we,' asks the Captain.

'Off St. Esprit,' answer the boatmen.

'What are you after?' asks the Captain.

'Looking for our nets,' is the reply, and once more boat and boatmen disappear in the luminous vapor. These are mackerel fishermen; their nets are adrift from their stone-anchors: the fish are used for bait in the cod-fisheries, as well as for salting down. If we could but come across the nets, what a rare treat we might have at dinner.

Lazily on we glide—nothing to do—Picton is reading a stunning book; the Captain, his lady, the baby, and I holding a small family circle around the wheel; the mate is on the look-out over the bows; all at once he shouts out: '*There they are! the nets!*' Down goes Picton's book on the deck; Bruce catches up a rope and fastens it to a large iron hook; the sailors run to the side of the vessel; Captain releases his fore-finger from baby's hand, and catches the wheel; all is excitement in a moment. '*Starboard!*' shouts the mate as the nets come sweeping on, directly in front of the cut-water. The schooner obeys the wheel, sheers off, and now, as the floats come along sideways, Bruce has dropped his hook in the mesh, *it takes hold!* and the heavy mass is partially raised up in the water. 'Thousands of them,' says Picton; sure enough, the whole net is alive with mackerel, splashing, quivering, glistening. 'Catch hold here, I canna hold them; O the beauties!' says the mate. Some grasp at the rope, others look around for another hook; 'Hauld 'em! hauld 'em!' shouts Bruce; but the weighty piscatorial mass is too much for us, it will drag us desperately along the deck to the stern of the vessel. The schooner is going slowly, but still she is going. Another hook is rigged and thrown at the struggling mesh, but it breaks loose, the mackerel are dragging behind the rudder; we are at our rope's end. At last rope, hook, and nets are abandoned, and again we have nothing to do.

High noon, and a red spot visible over-head; the Captain brings out his sextant to take an observation. This proceeding we viewed with no little interest, and, for the humor of the thing, I borrowed the sextant of the Captain and took a satirical view of a great luminary in obscurity. As I had the instrument upside down, the sailors were in convulsions of laughter; but why should we not make every body happy when we have it in our power?

High noon, and again hunger overtook us. Picton by this time had brought out the cans of preserved meats, the curried tin chicken, the portable soup, the ale and pickles. The cook was put upon duty; pot and pan were scoured for more delicate viands; Picton was *chef of the cuisine*; we had a magnificent banquet that day on the '*Balaklava*.'

To give a zest to the entertainment, the Captain's lady dined with us; the mate kindly undertaking the charge of the baby.

'I doant see,' said Bruce, who was holding the baby in a way that made it appear all legs, when we came on deck after a repast that would have been perfect but for the absence of potatoes, 'I doant see hoo a wummun can lug a babby all day aboot in her arms! I haas only carried this one half an 'our and boath arms is sore. But I suppose it's naturely, it's naturely, every thing to its nature.'

The dinner having been a success, Picton was in great spirits for the rest of the day. The fog spread its munificent halo around us, and before night-fall broke into myriads of white rainbows, sea-dogs the sailors call them, and finally lifted so high that we could see the spectral moon shining through the thin rack. Once more we sang 'Annie Laurie;' the traveller brought out his travelling blanket for a dewy slumber on deck; the lady of the 'Balaklava' put on her night-cap and retired with baby to the double berth; Bruce took the helm. As I was passing the light in the binnacle I looked in at the compass for a moment. 'She's nailed there,' said the old mate. Nailed there, true to her course as steadfast to the guiding rudder, as truth is to religion. We were but a few miles from a dangerous coast, in a vessel of the frailest kind, but she was 'nailed' there, obedient to man's intelligence, and that was security and safety. What a text to say one's prayers upon.

'Picton,' said I, the next morning, after the schooner-breakfast, 'it seems to me the strangest thing, that Mrs. Capstan should have the pure Irish pronunciation and the mate the thorough Scotch brogue, although both were born in Newfoundland, and of Newfoundland parents. I must confess to no small amount of surprise at the complete isolation of the people of these colonies; the divisions among them; the separate pursuits, prejudices, languages; they seem to have nothing in common; no aggregation of interests; it is existence without nationality; sectionalism without emulation; a mere exotic life with not a fibre rooted firmly in the soil. The colonists are English, Irish, Scotch, French, for generation after generation. Why is this, O Picton? Why is it that the Captain's lady has high cheek-bones, and speaks the pure Hibernian? why is the only rail-road in the colony but nine and three-quarter miles long, and the great Shubenacadie Canal yet unfinished, although it was begun in the year 1826; a canal fifty-three mortal miles in length, already engineered and laid out by nature in a chain of lakes, most conveniently arranged with the foot of each little lake at the head of the next one — like 'orient pearls at random strung' — requiring but a few locks to be complete: the head of the first lake, lying only twelve hundred and ten yards from Halifax harbor, and the Shubenacadie river itself at the other end, emptying in the place of destination, namely, the Basin of Minas; a work that if completed, would cut off more than three hundred miles of outside voyaging around a stormy, foggy, dangerous coast; a work that was estimated to cost but seventy-five thousand pounds, and for which fifteen thousand pounds had already been subscribed by the government; a work that would be the saving of so many vessels, crews, and cargoes of so much value; a work that would traverse one of the most fertile countries in America; a work that would bring the inland produce within a few hours of the sea-board; a work so necessary, so obvious, so easily completed, that no Yankee could see it undone, if it were within the limits of his county, and have one single night's rest until the waters were leaping from lock to lock, from lake to lake in one continuous flood of prosperity from Minas to Chebucto? Why is this, O traveller of the 'Balaklava?'

'The reason of it all,' replied Picton, with great equanimity of manner, 'is entirely owing to the stupidity of the people here; the British

government is the best government, Sir, in the world ; it fosters, protects, and supports the colonies, with a sort of parental care, Sir ; the colonies, Sir, afford no recompense to the British government for its care and protection, Sir ; each colony is only a bill of expense, Sir, to the mother country, and if, with all these advantages, the people of these colonies will persist, Sir, in being behind the age, Sir, what can we do to prevent it, I would like to know, Sir ?

‘It does seem to me, Picton, this fostering, protecting, and paying the governmental expenses of the colonies, is very like pampering and amusing a child with sweet-meats and nick-nacks, and at the same time keeping it in leading-strings. It is very certain that these colonists would not be the same people if their ancestors had been transplanted, a century or so ago, to our side of the Bay of Fundy ; no, not even if they had pitched their tents at the ‘jumping-off place,’ as it is called, Eastport, for even there they would have produced a crop of pure Yankees, although grown from divers nations, religions, and tongues.’

Here Picton curled up his lip, and smiled out of a little battery of sarcasm : ‘And you think,’ said he after a pause, ‘that these colonists would no longer revel in those little prejudices and sectionalisms so dear to every American heart, if they were transplanted to your own favored coasts ? Why, Sir, there is more sectionalism in the country you would transport these people to, than in any one nation I ever heard of ; every State is a petty principality ; it has its own separate interests ; its own bigoted boundaries ; its conventionalisms ; its pet laws ; and as for its prejudices, I will just ask you, as a candid man, not as a Yankee, but as a traveller like myself, a cosmopolite, if you please, what you think of the two great eternal States of Massachusetts and South-Carolina, and whether prejudices and sectionalisms are to be fairly charged upon these colonies, and upon them only ?’

‘Picton, I will be frank with you. The States you name are looked upon as the great game-cocks of the Union, and we give them a tolerably large arena to fight their battles in. Either champion has flapped its wings and crowed its loudest, and drawn in its local backers, but the great States of my country are not these two. I feel at this moment an almost irrepressible desire to instance a single one as an example ; but inasmuch as nobody has ever flapped wing or crowed because of it, I will not be the first to break the silence. This much I will say, there are some States, and those the very greatest in the Union, that neither claim to be, nor make a merit of being *provincial*.’

‘But, even in your State, you have your stately prejudices,’ said Picton with a marked emphasis upon the ‘stately.’

‘No, Sir, we have no stately prejudices, at least among those entitled to have them, the native-born citizens ; nor do I believe such prejudices exist in many of the largest with us at home, Sir.’

‘But as you admit there is a sectional barrier between your people,’ said Picton, ‘I do not see why our form of government is not as wise as your form of government.’

‘The difference, Picton, is simply this : your government is foreign, and almost unchangeable ; ours is local and mutable as the flux and reflux of the tide. As a consequence, sectionalism is active with us, and

apathetic with you. Your colonists have nothing to care for, and we have every thing to care for.

'Then,' said Picton, 'we can sleep while you struggle?'

'Yes, Picton, that is the question—'

'WHETHER 't is best to roam or rest,
The land's lap, or the water's breast?'

We think it is best to choose the active instead of the stagnant; if a man cannot take part in the great mechanism of humanity, better to die than to sleep. And Picton, so far as this is concerned, so far as the general interests of humanity are concerned, your colonists are only *dead men*, while our 'stately' men are individually responsible, not only to their own kind, but to all human kind, and herein each form of government tells its own story.'

'I think you are rather severe upon poor Nova Scotia this morning,' said Picton drily.

'You mistake me, Picton; I do not intend to cast any reflections upon the people; I am only contrasting the effects produced by two different forms of government upon neighboring bodies of men that would have been alike had either a republican or monarchical rule obtained over both.'

'Likely,' said Picton sententially.

Meantime the schooner was lazily holding her course through the fog, which was now dense as ever. What an odd little bit of ocean this is to be on! 'The sea, the sea, the open sea,' all your own, with a diameter of perhaps forty yards. Picton, who is full of activity, begins to unroll the log line; the Captain turns the glass, away goes the log. 'Stop,' 'not three knots!' and then comes the question again: 'What shall we do?—we are getting becalmed!'

'By Jove,' said Picton, slapping his thigh, 'I have it—*cod-fish*!'

There are plenty of hooks on board the 'Balaklava,' and unfortunately only one cod-line; but what with the deep sea lead-and-line, and a roll of blue cord, with a spike for a sinker, and the hooks, we are soon in the midst of excitement. Now we almost pray for a calm; the schooner *will* heave ahead, and leave the lines astern; but nevertheless, up come the fine fish, and plenty of them too; the deck is all flop and glister with cod, haddock, pollock; and Cookey, with a short knife, is at work with the largest, preparing them for the banquet, according to the code Newfoundland. Certainly the art of 'cooking a cod-fish' is not quite understood, except in this part of the world. The white flakes do not exhibit the true conchoidal fracture in such perfection elsewhere; nor break off in such delicious morsels, edged with delicate brown. 'Another bottle of ale, please, and a granitic biscuit, and a pickle, by way of desert.'

Lazily along swings the 'Balaklava.' Picton brings up his travelling blanket, and we stretch out upon it on deck, basking in the warm, humid light, and leisurely puffing away at our segars, for we have nothing else to do. Toward evening it grows colder, very much colder; over-coats are in requisition; the Captain says we are nearing some ice-bergs; with the

cold the fog folds itself up and hangs above us in strips of cloud, or rolls away in voluminous masses to the edges of the horizon. The stars peep out between the strips over-head, the moon sends forth her silver vapors and finally emerges from the 'cruddled clouds;' the wake of the schooner is one long phosphoric trail of flame; the masts are creaking; sails stretching, the waters pouring against the bows, out on the deep white crests lift and break; the winds are loosened, and now good speed to the 'Balaklava.' Meanwhile, the hitherto listless Newfoundland men are now wide awake, and busy; the man at the wheel is on the alert; the Captain is looking at his charts; Picton and I walking the deck briskly, but unsteadily, to keep off the cold; Mrs. Capstan has turned in with the baby. Blacker and larger waves are rising, with whiter crests; on and on goes the schooner with dip and rise — tossing her sails as a stag tosses his antlers. On and on goes the brave 'Balaklava,' the Captain at the bows on the look-out; the sky is mottled with clouds, but fortunately there is no fog; nine, ten o'clock, and at last a light begins to lift in the distance. 'Is it Louisburgh light, Captain?' 'I don't make it out yet,' replies Captain Capstan, 'but I think it is not;' after a pause he adds: 'Now I see what it is; it is Scattarie light — we have passed Louisburgh.'

This was not pleasant; we had undertaken the voyage for the sake of visiting the old French town. 'The wind,' said the Captain, 'after we double Scattarie Island, will be right astern of us, and we will be in Sydney before breakfast.' 'Captain,' said we, after a brief consultation, 'we will leave the matter entirely to you; although we had hoped to see Louisburgh this night, yet we can visit it over-land to-morrow; and as the wind is so favorable for you, why, crack on to Sydney if you like.' With that we resumed our walk to keep up the circulation. 'It is strange,' said Picton, 'the Captain should have passed the light without seeing it.' 'Ever since we left Richmond,' said the man at the wheel, 'his eyes has been weak, so as he could n't see as good as common.' 'Did you see the light?' we asked. 'Oh! yes, I can see it now, right astern of us.'

We looked, and at last made it out: a faint, nebulous star, upon the very edge of the gloomy waters. 'There is the light, Captain.' 'Where?' 'Right astern.' The Captain walked aft to the steersman and peered anxiously in the distance. Then he came forward again, and shouted down the forecastle: 'Hallo, hallo, turn out there! all hands on deck! turn out, men! turn out!' 'What now, Captain?' 'Nothing,' said he, 'only I am going to *about-ship*.'

The 'Balaklava' had barely broadened out her sails to the fair wind, after she had been put about, when we were conscious of an increased straining and chirping of the masts and sails, an uneasy, laborious motion of the vessel, of blacker and larger waves, of whiter and higher crests, that sometimes broke over the bows, even, and made the deck wet and slippery. The moon was now rising high, but the clouds were rapidly thickening, and her majesty seemed to be reeling from side to side, as we bore on, with plunge and shudder, for the light ahead of us. Bruce had taken the wheel, all hands were on deck, and all busy, hauling

upon this rope or that, taking in the stay-sails and flying-jib, as the Captain shouted out from time to time ; and looking out ahead, with no little appearance of anxiety. ' Ah ! she 's a pretty creature,' said the mate ; ' look there,' nodding with his head at the compass, ' did'na I tell you ? She 's nailed there.' Then he broke out again : ' Ay, she 's a flyin' noo ; see hoo she 's *raisin the light* !' It was indeed surprising to see the great beacon rising higher and higher out of the water. ' Is it a good harbor, Bruce ?' ' *When ye get in,*' answered the mate, ' but it 's narrar, it 's narrar ; ye can pitch a biscuit ashore as ye go through ; and inside o't is the 'Nag's Head,' a sunken bit o' rock, with about five feet water ; if ye *miss* that, ye're aw right !' We were now rapidly approaching the beacon, and could fairly see the rocks and beach in the track of its light. On the other side there were great masses of savage surf, whirling high up in the night, the indications of the three islands on the west of the harbor. The Captain had climbed up in the rigging to keep a good look-out ahead ; the light of the beacon broadened on the deck ; we were within the very jaws of the crags and surf ; the wild ocean beating against the doors of the harbor ; the churning, whirling, whistling danger on either side, lighted up by the glare of the beacon, past we go, and, with a sweep, the 'Balaklava' evades the 'Nag's Head,' and rounding too, drops sail and anchor beside the walls of Louisburgh.

Then the thick fog, which had been pursuing us came, and enveloped all in obscurity.

' It is lucky,' said Captain Capstan, ' that it did n't come ten minutes sooner.'

T H E W O O D F L O W E R .

BY I. J. BATES.

I.

ALONE I walked the ancient wood,
And, in the dim, dark solitude,
I found a little flower, that stood
Where all around was gloom.
A creature of the genial sun —
A joyous life in gloom begun —
A hope, that mocked the tear it won,
Like roses o'er a tomb !

II.

And such, methought, a mortal heart ;
However warped by fate or art,
And trained to play an evil part,
Some virtue still is there :

Like heaven, amid surrounding hell ;
Or angel, in a prison cell —
A hope that all may yet be well —
A guard against despair !

III.

The darkest hours of life and fate,
Like mid-night, on the morning wait ;
And mercy follows after hate,
As life succeeds to rest :
And thus, no erring soul is driven
From every claim to be forgiven :
There is, or has been hope of Heaven
In every human breast !

V E R M O N T .

BY KARI KIRBY.

I.

VERMONT! — she is 'the State for me!'
 I love her hills and mountains,
 Her purling brooks and babbling rills,
 Her ice-cold, crystal fountains!

II.

I love her silvery rivulets,
 Through richest meads that glide;
 Lamoille's impetuous dashing flow,
 Missisco's northern tide.

III.

I love Winoski's swelling flood;
 Old Otter's classic wave,
 Where now our youth for knowledge seek,
 And foes erst found a grave.

IV.

I love her scenery, bold and grand;
 Her hills bedecked with green,
 With beauteous valleys, nestling down
 Her wildest peaks between.

V.

I love old 'Camel's noble 'Rump,'
 Old Mansfield's 'Nose' and 'Chin';
 At lone 'Ascutey' fondly gaze,
 With awe on Killington!

VI.

They're Freedom's mighty sentinels:
 A grim old giant band,
 To guard with ever-watchful eyes,
 Our dear old mountain land!

VII.

And guard ye well that mountain land,
 Vermonters strong and brave,
 Nor let your hills their vigils keep
 O'er Freedom's early grave!

VIII.

I love Vermont! her hills, her vales,
 With streams like strings of pearls;
 But most of all — I fear I do —
 I love — Green-Mountain Girls!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. In Two Books. By DONALD MACLEOD, Author of 'PYNNSHURST,' 'BLOOD STONE,' 'Life of Sir WALTER SCOTT,' etc.: pp. 450. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, corner of Broadway and White-street.

A NEW life of MARY, Queen of Scots! Alas! what can be done or said *new*? Our libraries are filled with biographies of this unfortunate lady, and people are tired almost of hearing her name; and yet even now, a Russian Prince, LABANOFF DE ROSTOFF, a wealthy and powerful nobleman, has consecrated his life not to writing her history, but to collecting and publishing all the extant letters and state papers that have any bearing upon it. They number *seven hundred and eighty-nine*; very few of which have hitherto been published. Then, MRS. AGNES STRICKLAND, the most laborious and conscientious historian of modern times, is still busy at a life of the last Queen of Scotland: and BULWER has begged ARTOUR to write a poem, and has had his request granted; and M. DE MARLÈS, in France, and some others in other countries have dedicated themselves to the discovery of the *facts* of MARY's life: and now, here in America, comes Mr. DONALD MACLEOD with *his* contribution to the store.

It is of this latter work that we are going to speak, as it professes to do, and does, what no other work, which we know of can claim; to give a history of her life, using such life-history as a proof in matters of controversy about certain deeds. Some as Lord Chief Justice TYTLER, have written defences; some, like BUCHANAN and CRAWFORD, have composed attacks on her during the time intervening between the marriage with DARNLEY and her imprisonment, about *twelve* months. Other some have written, as ROBERTSON, from a conviction of her guilt, which his work is an endeavor to prove: others, like DE MARLÈS, or WALTERS, from a conviction of her innocence which they lacked the 'State Papers,' and newly-disinterred information, to convince their readers of.

This book of Mr. MACLEOD's is a successful attempt to write a complete biography, or life-history of Queen MARY, with the actual dry, documentary proofs, which we know he possesses, which we have examined in his study, and from which we are aware that he has made up this work. It is neither

a defence, nor an attack, of any particular guilt or un-guilt of MARY's, but a *Life*, illustrated by the positive evidence of state papers, cotemporary letters, and other documents of the *time*, now recently, for the first time, laid before the public.

After a sketch of the broken-hearted death of the chivalric JAMES the Fifth, and one of the widowhood of his noble queen, MARY of Lorraine, the work treats exclusively of MARY STUART. It tells the story of her infancy; her life in France; her stormy, mournful career in Scotland; her nineteen years' prisoner-life in England. It mentions the carving of her cradle; it describes the form of the black-hung block whereon the fairest neck in Christendom was severed. Mr. MACLEOD does not believe in any 'art or part,' complicity of Queen MARY in the cruel murder of DARNLEY. Yet he gives *verbatim ac litteratim*, the argument of Dr. ROBERTSON against her, as well as a 'verbal' copy of the prominent parts of GEORGE BUCHANAN's '*Detection*,' which was the only evidence used against her, when prosecuted by MURRAY, before ELIZABETH, which were by that queen pronounced valueless, and which were exhumed long years after, to blacken the memory of a woman, whom her bitterest enemy declared guiltless on their testimony.

It is well known that the author of '*Pynnehurst*,' '*Blood Stone*,' and the '*Life of Sir Walter Scott*,' could not well write a *dull* work: that was quite out of the question; but in nothing that has ever proceeded from his pen, have the characteristics of vigor of style, of strong idiomatic English; of close argument, deep feeling, and at times a burning eloquence, been so apparent as in the work before us. In the grouping of the facts embraced in the divisions of the eras treated of in the life of MARY, there is an effect as dramatic as the changing scenes of a woful tragedy, passing before one's eyes upon the pictured stage. Designing hereafter to present a review proper of this work, which we predict will meet with an unprecedented success, as well abroad as at home, we content ourselves with a few brief passages, in justification of the praise which we have awarded to our author's style. Passing the rapid but most graphic sketch of JAMES the Fifth, the 'Poor Man's King,' the touching picture of 'MARY of Lorraine,' the 'Rough Wooing' of that 'incestuous beast,' HENRY the Eighth, we come to our first present extract, under the division of 'The Maidenhood' of the beautiful Scottish Queen. The young child-queen is in France, where her career, and the love and affection which she elicited, are admirably described:

'THREE important facts signalize this year 1551.

'A visit from her mother, who tore herself from the troubles of her government in Scotland, to give a few months to her darling in France, to bestow that heart-instruction that only a mother can bestow; to see that her infant's mind was as she desired it to be; to be beside her in her first terrible danger, and then to fold her once more to her bosom, to go back to the cold realm of Scotland, and to see her child no more on earth forever.

'The second fact is the formal demand of her hand for EDWARD VI. of England, by the Marquis of Northampton, to which demand the little lady gave a decided 'No.'

'And the third is the horrid attempt to poison her by an archer of the Scots Guard, ROBERT STUART by name. He mingled the deadly powder in her favorite dish, and accident alone prevented the accomplishment of his fiendish design. He was tried, found guilty, and executed, but did not divulge the reason of his crime. He was an adherent of MATTHEW, Earl of Lenox, a pretendant to the Scottish throne, and may have been instigated by him. Or, likelier still, as he was of the reformed religion, a fanatical hatred of his royal mistress, for her creed's sake, may have been the motive which urged him to so base, cruel, and disloyal an attempt.

'The next six or seven years were passed at the Court, at Blois, or at Médon with her brave uncle, FRANCIS of Guise, who did his best to spoil her by indulgence, and who received from her the truest filial affection that child could pay. Some troubles she had even in this halcyon time and tide of youth, among which was a wretched tease of a governess. This was Madame PARON, in whose favor Lady FLAMING had been superseded, and who united the querulous disposition consequent upon chronic ill-health, to the peevish wilfulness of a religious bigot.'

'Two hours every day continued to be given to hard study, and the mind of the royal child ripened and expanded wonderfully. At nine years of age she composed and recited a Latin oration for some court pageant, and more than one copy of adulatory verses from GEORGE BUCHANNAN, the best Latinist and basest heart of his age. Her French was perfect, and is frequently praised by quaint old Brantome.

'But it was not all study with her; sometimes Uncle Cardinal carried her away to his own estate; sometimes the soldier FRANCIS had her with him, to listen to his story of battles, and to hunt with him in his spacious forests. On one occasion her dress caught in the branch of a tree; she was thrown from her horse and nearly ridden over by some of the hunt, who did not see her. Even the hood she wore was trodden on by horses' hoofs. She, however, gathered herself up, and arranging her soft and luxuriant chestnut hair, rejoined the chase, without manifesting any alarm whatever. Indeed, personal courage was one of her most remarkable qualities.

'My niece,' said the admiring warrior to her, 'there is one trait in which above all others, I recognize my blood in you. You are as brave as the bravest of my men-at-arms. If women went into battle now as they did in the ancient times, I think you would know how to die well.'

'This was merited praise, as she showed by all her conduct during the perils that beset her, when she marched at the head of her armies to punish her rebel lords, and when she confronted the undeserved death of a criminal with the heroic and patient fortitude of a martyr.

'Not less remarkable, at this period, as throughout her life, is her constant and affectionate remembrance of and care for all who served her. She constantly asked favors for them from her royal mother, and when the day of her power came, she heaped benefits upon all who had the slightest claim upon her. She was the idol of the Court and of the people. No ball, nor tournament, nor festival, was complete without her, and the people would throng about her when she went abroad, to look on her and bless her. It was about this time, when walking in the Candlemas procession, a poor woman, struck by her transcendent beauty and youthful grace, broke through the crowd, threw herself at the child's feet, and asked her if she were not an angel.

'So went on her sweet, pure child life, already dimmed in its lustre by the cares of the heavy crown, yet, ever loving, ever thoughtful of others. In one letter she gives her mother power to create a prince; in another she begs for some Shetland ponies to distribute among her young friends. Never, but once in this time, is one personal complaint heard; no utterances but tender gentle, loving ones come from her; and how it was possible for men to hate her and to seek her life, even at this period, is a marvel and astonishment to the present writer. . . . So passed away the years of sunshine and peace, the guileless and generally happy days of maidenhood, and then, Fate, the inexorable, closed the relentless gates of Time upon them.'

The marriage of MARY will attract the attention of our lady-readers. The passage forms a picture, dashed in from a palette well 'laid,' and rich in color:

'On the Sunday following, the solemn ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, the Cardinal, with all the pomp and splendor that the beauty of the ritual and the magnificent style of the times could allow. The chroniclers, ancient and modern, vie with each other in the minute description of the scene; poets poured in their epithalamia by dozens, most eloquent and enthusiastic among whom was Master GEORGE BUCHANNAN.

'MARY was, of course, looking exquisitely; her fresh bloom of sixteen years was clad 'in a robe whiter than a lily, with a regal mantle and train of bluish-gray cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls.' She, like her mother, was considerably above the ordinary size of women, and exquisitely formed, particularly her hands and feet. Her hair was very abundant, and of a rich chestnut color, her eyes large and very dark hazel, and complexion that of a delicate brunette, clear, but without much color. So she stood at the side of her young husband, FRANCIS the Dauphin, in the open pavilion, erected before the doors of Notre Dame, and heard the blessing pronounced which was to make her, eventually, queen of France, while the shores of the Seine rung with the acclamations of the delighted and enthusiastic people.

'Then followed the grand dinner at the palace of the archbishop, and then the courtly ball, which terminated at the very reasonable hour of five o'clock in the afternoon. After that, back to the palace, where supper and rich pageants had been commanded.

A hundred gentlemen served the meal; a hundred more, raised on a dais 'discouraged most excellent music.' FRANCIS LE BALAFRE, heroic DUC DE GUISE, was master of the ceremonies: the vases, flagons, and basins, fresh from the magic chisel of BENvenuto CELLINI flashed on the board. Fleurs-de-lys in gold, studded the azure ceiling, and from the walls, in statuesque repose, looked down the lengthened line of Gallic kings from PHARAMOND to HENRY, father of the bride-groom. The guests bore names still wonderful in history. CONDE and princely LORRAINE, and the stern constable of France, old MONTMORENCY. ANGOULEME and D'ESTE, and CATHERINE DE MEDICIS and JEANNE D'ALBRET, the saintly Queen of Navarre.

'First in the pageant, when the meal was ended, came the seven planets marching in succession, MARS in his armor, DIAN with her bow. Then five-and-twenty steeds, each bearing a young prince, defiled before the Scottish bride. Then coaches full of pilgrims, chaunting songs: then a triumphal car filled with musicians, and drawn by silver cords. Next came twelve princes on twelve unicorns, supporters of the arms of Scotland.

'But the finest pomp of all was after the dancing had been ended, when six fine galleys with silver masts sailed in, each guided by a prince, who, as they passed the groups of ladies, seized and carried off one of them as the wild Norse Vikings used to win their brides. The Dauphin caught his fair young wife, the King of Navarre his pious old one, Protestant CONDE won the DUCHESS of GUISE, head of the Catholic party; and thus, in the regal hall, ablaze with light, the mirth went on, while outside, the heralds scattered money among the shouting people, and Paris was tipsy with joy.

'Why, even in sober old Scotland, across the sea, they were feasting and making merry in honor of their darling young queen's nuptials. There were 'fyes and processions,' and a play was acted in Edinburgh, and even the old '*Mons Meg*' was fired, and prudent SAWNEY sent after the bullet, and ten shillings were paid out to some body for bringing up the huge gun, 'to be schote, and for the finding and carrying of her bullet, after she was schote frae Wardie muir to the castle.'

'It was a very young couple, that royal pair; FRANCIS being but fifteen, and MARY, thirteen months his senior, in her sixteenth year. But they had grown up together, and he, though somewhat timid and feeble, was sincerely loved by his girl-wife, and returned her affection with passionate tenderness. . . . But the marriage sports and the feasting are over, and earnest life has begun for the queen Dauphiness. Now, led by ill-judged counsel, she sows the first seed of discord, to ripen into venomous maturity, between herself and ELIZABETH of England.'

'Pass but a little while,' a few short months, and the young husband is dead. He was 'attacked with an abscess in the ear;' an acute inflammation of the brain succeeded; when God 'changed his countenance, and sent him away;' and a young wife and widow remained to weep for a lover-husband, too early called hence to be here no more. But let our author depict the scene:

'TENDERLY did his young queen watch and nurse him, but he sank gradually until the fifth of December, when he yielded to his disease. When the last offices were administered to him, the feeble boy-king asked for absolution 'for all the wicked deeds that had been done in his name by his ministers of state,' and when the religious duties of the solemn hour were over, he appeared to have no earthly thought but for the pale, fair girl who sat by his pillow weeping. Earnestly he conjured his mother to be kind to her, to love her as a daughter: as earnestly he asked his brothers to promise that she should be a beloved sister to them; and so, in his seventeenth year of life, in the seventeenth month of his reign, FRANCIS II. died.

'With his death the GUISES fell, and CATHERINE DE MEDICIS was once more Regent and Mistress of France, and prepared to avenge upon the QUEEN of Scots whatever slights she had borne during that short sad reign.

'MARY was now an orphan and a widow: her protector, HENRY II. was dead; her uncles fallen; her royal mother-in-law and cousin her implacable enemies; her birth-realm torn by conflicting parties; she herself a poor, young, friendless queen. 'She was,' says the English spy, Sir NICHOLAS THROCKMORTON, 'a heavy and dolorous wife, as of good right she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him through his nineteen days' sickness, and by painful diligence about him, but especially the issue thereof, is not in the best time of her body.'

'So writes THROCKMORTON to her for ELIZABETH. 'Take care of her for my sake, pleaded the dying king. 'O FRANCIS!' exclaimed CHARLES IX., looking at her portrait, 'happy brother! Though your life and reign were so short, you were to be envied in this, that you were the possessor of that angel, and the object of her love.'

'JOHN KNOX, recording the death of FRANCIS, speaks of him simply as 'the husband of our JEREMY.'

'MARY has recorded somewhat of her own feeling of bereavement in a letter to the King of Spain, and in the verses that close this chapter.

'You have consoled,' she writes to PHILIP II., 'by your letters, the most afflicted poor woman under heaven, God having deprived me of all I loved and held most dear on earth, and left me no other comfort save that of seeing others deplore his loss, and my too great misfortune. God will assist me, if it pleases Him to bear what comes from Him with patience, for without His aid, I confess I should find so great a calamity too heavy for my strength and little virtue.'

'And these are the widow's verses:

'Thy voice of my sad song
With mournful sweetness guides
My piercing eye along
The track that death divides;
'Mid sharp and bitter sighs,
My youth's bright morning dies!

'Can greater woes employ
The scourge of ruthless fate?
Can any hope, when joy
Forsook my high estate?
My eye and heart behold
The shroud their love enfold.

'O'er my life's early spring,
And o'er its opening bloom,
My deadly sorrows fling
The darkness of the tomb.
My star of Hope is set
In yearning and regret.

'That which once made me gay
Is hateful in my sight;
The brightest smiles of day
To me is darkest night:
No keener pangs contend
Than mine their stings to blend.

'On Memory's steadfast throne
One image ever reigns,
Whose outward name alone
My garb of woe maintains.
And violets paint my cheek
With hues that lovers seek.

'I find on earth no rest,
Unwonted sources of grief,
Yet changes may be blest,
If they can bring relief.
The world, whatever my fate,
Alike is desolate.

'When to the distant skies
I raise my tearful sight,
The sweetness of his eyes
Beams from the cloudy height.
Or from the clear, deep wave,
He smiles as from the grave.

'When day's long toil is o'er,
And dreams steal round my couch,
I hear that voice once more,
I thrill to that dear touch.
In labor and repose,
My soul his presence knows.

'No other object seems,
Lovely though it may be,
What my sight worthy deems,
For others or for me.
My heart shall ne'er o'erthrow
The summit of love's wo.

'My song, these murmurs cease
With which thou hast complained.
Thine echo shall be peace!
Love changeless and unfeigned,
Shall draw no weaker breath,
In parting nor in death.'

'Such, for her perished youth, her orphaned loneliness, and her dead boy-husband, such was the lament of 'JEZEBEL!'

A more *faithfully-prepared* work than this has seldom been given to the press. As we have said, we can bear personal testimony to the rigor of research, the patient investigation, the careful collation and clear arrangement of rare yet entirely authentic *matériel*, by which Mr. MACLEOD has honorably distinguished his work: still, with all his details, which are necessary to fortify and render irrefragable the positions which he assumes, the spirit of the poet breaks out occasionally, as in the subjoined opening sketch of MARY's birth:

'MARY, Queen of Scots, was born in the Palace of Linlithgow, not very far from Edinburgh, on the seventh of December, 1542. Her father never saw her, nor she him, and already she became the object of contending ambitious rivalries and hates, which were to pursue her remorselessly to the melancholy end. But that will be seen in its place. Enough just now that the sweet heather bloom of our hills and moorlands is born; born amid sighs and wild exultant buzzes, beneath the tears of a realm, and the sun-shine of momentary popular pleasure. From the tall cataract-guttered hills, where sleeps the eternal snow, white, cold, and silent; from the purple moorland where the bee hums in the summer, and the stately ptarmigan and black-cock lurk and brood; from the glen, upon whose side the ten-lined stag feeds with uplifted ears; from the still loch, silver or black, or 'burnished sheet of living gold,' as God's shadow, or sun or moon-light chanced to fall upon it; from the rough river, where golden salmon leap against the rapids; from clusters of larch and fir-trees stirred by the northern breeze, came the full sigh of pain and joy. Solway is lost, but Scotland hath an heir.'

To all which we have nothing to add, save that the work is printed upon large clear-faced types and good paper, and really 'embellished' with one or two excellent engravings.

SONGS AND BALLADS. By SIDNEY DYER. In one volume: pp. 298. New-York: SHELDON, BLAKEMAN AND COMPANY. Indianapolis: STEARNS AND SPIGNER.

WE trust we violate no confidence—indeed we feel well assured that we do not, as the letter from which we cite a single passage, is in no respect designated as of a private character—when we present the following lines, extracted from a note to the EDITOR by the author of the volume before us: a work which, beside being well-printed, upon good paper, is additionally embellished by an excellent steel-engraving, purporting, we have no doubt truly, to be a correct portrait of the author. The author modestly says: 'I have ventured to publish the accompanying volume, hoping that the songs which it contains may thus secure some of the wide popularity bestowed upon them in connection with the beautiful melodies to which they have been wedded, and thus enable them to accomplish the education of two motherless daughters.' We hope that this may indeed be so: and we desire to render our thanks to Mr. DYER for the kind and flattering words which he has been pleased to express in relation to the 'critical judgments' of this Magazine, which he assures us was 'the *first* Magazine he ever subscribed for, and will be the last which he shall cease to read.' Mr. DYER's volume has not been perused by us with that careful critical attention that we could desire. Many and various books have been published and sent to us recently for perusal and for notice. Some we have not received: the weather has been cold, and navigation uncertain. Others, which we *have* received, we have scarcely been able to read at all: that is to say, no *portions* of the said works. But not so with the volume before us; the contents of which, we are informed, were mostly 'written for music-publishers, who furnished the titles and form of the versification, leaving the author no choice in the matter:' and he reasonably explains, that his 'orders' required the preservation of a particular measure. Writing thus, as it were, in fetters, we solicit attention to two or three specimens of the *manner* in which Mr. DYER, as a song-writer, has acquitted himself of the task 'imposed' upon him. Thus reads '*The Old Stage-Coach*:'

'THOUGH others boast of their rail-road speed,
The rattling car, and the whistle's scream,
And look with pride on the iron steed,
With fiery lungs, and a breath of steam;
The jostling, crowding, rushing a-head,
And scolding, fretting, all in a rage;
I sigh again for the visions, fled,
Of turnpike roads and the old mail-stage.
Then, ho! for the days of the turnpike road,
The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
The mellow horn, and the merry load
That used to ride in the old stage-coach!

'The old stage-coach, in its golden day,
 Rolled proudly on, with its cheerful load,
 And claimed from all the full right of way,
 A monarch, then, of the turnpike road !
 But now the day of its pride is o'er,
 It yields the palm to the railway train ;
 The dear old friend, so beloved of yore,
 We ne'er shall look on its like again.
 Then, ho ! for the days of the turnpike road,
 The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
 The mellow horn, and the merry load
 That used to ride in the old stage-coach !

'The old stage-coach, as it came, of old,
 Each idler roused with its noisy din ;
 With cracking whip, how it briskly rolled,
 With conscious pride, to the village inn !
 But now it stands in the stable-yard,
 With dusty seats and a rusty tire,
 And we this friend of our youth discard,
 For railway cars and a steed of fire ;
 Yet give me the days of the turnpike road,
 The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
 The mellow horn, and the merry load
 That used to ride in the old stage-coach !

'Though others boast of their rail-road speed,
 The rattling cars, and the whistle's scream,
 And look with pride on the iron steed,
 With lungs of fire and a breath of steam,
 I sigh again for the golden day,
 When, up the green, with its merry load,
 The old stage came, as it held the sway,
 A monarch, proud, of the turnpike road.
 Then, ho ! for the days of the turnpike road,
 The prancing steeds, and the brisk approach,
 The mellow horn, and the merry load
 That used to ride in the old stage-coach !'

'*The Heart Can Trust No More*' is one of those 'songs for music' that, 'given' the first rhyming word, the hearer can give the next, though he were partly deaf, and in a dark cellar on a dark night, with his right hand tied behind him :

Hopes once gone are gone forever,
 They return not to the heart ;
 Though we seek them, yet they never
 Will again their light impart.
 Thus, if love's first vows are broken,
 Every dream of bliss is o'er ;
 Truth, once sullied, is the token
 That the heart can trust no more !

'Wealth and beauty, swiftly flying,
 Outward griefs can all be met ;
 While on plighted vows relying,
 Fortune's frowns bring no regret.
 But, if truth has once departed,
 Love's fond dreams of bliss are o'er ;
 Then, alas ! the broken-hearted
 Feels the heart can trust no more !'

'*The Serenade*,' on page ninety-three, is open to the same objection which we have more than once urged in these pages against this species of mis-called 'poetry :

'Awake ! the moon-beams crown the night,
 And slumber on the sea, love,
 And all the stars above are bright,
 Awake from dreams of me, love !
 Awake from dreams of me !

'The voice of night delights the ear,
 And floats along the sea, love,
 But thine, more sweet, I wait to hear,
 Breathe one fond word for me, love !
 Breathe one fond word for me !

'Sweet incense pours from dewy flowers,
 Fit emblem pure of thee, love,
 And zephyrs come from honeyed bowers,
 Awake, and list to me, love !
 Awake, and list to me !

'Let beauty weave her magic spell,
 It has no charms for me, love ;
 Since first I loved thee, oh ! how well,
 My heart is true to thee, love !
 My heart is true to thee !

'Where'er the bliss of balmy sleep
From care shall set thee free, love,
And angels watch around thee keep,
Bright be thy dreams of me, love!
Bright be thy dreams of me!

'But now, while moon-beams crown the
night,
And slumber on the sea, love,
And all the stars above are bright,
Awake, and smile on me, love!
Awake, and smile on me!'

Now, with his titles prescribed, his measure dictated, his lengths suggested, how could Mr. DYER acquit himself more worthily? True *poetry*, to be sure, cannot be so 'created.' Yet Mr. DYER's songs, *as* songs, must claim the merit of simplicity, feeling, and directness, or they never would have been 'ordered' by his publishers, or purchased by the public. Few people buy what they don't want. With these brief comments, we cordially commend these 'Songs and Ballads' to our readers; hoping that for the author's sake, and the welfare of his children, they may be widely read and sung. That not a few of them will touch many a heart, from association, as they shall be feelingly rendered by a good vocalist, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt.

FRANK FORESTER'S HORSE AND HORSEMANSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH PROVINCES OF NORTH-AMERICA. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. With Steel-Engraved original portraits of Celebrated Horses. In two volumes. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

A WORK of this kind has long been needed. We know nothing about our native horses, except that they justly rank among the best in the world. In New-England we hear about the 'Morgans,' those sturdy, well-knit little fellows, that pull along a big load 'in three minutes.' In New-York the Messenger breed, with its long slim legs, so well adapted for light work. In other quarters we find the immense dray-horse, and the running turf-horse; but of their ultimate origin we know little. Heretofore the pedigree of running horses has alone been considered worthy of record, but the Declaration of Independence in effect discarded the running horse as the exclusive property of the aristocrat and the man of useless pleasure, and installed in its place the more practical, democratic trotter. This animal has now become an American institution, his achievements a matter of national pride, and his strain of national importance. Whether riding for pleasure or business, in peace or war, the trotter will distance the runner at the end of a day, while for a vehicle of pleasure, the stage-coach, or the more laborious wain the trotter is far superior to the running horse. It probably will be acknowledged without an argument, that blood is as necessary for a superior animal of the one gait as the other.

Conceding this, the importance of a work like that before us is evident. It gives us the best history of the American horse that is at present attainable, as no stud-books were kept in the early periods of our colonial history. It gives a calm disquisition upon the varied qualities of the various breeds, which, if not absolutely correct, may be taken as data for any corrective argument which may be necessary. It points out the most approved method

of breeding, feeding, training, shoeing, etc., etc. In short, it is the American horse as it was, as it is, and as it should be. For particulars see the General Contents.

Surely this design is good: will it be carried out? Is it not answer enough that FRANK FORESTER understands it? When parturient with a Greek ode, a classic poem, a romance, a dissertation on dogs, fishes or sport, was there ever a failure? Did not the full time of gestation bring forth a perfect work? If there is a literary man in the United States who is capable of performing this work better than any other, it is he who has undertaken it. By taste, by education, and by long toil and research, he is especially adapted, and we are confident in its success.

Artistically, the work will be a great one, ranking in all respects with the great gift-books of the season, *The Courts of WASHINGTON*, and *NAPOLEON*. It will be elegantly printed on fine linen paper, in two imperial octavo volumes, of eleven hundred pages. The text will be interspersed with numerous wood-cuts illustrative. Its chief adornments will be some score of exquisite engravings — *India proof impressions* of the famous racers and trotters of America. Among them will be found accurate portraits of SIR ARCHY, ECLIPSE, GLENCOE, (imported,) BLACK MARIA, BOSTON, FASHION, LEXINGTON, PRYOR, POCAHONTAS, FLORA TEMPLE, LADY SUFFOLK, WHALEBONE, STELLA, ALICE GREY, etc., drawn by the celebrated artists SMILLIE, H. DE LATTE, E. TROYE, A. FISHER, and C. HANDCOCK, and engraved by HINSHELWOOD, DUTHIE, BUTLER, and BURT.

Fact in the main composes this book, but fancy lends its magic influence in its adornment. Two most appropriate designs from the pencil of DARLEY are intended as vignettes for the title-pages of the volumes. The illustrator of the 'Sketch-Book,' and more recently of 'Margaret,' has been most happy in these designs, and while having the familiarity of home scenes and peculiarities, rival in grace and spirit the celebrated works of LANDSEER.

It may be thus seen how great is the inception, how complete its fruition. We commend it to all who love to witch the world with noble horsemanship, or who can perceive the distinction between a horse and a jackass. The following compose the *General Contents*:

'THE HORSE: Its Origin, Native Land, History, and Natural History. The History of the English Blood Horse. The History of the American Horse; of the American Blood Horse; of the American Turf; Lists and Pedigrees of Imported Mares and Stallions; Comparative Tables of the Stock of Native and Imported Stallions, in the last quarter of a century. Pedigrees, Performances, Description, Time and Anecdotes of the most celebrated American Race Horses; Rules of Race Courses. History of the American Trotting Horses; Descriptions, Performances, Time, and Anecdotes of the most celebrated American Trotters; Tables of Time; Rules of Trotting. History of various Families of the American Horse. The Canadian; the Mustang; the Pennsylvania Draught Horse; the Vermont Draught Horse; the Narragansett Pacer; the Morgan Horse; the Carriage Horse; the Roadster. An Essay on Breeding Blood Stock; for General Use; for Cavalry Purposes. An Essay on Stabling; an Essay on Feeding, Clothing, Conditioning, and Shoeing; an Essay on Breaking, Riding, Driving, and Managing, on the Road, in the Field, and on the Turf. General Rules for Preserving Health, Preventing Disease, and for General Field and Stable Management.'

SEVEN YEARS' STREET-PREACHING IN SAN-FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: embracing Incidents, Death-Scenes, etc. By REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR, of the California Conference. Edited by W. P. STRICKLAND. In one volume: pp. 394. Published for the AUTHOR.

WE confess to no great admiration for that class of incapable religious wharf-rats, those pot-ash kettle and ship-timber divines, who on warmish Sundays, slightly elevated above the mud which surrounds their auditors and the docks of our Great Metropolis, dispense spiritual nostrums, in perfect keeping with their unsanctified rostrums: but at the same time, we honor the man 'adequately who, with the ability to speak fitly, with the power to pronounce a great argument,' and with a true love for the faith that is in him, 'shames not to stand up for his cause, so it be good, wherever he may be.' Judging not so much perhaps from the contents of the volume above noted, as from looking, as it were, with the writer's eyes, from his own 'stand-point,' we must infer him to have been, in the interval embraced by his labors here recorded, much such a man. In his opening chapter, he tells us, in short 'divisions' of argument, why it was that he preached in the streets and high-ways of the city. His syllabus is as follows: 'Because it is a duty, enjoined by the LORD JESUS CHRIST: 'It is supported by Divine and Apostolic Precedent and Example: 'It has been confirmed by a Divine Attestation: 'and 'The Moral Necessity of Street-Predaching,' as Demonstrated by our SAVIOUR, who said: 'Go ye into *all* the world, and teach the Gospel to *every* creature.' In his 'Introduction,' the editor quotes the following passage from a letter, dated in September last, addressed to the author, by HON. WILSON FLINT, of the California State Senate, reminding him of an incident which occurred on the Plaza in San-Francisco, the first time he heard him deliver the 'preachéd word: '

'It was on a Sunday morning, in December, 1849, when landing from the Panama steamer, I wended my way with the throng to Portsmouth Square, this being at that time the great resort of the denizens of the rising metropolis. Three sides of the square were mostly occupied by buildings, which served the double purpose of hotels and gambling-houses, the latter calling being regarded at that time as a very reputable profession. On the fourth and upper side of the square was an adobe building, from the steps of which you were discoursing from the text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'

'It was a scene I shall never forget. On all sides of you were gambling-houses, each with its band of music in full blast. Crowds were going in and out; fortunes were being lost and won, terrible imprecations and blasphemies rose amid the horrid wail, and it seemed to me that Pandemonium was let loose. Above all this, I heard you utter the following prophetic sentence, which has since been fully realized: 'The power of SATAN seems at this time in the ascendancy, wherever I cast my eye; but, sure as there is a God in heaven, we will turn the tables upon the EVIL ONE, and where now my voice meets naught but scoffs and jeers, with unwavering faith in my Divine MASTER, I hope to labor on to the time when these dens of iniquity around me shall all be swept away.'

'Six years of time have sped on, and what a wondrous change! Portsmouth Square now, of a Sabbath morn, is thronged with women and children wending their way to the numerous churches in the surrounding localities. A great metropolis spreads out on every side, and civilization and Christianity go hand in hand to humanize the race of man.'

Let us proceed to present one or two examples of the persuasive eloquence adverted to by 'the honorable gentleman.' Our first extract may possibly proceed from the discourse alluded to by Mr. FLINT: at any rate, it was

preached on the very 'Rialto' of the then multitudinous gamblers of San-Francisco :

'WHEN the appointed hour arrived I took with me my 'sweet singer in Israel,' the partner of my youth, who has stood by me in every battle; and down I went to the field of action. I selected for my pulpit a carpenter's work-bench, which stood in front of one of the largest gambling-houses in the city. I got Mrs. T. and another lady or two comfortably seated, in care of a good brother, and taking the stand, I sung on a high key :

'HARK the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.
JESUS reigns, he reigns victorious
Over heaven and earth most glorious.
JESUS reigns,' etc.

'The novelty of the thing had a moving effect. The people crowded out of the gambling-houses, and gathered together from every direction, as though they had heard the cry, 'Fire! fire! fire!' By the time the echoes of the song had died on the breeze, I was surrounded by a dense crowd, to whom I introduced the object of my mission, as follows: Gentlemen, if our friends in the Atlantic States, with the views and feelings they entertained of California society when I left there, had heard that there was to be preaching this afternoon on Portsmouth Square, in San-Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion, and riot; but we, who are here, believe very differently. One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those stars and stripes floating on the breeze, (pointing to the flag of our Union,) and who loves the institutions fostered under them; in a word, there's no true American but will observe order under the preaching of God's word anywhere, and maintain it, if need be. We shall have order, gentlemen. I apprehend that for the last twelve months at least, you have all been figuring under the rule of 'loss and gain.' In your tedious voyage 'round the Horn,' or your wearisome journey over the Plains, or your hurried passage 'across the Isthmus,' and during the few months of your sojourn in California, losses and gains have constituted the theme of your thoughts and calculations. Now, I wish most respectfully to submit to you a question under your favorite rule. I want you to employ all the mathematical power and skill you can command, and patiently work out the mighty problem. The question may be found in the twenty-sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of our Lord's Gospel by St. MATTHEW. Shall I announce it? 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

'Every man present was for that hour 'a true American.' Perfect order was observed, and profound attention given to every sentence of the sermon that followed. The warrant for street preaching in San-Francisco was thus acknowledged, and the precedent of good order, under the preaching of the word in these 'high-ways,' was thus established. That sermon proved to be the first of a series of nearly six hundred sermons preached in these streets, the confluence of all the various creeds, and isms, and notions, and feelings, and prejudices of the representatives of all the nations, Christian and heathen. And yet, through the restraining providence of Him who sent me, and the good common-sense of the people of California, I have never lost a congregation, nor suffered any serious disturbance.'

There was not a little knowledge of 'men and things' exhibited in this discourse, if we may judge from the passage we have quoted. Brother TAYLOR's first sermon at Sacramento, though it seems to have pleased himself 'to a degree' and a half, or two degrees, does not impress us with a 'realizing sense' of that fervor—that impassioned elo—that intense concentration of—that——

The following is an extract from the discourse under notice :

'In the afternoon of the said Sabbath day, I selected a goods-box on the 'levee' for a pulpit, and opened my commission for the first time in the streets of that city. While singing the 'royal proclamation,' two men rode up near to where I stood. I never learned their names, but, for convenience, will call them BACCHUS and FAIRPLAY. BACCHUS was pretty drunk, and began to yell and make a great ado. Judge W. and a few others took hold of his mule's bridle, and tried to lead him away.

'Let me alone,' cried BACCHUS.

'Let go his bridle,' said FAIRPLAY. 'This is a public street, and you have no busi-

ness to interfere with him. Let him go, I tell you. If you don't let him go I'll see that you pay dearly for it.' And many other hard threats were uttered by Mr. FAIRPLAY.

The singing, which had been continued without interruption, together with the strife and hallooing of the drunken man, attracted an immense crowd. When the opening hymn was ended, Judge W. and his companion had gotten BACCHUS off to the distance of about thirty yards, and had about equally divided the crowd. At that moment I called to the Judge and his company, saying: 'If you please, gentlemen, let him go, and I'll take care of him.' But they had become so zealous in the matter that they seemed determined to drag him away, and would not let him go. By the time I had sung another song of Zion, they had got but a few feet further off, and had half the audience, who appeared to be more interested in the fate of the drunken man than in the songs of the preacher. I then called to them again, and said: 'Gentlemen, you had better take my advice. If you will let that man go, I will send him away in one minute. I am surprised at you, Sacramento folks. Come down to San-Francisco, and attend preaching on the Plaza next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and I'll show you how to behave. Men naturally run after an excited crowd, but you have all seen the great attraction, a drunken man on a mule. Now, let me manage that fellow, and all of you come up here; I've got something to tell you.'

'With that they let BACCHUS's mule go. I then addressed his threatening, storming companion, FAIRPLAY, and said: 'I deliver that man up to you, Sir; I want you to take charge of him, and lead him away. Take good care of him, if you please.'

'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'I will,' tipping his hat as he made his best bow, and immediately led him away. The whole crowd then gathered round me, and I said: 'Gentlemen, some of my friends here say that it is getting too late for preaching this afternoon; that by the time I get under way the supper 'gongs' and bells will ring, and that you will all run off to supper. I have some very important things to say to you, and I will have done before the tea gets cold. Now you had better stay and hear me out, and my friends here will find that they are not so good at guessing as they thought they were.'

'I then announced as my text: 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' The preliminary exercises seemed to have raised the temper of their minds to an impressive state, and the power of God's Holy Spirit manifestly attended the word. Many eyes unused to weeping, gave forth their briny streams. Good order and great solemnity pervaded the entire assembly. The supper-gongs in the neighborhood set up a prodigious ringing before I had got half through, but I saw none leave. All seemed willing to risk the 'cold tea.'

In order to exhibit a faithful and forceful picture of the 'Spread of the Gospel under Difficulties,' at that time in California, we cite the annexed brief extracts. Let our metropolitan friends of 'Trinity,' 'St. GEORGE,' 'Grace,' 'Trinity Chapel-of-Ease, and 'Saint PAUL's, think of the 'preached word' delivered from the top of whiskey and pork barrels:

'I HAPPENED to get for my pulpit on that occasion a barrel of whiskey, (I have preached probably a hundred times on the heads of liquor barrels,) which stood on the wharf, and prefaced my discourse by saying: 'Gentlemen, I have for my pulpit to-day, as you see, a barrel of whiskey. I presume this is the first time this barrel has ever been appropriated to a useful purpose. The 'critter' contained in it will do me no harm while I keep it under my feet. And let me now say to you all, to sailors and to landmen, never let the 'critter' get above your feet. Keep it *under your feet*, and you have nothing to fear from it.'

'At the close of the sermon the congregation gave me a collection of one hundred and twenty dollars.'

'The Sabbath following I occupied as a pulpit, at the same place, a barrel of pork. I remarked as I balanced myself on the head of the barrel, 'I see my pulpit of last Sabbath, the barrel of whiskey, is gone, and I am very much afraid that my timely warning, as is too often the case, was not heeded, and that its contents have ere this gone down the throats of some of our fellow-citizens. I have in its stead to-day, as you see, a barrel of pork, literally less of the spirit and more of the flesh. But this is God's house while I here dispense His word, as really as the spot where JACOB slept and dreamed, and saw the ladder that reached up to heaven. God was in that place, and God is here this morning. JACOB's God is looking at you now. Oh! that the Spirit of His grace may this hour subdue your fleshly lusts, while I deliver to you a message from Him who sent me.'

'My text on this occasion was from Proverbs, third chapter, thirteenth and fourteenth verses: 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understand-

ing. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

Our limits are more than attained, and our extracts are finished. We can now only refer our readers, with full confidence in their judgment and taste, to the volume whence these extracts proceed. Mr. TAYLOR's lineaments, as given in his engraved portrait, betoken a man of strong religious emotion; bad wig; much persuasive power; high cheek-bones; evident sensibility to outward scenes; short whiskers; 'reverence' large, and nostrils expanded, 'like a wild ass's colt.' He has a good coat, with a velvet collar. Mr. TAYLOR was always well received: he deserved to be, without doubt; and there is as little question that he accomplished great good. How different *his* treatment from that of 'Bishop STEVENSON,' of Pennsylvania, also a street-preacher, but of an entirely different character. Why was *he* hung, by the posterior 'slack' of his trowserloons, upon a preëminent 'prize-beef' hook, in the centre stall of Centre-Market, in Centre-street, in the smoky and industrious town of Pittsburgh, on a pleasant Sunday morning? Great was the crowd gathered around him; loud the calls for a 'discourse;' prompt his reply to the appeal: his text, 'For necessity is laid upon me, and wo is unto me, if I preach *not* the Gospel!' He was a little scared: the general verdict however was, that he 'preached good.' All of which treatment of Mr. STEVENSON was, to make use of a strong expression, 'faulty.'

RECORDS OF THE HEART, AND OTHER POEMS. By EVELLE A. LEWIS. Illustrated by American Artists. One volume: pp. 420. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS extremely handsome volume contains the several poems published by Mrs. LEWIS since 184, with large additions. For the most part, they are presented here pretty much in order, according to the date of composition, a mode of arrangement which has the advantage of showing the growth of the author's mind, her improvement in the mechanical part of composition, and the maturing and expansion of her powers. We believe that Mrs. LEWIS has yet to write her great poem. But this volume furnishes ample evidence of her ability to give to the world some poem destined, beyond all cavil and challenge, to occupy a permanent position in our national literature. The poems before us are chiefly narrative, in which we find graceful expression, facile composition, and much original thought. They have strong indications, rather than actual presentations, of extended and liberal scholarship, without any approximation to pedantry.

The best poems in the volume—the really *telling* poems—the poems which make the reader, despite of himself, think with emotion, are the sonnets. These consist of translations from PETRARCH and other foreign writers, with a series called 'Sonnets to my Study,' and another series, ('ADALINA to ADHÉMER,') also 'from the Italian,' as much as, and no more, than Mrs. BROWNING's remarkable collection 'from the Portuguese.' It is

only justice to Mrs. Lewis to say that the greater number of *hers* were actually *published* years before Mrs. BROWNING's were even *written*.

In the sonnets, Mrs. Lewis seems to have put forth much strength. The thought is here concentrated; the expression simple and dignified; the emotion clearly developed; the heart allowed full utterance; the pervading idea kept paramount throughout. To show the difference between the affected passion of laurelled PETRARCH and the intense passion of the poetess, while uttering her own thought, we copy two sonnets. From PETRARCH :

‘LOVE’S SWEET ANGER.’

‘Sweet anger, sweetest wrath, sweet peace, sweet ire,
Sweet pain, sweet wo, sweet burthen of sweet good,
Sweet speech, so sweetly felt and understood;
With thy sweet pinions fan this sweetest fire.
Weep not, my soul, but suffer and be brave :
In thy too ardent flame bid honor come
Unto thy aid, and hold her blessed to whom
I erst did say : ‘*Thou only me couldst save !*’
Another century, perchance, will sing
With sigh of envy, this undying flame,
And weep my love’s melodious suffering.
While others will exclaim : ‘O blinding wo !
Why seal’st our eyelids ? Why did we not claim
An earlier birth — or *they* a later know ?’

This is little more than a sonnet of pretty conceits. It has no natural, crushing, all-possessing passion. PETRARCH wrote it, simply as a poem to be admired, not a confession or out-pouring of the heart. Far differently does Mrs. LEWIS write, from the fulness of her own soul. Here is the utterance—that of a Woman as well as of a Poet :

‘LOVE’S POWER.’

‘Life had no God-light — earth no glory, till
I heard the footsteps of thy soul, and felt
Thine eyes on me like tropic sun-beams melt,
Infusing warmth through all my frame — a thrill
Of fire, that banished cold, and ice, and chill :
Then beauty on the face of all things dwelt,
And folding up its hands, my spirit knelt,
Drinking of omnipresent Love its fill.
My senses of the weight of day were purged,
Till I could peer o’er in the spirit-world
On countless souls alit with pinions furled,
Giving one gaze for gaze. With becks they urged
Me to o’er-step the bounds ’tween Life and Death,
Drawing me towards them till Soul took away my breath.’

This is the true, passionate, heart-utterance : the other but the false DUESSA.

The getting-up of this volume is very superior. The illustrations are among the best ever executed in this country. They consist of a fine portrait of the authoress, engraved by J. CHENNY, from a noble painting by ELLIOTT, with many other engravings in the first style of the art, by HALPIN, SMILLIE, PHILLIBROWN, O’NEIL, four original drawings by HUNTINGDON, DARLEY, S. W. CHENNY, H. K. BROWN, (the eminent sculptor,) CHAPPEL, and T. A. RICHARDS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WINTER-TIME ON THE LOWER HUDSON. — The snow which lay deep upon the little lawn in front of 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' has all melted away; ice in acres is slowly moving down the great Hudson with the receding tide; the cedars seem to *begin* to renew their greenness; and tiny blades of tender grass, rudiments of summer's coming crop, appear here and there among the faded blades of the vanished season. These be the harbingers of spring; but before it comes, let us present the *Winter-Picture*, of which we made mention in our last number. Thus, then, it was: 'It was of a Saturday afternoon,' and bitterly cold, when we arrived at the Erie Rail-Road Dépôt, at the foot of Chambers-street, and found the COMPANY's boat gone; so that home, 'around the Horn,' we could not go. Finding that the COMPANY's powerful Ice-boat, Captain HULSE, of the steamer 'ERIE,' commander, was to leave in the morning at seven, we repaired to the GIRARD-House, read and scribbled by a good Liverpool-coal fire until eleven o'clock, and then to a nice warm bed, and unbroken slumber, until six in the morning. And *what* a morning! Reader, it was *The Cold Sunday of the Year of Grace, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Seven*. Recollect that — for long will it be remembered by thousands, at least in 'York State.' On board the boat at seven, her hour for starting, 'weather permitting;' the time she *wanted* to get off, 'weather or no.' A deeply-laden barge, creaking amidst the thick ice at the stern; huge hawsers, frozen as rigid as iron; a broad, solid river in front, and even steam congealing in air, and falling like fine frost-rime upon the deck; such were the main features of the scene, as slowly and sadly we put forth. We have heretofore depicted the 'New-Haven' in the ice, both at night and in the day-time; and we only allude to the same matter now, because we should like to set grumblers to *thinking* a little. Who is to contend with the elements? 'Who can withstand the fierceness of His cold?' Your dry-goods did not arrive — you grumble: your box of hardware came not — you denounce: your 'spiritual' orders remain without fruition — you swear. But *whom* do you blame? We thought of this that morning, as we saw Chief-Pilots 'JACK STALL,' and 'BILL WEATHERWAX,' with Captain 'DICK,' and 'BILL STALL,' barge-officers, backing and filling through heaps of broken and piled-up ice at the wharves.

Well, at length, say half-past eight, we are headed directly for the haven where we would be, sheer in the middle of the noble Hudson, opposite the heights of Weehawken. It is ice all. There is *no* water to be seen around: ahead there seems to be something like a 'break' in the river, toward the west shore, in the neighborhood of Fort Lee. It is an illusion. It is all ice still — that is, it is *still* ice, as it is termed, compact, firm, translucent; frozen when the winds were off and away 'wool-gathering' the white and fleecy snow in other and not distant quarters. At length somewhere toward twelve or one o'clock, as we are grinding through the thick-ribbed ice opposite Fort Washington Point, whang goes the great hawser that is pulling a heavily-loaded barge behind us. We rush from the saloon to see her plunging onward, wedging herself into the thick mass far astern. Now we must round to. We make a long détour, to get back to the barge, when whang! bang! crash! and a roar of steam. The furnace-doors are suddenly opened; a lurid glare upon the thick steam, lighting up the whole scene, suggests fire: but no; 'the walking-beam has come down, and the cylinder has cracked,' says a fireman with a bleeding hand, as he emerges from below — Thus far had we scribbled some three days ago: and *now* what a change in the scene before us! It is a 'wild March morning,' Monday, the second of that stormy month, and just such another day as the awful Monday which followed the Sunday we have endeavored to describe. And right glad are we to be in our little cottage, albeit it 'rocks to the battlements' in the howling storm, and even the wide screen of cedars, beyond the drifted lawn, are hidden from view by the whirling clouds of driving snow. But never mind: let us get back to the ice-trip and snow-journey. — All assistance was now at end, unless the 'Norwich' ice-boat, lying at the Pier, should meet us on her expected downward trip. But we waited in vain. At length, late in the afternoon, the bitter cold all the while increasing, Captain HULSE, tendering a liberal reward and 'supplies,' procured two men to seek the west shore, pass over the zig-zag road leading over a spur of the Palisades, and telegraph from 'English Neighborhood' to the Pier for assistance. They went, with ice-hooks, a ladder, etc., but returned after a space, with the information that in very deep water, almost to the shore, was a channel of broken ice, which could not be passed. So back again to the vessel. What was *now* to be done? The CAPTAIN and 'Old KNICK' conclude to try the *East* shore, reach the Hudson River Rail-road, walk six miles, and arriving at Manhattanville, find a way, by stage and far-out city cars, to reach the metropolis. No sooner proposed than attempted. With two small travelling-bags suddenly 'improvised,' and a long board, we are over the vessel's side, on the solid ice, and literally 'off'; for such was the terrific force of the wind and storm from the biting north-east, that it seemed less than a minute before we were literally blown a mile from the steamer. Away went our best GENIX, (our old friend must re-place it, when he publishes his spring-'issey,') and away went we. We are nearing the east shore, slanting-wise, when lo! 'spoon-ice' for four or five rods, between us and the rail-road! Howbeit, upon 'that same' has been blown the hat, battered, and broken, and cut, on its rough and rapid journey; and upon a piled-up floe, or ice ridge, walks

a man from the rail-road to pick it up. We reached the edge: 'O ——,' says Captain HULSE, 'this does not look very safe; but the man came out for the hat: let me go *first*: I am a heavier man than you are: keep well back of me: you have six children — I have none. If I 'go under,' report me, but don't follow!' *That* was a bad man, wasn't it, reader? *Follow* him! We would have followed him after *that*, where there was *no* ice, if we could have waddled! Well, we reached the shore, after 'a taste' of a ducking by the edge of the rail-road embankment; followed out our proposed route to town through that howling storm: visited, 'for conference and advice,' our friends Mr. MACCALLUM and Mr. BLAKE, the Superintendent and Pier-Agent: and at nine o'clock were snugly housed in a warm room at the GIRARD, where Mr. CODDINGTON made us comfortable; two tired mortals, who were in dream-land in half an hour. Nothing stirred in the waters of New-York bay the next day. A blinding snow, which hid the unfrequent pedestrian at the distance of two feet; cold of the intensest; wind that howled and ravened through the deserted streets of the metropolis — these were the features of that '*Cold and Stormy Monday*.' The next day, however, we had the pleasure to stand on the New-York and Erie Rail-road pier, and welcome the safe return of our disabled boat and barge. And now, what do you think of ice-navigation on the Hudson in the winter? And yet, bad as this was, it was exceeded, by far, afterward, and for a long period too: channels had to be cut through ice undiscoverable by the stoutest boats, but which soon closed again, and all hope of progress seemed out of the question. Disappointed dealers in the interior, expecting freight which does not arrive, and merchants, in town in a kindred dilemma, should, in the season of storms, 'think of these things:' for, as we have said, 'Who can withstand the fierceness of His cold?'

MR. K. Q. PHILANDER DOMESTICKS, that keen observer and clever caricaturist, holds forth weekly in the New-York '*Picayune*.' We fear that he thinks there is more '*Garroting*' in the newspapers than in the streets; for he gives two or three 'cases' that would hardly bear the cross-examination of our friend, Counsellor JAMES T. BRADY. As for example:

'PIGFOOT, my esteemed friend and fellow-boarder at Mrs. SWAGLEY's, has been garrotted; and it really seems as if the robbers must have intimately known his private affairs, because the event occurred on the night of the very day that he received a remittance from England to pay Mrs. SWAGLEY his five months' board: he appeared at breakfast-table next morning with a countenance so much damaged, and was so cast down on her account, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse him three months' longer credit, until he can get another remittance from England.'

'JENKS, another of our boarders, was garrotted twice in one week: it has a bewildering effect upon JENKS: it makes him unsteady in the legs, and causes his breath to smell of rum-punch: on the first occasion of the robbing and choking outrage, he rung the area-bell of the house on the other side of the street, until a policeman interfered and brought him home: then JENKS inveigled the policeman into the house, and delivered him over to me with many formalities, assuring me that he was a garrotter whom he had overpowered and captured by main strength, and he showed the star on the M.P.'s breast the place where the invincible fist of JENKS had 'smashed his jaw.' JENKS was garrotted again two days after, and brought home by a gentlemanly-looking individual who picked his pockets at the door, took his over-coat, changed hats with him, and then rang the bell for the girl to come and let JENKS into the house. The girl came, and found this individual trying to whittle off one of the pickets of the iron fence with his pen-knife, and meanwhile making a furious attempt to sing the words of the 'Evening Hymn to the Virgin' to the classic air of 'Root, Hog, or Die.'

'The mania has extended even to the kitchen, and the servants are now following the example of their betters, and getting garroted on every favorable opportunity: if the boy goes to the butcher's, he is invariably, according to his own account, attacked by a band of ruffians and robbed of the money before he gets home: this has happened four successive days in broad day-light, and has cost Mrs. SWAGLER about four-and-sixpence a time. I sent SALLY, the little errand-girl, with a dime for some beer, and she returned in tears, with the news that she, too, had been 'garroted,' and had lost the change. She had her flat full of lemon-candy, and had two big apples in her pocket, which I suppose the robbers had given her.'

'A palpable hit,' and, moreover, one that means something.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Here, ladies and gentlemen, you will see a letter from JOHANNES PHENIXIN. Could any one else *but* him have written it? We opine not. And yet see how so simple a thing as '*A Journey from Boston to New-Orleans*' can be made attractive by the pen of an original thinker and a 'ready writer':

'On the fifth of January, at eight A.M., I left the Tremont House in a hackney carriage, the wheels whereof had turned into runners. This method of progression, rendered necessary by the deep snows, is considered a great amusement in the North. Being particularly dangerous to life and limb, and usually terminating in pulmonary consumption, the pastime is very properly called sleighing.

'With a through-ticket for the great city of Cain in my pocket, I took a seat in the cars at the Worcester Rail-road depot. After waiting half-an-hour, during which time my sympathies were deeply interested by the performances of an unhappy young couple, one of whom was going somewhere and the other was n't, and who in consequence were slobbering over each other to a terrible extent, a sudden harsh bark was heard from the engine, a grating jar, which acted on my teeth like lemon-juice, followed, and we were off. The motion of a rail-road car is of two kinds, which may be called the 'heave and set, or whip-saw movement,' and the 'tip and sifter,' names sufficiently expressive to require no farther explanation. We started on the 'heave and set,' which gradually merged into the 'tip and sifter' as our velocity increased.

'On entering a rail-road car the first object of the solitary traveller should be to secure an entire seat to himself. This may generally be done successfully by taking the outside seat and skilfully disposing a small carpet-bag, great-coat, umbrella, and cane, so as to cover the inner one. As the passengers throng into the car, many will gaze earnestly at the place thus occupied, but will usually prefer to move on rather than give you trouble; but if the car is quite filled, the question will undoubtedly be asked, 'Is that seat taken, Sir?' when you should reply with an imperturbable countenance, 'It is, Sir!' and the inquirer, with perhaps a slight glance of suspicion, will move on. As a man's object should be to make himself as comfortable as possible in this world, that his mind may be in a proper frame to prepare for the next, a slight deviation from truth for the purpose of securing this object, like the above, is quite pardonable, in which opinion I am corroborated by my dear friend and Christian teacher, Rev. H. B. — TON — S, whose celebrated and useful aphorism, 'Never lie, unless it is necessary,' will doubtless recur to the reader's mind. Having made my arrangements in accordance with these views, and being as comfortable as circumstances would permit, the motion of the cars being that of a small boat in a high sea, and their noise like unto a steam saw-mill,

I composed myself to the journey. At Framingham the usual nuisances of rail-road cars commenced. First appeared the small boy with the Boston newspapers, which had been brought to him by our train; then the dirty boy, with the parched corn, who, in the intervals of trade, dabbles among his merchandise with his sore hand, and devours so much of that dry commodity, that you are fain to believe him to be his own best customer; then the big boy, with the fearful apples, 'three for five cents;' and finally that well-known and most indefatigable wretch with the 'lozengers,' who on this occasion actually sold a roll of the description called 'checkerberry' to an elderly individual of the MUGGINS family sitting near me, who eat them, and to my great joy, became wofully disordered in consequence. But the boy with the accordeon was not there—I think he has not yet got so far North. It was but the week before that I had met him, however, on the Philadelphia cars. It was after eleven o'clock; the train had passed New-Brunswick, and the passengers were trying to sleep, (ha! ha!) when the boy entered. He was a seedy youth, with a seal-skin cap, a singularly dirty face, a gray jacket of the ventilating order, and a short but remarkably broad pair of 'corduroy-corduoya.' He wore an enormous bag or haversack about his neck, and bore in his hand that most infernal and detestable instrument, an accordeon. I despise that instrument of music. They pull the music out of it, and it comes forth struggling and reluctant, like a cat drawn by the tail from an ash-hole, or a squirrel pulled shrieking from a hollow log with a ram-rod. This unprincipled boy commenced pulling at his thing and horrified us with the most awful version of that wretched 'Dog Tray' that I ever listened to. Then he walked around the car and collected forty-two cents. Then he returned to the centre of the car, and standing close to the stove, which was red hot—the night being cold—he essayed to pull out 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' when suddenly pop went the boy; he dropped the accordeon, burst into tears, and clapping his hands behind him, executed a frantic dance, accompanied by yells of the most agonizing character. I saw it all, and felt grateful to a retributive PROVIDENCE. He had stood too close to the stove and his corduroys were in a light blaze; a few inches below the termination of the gray jacket was the seat of his wo. After he got on fire the conductor put him out, and a sweet and ineffable calm came over me. I realized that 'whatever is, is right,' and I fell into a deep and happy sleep.

The musical nuisance, fortunately, was spared us on this occasion. A tourist travelling by rail-road across the United States would have but little opportunity to collect notes for his forthcoming work. Thus my idea of Albany, at which Dutch village we arrived shortly after dark, are, a hasty scramble down a platform; then huddling into a sled with other bewildered and half-frozen passengers; then a rapid foot-race of about a quarter of a mile, encouraged by shouts of 'Leg it! the cars are off.' 'No they aint; plenty of time.' 'Hi! hi! there, round the corner, them's the cars,' etc.; then more cars and we ground on.

It was on this Albany and Buffalo train that a little incident occurred which may be worthy of mention, and serve as a caution to future innocent travellers. I had observed that at each change of cars, and they were frequent, when the general scramble took place, one car was defended from the assault by a stalwart man, usually of the Irish persuasion, who deaf to menaces, unsoftened by entreaty, and uncorrupted by bribes, maintained his post for the benefit of the 'leddies.' 'Leddies car, Sir, av ye please; forrid cars for gentlemen without leddies.' Need I say that this car so reserved was by far the most comfortable of the train, and that with that stern resolve which ever distinguishes me in the discharge of my duty toward my-

self, I determined to get into it *coste quel coste*. So when we changed cars at Utica, I rushed forth, and seeing a nice young person, with a pretty face, bonnet and shawl, and a large portmanteau, urging her way through the crowd, I stepped up by her side and with my native grace and gallantry offered my arm and my assistance. They were gratefully accepted, and proud of my success, I ushered my fair charge up to the platform of the ladies' car. My old enemy was holding the door. 'Is that your lady, Sir?' said he. With an inward apology to Mrs. PHOENIX for the great injustice done to her charms by the admission, I replied: 'Yes.' Judge of my horror when this low employée of a monopolizing and unaccommodating rail-road company, addressing my companion with the tone and manner of an old acquaintance, said: 'Well, SALLY, I guess you've done well, but I do n't believe his family will think much of the match.' However, I got into the ladies' car, and having repudiated the young person SARAH, got an exceedingly pleasant seat by the side of a very warm and comfortable young lady of a sleepy turn and quiet disposition. I would n't have exchanged her for two buffalo-robos, but alas! she got off at Syracuse, and then, frosty Caucasus, how cold it was! And so grinding, and jolting, jarring, sliding, and freezing, wore away the long night.

'In the morning we were at Buffalo. I saw nothing of it but a rail-road depot; but I remember thinking as I stamped my feet and thrashed my arms to restore the circulation, that if that sort of weather continued, 'the Buffalo girls could n't come out to-night,' and would probably have to postpone their appearance until the summer season.

'Among the passengers on the Erie Rail-road was a very interesting family, on their way to Terre Haute, (Ind.) There was the father, a fine manly figure; the mother, pale, delicate, and lady-like; and nieces, cousins, and babies innumerable, but all pretty and pleasant to behold. But the gem of the family was 'BELLE.' BELLE was the factotum, she nursed the babies, went errands for her father, helped her mother, and was always on hand to render assistance to any body, anywhere; and though her patience must have been sorely tried, she preserved her amiability and genuine good nature so thoroughly that she became to me an object of constant attention and admiration. She was evidently the manager of that family, and went about every thing with a business-like air, quite refreshing to observe. She was about sixteen years old, very pretty, neatly dressed, and of a most merry and vivacious disposition, as was evinced by every sparkle of her bright eyes. Farewell, 'BELLE,' probably you'll never see this tribute from your unknown admirer, or meet him in *propria persona*; but the loss will hardly be felt, for you must have more admirers already than you know what to do with. Happy is the man that's destined to ring the BELLE of Terre Haute.

'All day and all night we ground along, 'ripping and staving.' We passed through Columbus where the people had been having a grand ball to celebrate the completion of their State Capitol, and picked up three hundred and eighty-four survivors, each of whom contained a pint and a half of undiluted whiskey. And so in the morning we came to Cincinnati, where for fifteen minutes we tarried at the BURNETT House, the most magnificent hotel in these United States. Here I met with FISHER, the celebrated rail-road traveller, who accompanied us to Sandoval, and with whom I was particularly charmed. FISHER is the original inventor of that ingenious plan of getting rid of an unpleasant occupant of the same seat, by opening the window on the coldest night, so that the draught shall visit searchingly the back of the victim's neck; and of that method of taking up the seat and disposing it as an inclined plane, and going to sleep thereon in such a complicated manner as

to defy subsequent intrusion. What he does not know about rail-roads is of no manner of consequence and useless to acquire. Thanks to his experience, we enjoyed the luxury of two seats together, and it was with deep regret that I parted with him at Sandoval. The change of cars from the Erie to the Illinois Central, is a delightful incident. The latter has the broad gauge, the seats are comfortable and convenient, the speed exhilarating, and no exertion is spared by the civil conductors to render the passengers as happy as circumstances will permit. I have never travelled more comfortably than on the Illinois Central, and hereby wish long life and prosperity to the company.

'The third day and the third night were over, we had passed safely through the city of Sandoval, which consists of one house, where the cars are detained five hours for the benefit of an aged villain who gave us very poor roasted buzzard and called it wild turkey; and, grateful to PROVIDENCE, we arrived at Grand Cairo.

'I stepped out of the cars a shorter man than when I started. The friction for three days and three nights had reduced my height two-and-a-half inches; a singular psychological fact, which I recommend to the consideration of the learned WALKER.

'Cairo is a small hole at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi River, surrounded by an artificial bank to prevent inundation. There are here about thirteen inhabitants, but the population is estimated at three thousand, that being a rough estimate of the number of people that were once congregated there, when five trains of cars arrived before a boat left for New-Orleans. They were enjoying the luxury of the small-pox at Cairo when we arrived; they are always up to something of the kind; a continued succession of amusements follow. The small-pox having terminated its engagement, the cholera makes its appearance, and is then followed by yellow fever for the season. Sweet spot! DICKENS has immortalized it under the name of Eden, an evident misnomer, for no man worth as much as ADAM could remain there by any possibility.

'The fine steamer 'James Montgomery' was about to leave for New-Orleans, and we soon found ourselves most comfortably, indeed luxuriously established on board. A very merry passage we had to this great Crescent City, under the charge of our stout and jovial captain, whose efforts to amuse us, seconded as he was by the pretty and vivacious 'widow,' were entirely successful. The 'General' also, a noble specimen of the gentlemen of Tennessee, proved himself a most agreeable travelling companion, and endeared himself to our little society by his urbanity, cheerfulness and fund of amusing and interesting anecdote. Among our passengers was, moreover, the celebrated ELIZA LOGAN, probably the finest actress now on the American stage, who has acquired a most enviable popularity, not only by her great professional talent, but by her charms of conversation and her estimable reputation as a lady. She chants the 'Marseillaise' in a style that would delight its author. One who wishes to realize for an instant what death is, should listen to her enunciation of the last words of the refrain of this celebrated composition; if he can repress a shudder, he is something more or less than man. Accompanied by my old friend BUTTERFIELD, who had joined us at Memphis, I landed at New-Orleans, and proceeded forthwith to the Saint CHARLES Hotel. At this great tavern AMOS expected to meet his wife, who had arrived from California, to rejoin him after a three months' separation. I never have seen a man so nervous. He rode on the outside of the coach with the driver, that he might obtain the earliest view of the building that contained his adored one. It was with great difficulty that I kept pace with him as he 'tumultuously rushed' up the step leading to the Rotunda.

In an instant he was at the office and gasping 'Mrs. BUTTERFIELD.' 'In the parlor, Sir,' replied DAN, and he was off. I followed and saw him stop with surprise as he came to the door. In the centre of the parlor stood Mrs. BUTTERFIELD. That admirable woman had adopted the very latest and most voluminous style; and having on a rich silk of greenish hue, looked like a lovely bust on the summit of a new-mown hay-stack. BUTTERFIELD was appalled for a moment, but hearing her cry 'AMOS,' he answered hysterically, 'My AMANDA!' and rushed on. He ran three times round Mrs. BUTTERFIELD, but it was of no use, he could n't get in. He tried to climb her, but the hoops gave way and frustrated the attempt. He extended his arms to her; she held out hers to him; tears were in their eyes. It was the most affecting thing I ever witnessed. Finally Mrs. BUTTERFIELD sat down, and AMOS got behind the chair and kissed her, until their offspring, by howling and biting the calf of his leg, created a diversion. They were very happy, so were the people in the parlor. Every body appeared delighted; and a small boy, a year or two older than little AMOS, jumped up and down like a whip-saw, and halloed 'Hoop-ee' with all his might.

'BUTTERFIELD,' said I, an hour or two later, 'I suspect that Mrs. BUTTERFIELD has adopted hoops.'

'Oh! yes,' answered he, 'I saw that sticking out. Perhaps it will obviate the little tendency she had to 'blow up.' I'm glad of it.'

'I have taken room No. 3683 in this establishment, and am a looker on in Vienna. To be sure my view is that usually termed, 'the bird's eye,' but I am getting a tolerably good idea of things. I should like very much to attend the ordination of Brother BUCHANAN in March next, and hear the Russian Minister preach, but I fear it will be impossible.

'You will hear from me when you receive my next letter. Respectfully yours,
'JOHN FRANK'

WE are sorry that we called our excellent lady correspondent a 'strong-minded woman,' since the sense, as she observes, might be regarded as 'ambiguous.' Such was not *our* thought, however, when we used the term:

'WHEN I sent you an essay last spring, you were pleased to call me a '*strong-minded woman*,' and really I did not know whether to be flattered or offended, for that adjective, as usually applied to *women* at the present day, is a *little ambiguous*. There are some who are called strong-minded women with whom I should consider myself complimented by being associated; and there are others with whom I should scorn to be classed. However, I do not know as I was ever called by my friends or acquaintances strong, either in body or mind, prior to that time, nor but once subsequently, and that was on the seventeenth of last July, when I clung in a very uncomfortable position to a plank full three-fourths of an hour, floating about in Lake Erie. You doubtless remember that it was on that day the 'Northern Indiana' was burned. I was among the passengers, and on the stern of the boat, and of course, to avoid death by fire, must plunge into the water. On rising again to the surface, I grasped a rope, thrown by a friendly hand, and was drawn to a plank, on which I, together with four others, sustained myself and floated about a mile, as we were afterward told. My companions then called me '*strong-minded*,' because of what they were pleased to call my courage and presence of mind; but certainly I saw no reason to be frightened, or to feel otherwise than hopeful, and even so far as our own case was concerned, cheerful, when we had a plank to rest upon, and saw boats coming to our aid. But I can assure you I felt strong in body, for notwithstanding my arms ached excruciatingly, I thought I could have held on

for hours if necessary; though when we were taken up by a small boat from the propeller 'Republic,' I found myself so exhausted as to be unable to raise a hand. We were taken to the steamer 'Mississippi,' and there I formed some acquaintances that I never shall forget. Just as the glories of the sun, when he himself has passed from us to brighten other lands, reflected back upon the lowering clouds of evening, transforms their gloomy visages into images of beauty, as bright and glorious as the skies of Heaven; so the remembrance of those acquaintances shines on the gloom of that terrible day; and will ever shine through the dark vista of coming years, illuminating every cloud that hangs along the darkening sky. I think I must mention particularly Dr. J. R. BIGELOW of your city, to whom I send greeting, (for I doubt not that he reads the KNICKERBOCKER,) and Mrs. JACOB HOWARD of Detroit, who very kindly took me to her own state-room and provided for my wants with a sister's care.

'AND she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.'

'WORDSWORTH says *almost*, I say *quite*; for I am sure there is a place occupied in my heart, that before was vacant. By-the-way, how much, how *very* much there is in the *manner* in which a kind office is performed. The acquaintances I have mentioned, acted not only as though they commiserated the condition of the sufferers with whom they were surrounded, but as though those sufferers had a right to any assistance which it was in their power to give, as really as though they had been their own mother's children. How different such benevolence from that accompanied with the express understanding that it is benevolence, or from that whose object is the praise of the world, or farther, that prompted by romance.

'I have often regretted that I did not observe more particularly the sailors in that small boat, so that I might always remember them. One night, a short time since, I fall asleep with this regret on my mind, and Memory, loosed from the bonds in which the senses held her, took me upon her pinions and flew back to that scene, placed me in the bow of that boat, sitting upon a coil of rope, and leaning against the boat's side, surrounded by fellow-sufferers, all clothed like myself in dripping garments. The sailors were all in their places, and I saw them very distinctly; and one of them, with sandy whiskers and sun-burnt face, turned and looked at me with just that peculiar expression of countenance that he did on that memorable day, when I was weak and womanish enough to 'cry' because they would not heed me, but took me first from that floating plank, when I felt sure I could retain my hold better than my friend could his. So memory, blest memory, gave back in sleep what the mind failed amid the excitement of that hour to grasp! At least I am quite sure I should know that man of the full blue eye, sun-burnt face, and sandy whiskers. I am sure it was not imagination, but memory pictured that scene for me, for I turned in my dream to the friend who was rescued with me, and exclaimed: 'I thought I had forgotten these sailors, but their countenances are as familiar as your own.' I know no better cure for a misanthrope than to pass through such a scene as that; when he will not only feel that all mankind are brethren, but that they acknowledge that brotherhood in the time of need, even at the risk of their own lives. Ah! and he will find there is a warm, soft spot which he knew not of, far down in the depths of his own frozen heart, that will send up a stream of love and sympathy that will overflow in deeds ere he is aware. If not,

'WHAT kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand,
What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
Shall ever dissolve the crust in which his soul
Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?'

'For my own part, my respect for human nature was materially augmented at that time; for I saw so much less selfishness, and so much more self-sacrifice, even before I left the burning boat, than I had any idea would be exhibited on such an occasion. Before me lies the July number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, which floated in my basket upon my arm, through all that perilous voyage upon the gang-plank; but notwithstanding the trying ordeal through which it has passed, I think it will do to bind.

'But I have occupied this whole sheet with reminiscences of the 'Northern Indiana,' when I intended to have written of 'strong-minded women.' I believe it is universally acknowledged, that when a woman's tongue is once set to running, there is no knowing when or where it will stop; and I suppose it is not strange that it should be so with her pen, since it is but a substitute for that member.

'HARRIET N. GOW.'

Such 'strong-minded women' we like! - - - We 'cry mercy' of the Boston '*Watchman and Reflector*.' We were not unaware, when we jotted down our 'learned' notice of the review of '*Der Biblischen Psychologie*' of DELITZSCH, in the '*Christian Review*' for the October quarter, that theologians use, 'and often use, language that to common readers seems barbarous.' We know that they do:

'We know what such afflictions mean,
For we have felt the same.'

We are not ignorant of the fact, also, as stated, that 'questions of this sort are frequently discussed, that are neither interesting nor intelligible;' and that they not unusually 'contain sentences of which none but a trained metaphysician could hope to make any sense.' That's so: but why should it be so? Why put up 'No admittance' on dead walls, through whose cracks nobody can peep, and rough board-doors, at which nobody would knock, unless something, of some kind, was supposed to be seen inside? We want to learn. 'Education,' says the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' 'is the creōwnin' gleōry of the United'n States'n:' and he farther exclaims: 'How hard it is to write good!' Now if you want to 'write good,' write plain, so that 'he that runs may read,' if he wants to read, and not run away, if he don't want to read at all. But our entertaining friend of the Boston '*Evening Traveller*' daily journal has taken up the cudgels for us: and he is a staunch defender. He says:

'We confess ourselves to have been astounded when we were accused of describing a very respectable and learned German scholar as a shallow pedant, because we had merely copied a facetious paragraph from the *KNICKERBOCKER*. It would seem that the muddiest intellect could not fail of discovering that the *KNICKERBOCKER*'s paragraph was a confession (discreditable to no one save learned theologians and perhaps the editor of the *Watchman and Reflector*) that the editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER* knew nothing of the subject in question; but with more honesty than some editors we wot of, he writes a notice of the learned article, affecting perfect familiarity with its subject and abstruse phraseology, but by witty comments inserted here and there, intentionally exposes his real ignorance, and thus most effectually satirizes the stilted notices of less honest critics, who hide their own ignorance by a free use (implying familiar acquaintance) of these-abstruse and technical phrases. We hope the editor of the '*Watchman and Reflector*' will be at the trouble of a little closer analysis before assuming again the post of universal censor. He should be careful, too, in his use of unfamiliar weapons. We are compelled to warn him, that in such an attempt, his weapon will be likely to do execution at the nearest end.'

The '*Watchman and Reflector*' returns to the charge; whereupon our doughty champion of '*The Traveller*,' after quoting the notice of the Hon. A. D. BACHÉ's '*Annual Report of the United States Coast-Survey*,' in our February number, addresses those learned editors in the ensuing terms:

'For fear that the Defender of German Theologians from the attacks of the secular press should nod and overlook this second lapse of the KNICKERBOCKER's and the *Traveller's* morals, we take especial pains to bring it to its notice. The same indignation and zeal which it manifested when Dr. DELITZSCH and German Theology were attacked, we shall now look for in behalf of Prof. BACHÉ and outraged science.

'An Eastern fable relates the story of a criminal who was brought to an executioner to be beheaded, and who, after waiting patiently for some time, asked the Oriental JACK KIRCK, who stood by with his thin-bladed sword, why he did not do his duty. 'Shake yourself,' said the Mussulman. The criminal did so, and his astonishment may be imagined when he saw his body roll one way and his head another. If the '*Watchman and Reflector*' does not see the point of the above extract, we would suggest that it proceed to 'shake itself.'

Seriously: one of the most learned of the later English writers of renown, (speaking though, we think, after DRYDEN,) says: 'It needs all we *know* to make things *plain*.' Therefore, with *knowledge*, cannot this *be done*? 'and if therefore,' as BUNSBY says, '*why not*?' Also: is it not *possible* for a '*Christian Review*,' or even a '*Watchman*' and a '*Reflector*' to assume the possibility of a harmless pleasantry? - - - Right glad to hear again from 'H. P. L.' We thought he had lost sight of us:

'Did you ever hear the way DEERFIELD won his wife?' asked WILDBOSS, shutting up his right eye, opening his left very wide, and sending out a cloud from a fragrant Cabanas.

'No, never. I expect you ask me, so that I may ask you, 'how?' and then have you 'sell' me in some sweet way, but it won't work. Now, how do you feel generally?' asked RASH TROTTER.

'Tolerably, I thank you. Your intense wide-awake-ativeness is wrongly exercised this heat; nobody wants to 'sell' you any more than they'd want to buy you. The question was a fair one, and as you've never heard the story, I'll 'narrate' it (as there is a lesson, if not a moral in it) especially for your benefit. You know, RASH, that your early education was shamefully neglected, particularly your lessons and morals. Now DEERFIELD won his wife with an Ace ——'

'WILDBOSS, you are going to contaminate me with an awful card story; is this the way you teach morals? Fejee Islanders and all that sort of thing gambling for wives. Whew!'

'Did you say gambling?' asked WILDBOSS, earnestly; 'I thought you left off punning years ago, at least I hoped so.'

'There you go again! Always making me a scape goat for your sins.'

'Could n't find a better one; those broad shoulders of yours can carry a load for six. Take it easy, and now I'll commence on DEERFIELD and the way he won his wife with an Ace ——'

'That's right,' eagerly interrupted TROTTER. 'But has n't she played the Deuce with him since?'

'O TROTTER! where is the shame
That SALLY once saw in your face?
If you keep making puns at this rate,
You'll certainly die in disgrace.'

broke out WILDBOSS hurriedly.

'A banjo for the Improvisatore!' called TROTTER, delightedly, but noting the cloud that lowered above his brow — real genuine *Flor de Cabañas* smoke, he lit 'one of them,' and winking to WILDHOSE, said tersely: 'Propel! no more interruptions.' And our 'narrator' went in and onwards.

'DEERFIELD won his wife with an Ace; and a noble woman she is too, whole-souled, whole-hearted, and as independent as bricks. One of the women you read about — not in tag-rag and bobtail, cotton-velvet and spoon-food novels, but in history!'

'How could you read her story in his-story?' asked TROTTER, calmly as flowers at set of sun.

'In the house of Time there is but one story, a kind of exchange where heroes and heroines associate promiscuously,' answered WILDHOSE quickly, thus scorching TROTTER, who at once wilted into silence, and *then* WILDHOSE began in earnest.

'It would give me pleasure to describe BETSEY NORTON to you, but I remember a tale about throwing *margaritas ante porcos* ——'

'A tale about MARGARET's aunty's pork-house? Oh! do let's hear it, You're such a —— of a fellow for telling stories. Go on!' entreated TROTTER.

'About throwing pearls before TROTTER's, I should say,' continued WILDHOSE; 'so that I need only tell you that she was very handsome and very lively. When she first came to quiet old Tubbsville to spend the summer with her uncle and aunt NORTON, her arrival caused as great an excitement as a run-away match, a house on fire, or a burglary. The fact that she at once took to riding horseback, instantly caused an earnest brushing and dusting of divers old pig-skins, neglected girths, and mouldy bridles. DID VERNON, if you must die, was the order of the day among the girls of the village, and the boys assisted them. At sun-set Love Lane was nearly choked up with horses and mares — the riding mania was at its height. Soon it was rumored that old Mr. NORTON had a boat on the river, and BETSEY NORTON was seen one bright morning pulling a pair of oars right stoutly, as she rowed up stream to a bed of water-lilies, and wove one of those chaplets the gentleman in the song requests should not be 'gaudy.' The girls would have entered on this field too, but they looked at the boat and they looked at their hands, and concluded that the wear and tear to the latter would n't compensate for 'taking her down' in this pursuit, so BETSEY the boat-man carried the day. Her next agony was walking, and she turned out, rain or shine, with thick English walking-shoes, at sun-rise and sun-set, doing her twelve miles a day easy. Quite a number of competitors at this exercise, but she tired them all out, and at last threw them into convulsions, by appearing one morning on her walk with a light double-barrel gun of her Cousin DICK's slung over her shoulder, and her Blenheim spaniel at heel; it's of no consequence to you or me, RASH, to know that the gun was unloaded and continued so that morning, or that her spaniel did n't know a wood from a weather-cock; it is enough that this turn-out convulsed the other girls with envy, and delighted BETSEY, who was then very young, and very full of life and roguishness. And so, year after year, with the leaves and birds of June, she came to Tubbsville and staid until they left. Of course she always had all the admirers she wanted, and some to spare, but then you know it's human nature ——'

'Did I hear some body groan or growl, sob or sigh?' asked TROTTER.

'No you did n't, my boy. I was n't in that boat. But to advance: among all the spoon-bills who 'attentionized' Miss BETSEY commend me to a dear little duck named DRAKE, who wore a bit of glass in his left eye and a piece of black ribbon attached as a badge of mourning for his supposed loss of sight; he was a radiant

youth, not of the *jeunesse dorée*, but rather gilt-brass stamp; wrote grass-hopper poetry, the kind you know that jumps from tomb-stones to daffodils; smoked a segar as if it were a very solemn thing, and was — will you believe it? — right well liked by BETSEY. He played the guitar and sang 'Queen of my Soul' to her, making an ass generally of himself; but the boy thrived and his chances for winning BETSEY were admirable, had it not been for one DEERFIELD, a nephew of old Mrs. NORTON's, who suddenly planted his foot in Tubbville, forever overthrowing little DRAKE's pretensions. The exact opposite of DRAKE, he was a man good to look upon: tall, stout, handsome in person, and courteous yet plain in his manners. You could n't help thinking as you looked at him and BETSEY NORTON, what a well-matched team they'd make.

'Soon after DEERFIELD's arrival he received an invitation to attend a small evening party at Mrs. NORTON's, and during the evening found that *tableaux vivants* were to be given representing, according to 'despotic custom,' brides, (favorite character among young ladies, nothing like rehearsals!) sultanas, (fine chance to meditate over 'them old Turks' of husbands,) queens, (contemplating a despotic sway over their future lords,) maids of honor, (———,) also the usual desperate male characters, corsairs, and so on. The best tableau of all was that in which BETSEY NORTON appeared as 'The Queen of Hearts;' the dress was admirably in keeping, and were it not for her beautiful face, you would believe she had just stepped out from a gigantic pack of playing-cards, in fact was on the card; for her Cousin DIOR, in order that there might not be any mistake, had caused the white screen behind her to be brought close up, and a little ways over head, in one corner, hung a huge red pasteboard heart. The illusion was complete, winning the hearty laughter and applause of the entire company. When the curtain which concealed this tableau was first drawn aside, DEERFIELD noticed little DRAKE busy handling a pack of playing-cards that were lying on a small table in one corner of the drawing-room, and saw him quickly draw out a card; noticing which one it was, DEERFIELD's eyes radiated with joy, as, unseen by DRAKE, he walked over to the cards and hastily running them over, picked out another card and followed DRAKE, who, walking toward the tableau, bowed gallantly and presented the King of Hearts to the young man in charge of the curtain. He at once held it up to the audience, and the joke taking a merry round of applause, was given to little DRAKE, old Mr. NORTON laughing very heartily at the ease with which he had 'won that trick.' But presto! before the words were hardly out, DEERFIELD presented the Ace of Hearts to the young man who held the King. Holding the Ace high above his head, so that all might see, the company gave themselves up to renewed laughter and applause, declaring that DEERFIELD had fairly won the Queen of Hearts and taken down the King.

'Months after this, when BETSEY NORTON and JACK DEERFIELD were an 'engaged couple,' BETSEY told JACK that his quickness in taking little DRAKE's King had first won her to think better of him; and that one day with another had her belief grown and strengthened that his was the ACE OF HEARTS destined to take her QUEEN OF HEARTS through the game of life.'

And he 'served her right.' - - - We 'old folk' should be some-dele careful what promises we make to our little people. Our wee 'Five-year Old' looked up this morning from the rug before the sanctum-fire, where he was 'spreading himself,' engaged in the examination of a pictorial work of Natural History, and startled us with the question: 'Fader, will you get

me my little live Hip-im-pip-im-potimus and Elephant, next time you go to New-'Ork? You *said* you would! I want 'em to sleep with me, like the little gray pussy.' Can it be *possible* that we *did* say last night, when the little fellow was sitting on the rug, with the picture-book between his knees, that we would make such a purchase? If so, it was *extorted* from us by importunity, while we were busily engaged in writing, and cannot be held as 'binding!' Keep an infant hippopotamus and a juvenile elephant! to sleep with, too! Impossible! It is as much as we can do to keep a cow, to 'wat the bairnie's mou.' - - - How many hearts are literally and truly 'thrilled' at the announcement of the recent death of Dr. *ELISHA KENT KANE*! So young; in the very zenith of a fame world-wide; bearing all his honors so meekly; and dying from causes which have made his memory *un-dying*: perseverance, intrepidity, benevolence, accumulated knowledge — all banished by the more than Arctic touch of the cold hand of DEATH — the pale messenger, who has beckoned him silently away. But what a name he leaves behind him! Surely, what the country, (and not *ours* alone,) feels toward him, the tender regard, aside from national admiration, must assure his immediate relatives, fellow-officers, and friends, that he has neither lived nor labored in vain. It is so short a time since, in two numbers of this Magazine, that we made Dr. KANE's great work the subject of elaborate comment, that we need add no word to what we have already said, in relation to his preëminent merit and his lasting renown. Peace to his honored remains! - - - ONE pleasant spring morning, some two or three years ago, we were chatting with our friend and correspondent, Mr. SPARROWGRASS, at his place of business, then adjoining the Astor-House, when there entered a tall *distingué*-looking person, with a frock-coat buttoned to the throat, a self-possessed air, and quite the bearing of 'a man of the world,' as such are sometimes estimated (and ticketed) now-a-days. After a courteous salutation, he handed to Mr. SPARROWGRASS what seemed to us a rosary, divided into the requisite sections by large beads. 'Can you tell me what *those* are?' he asked. After examining them for a moment, 'By the mass, I cannot tell,' quoth Mr. SPARROWGRASS. 'Can you, Sir?' asked the distinguished visitor of 'Old KNICK.' 'Fore Heaven, Sir, we are both in a case: we also are 'mainly ignorant.' They look like ornaments from the end of a rattle-snake's tail.' 'No, gentlemen, *those are Corns and Bunions*, cut by me from the feet of the very *élite* of New-York society, of both sexes!' And he proceeded to designate lovingly those 'specimens' which had come from the most fashionable quarters, including several very fine ones from the Fifth-Avenue. There was a revision of 'first impressions:' and the elegant chiropodist, nobody in the store being 'corned,' was respectfully bowed out. We are reminded of this scene by the following most laughable article which we find in an old volume of that most various and excellent work, *Littell's Living Age*, where it appears under the head of '*Corns, Peerage, and Syntax*:'

'THE London '*Spectator*' refers to a long list of testimonials which a Mr. LEVI, of 'corn-cutting' celebrity, parades in the newspapers, and publishes some of these certificates for the edification of the common people. We are amused jointly with

the '*Spectator*,' with the style and syntax of some of them, and will introduce them to our readers for the sake of their peculiarities. First in the list is the testimonial of the DUKE OF CLEVELAND:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI has entirely cured my corns.

CLEVELAND."

"Concise as CÆSAR," remarks the '*Spectator*,' and curt, lordly, and dogmatic enough, say we, in all conscience. Nevertheless, it is direct and explicit; and as a specimen of composition, unobjectionable. It says all that it was necessary 'CLEVELAND' should say, and it says nothing more. Next certifies the DUKE OF LEEDS:

"I CONSIDER that Mr. LEVI is a very clever operator for corns, as he has extracted several very painful for me this morning, without the smallest pain.

LEEDS."

'The cleverness of the 'operator for corns' is here made apparent by the alliterative Hibernicism, that he has extracted several 'very painful for me this morning without the smallest pain.' Whether they were painful that morning, or were extracted that morning, or whether they were painful that morning without pain, the noble DUKE's syntax leaves in some ambiguity. Next comes the testimonial of an Archbishop:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI extracted the corns which were in my feet without giving me any pain.

JOHN G. ARMAGH."

'The dignitary is 'scholastically particular in his tense,' but for want of punctuation, we are left in doubt whether the corns were in the Archbishop's feet, without giving him pain, or were extracted without pain. The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE rivals the DUKE OF CLEVELAND in conciseness:

"MR. N. LEVI extracted a corn from me with perfect facility and success.

'LANSDOWNE."

'But while 'acknowledging the corn,' the MARQUIS declines saying *where* he was corned. Not so the EARL OF MARCH:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI has extracted corns from my feet without the least pain.

'MARCH."

'The EARL seems to say that Mr. LEVI experienced no pain during the operation. Lord SIDNEY attempts the diplomatic style; but blunders into saying outright what the EARL says, by perhaps forced construction:

"Lord SIDNEY certifies that Mr. LEVI has extracted a corn from his foot with great skill and without pain.

SIDNEY."

'It might be quite right for Mr. LEVI to experiment on his own foot, and for Lord SIDNEY to certify that he had done so skilfully; but how he could certify that Mr. LEVI suffered no pain, is beyond our comprehension. Sir CHARLES BURRELL's certificate is the last, and as a composition, is remarkable:

"I CERTIFY that Mr. LEVI eradicated several corns and a very troublesome bunion from me twelve months since; from all of which I continue to be entirely free and without pain.

C. M. BURRELL."

'In other words, the happy Baronet continues to be quite free 'from those corns and that bunion which were extracted twelve months since,' and without pain from the absent or destroyed excrescences. We humbly conceive that paying a chiropodist in such coins is at best but a small business for EARLS, MARQUISES, ARCHBISHOPS, and BARONETS; and are sure that it would be unsafe to certify that the aristocratic gentlemen have a respectable knowledge of syntax.'

Uncommon good 'Aristocratic English' that! - - - The *London Times* of a not far backward date, contained a long and able article upon certain '*Newly-Discovered Letters of Boswell*,' the great JOHNSON'S Biographer. Their discovery, as stated in the preface to the volume which contains them, is curious: 'A few years ago a clergyman, whose name is not given, having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of a Madame NOEL, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection, a date and some names were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence carried on nearly a century before, between the biographer of Dr. JOHNSON and his early friend, Rev. WILLIAM JOHNSON TEMPLE. A still further inquiry ascertained that this piece of paper had been taken from a large parcel recently purchased from a hawker who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year for the purpose of supplying the different shops with paper, but beyond this no information could be obtained. The whole contents of the parcel were immediately secured, and it was found that the majority of the letters bore the London and Devon post-marks, and were franked by cotemporary and well-known signatures.' '*The Times*' pronounces these letters of BOSWELL *genuine*, beyond all peradventure, and that 'a contrary hypothesis is simply incredible.' The letters extend over a space of nearly forty years, from 1758 to 1795, the sum of BOSWELL'S existence after emerging from the state of boyhood. The earliest are written when he is but eighteen, and the latest when, at the age of fifty-five, he lies unconscious of his danger on the bed of death. These epistles are '*Boswell all over*.' They do not exactly *reveal* that he was a mean toady, a conceited coxcomb, an envious sneak and sycophant, for that was well known already; but they enlighten us as to the other qualities of a drunkard, a gambler, and a *roué*, in which characters he was generally counselling the steady exercise of 'all the virtues' by his correspondents. In concluding its long and exceedingly interesting review, '*The Times*,' among other remarks equally forcible and just, has the following:

'THESE letters, which we are now able to accept as genuine on *external*, as well as internal, evidence of their authenticity, do not reveal any new phase of his nature, though they bring out his foibles in a stronger light by a series of painful and ludicrous details. His distinction from other men equally weak was already familiar, and it is illustrated here as it was illustrated in his *Life of Johnson*. Vanity and candor were his chief characteristics amid his numerous faults and his few virtues, and of these his candor exceeded even his vanity. Other vain men may have thought as he did, but none that we know of have published their thoughts with such simple *naïveté* and such open self-enjoyment. BOSWELL, as a booby, has had many rivals, but he alone remains supreme as the most conspicuous and transparent of booby kind. On his own showing, he is the prince of boobies, and by his own exertion he hangs aloft, a lantern of absurdity in perpetual illumination. . . . The waxen BOSWELL received the impress of the ponderous JOHNSON, and preserved it monumentally to the gain of all posterity. And posterity will not forget that it owes him a debt of gratitude. Though he was a booby unparalleled, a fickle swain, an irreclaimable toper, a sinner given to sack and uncleanness; though he had no more firmness than a jelly-fish, and no more consistency even of outward aspect than a chameleon; though he had the vanity of a Scotch peacock, which we take to be the proudest biped in creation; and though he had the supreme folly candidly and laboriously to set forth these qualifications to the world, so long as the English language endures he is nevertheless a great public creditor. He was shallow and debauched, he was the most ridiculous of mortals, but there is no doubt that he was the best and most successful of biographers.'

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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1857.

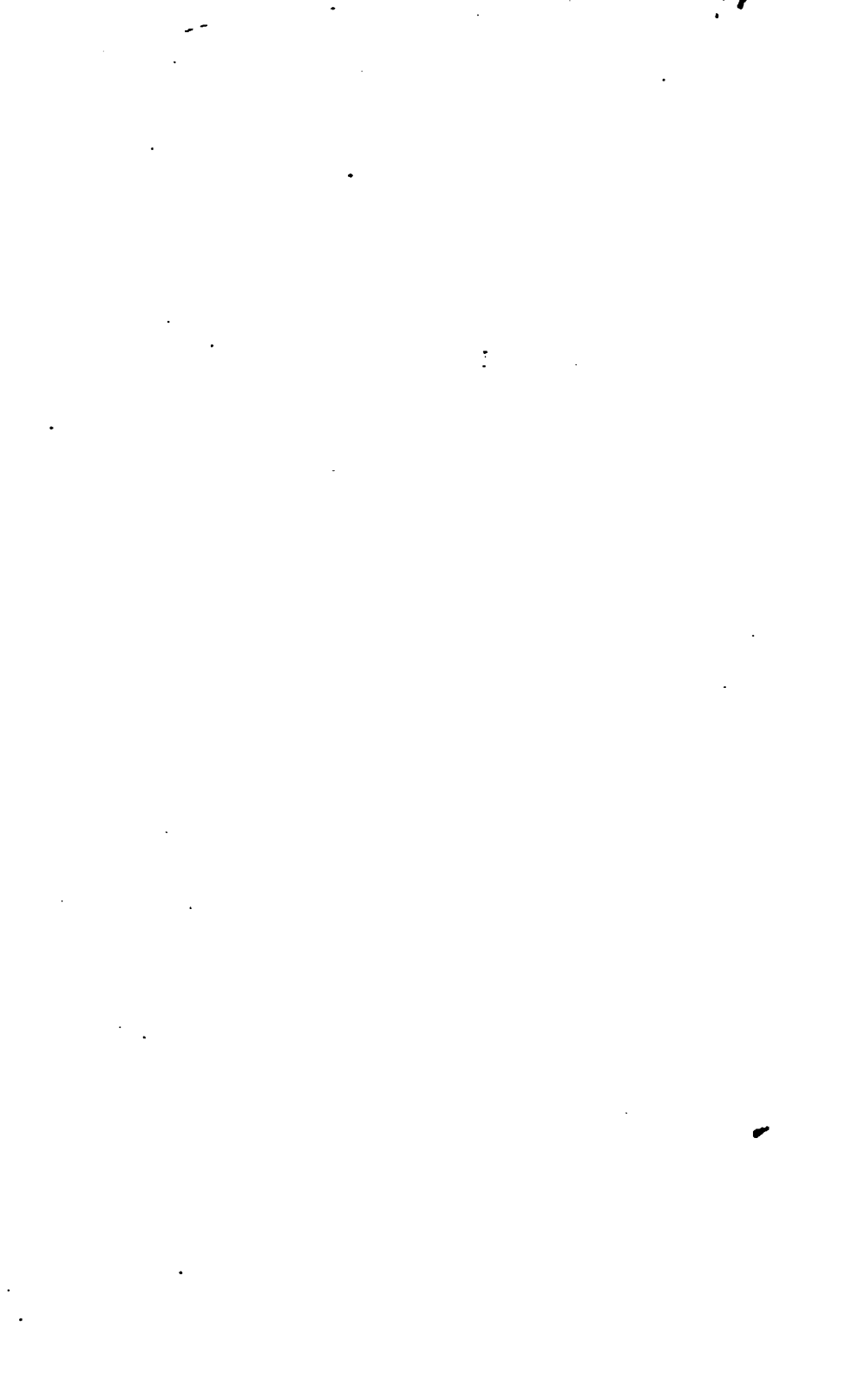
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American and Original.

The Knickerbocker Magazine,

For 1857.

THE Forty-ninth Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number of January, 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of *ST. LEGER*, and the *SPARROW-GRASS*, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. Mr. COZZENS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and Mr. KIDBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, Rev. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MACK SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly, and Mr. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the TABLE of Mr. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *ex fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

"But there is a quiet body, in the plainest of plain blue covers, that comes to us as certain as the moon, unadorned with wreath or poesy; not an 'embellishment' to bless itself with; not a fashion-plate or a leaf from *Punch*, or a pattern for a gusset or a robe *de nuit*; the good old-fashioned KNICKERBOCKER, the ancestor, the veritable Nestor, of American monthlies. But there is no treble in its utterances yet; the fabric for 'the lean and slippered pantaloon' has not been woven and fashioned for it; its hose are well filled out; its knee-buckles are not unloosed; its meerschaum is not discarded; it was baptized in the Fountain of Youth."—*Daily Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

"KNICK" is a great favorite of ours; he never bores us with a long story, or leads into a labyrinth of plot and narrative out of which there seems no way of escape—as he dashes us into his articles at a full gallop, and brings us at a most comfortable and free-and-easy trot.

KNICK's accomplishments are various—he is a wit, a humorist, a poet, a novelist, a romancer, a sentimentalist, an essayist, and we know not what else. May his shadow never grow less."—*Democrat, Kingston, N. Y.*

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T E R M S :

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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MAY, 1857.

NO. 5.

Schedisms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART SEVENTEEN.

We have a Lord High Chancellor upon our line. 'A what?' quoth Pembroke. A Lord Chancellor—a keeper of our consciences: not indeed a live man sitting upon a wool-sack, and buried in horse-hair. That would be rather expensive for a corporation with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, and assets of twenty-five thousand dollars! We never could pay a four-per-cent dividend, although we do carry sixty living passengers in a space adapted to only thirty, (beside paying coroner's fees for inquests upon the bodies of those who 'shuffle off' the 'coil' from suffocation and tainted air,) if we had a live Lord Chancellor at a salary of ten thousand pounds per annum. Our conscience-keeper neither eats, drinks, or wears clothing, and has no expensive 'small vices.' The directors and managers of our line, I am ashamed to say it, have found such inequalities in the cash receipts and returns of the fraternity of conductors, they have gone all the way to Paris for a Yankee invention to keep us in check. This curious device is meant to typify honesty, I suppose, as having but one hand, and so must be 'even-handed,' and that one hand is always pointing at its own face. For our conscience-keeper has a face like a time-keeper, and having but one hand, is not exposed to the temptation of double or cross-purposes. As you enter the car you see hung up, about the middle of the top border of the inside of the car, a clock-face, and as you fancy you are spelling out the time of day, (may be you have an appointment, and are nervous on the subject of clocks at the moment,) to your astonishment, it strikes *one*. This makes you look at your own watch, and you pshaw! at such a falsehood, when another

passenger enters, and the clock strikes *one* again. This makes you look up and re-consider, and upon closer inspection you perceive a dial with numbers from one to fifty on the outer margin, and a single hand that moves upon an axle in the centre of the dial, like the minute-hand of a clock, from dot to dot between the figures, until it completes the circumference of the dial, and as it moves each time its bell strikes. As often as a passenger enters the car, this hand moves over one space, and a bell strikes one : thus denoting how many passengers enter from the setting out of the car until it reaches the end of its route. At each terminus of the road, a book-keeper steps into the car, unlocks our conscience-keeper, takes a note of its tally, sets the hand back to zero, and the faithful creature is ready for its task again. We conductors are responsible for as many half-dimes as the bell has struck and the hand indicates. It is set up in a conspicuous place, and the conductor can't, if he would, avoid its gaze. If he has a capacious boot, and a hole in his pocket, whence five-cent pieces are prone to drop through, they do him no service any longer. He must fish them up at the end of the route to answer to the numbers on the dial. 'But,' says Pembroke to me, 'who keeps the tally and strikes the bell?' Not the passenger, for then that irresponsible personage might, for his own amusement, or through carelessness, saddle us with a debt we do not owe. 'What, then, holds the universal solvent? Who keeps the keeper?' Why, my jejune friend, the conductor keeps the tally and pulls the bell as each passenger enters. 'A marvellous invention, truly: set a thief to catch a thief. The conductor watches himself! Quite a miracle of ingenuity, and almost equal to the worthy expedients of that wight who discovered a short method of making shoes *videlicet* cutting off the tops of ready-made boots.' 'You think so. Ah! you little know the human heart the conductor carries. There is his conscience-keeper ever before his eyes. If he fails to pull the bell when he ought, its mute face, dumb and uncomplaining to the ear, looks so reproachfully at him, and its thin, warning finger points so remorselessly, as if in derision, to the number he knows is false; and with such a mutual consciousness that it is false, does he see it point as if in mockery, that, poor fellow, he cannot stand it, and to ease his conscience, he pulls the bell, and is himself again.

Holly Hops told me how it affected him. He despised the machine. How on his first trip with a conscience-keeper he was just beginning to coin a white lie. He omitted one stroke of the bell; he thought it mighty easy to forget just one passenger; several had gotten into the car at the same moment, and he had counted accurately so as purposely to omit one, and so at least not to make too many. He thought he could soon forget that he had not struck the bell as many times as he should. But his memory served him better than it ever did before. He could not forget it; every time he pulled once he felt an unseen hand twitching at his sleeve, as if jogging him for forgetfulness, and reminding him to pull again. Every time he looked at that pale face upon the side-wall of the car, and saw the skeleton finger pointing to a lie, he felt as if it menaced him, and the rigid little pointer seemed to him bristling in anger at his treachery. Every passenger into whose face he looked

seemed to eye him with savage and contemptuous distrust, or with a disparaging pity that was worse. Sometimes he would feel his face burning, and a confused consciousness of his faithlessness came over him, and he felt as if he stood confessed a self-convicted, guilty thing, and every man, woman, and child in the car knew of it. Fighting this down, his ears tingled, and he thought some body had pinched them, and turning sharply round upon his imaginary adversary, he encountered several pairs of eyes staring rudely into his face with a very 'detective' look, as much as to say: 'We see how it is.' This made him turn as suddenly back again, and keep his eyes bent more upon the ground; but as he moved his head away, sounds caught his ear of half-smothered hisses and suppressed mutterings. He was afraid to turn again, and so made an effort to keep his attention closely upon his business, and see and hear nothing else. All would not do: these sounds and sights multiplied upon every hand: the very atmosphere seemed to grow conscious that a thief was in the midst: a cold shiver shuddered through his frame, and he began to feel a sickening faintness come over him. The effort was too much for human nature to bear. Murder would out. So he grasped the string convulsively, and pulled the bell. No passenger had recently got in. The movement attracted the notice of several, who started as if a pistol had exploded in their car. They looked inquiringly at poor Holly Hopps. But he felt better now, and returned their gaze quite impudently and impenetrably. 'So I got out of that scrape,' said Hopps. '*Sic me servavit Apollo*,' said Pembroke. 'But I never tried it again,' said Hopps.

From the experience of poor Hopps, one may see 'how it works.' Whether the passenger see or note the peccadillo of the delinquent conductor or not, still the delinquent conductor fears he does. 'Suspicion haunts the guilty mind,' says the 'copy-book.' Every man who speaks to him he fears may be an accuser; every eye turned upon him he fancies has detected him; every whisper he hears he conjectures carries some allusion to his knavery. He knows not how many spies, under pay of the company, may be at any moment riding in his car. He knows not how many passengers have nothing better to do than to watch if he be faithful, and to report him if he be not. So you may be sure it operates as a marvellous check upon petty thieving. Holly Hopps says: 'There be no doubt many honest men on the line; yet it pays the company well to watch them.'

Now don't let me leave any impression that rail-road conductors are worse than any other class of men. They are not. Their life is a hard one, and their pay is small. They are often men of very great necessities, and where this is the case, and the facilities for pilfering small sums of money (which are so constantly handled) are as great as with this fraternity, very many, in a thousand other walks of life, yield to the temptation and are never detected. Servants, clerks, and agents, both of individuals and corporations, must confess, how almost universal is the habit of appropriating trifles as perquisites of the situation. But with us it is all money. And although to appropriate money's worth of considerable value is considered by some a venial offence, yet to take

money, be it ever so trivial an amount, deserves, in the estimate of all mankind, ignominious punishment. Still it is better as it is, and I am heartily glad the *temptation* is overcome by my frail brethren more easily through the guardianship of fear, and so I say with all my heart : ' God speed to the success of our CONSCIENCE-KEEPER ! '

TO A DEAR CHILD IN HEAVEN.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. J. W. COME, NORFOLK, (CONN.), ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF
THEIR SON, AGED FIVE YEARS.

I.

O DEATH and the grave — *thou* hast passed through their portals,
Thou hast trod the dark valley which we must soon tread :
Henceforward *thy* home is the land of immortals,
While *we* grope our way 'mid the dying and dead !
From the cold sods that rest on thy tenantless bosom,
The rank grass will grow and the wild-flowers will blossom :
The mosses will creep o'er thy dwelling of clay,
While the nations and ages are passing away :
But thy *spirit* lives on, freed from sickness and pain,
And hereafter we 'll clasp thee, our darling, again !

II.

No more will thine eye add its light to the morning,
Thy musical voice will delight us no more :
We *knew* thou wert mortal, but heard not the warning
That told us *so soon* would thy journey be o'er.
The rooms that once echoed thy laughter and glee,
And the scenes thou didst love, all remind us of thee :
Thy garments and play-things — what thoughts they recall !
How mournfully silent the kitchen and hall !
We wait for thy foot-steps, we list for thy song,
And thy sister has watched for thy coming so long !

III.

Dear child, fare thee well ! though assured we shall meet thee,
When the close of our own brief probation shall come,
We must mourn for our loss till permitted to greet thee
In the realm thou hast reached, in our dear SAVIOUR'S home !
Though we joy that from anguish and sin thou art free.
Our path-way is lonely and sad without thee ;
Though we know that thine eye with strange rapture is beaming,
We miss thee when waking, we miss thee when dreaming :
We miss thee at morn, and we mourn thee at even :
Dost *thou* think of *us* from thy new home in Heaven ?

A M Y S T I C D R E A M .

I SAT upon a western alope,
Whose green declining ran to kiss the sea :
My soul was full of pensive hope,
My heart as full of love as heart could be,
While something whispered that 'my love loved me.'

Above the sea the pendent sun
Hung large, and tinted with suspicious red,
And seemed, like me, to wait for one,
With whom the evening slope of life to tread,
More brightly and more joyous toward the dead.

There hung the sun, and here my heart,
In equal, strange, and beautiful suspense :
Each grieved to stay or to depart,
And both seemed 'wildered by their thoughts intense :
My dream was love, and his magnificence.

Upon a golden sea of light
Reposed the sun ; but on a brighter sea
Of love, which ne'er had seen a night,
My heart, from every shade of sorrow free,
Lay basking in its joys most sunnily.

The moon came up, the moon went down,
And grew more pallid when she passed the sun,
Who stood there with his golden crown,
And seemed to question her and every one,
Of love, and how its magic wand is won.

So bright and terrible, he seemed
A fascination throned upon the west,
To read my soul while thus it dreamed ;
Nor sigh, nor thought, nor wish, could be repressed,
While still that fiery eye did search my breast.

Then love itself a burden grew,
Who longs for moonlight and the misty hours,
And waits for stars and falling dew ;
But yet the sun hung o'er the western towers,
Still gazed at me upon the slope of flowers.

I prayed for clouds and prayed for night ;
But clouds nor night could veil that burning eye,
That maddened me with flashing light,
Yet gazing at me from the western sky,
'And will look till I curse thee or I die !'

My voice seemed thunder in the still
And hollow evening, echoing o'er the sea,
And, returning, pierced me with a thrill
Of terror, while the sun fled swift from me,
And snatched the color from each flower and tree.

Then darkness swept adown the slope,
And whelmed both love and sun within the deep ;
Down with the sun and love sunk hope,
While life became a drear and heavy sleep,
Through which I wept in dreams, and dreamed to weep.

A D R E A M O F V E N I C E .

BY A. GREYLOCK, ESQ.

'A THOUSAND years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me; and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the wingéd Lion's marble piles
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.'

CHILDEN HAROLD.

CHANGE, sad change, is the watchword of the proud 'Queen of the Adriatic.'

No longer discharge numberless vessels their rich freights in vast warehouses — the depots for the world; no more ride its proud warships forth to victory and spoil. The Beaucantor is only now in history; its palaces and churches crumble by the side of the wave which once bore gayly its gay gondolas. From the standards by St. Mark's, where once streamed proudly the gonfalon of the Republic, now floats the emblem of hated Austria; and the gondolier's song has died away with the decadence of its power.

The queen which once was 'throned on her hundred isles,' lives in the past. The present shows only memories and phantasies of its by-gone pride and glory.

Yet much there is, save retrospect, here to interest. The mild sea-breeze still steals in as balmily as when it gladdened doge and noble: still flows the water by the Rialto, forming the most wondrous course in the world; the thoughts of great artist-minds yet decorate its palaces and churches; and ever the wanderer finds his most delicious 'dolce far niente' in the hearse-like gondolas, gliding like dark ghosts to midnight sabbat.

'Times and seasons' are appointed for all things by the DIRECTOR of all things; those of renown have passed for Venice, and now she ranks with Thebes, Athens, and Rome.

Would we wish it otherwise? Could we ask for a return of her glory? Shall we not, unrepining, unwishing, accept this as a golden milestone of progress, of that progress which the world ever makes with such giant strides; and with a full remembrance of her past, and a full enjoyment of her present, exclaim — Amen!

But wondrous are the visions and memories which flood about these 'enchanted isles;' holy the thoughts which inspire one; lasting must be their recollections. The wonderful lamp of the eastern tale produced not equal phantasies to those evoked by reveries here.

Gone are the former glories and pride of 'Venezia la dominante;' gone her power; forever blotted out is her name among nations. Yet there exists an empire which may never be subdued; one still dominant here, and exercising the most absolute sway over all dwelling within these precincts — the Empire of Imagination.

At its order, hark! the peal of the great bell of St. Mark's. List as

it swells over lagoon and sea, calling forms from cloudland. Close your eyes, press tightly down the lids; deafen your ears; strive to become oblivious; but all to no avail, the spell is upon you!

Write, write, O Handmaid of the Soul! those things which now appear!

'I see clouds gather in the north, gloomy, sad, fearful they seem; they menace the world. See, through a rift in the thunder-storm, a form appears, it is the 'Scourge of God,' known feebly in history as Attila.

'Lo! the dark, wild, iron-clad warriors of the north, rush on tumultuously, following their fearful leader.

'The bolt falls! crushing out the beauties of refined Italy. Her sons cut down in defence of their homes and altars; her daughters delivered to the spoiler.

'But, from the storm, seeking refuge even within the power of man's enemy, the ocean, see the few flee from the devastation. A far from the land so ruined behold the few humble roofs rising upon wet, inhospitable reefs.

'The storm has passed; again peace reigns; another seed has been dropped in this remote corner.

'Years have passed: again rolls away the mist. I see a small city, gathered as from the sea; the faces within it are, in feature, like the pale fugitives of my past vision.

'Tis so! Descendants of former conquered and fugitive ones have become a nation and a people. Look, yonder are their sails; honest and worthy, they wring from the cold hands of Neptune their sustenance. Cradled on the sea, separated from the world, they know only the waters, and the waters grant them life and the means of life.

'That seed driven hither in past years, has taken root; a thrifty sapling has arisen from the harsh and scanty soil of these barren reefs. In the shade of its young branches rejoice the descendants of the banished ones of former years.

'Ah! what pierces and glistens through the vapors! I see—I see tall towers, minarets, domes; I see many masts. Now breaks away the veil and discovered to me is a wondrous city, like a mirage, rising from the sea, from its very bosom. Marvellously beautiful is it. Palaces, towers, churches seem thickly grouped.

'Marbles! rare architecture! weird beauty! No, 'tis unreal. Still to my eyes presents that spectacle. It is real! What do I behold?

'From the waves, like a new Venus, springs the gorgeous phantasy.

'No sound of wheels, no sound of earth. Its streets are still—in the sea. Above shine the bright stars; below are the spangled vaults receding under many barges.

'See, yonder come proud war-galleys, enriched with the spoils of conquered nations. Hark! to their chaunt of victory! I see fleets of ships bearing the produce and tribute of all climes! Many ambassadors approach, suing for peace or alliance.

' *Venezia la dominante* is the hymn which peals forth from that procession of rich proud barges floating gayly down through the centre of this wondrous city.

' This is the giant tree of that frail seed, for years gaining strength and size, even from these barren islands. The birds of the air perch in its branches ; its shade extends over the world.

' A majestic city. Its palaces are filled with nobles ; crowded are its warehouses with riches from all lands ; incense floats up from thousands of altars in praise to their God for success ; its wish is law with the nations ; her senators are princes ; her rulers, kings.

' Darkness surrounds me ; thick, rayless, fearful. I grope in void. No sound breaks on my ear ; no light on my eyes, only a melancholy flash, as of Styx upon the shores of Hades.

' I stumble over heaps of palaces and rich ornaments. I wonder and falter in despair.

' A wail, as of a soul in misery, steals through space. Listen ! No, the roar of eager, successful nations drowns all ; the discord of jarring factions drowns that sad sound.

' Hark ! again that mournful, wild note. Now it swells out more loudly, echoed back from ruin and distance, and I hear it plainly.

' Like to a soul wandering in chaos, groans forth and glooms a direful, doleful strain, and dies away. Again it moans out through the darkness, and then all again is still, save the last faint echo of the words, VENEZIA, VENEZIA !

B A C C H A N A L.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ANTIQUES OF SOPHOCLES.

MANY-NAMED Delight of SMELLS,
O JOVE-born, thunder-child !
Who wardest o'er illustrious Italy,
And lord and king art styled,
In Eleusinian CHAMBS thronging vale ;
O BACCHUS ! habiting
In mother-city of the Bacchanal,
Near stream of murmuring
Ismenus, and the harvest sheafed in mail ;
Whom the columned smoke upon the
mountain
Manifests to view,
Where mad nymphs wander, and Casta-
lia's fountain
Droppeth gentle dew :
Whom the hills of Nyxar, ivy-twined,
And green banks, grape-abounding,
Send a-down, while borne upon the wind
The hallowed hymn is sounding
To the Theban city's keeper kind ;

Honoring with her
Thy stricken mother,
City mightier
Than any other ;
Now, when ill is looming
O'er the city,
O'er strait or mountain coming,
Chant thy ditty.
Evoe ! to the Guider
Of starry fires,
Lo ! to the Presider
O'er nightly choirs.
Child of JOVE, appear
To Naxian maiden,
And, wandering far and near,
The Thue, laden
With thy tender madness,
Heard to sing
The night-long, in her gladness,
Bacchus, king !

THE PRAYER OF DEATH.

I AM all alone, sighed a weary one,
Whose course of sorrow was nearly done :
A pilgrim lone, in a stranger land,
And my brow is bathed by a stranger hand !
Come back, oh ! back to me, treasured years,
Bedimmed and shrouded in many tears :
Come back, oh ! back to me, buried hours,
Like fragrance shed from long-withered flowers :
Each pleasant word, and each loving tone,
Of those long gone — I am all alone !
Come back, O rapturous joys ! and wild,
Of a happy home, when a gladsome child ;
Let the love-spring once be again restored,
With the kindred ones round the festive board ;
And the voices of pleasure and joy be heard,
Till the chord long stilled in my heart be stirred.

A warm hand rests on my throbbing brow :
Art better, fair dreamer, art better now ?
Oh ! sweet is the spell of that gentle tone,
Long years come back, I am not alone ;
Each tender glance, and each loving smile,
Of dear ones gone but a little while :
Loved voices speak in each low, sweet word,
Long silent melodies are stirred.
The joys come back of the buried hours,
Like bloom returned to faded flowers.

Each floweret that opens its petals fair,
To bask all day in the sun-lit air,
Hath a pleasant voice for the gladsome heart,
And a song of love ere its bloom depart.
The myriad gems on the breast of Night,
Chant ever a chorus of wild delight :
The laughing wind and the leaping wave,
Tell a tale of joy to the young and brave.
But the flowerets come in their bright array,
And their matchless beauty, to pass away :
The stars serene calm vigils keep,
Are dimmed and gone to the eyes that weep :
But a kindly word to fainting hearts,
Is a joy that lives when all else departs.
As melody born in the ocean waves,
Wakes an endless song in its coral caves :
As falling dews to the thirsting earth,
Bathe the bursting buds in a brighter birth :
As melting rays of a vernal sun,
Were the stranger's words to the weary one.

It was mid-night deep : o'er the sleeper's brow
An angel braided a wreath of snow :
Touched with gentle hand the throbbing breast,
And lulled its longings into rest :
Oped the strange portal to joys unknown,
And the wanderer is no more alone :
Kissed the pale lips with ice-cold breath,
And the watchers called it the Angel DEATH.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

MARRYING OFF.

Two girls to marry off! This is indeed quite a consideration in a family, for not only must they be married, but married to suit their friends, married in their own rank in society, married well, in the opinion of the world, and married to suit themselves. Society exacts many penalties for the privileges and protection it grants, and one is often tempted to doubt whether civilization is in reality a blessing, and modern society of any advantage in promoting the happiness of individuals. In the days of primitive customs, and simplicity of manners, people had only to think of what was right and agreeable to themselves; but nowadays what is conventional, and what people are going to think and say, supersedes what is right or what is for one's happiness. Girls who are trained in establishments, must be sought only by those who can afford to surround them with the same luxuries; 'for,' says the young man to himself, 'I cannot afford to support her as she has been accustomed to live, and I am too proud to confess my inability to do this;' so he stifles his love and returns to his solitary lodgings. Those who are rich, and also trained in establishments, are debased and effeminate. Among conventionalists there is little opportunity for an acquaintance that can afford a knowledge of character upon which any reasonable hope can be founded of permanent happiness. So fancies are taken for love, and marriages are formed between those whom a mutual development of character would have shown entirely unfit for each other.

'Long engagements are not well,' says one, 'they are seldom consummated,' without considering that it is better to get tired of each other before the indissoluble knot is tied, than afterward. 'They have broken an engagement,' is almost as disgraceful as 'they have become divorced;' when, by thus protracting the season of probation, they had not made it impossible to free themselves from the manacles of a galling life-yoke.

'It would be better,' said an old lady, who had learned by an experience which entitled her opinion to some regard; 'it would be better that an engagement should last a series of years, with unrestrained communion.' Those who have thus become acquainted, might be able to judge whether life could be passed, at least comfortably, together; and if concluding it cannot, they separate amicably, there should be no disgrace or censure.

But the courage was never given me to defy conventionalities, or institute reforms; and though the happiness of those confided to my care depended upon it, I should not advise them to violate the 'rules of society.' I was careful that they should be chaperoned and matronized

in every way that custom demanded. And they were duly enjoined to receive no attentions that would compromise their position or their dignity, and never to fall in love till sought in the proper and conventional way. Yet Mary was always shocking every body, by declaring, in her playful manner, that she intended to accept the first good opportunity ; that she had no idea of single blessedness, and no idea of denying what every body knew was the truth.

Madeline, the quiet Madeline, never talked on the subject. Any one who knew her not intimately, would not have imagined how much 'the lot of woman' occupied her thoughts. The fear of being left alone in the world, almost haunted her. In her deportment she was considered proper even to prudery. No thoughtless remark ever escaped her ; no indiscretion subjected her to criticism ; none of the ordinary arts of coquetry were ever resorted to by her to gain admiration or attention ; yet to gain it was her unceasing study. Never to have had an offer, would have converted her into an incurable hypocondriac. She was very much inclined to accept the first who sought her hand, and the second and the third, though each was very unworthy of her. But though advised, she was left free to do as she thought would best promote her happiness, and being thrown entirely upon her own responsibility, became cautious and afraid, when a little opposition would have developed her bump of firmness, and produced an immediate decision, even if convinced it was against her interest. Her father would say that 'a man who was rich, and in good standing, should not be rejected for idle whims ; they might not do better by waiting.' He certainly did not wish to get rid of them ; yet to see them 'well settled,' seemed to him a matter of the greatest importance. 'Well settled' of course meant 'comfortably off' as to this world's goods, and kindly treated in matters of personal interest. It was surprising how little he thought their hearts needed to be concerned in the subject. He seemed to think they were safe if they were married, and it was so necessary girls should have a home and a protector. Alas ! he had not seen how little security to woman is a home or a husband if her heart is not with them. But in Aunt Ida's phraseology, 'it was no use talking,' while I felt how difficult the task of securing their happiness, while they should also be 'well settled.'

At length I discovered that Madeline had allowed herself to 'fall in love' with one who had never professed any love for her, and allowed herself to continue to love one who had scarcely spoken to her twice. It was not a flattering consequence of my training, and but little compliment to the power and importance of conventionalism. How it is possible for a fancy to deepen into love and become thus rooted, without reciprocity or even encouragement, I cannot understand, whether it originate in the bosom of man or woman ; but as it is a common occurrence, it cannot be doubted, and develops in hearts so pure that it is deserving of respect.

I was distressed by the anxiety and restlessness which I saw in one who scarcely ever before had manifested impatience or emotion. He who was the object of so much interest, walked up and down the street, unconscious of the honor, or rather of the dishonor, as he would probably

have termed it, of possessing the unsought affections of a young lady ; and I began to study how I should manage in order to turn the scale in her favor. It is easy to practise almost any kind of deception upon honest-minded young men, though we must confess to the opinion that there are few who belong to this class, according to the meaning in which we use the term. Vanity is more universally the foible of men than of women ; but they are not so suspicious ; they are not looking for plots, because they are not so given to plotting. Open warfare is their privilege, and the great objects they have to gain in life, allow them to go straight forward and fight manfully every species of combat. But it is a proverb among women that men prefer those who are artful and skilful at manœuvring ; that men can never be won or retained by frankness and honesty ; or, in the usual vulgar phraseology, ' there is no other way of living in any kind of comfort with a man, but to manage him.' The solution of the mystery may be, that being very tenacious of authority, and believing with kings, princes, and despots of every name, that subjects can only be kept in obedience by unrelenting sternness, by keeping forever over their head the rod, they fear to soften even into the indulgence their hearts would prompt, so if favors are to be obtained, it must be by so disguising them that they have not the appearance of favors, and the hand that bestows them must be muffled so that it will not be conscious that it has parted with its treasures ; or in wisely words, ' make them think they have their own way all the time, and you can obtain any thing, and twist them like a wisp.' And certain it is, that those who have the talent, and the patience and perseverance to exercise it, in thus accomplishing their wishes, are generally considered model wives by their lords, and avoid those family bickerings which open and audible rebellion against authority are sure to produce.

But whether it is the only way for wives to treat husbands or not, it is a very common way for young ladies to obtain them, and though it may not be good policy to inform them, it is true, that those who begin by manœuvring, go on manœuvring all the way through life, and rule households on the same principle that Metternichs rule kingdoms ; ' there is no other way, except absolute slavery, and that is impossible.' The practice which had made me so perfect in my girlhood, under the surveillance of my aunt, had been so long laid aside, that I had almost forgotten the *rôle* . My husband was an exception to the love of authority, which is said to be inherent in the lords of creation. Indulgence and freedom had not subverted order in his household ; but for my daughter I could see no other way, so I went to work to gain for Madeline what she could not gain for herself.

She had never met the gentleman, except at parties, and the nature of their acquaintance did not allow her to invite him to call ; so I must endeavor to meet him too, and what was not proper for her, would be very proper for me, and the *ruse* not suspected. All this was easily accomplished at the next ' society,' when she must necessarily be absent, and I accidentally present. I was married, and could ask for an introduction without scandal, and in the course of two or three casual meetings, find a plausible occasion for inviting him, without manifesting the

anxiety of the 'mother of two marriageable daughters.' The first time he called, the girls were not at home, though he had told me he might come at that hour. The second time they were engaged, and came only for a few moments into the room, so that I had plenty of time to enlarge upon my system of home-education, and converse upon topics that indicated my fitness for training young ladies for heads of families. To him it was demonstrated that they would make excellent wives.

To Mary he was prosy, inefficient, and disagreeable, so she yawned and took refuge in a book. I could easily be silent when it was politic; and as an intelligent companion, Madeline could easily recommend herself. He evidently favored modest young ladies, and would never dream that any thing but true humility could be the foundation of reserve. He had no sisters, and had never been thrown among women in a way to observe the process of ensnaring 'protectors,' evidently thinking that only those who manifested a great regard for him by plain words or coquetish acts were endeavoring 'to catch him.'

We were soon gratified by seeing him deeply in love, and tormented to his satisfaction with those doubts and fears which give to courtship its zest, and especially its value in the eyes of man, while Madeline had, according to the approved method, grown very undecided, blushing and hesitating till he was almost desperate. But as the coy country damsel says: 'There is danger of acting offish too long and losing the fish when he is actually bitten;' so when there had been sufficient hesitation and indecision to satisfy all the demands of womanly decorum, the 'Yes' was spoken, which made of a lover, who 'scarcely dared to hope for such a blessing, the happiest of men,' and the engagement was announced by their walking to church together, sitting beside each other in the same pew, looking over in the same hymn-book, and demonstrating by various signs that they were perfectly satisfied.

With the rest of the world, I disapproved of long engagements, and now had a right to express my anxiety for the honor and happiness of a daughter. There were no obstacles in the way of a speedy consummation of so much happiness, and I hurried preparations, lest time should bring disappointment, and something should happen to consign back into hopelessness a heart which would not break, but wither with its morbid sensibility and cover life with a pall which neither ambition nor pride nor duty would ever throw aside.

The marriage was celebrated in a quiet way, according to their quiet tastes. The bride was duly portioned, and settled in her quiet home, Mrs. Wareham, from which it will not be necessary again to drag her forth, as her object in life is gained, and the duties which she will fulfil need no portraying. The prophecy concerning the end of the world will derive no aid from them, for if it should never be burned up till they set it on fire, it will remain forever and ever.

I was overwhelmed with congratulations, and did not fail to congratulate myself that one daughter was 'married off.' What a relief! I did not wish to get rid of her, for she was kind, considerate, and loving, and in our household there was the harmony which confidence insures, and not a particle of the distrust which is the leaven of discord, wherever it dwells. The secrets of the heart were opened to me as freely as

the most common-place affairs of the day were discussed. 'But it is not well that daughters should grow old on our hands.' It is strange that so certain as it is that all things earthly must decay, and especially that all things human must grow old, and the season of youth so short, that there should be a contempt so universal expressed for those who have lost the freshness and charms which youth alone can boast. 'He is old,' 'she is old,' are heard and read every day as a reason for passing them by with neglect. But so it is, and especially as it is only youth and bloom in women that can hope to marry well, and to marry well being their great object, it is natural we should wish to see it accomplished before it is too late. That they will certainly grow old afterwards is not considered, and though they are neglected as soon as this fatal period arrives, no longer loved, no longer cherished, they are supported, and their sorrows are family sorrows, which the world does not consider itself entitled to know or comment upon.

Mary was not beautiful, as the world defines beauty, but bright and joyous, frank, playful, and familiar, without frivolity or trifling, and eminently blessed with the power of pleasing without effort or consciousness of her power. She had a round, rosy face, and an eye which was pronounced every shade from light blue to deep jet, as it reflected the light without and the light within, and took the hue of her varying moods and the clouds and sun-shine around her. She acted contrary to the proverb, and believed every body good till proved bad, and it must be very evident they were unworthy ere she could be brought to acknowledge it. Her kind heart prompted her to bring others into notice, yet with her careless *naïveté*, she was sure to be the centre of attraction, and thus there were plenty to envy her what she could not help possessing, and to wound her gentle spirit by misrepresentation.

She was not what the world calls 'susceptible,' as many would have judged from her enthusiastic temperament and affectionate nature, and while enjoying society and delighting in the conversation of the intelligent, without regard to age or sex, her heart was a long time in reciprocating the love which was so often professed for her. She never doubted the professions, never distrusted either looks or words; for with herself to have violated the nicest sense of honor by a glance, would have been a crime. She had no love of admiration, no desire for applause, for these were incompatible with the refinement and delicacy of her soul.

To trust is the nature, the necessity of the innocent and pure. It is impossible to imagine evil of which one has not some knowledge by experience, or some conception from its relationship to the original nature. Those whose instincts prompt to universal distrust, may be saved some species of sorrow, be spared the shock of awaking to find confidence betrayed and love or friendship wrecked; but these calamities can scarcely be worse than the gnawings of suspicion and the constant fear of being surprised in the indulgence of genuine feeling. I remember, as a school-girl, one who had been educated by her parents to believe that there was neither kindness nor benevolence in any human being; that she must never ask a favor that she could not reciprocate, and never believe one could be granted but with selfish motives. This had been so

thoroughly instilled into her mind, that she obeyed to the letter the injunctions she had received, and wandered about a morose and miserable creature among her companions, isolated from all their sports, with never a smile of joyousness upon her face, and never a feeling of joyousness in her heart. She was in constant fear of being off her guard, and thus exposed to some injury from those whom she supposed ready at any time to take advantage of her. The most unkind and oft-repeated repulses; the most startling proofs of disingenuousness in one who had been loved and trusted, would not have cast so dark a shadow over life, as the clouds of suspicion which darkened her mind and gave their hue to every thing she touched.

If instruction had been necessary, I should have taught trust rather than distrust, for though there are plenty who do not merit it, there are, also those who do; who are not ready to injure the weak because they are defenceless, or to betray the trusting because they too readily believe all to be as good as themselves. There are not few, but many among men, who would 'scorn to bring dishonor upon a maiden;' who would consider the perfect trust of a fresh, warm, loving heart, as a treasure so sacred, that they would prefer death by any torture rather than give it up to be the mark of the world's unfeeling gaze.

It was to such an one that Mary gave her heart. She was not one of those high-minded, scrupulous young ladies 'who neither encourage nor discourage attentions till their import has been made known by formal declarations.' She trusted the first 'shy glance of love,' and when her heart responded so did her looks and tones to the 'way of making love more eloquent than language,' and when by looks and tones she was won, and by looks and tones had answered, there was no wavering and no fear. 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' not only between God and His creatures, but in our intercourse with one another.

We read not long ago a little book, in which a father in his advice to a daughter enjoins her not even to profess love for her husband, saying: 'It was sufficient that she had consented to marry him; from this he could infer all that was necessary: that it was not safe to trust a man with words or other pledges of affection, and by all means, until the law had pronounced her a wife, let not her looks, or words, or manners betray that her heart was in his keeping.' As this was written by a man who professed to know his sex and would not care to misrepresent a large class to which he himself belonged, it is difficult to know how to interpret it, or what deference to render it. If this is true of men, it is time it were made untrue, for it must be owing to a false estimate of woman and a very strange estimate of themselves.

How can he be worthy of confidence after marriage who is not worthy of it before? How is it possible to give the 'utmost passion of the heart' to one who must be constantly looked upon with suspicion? But our worthy author says: 'One must be proved before he is trusted.' 'Then,' we should say, 'let him be proved in some way before there is a band which can never be broken, that links to him a noble heart.' This sentiment originates with those who look upon marriage as a sort of sale of woman, in which she is given up for safe keeping, and as this is necessary for her in order to live, she should be blindfolded and

chained in order not to offend those who are to purchase and guard her. When the bill of sale is made out and duly recorded; when there is no release for either party, then the faults of each may develop; no harm is done. That each is rendered miserable by the discovery of qualities, which if known in season, would have separated instead of uniting them, is of no consequence. Another woman is guaranteed a legal support, and this was the object of the contract. This is the light in which marriage is still viewed by a great portion of the most enlightened in Christian communities. It may be well for those who do not succeed in obtaining a legal support — are doomed to a misery most abject and degrading; and until there is some 'better way' for helpless women, it might be dangerous to condemn this too strenuously. There may be but few who can afford to learn in season to prevent a life of soul-misery, that those to whom they have given their hearts are unworthy the treasure, for thus they would fail of bread!

There is no line which so distinctly separates the high-minded from the low, no mark which so truly distinguishes the refined from the vulgar, as their sentiments upon this holy relationship. Low notions of the nature and attributes of love bespeak a vitiated mind, and show, like the 'trail of the serpent' in the garden of Eden, that the principle of evil has been there. There is in its elevated nature a character of constancy and truth and dignity which constitutes the essence of its being, and no pure eye can behold it, robbed of those, without sorrow and indignation. 'Those looks and tones which betray the one heart and seek to allure the other,' are never misunderstood by the pure, and are as binding as oaths to those whose moral sentiments are not blunted and perverted. This is a language which the confusion of tongues could not change; among all nations and every people it would need no interpreter. The Russian, with his harsh consonants, might 'woo and win' a daughter of the sunny south, who would be none the wiser for his words if he could speak them. It is the same among the shepherds of the hills, the peasantry of the valleys, and the inhabitants of the islands of the sea. What would life be worth if trust were banished from the community, and nothing but oaths and promises were to be relied upon, of which the law alone could compel the fulfilment?

'No words bind us,' said Mary.

'Do not trust a man who is not bound by oaths and witnesses,' said Julia; 'he will play truant for the first pretty face that crosses his vision.'

'Glad then shall I be to know it before I am bound beyond recall. If a pretty face swerves his fidelity now, will it not have equal power when the law has given him the title of husband, instead of lover, and of what value is he to me except for what I believe him to possess — a true and noble heart?'

'If you have no pride about being deserted.'

'It would be a humiliation to be deserted, but he who would desert me now would desert me as a husband.'

'He cannot. The law punishes it as a crime.'

'He might not do it openly; but should I not feel it equally?'

'No, because the humiliation would not be public. Every body

pities, while still respecting the sorrows of a wife, and family jars and conjugal infidelity are allowed a degree of privacy by the most unfeeling gossip.'

'But I am willing to be spared the pity and respect, if I may be delivered from spending my life with one whom I have ceased to love and honor. When he knows he has won me by the confidence which has never been withheld, what words could impose upon him a deeper obligation to protect and cherish? When he sees fixed upon him the eye that never doubts his truth, what more can he need to prompt him to shield from sorrow and reproach?'

As she spoke she acted, and with the same frankness as she would have manifested a sisterly affection, was her deportment to her lover.

'I would never receive presents, never till I was married,' said Aunt Ida.

'Now, Aunt Ida, I will. I will enjoy as much as I can. Surely we never get any too much happiness in this world. And if my friend William enjoys giving me books and bracelets as I do giving him chains and slippers, it would be a great crime to deprive him of the opportunity. Why should I not receive presents and give them too?'

'It is not so pleasant giving them back again,' said the old lady.

'Well, I never expect to; but if such a sacrifice should be required of me, you would see it performed with excellent grace. So you need not be troubled.'

'I never heard a young girl talk so freely about her beau; you might as well be married.'

'Well, why not talk about him? Is he any thing to be ashamed of? I like to talk about him, Aunt Ida; is n't he noble, and good, and beautiful, and do I not love him with all my heart? I wish to have a good time before I don my matron's cap and apron; and so I shall walk, and ride, and talk, too, if you will only listen. Do you not like to see me happy?'

'Yes, but I should like to see you modest, too.'

'Dear me! now what an insinuation. What would you have me do? go through all manner of mock pretensions? sitting on stilts all the time, making believe I am the pink of perfection? You know I was never made a proper young lady.'

'Men do not like girls any the better for being too forward.'

'No, but I conclude that the man who chose me likes me as I am, and I have never had one deportment for him and another for 'company.' I sometimes wish I were a little different, but then it is such hard work trying to be like some body else; and I feel as if a patch had been applied to me, and was as conspicuous as such an appendage is to a coat, when different in color; yet I feel quite sure that any offence against modesty in reality, or propriety, would be quite impossible, as it would instantly trouble me more than it could my friends. Aunt Ida, your notions are old-fashioned; you must keep up with the times. I wonder how lovers behaved in your day; will you tell me about your courtship?'

If blushes were proof of modesty, there could be no doubt about the good old lady's, for her face was sure to crimson when, as was often the

case, the young ladies ended their controversies by alluding to her courting days, about which they could never draw from her a word.

Mary was in no hurry to be married, as she was 'happy as happy could be ;' and in no hurry were we to lose her, for a dark shadow would there be upon the hearthstone when she deserted it.

Julia was not exactly upon my hands ; yet she did not spend the winter with us without 'making her market.' She was ambitious, and professed to think little of love. She had beauty, and knew well its market value. With it she fascinated one who satisfied all her aspirations ; one who was not rich, but whose family position and influence were far above her own. But he, too, was ambitious, and I had many fears that the spell by which she held him would break, if a brighter vision in the shape of gold should entice him. It was well known that he coveted wealth, and many were the whispers of wonder when it was divulged that he had knelt at the shrine which contained beauty alone. We will wait and see.

T H E C H I L D A N D D E A T H .

I.

How pale and slight our brave boy grew :
 Day after day the cold thin dew
 Of death we felt upon his face ;
 (How near complete his earthly race :)
 Day after day he seemed more fair,
 His form more weak, his eye more bright,
 Till soon he shone a form of air,
 A phantom-child of love and light.

II.

Then came a Rider, bold but kind,
 With look that showed no evil mind :
 A rider, shadow-like and still ;
 Far over plain and over hill,
 His swift steed brought him to our roof :
 A pale, unwearied horse, a shade,
 With silent breath and silent hoof,
 Nor touching sod, nor flower, nor blade.

III.

With a sweet smile he called the child :
 His speech was soft, his eye was mild,
 And won the dear boy to his hand ;
 With air of love more than command,
 He gently took him to his arms,
 And then, in stillness, as he came,
 He, from earth's follies and alarms,
 Bore him away : DEATH was his name !

A S P R I N G D R E A M .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

'*Excō[alacris sylvas et cætera rura voluptas,
 Panaque, pastoresque tenet, Dryades puellas,
 Ipsi lætita voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonet montes; ipse jam carmina rupes;
 Ipsa sonant arbusta: Deus, Deus ille, Menadia!'*—VIRG. EC. V.

I SAW the rough-furred Winter in his arms
 Holding the laughing Spring, who, with her brows
 Adorned with wild flowers and sweet violets,
 Had vainly striven to loose his cold embrace;
 Yet as she strove, with such contagious laughter
 As made the mountains to their summits ring,
 The old churl peeping o'er her snow-white shoulder,
 Smirked merrier than before, and held her fast
 Around her loosened waist, till out there fell
 From her sweet bosom what she there had hid,
 Daisies, and king-cups, and the primrose pale,
 And golden butter-cups. So, half in spite,
 She fell to weeping, with her lily hand
 Pettishly drying one eye, then the other,
 Till he who held her, growing tender-hearted,
 As men most stubborn in their natures do,
 When women's eyes drop rain, straightway unloosed
 His icy grasp: whereat she suddenly,
 Laughing until she fairly cried again,
 Leaped quickly from his lap, and o'er the plain,
 Pointing her delicate foot amid the grass,
 With graceful bow, and sweet face sideways turned,
 Scattered her roses to the jocund sound
 Of most harmonious winds, nor stopped to look
 At the old churl, who, with his staff in hand,
 Moved slowly toward the north.

'T was but a dream,
 As baseless as the 'stuff' that dreams are of;
 For there is nothing here that ever bore
 The least resemblance to so sweet a form:
 Nor, had I bathed in founts of Castaly,
 Or drank full draughts at the Pierian spring,
 Would I have dared to call this weeping thing
 That moves so mournfully across the plain,
 The blue-eyed April, whom the poets crown
 With their accustomed coronals of flowers:
 She looks more like some melancholy nun,
 Whom Winter, like a cowed and gloomy monk,
 Hides in his convent walls, but now escaped,
 To say her mournful beads in drops of rain;
 Or like some spirit doomed to walk the earth
 For some rash wickedness still unforgiven;
 Or like some fair OPHELIA crazed with grief,
 Her hair adorned with straw and withered flowers,
 Her face a vacant stare, and in her speech
 The accent and the utterance of woe.

Pass on, ye dismal days, and in your train
 Bring nothing ruder than the sound of winds
 That pipe upon the chimneys, or the snow
 That spreads its ghastly pall across the drear
 And pathless country. Long enough the wild
 And fearful wintry blast hath sang of wrecks,
 And maddened billows running mountains high,
 And ships dismasted on the lonely seas.
 Now let the sailor, as he furls his sails,
 Forget the raging night and blackening storm,
 And gently float to the desired haven.

UNCa, 1857.

'MY OWN DEAR LITTLE PET MOSEY.'

How much I wish I could, with a dear little kiss, hail you this bright Sunday morning, with a sweet breeze blowing from off the sea, the water bright with the sun, and glittering with his rays, but looking fresh and sparkling under the influence of a gentle breeze. It was just such a day as this, in the year 1817, when buoyant in spirit and full of the vigor of a young manhood, possessed of competent means, and with the wide world before me, filled with sanguine hopes of a life of prosperity, I determined to visit Cuba, and accordingly sailed in a small yacht I owned, named the 'Billy Pitt,' from the port of Anatto Bay, on the north side of Jamaica. The run across, from island to island, is usually accomplished in twenty-four to thirty-six hours, but in our instance, we reached mid-channel in about twelve hours, when we became perfectly becalmed; and the sun rose upon us the following day, shining, without one intervening cloud, upon a sea bright and smooth as a mirror. We lay thus, vainly invoking San Antonio to send us the lightest breeze, for three long days, when the earnestly prayed-for blessing came down upon us from a favorable quarter, and on the afternoon of the sixth day we anchored in the very beautiful harbor of Guantanimo, as named by the Spaniards, or Cumberland Harbor, as called by the English, from the circumstance of one of our line-of-battle ships of that name having struck upon a rock in the centre of the channel entering. The harbor, beautiful, spacious, and commodious as it is, was at that time entirely deserted, nor could the tiniest sail be discovered in any of its numerous little bays and inlets. We got out our boat soon after we had dropped anchor and pulled into a small river, the St. Augustino, which debouches into Cumberland Harbor on the south side, near the entrance. At sun-set we reached a small hacienda, or cattle-farm, and procuring horses, we rode about five miles further into the country, to a tobacco-plantation, one of the objects of my excursion being to learn the mode of planting, cultivating, and curing that plant in Cuba. The owner of the plantation was unluckily absent, and as some two or three days would intervene before his expected re-

turn, and nothing in the person or manners of his manager during his absence promising me comfort or interest, I determined to return to the vessel and again visit the plantation when the gentleman Don Augustino Bernardez might be expected home. An Irishman of the name of Callaghan, had, I knew, a sugar-estate somewhere on the shores of the Harbor, and I thought I might find his whereabouts and spend a day or two with him. I had known this gentleman in Jamaica: he had left that island in some disgust, and had married a young and beautiful girl in Cuba; had established a large sugar property in this vicinity, and I was sure to receive from him the warm-hearted, cordial hospitality for which he had been renowned in Jamaica. The vision of the happy three days I anticipated to spend with my friend Callaghan, was, you may be sure, a warm and vivid one. Fancy pictured his wife to be endowed with all the beauty and grace of a fairy, the warm cordiality of the Creole, gentle, loving, and susceptible. I fancied her young sisters and friends to be formed of similar mould; in short, I pictured an earthly paradise peopled with earthly houris, and I could almost have fancied myself to become Mohammed the Prophet among them. This was my dream during the night I passed at the tobacco-plantation of St. Don Augustino Bernardez, and I impatiently ordered the horses as day broke, that I might rush to the scene of my dreamy happiness. By eight o'clock we were again floating on the calm waters of Guantanamo; but the little 'Billy Pitt' no longer remained in the loneliness we had left her in the preceding evening. Two long, low, rakish-looking schooners lay anchored just outside of her, and though our little vessel boldly and proudly displayed the flag of my own loved country, the courtesy had not been returned by the schooners. A few instances of the piratical atrocities which soon after became notorious, had already occurred at the period of which I am writing; and one of my own crew, a little, wiry, active, impetuous scoundrel, was more than suspected by his ship-mates of having been a free rover but a few months previously. This man, Calshroe by name, and a Dane by birth, was with us in the boat, and he at once pronounced the larger of the two schooners to be a cruiser of one of the newly-declared republics of South-America, under the pretence of which the piracies had occurred, and whose scarcely yet known and unrecognized flag covered atrocities, the relation of which was of the most revolting nature. As we neared the large schooner in our progress toward the cutter, for such was the rig of our craft, we were hailed in broken English and ordered on board, but I replied with only the usual 'Ay, ay,' and ordered the boat's crew to pull for our own vessel, which they did with a will; Calshroe, who pulled the stroke-oar, observing to me in a low tone, 'They will fire at us directly, and we are within musket range;' and the words had not escaped his lips a minute when a musket was discharged from the schooner, but I think not loaded with ball. 'Civil, that,' says Calshroe; 'but we shall have it again directly and not so civilly.'

'Pull, my lads, pull!' was all I said, and the men still steadily bent to their oars, when a musket was again discharged, and the ball whistled as it passed over our heads. Calshroe then said, still speaking lowly but

distinctly : ' I know those fellows, Sir ; see their red bandas round their waists, every one of which has a brace of pistols, cutlass, and knife. Best not to anger them ; get their bloods up and they 'll massacre every mother's son of us. I know them, Sir,' he said, ' and we had best board them and be civil.' The third shot then was fired, striking the gunwale of the boat, but fortunately not hurting any one. I then quietly put the helm down and steered straight for the ' cruiser,' as Calshroe would continue to call her, and we were soon alongside. She was a beautifully proportioned craft, about one hundred feet on deck, and with quarter-beam. She appeared to have been fitted with the greatest care and with a perfect seaman's skill, evidently not maintained, however, on the cruise, and her running rigging hung slack and in disorder ; the sails but half-furled, and the decks dirty and unwashed, showing a thorough want of discipline in her crew, and something too of want of seamanship in her officers.

Her captain was a slight-made man, of twenty-two or twenty-three, a Frenchman, and, as he told me, named Vidal, gentlemanly in manner and appearance, and one you would suppose more likely to be met with in the *salons* of Paris than on the deck of a pirate, and in her command. He met me with much courtesy, said I was wrong to have persisted in proceeding after he had hailed me ; that we had run some risk by our obstinacy, but was glad to perceive none of us had been hurt by the last shot, which he had ordered to be fired in advance of the boat, but which he perceived had struck her ; inquired where we came from, what was our crew, what our cargo, and what our object in visiting Cuba. Having nothing to conceal, my replies were frank, and I soon forgot the prejudices I had imbibed against him and his calling, in the usual charm of his conversation. He spoke English fluently, told me he was not originally bred to the sea, had been in the French army, had retired in disgust, gone out to Columbia and joined Aury's squadron, who had given him a commission, then the command of the vessel he was in, and that he was on the coast of Cuba with instructions to harass the Spanish trade ; but as the trade was protected by the British men-of-war, he had seldom the opportunity to do it much damage. The other schooner, he said, pointing to the one close to us, apparently a Baltimore-built pilot-boat of about fifty tons, was the only craft he had been able to take hold of ; that he had run into Guantanimoo with the intention to land her crew and passengers and to replenish his fire-wood and water, which having done, he would run down again to the main, report his progress to Commodore Aury, who was also a Frenchman, and probably again join the squadron ; but ' first,' he quickly and brusquely continued, ' I must see what you are made of.' I pointed to the flag which the cutter had hoisted, I suppose as the most conspicuous point, to her mast-head, and I quietly replied : ' That flag says, Touch me not, or touch me at your peril.' Vidal smiled, and said with something more sinister than I had yet observed in his countenance : ' Well, let us to breakfast, and then I will return the courtesy of your visit.' I told him I thought it best our men should not mix together ; that I was anxious to be on board the cutter, and if he would come

with me to breakfast, or return my call after his breakfast, I would try to be as polite to him as he had been to me, but that I could not promise him the entertainment of a ball in the fashion our acquaintance had commenced. Though I thus tried to make the best of my position and maintain an easy manner and good-natured intercourse, I was, in truth, anxious enough. I had some objects of mercantile importance to attain, and I had with me in the cutter about five thousand dollars in doubloons; the safety of these, it was evident, had become seriously imperilled by the inopportune presence of Captain Vidal and his crew: and such a crew! I have not yet described them. There were between thirty and forty, all told; their respective ranks it was difficult to name, or to distinguish officers from men, with the exception of the commander, who was in truth a gentlemanly young fellow in manner and appearance as you would desire to meet with anywhere, with high intellectual qualities, and to appearance, mild and generous in disposition. The first lieutenant was a French mulatto, upward of six feet high, well proportioned, without superfluous flesh, bony and muscular, and straight in every limb as the mountain-palm. Captain Vidal told me he was the only man in the vessel in whom he could confide, and for mutual safety, one kept watch when the other slept, and, sleeping or awake, their arms were ever ready for immediate use. The second lieutenant was also a mulatto, similarly proportioned to the first lieutenant, to whom he possessed a certain degree of likeness, but with a marked difference in the expression of countenance. Both were dark mulattoes, but while the character of the countenance of the first betokened extreme kindness of disposition and absence of all guile, the characteristics of the second lieutenant were those of subtlety, cunning, and ferocity, with a downward scowling look, that at once impressed you with the necessity for caution in his presence. The crew were chiefly blacks and mulattoes of St. Domingo, and a few white men, Germans and French, as regular a set of desperadoes as could well be congregated in the small space of a schooner's deck. One unhappy Irishman I felt very sorry for. He had been pressed from one of the vessels Captain Vidal had overhauled, and he entreated me to withdraw him from the hell he was enduring. He told me every menial job in the vessel was thrust upon him; that every man's hand was raised against him; that he was half-starved, receiving only the refuse of the food of the crew, and that curses, and blows, and every kind of contumely and ill-treatment was all the pay he received. I could not but believe his tale, for he suffered all the treatment he spoke of, even before my eyes, which he bore by the return of curses, threats, tears, sobs, and complainings. I begged Captain Vidal to let me have him, but he said he dared not, it was quite impossible, and I left the poor wretch to a fate that I learned subsequently had no long duration; for, irritated past endurance by some gross ill-treatment, he struck his assailer to the deck, who springing up, on the instant stabbed the poor Irishman through the heart.

It being arranged that Captain Vidal should follow me on board the cutter, I left the 'Armistad' and placed myself in the stern sheet of my own boat, and slipping smoothly over the unruffled waters, five

minutes served to place me alongside my own clean, trim, quiet little craft. Left to myself, my reflections were sufficiently unpleasant. I found myself netted in the toils of my blithe friend Captain Vidal, without the possibility of extrication. I was unarmed and totally unprepared for a contest with the 'Armistad,' which vessel I had observed carried four twelve-pound carronades and a long iron eighteen-pounder worked on a pivot in the centre of the vessel. I was too under the very muzzles of her guns, and any attempt on my part to get under weigh, would have been promptly met with a salute I could not return. I did not for a moment doubt that the object and intention were to plunder me, and though none on board, save my own first officer, knew of the money I had on board, I was quite sure it could not escape, and that probably the murder of us all and subsequent firing of the vessel, to obliterate all traces of the piracy and robbery, would take place before the sun went down. It was with a calmness I have often since wondered at, that I took into my calculations all the chances that were against me, nor could I find one in all the chapter of accidents that would tell in my favor. It was now twelve o'clock, noon, and I momentarily expected the coming of Vidal. I had prepared an entertainment for him as well as I could, and all my little stores were exhausted to supply a meal for a man whom at its close, I might find to be my executioner; but I was resolved to show no flinching, that I would emulate the Frenchman's courtesy in my capacity of host; and nerving my mind to the worst that could come, I cordially welcomed him on board the 'Billy Pitt' as he stepped upon her deck. His first lieutenant alone accompanied him, and sitting down to our meal, three or four hours glided by, which I could not help enjoying heartily, so racy was the conversation of Vidal and so cordial his companionship. As evening approached, however, I noticed that our deck was filling with the schooner's people, and I remarked to Vidal that as his men were fraternizing with mine, they too should enjoy some of the good things we had been partaking of. He said, 'Yes;' but rather markedly added: 'Do n't make them savage with too much liquor.' I sent forward some spirits and a case of claret. When Captain Vidal said: 'Now let us to business.'

'Oh!' I replied, 'pleasure is our business: will you take more wine or have coffee?'

'No more wine, if you please, but coffee below, where my officers will meet us.'

I assented, and having ordered the coffee, we descended to the cabin, a place of about eight feet square, dimly lighted by a single lamp, and in which now assembled Vidal, his two lieutenants, four others, and myself. It was a curious and a singular scene; that small cabin lighted by a single lamp, the flame of which flared up through an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke with a dusky red and dirty glare, with eight persons seated round it, five of whom were ferocious-looking scoundrels, dirty, 'bearded like the pard,' with a glistening serpent-like smile of triumphant malice stealing from their glowing eyes. The captain and first lieutenant were firm and grave, but looked

anxious and distrustful, for I had won upon their better natures, and they felt pity for my position : so young, (I was but nineteen,) so full of life and spirits and health and hope, yet with all the probabilities immediately before me, of a bloody, agonized, and sudden death. For myself, I felt I was pale and anxious, but my natural spirits sustained me, strengthened as I was in this moment of danger by a firm reliance on the goodness of my CREATOR ; and with a short and fervent mental ejaculation of 'Great God, help me !' I braced myself for the occasion ; but I felt within me that I was not to die, and that so neither were my men to sink in the present perilous moment. With this feeling within me I could be firm and calm, but I was grave and pale, silently waiting for the others to speak.

Vidal opened the conference by a passionate appeal to me to save him the agony of seeing me butchered before his eyes. 'My friend,' he concluded by saying, 'this is a most perilous dilemma you are in, but you may still be personally safe ; at least, all the influence I can command or use shall be exerted with my people in your behalf, and if that fails, so help me, HEAVEN, in my extremest need, they shall take my life before they take yours. But, for God's sake, save us this extremity, abandon your money and save our lives.'

I replied : 'I will not conceal from you, Vidal,' (he was the only one who spoke English,) 'that I have money on board, but it is not mine, it has been intrusted to me to lay the foundation of some important operations, and I will not be the base cur to abandon it for a moment's peril of my life.'

He continued, however, vehemently and earnestly to urge my compliance with the demands of his men, whom he assured me he was powerless to control. I am convinced that no thought of himself induced a single word he uttered, and that he was actuated alone by the naturally high-toned characteristics of his mind, for his had been a noble nature, and in days of chivalry would have glowed with its purest flame. Gomez, the second lieutenant, scowled sulkily on the attempts of his commander to persuade me to compliance, and interrupting Vidal, while he was still speaking, impatiently exclaimed with the most opprobrious of Spanish curses, 'This will settle the matter ;' and I felt the lasso round my neck, thrown by the abominable scoundrel with all the dexterity of one perfect in his trade ; but it had not tightened before it was severed by Vidal's cutlass, who, anticipating some attack to be made upon me, had, even in the strong earnestness of his persuasions, been keenly watchful of every movement made by Gomez and the other four men, and had placed me for greater security on one side of the table, between himself and the first lieutenant. All were now on the instant upon their feet, and Gomez, leaving the table, rushed to deal destruction upon the fittings of the cabin ; the rest followed his example ; more of the pirates rushed from the deck, and the uproar and confusion became intense. Every bulkhead or division in the cabin was rapidly demolished ; the ceiling and casings destroyed ; the floor of the cabin broken up, and the clash of the cutlass, the rending of the boards, the blows of hammer and axe, the yells, the shouts, the curses of

the men, created a little hell, the devils, fiends, and demons of which were aptly impersonated by the pirate crew. Vidal and the first lieutenant took no part in this scene of destruction, retaining me by their side and between them, with cutlass and pistol ready for immediate use if required for my defence. We three stood there silent and motionless. At last, above and beyond the din of demoniac sounds, rose one wild shriek of joyful yells, and I knew the money had been found.

'Be still now,' sternly said Vidal as I suddenly sprang forward, but instantly restrained by his nervous grasp. 'This is your most critical moment, they will either be satisfied and quiet now, or in their wild frenzy they may shove their knives into the three of us, for some here would gladly have me out of the way.' At this moment Gomez came toward us as though to speak to his commander, but Vidal ordered him to stop.

'If you advance another step, by G— I'll shoot you!'

Gomez stopped, then stepping aside, the finder of the money advanced with the bag in his hands, which he deposited on the cabin floor before us. Vidal then ordered Gomez to take it on board the 'Armistad,' and also to withdraw his men, which orders Gomez sullenly obeyed. Left to ourselves, I eagerly turned to Vidal and earnestly poured out my grateful thanks for his generous interference in my behalf, which must, I knew, imperil his influence and popularity with his officers and crew, and possibly his own safety. But this he treated lightly:

'This night's occurrences,' he solemnly said, 'have taught me that my influence with my crew is powerless for aught but evil; they would follow me to death in every hideous form if I led them into peril satisfactory to their evil passions. But you have seen how perfectly incompetent is my command to restrain them from crime, This is the first act of actual piracy yet committed by me, and this act, so HEAVEN help me, I had all the wish to control, but could not, and I have at once made up my mind to leave this service, and if I escape the consequences, well merited by the cursed business of this night, I will seek other occupation better suited to my disposition.' We had left the close, hot atmosphere of the wreck of the cabin and now stood on the deck, where a glorious full moon was calmly looking down upon us from the beautiful deep blue sky of mid-night in the tropics. The sea lay around us just ruffled by the gentlest air, and all was so still, so quiet, so reposed; and called by the very calm, the quiet and repose, so forcibly our minds heavenward, that I involuntarily sank to my knees on the deck in earnest prayer and thanksgiving and supplication for the great mercy that night had shown me. Vidal watched me silently, and when I rose, in passionate agony he pressed me to his heart and then hurriedly tore himself away; and I watched him gliding like a shadow through the glitter of the moon-light on the water to the side of his own vessel. And thus we met, and so we parted — the pirate captain of the 'Armistad,' and myself — and our paths have never since crossed.

THE APRIL SHOWER.

BY EDWARD C. GOODWIN.

I.

ERE earliest day I heard a tread,
Like fairies trooping over head :
Drop after drop the spring shower fell ;
Drop after drop, like chiming bell,
Or elfin's horn,
Who called his bannered hosts around,
And old earth bound
Till coming dawn.

II.

Loud cried the Fay : ' While chill winds sigh,
Through every wood and valley fly,
That, blossoming, the light shall see
The violet and anemone !
Forth from my bowers
Call out the skylarks, gem the-grass,
The mountain pass
Refresh with showers ! '

III.

Their snow-white palfreys, prancing free,
With tinkling hoofs swept quick by me.
And then my dreams wrought ships at sea ;
And one that from some eastern land
Bore balm and spices, and a band
Of captive girls :
Her white sails glistened 'neath the clouds,
And all her shrouds
Seemed hung with pearls.

IV.

Who could not dream while spice winds blow,
And rock his vessel to-and-fro ?
Drop after drop the spring rain fell —
Drop after drop : I slumbered well ;
And when I woke, the garden bowers
And tufted flowers
Remained to tell

V.

That what our disappointments know
From life's cold rain and drifting snow,
Is cancelled by a love that swells
The jessamines and asphodels,
Which with a trusting faith incline
To the sunshine
Their quivering bells.

D A Y - D R E A M S .

THE mind is always working. The body may be totally inert, may lose every faculty of action, and still the mind works on. A trance may lay the man in the silent attitude of death, but there is no semblance of death for the powers within. Exertion may tire the weary frame into compulsory repose, but no exertion can cower the mind into a moment of inaction. The rest of the soul consists in change of employment, *never* in cessation of employment. So it comes that the two subsistences between which there exists the closest union of which we have any knowledge — the body and the mind — are far from being united in all their acts, and often act in a great degree independently of each other. Particularly when the body is at rest, does the mind take its freest, wildest flights, unencumbered by any concern for its plodding fellow. When the body acts, it in some degree restrains the mind to a joint endeavor for the accomplishment of purposes. When the body does not act, there is no purpose to be accomplished at present. Yet has the mind another restraint within itself, a kind of balance-wheel, to keep the great machine from irregular and purposeless action. *Reason* checks every propensity to erratic wanderings, and imperatively demands that the mind shall not labor without an object, or fly without a definite landing-place in view.

But at times, even this regulating clog is cast off, and then the ever-restless powers indulge in an unconstrained revel. There is no purpose to be accomplished, no conclusion to be arrived at, no consistency to be preserved, and the mind has nothing to do but turn antic summersets in infinite space. This is the case during the hours of sleep. The body lies in unconscious repose, reason ceases to control the acts of the mind, and then begin such wild eccentricities as are only known to the waking in the brain of the maniac.

But it is not our purpose to trace these vagaries. We have spoken of them as one would remind you of an old friend, as he introduces a relative of that friend. You remember your old acquaintance, 'the dream of the night : ' allow us to introduce his cousin, *the day-dream*.

They are of the same family. The sleeping body and silent reason were the parents of night-visions; the reposing body and reason off-duty are the parents of day-dreams.

A queer fellow is day-dream, changeable as wind. Now he is a kind genius, pouring in wealth, and honor, and friends, with boundless profusion, until avarice and ambition for once cry, enough; and again he plays the cruel tyrant, and loads us with chains and curses. Now he leads us through regions which rival the garden of Eden, and makes us at home in the very treasure-house of nature; and again he hurls us on the wings of the wind into the midst of the burning sands of a boundless desert, and leaves us with a mocking laugh to perish there. He never obtrudes himself in busy hours, he has no power over the mind *at work*; but let a man sit down with nothing to think of and nothing to do, and in comes day-dream, more powerful than any of the

genii of Eastern fables, and with one touch of his wand, he bids you follow whither he will.

A young man is just about to begin the battle of business. He has little now more than health, vigor, and high expectations. He is about to leave the parental roof to carve his own way in the world. He seats himself for the last time on the side of his humble couch before he lies down to rest. For the last time, for the morrow's sun will see him far on his way toward other scenes and other duties. He seats himself there to think. What a purposeless word is that indefinite 'to think !' A man may consider circumstances, may plan purposes, and may meditate plans, but when he sits down just 'to think,' with matters and things in general for his subject, he is the most idle of idlers.

Our youth sits down to think. It is day-dream's opportunity. He feels the spell, and how the scene changes ! He is a young man no longer, on the threshold of life. He sees himself the envied chief of the host of merchant-princes. His richly-laden vessels float on every sea, his special agents canvass every land. His coffers are filled, his credit unquestioned, his prosperity unbounded. His stately mansion is filled with admiring guests, he never lacks congenial friends. The respect of the public, the deference of companions, the blessing of the poor, all are his. Civic honors and national trusts lie open before him. He lives in one continual mid-day of full prosperity. No dark cloud overshadows him, no tempest threatens ; he has only to will, and what he wills is there.

The young man muses. Surely he is one of the *great* ones of the earth. He rubs his eyes ; he gathers his scattered thoughts. Here is his couch, still under the same old roof ; and here is his candle burned down in the socket. He is not a millionaire after all, but a lad with an empty pocket, and hope in his heart. He has dreamed a day-dream. It was a pleasant dream, and he cherishes the vision as a half-prophetic intimation of a wished-for future.

Alas ! poor lad, it was only a dream, and worth about as much as dreams generally are. What you want now is a well-considered plan for present action. And yet cherish your dream ; it is perhaps the only prosperity this world has for you.

An old man sits in his easy-chair. The mild June zephyr coming in at the window plays through his silvery locks. They have been whitened by time and care until, like the bleaching grain, they silently speak of a harvest soon. Those wrinkled cheeks, that furrowed brow tell a sad tale of strife and toil. But the old man is quiet now. The long day of labor is nearly past ; the twilight of evening speaks of a night of rest. There he sits waiting, waiting the summons home. And even while he sits, the glad voice of children comes in on the breeze as they frolic in gladsome play. The old man muses ; memory is busy with the past. He scarcely hears aught without, and yet those childish voices have led him back to long-forgotten years. He is again himself a child. Again he kneels at his mother's side to repeat his evening-prayer to 'OUR FATHER who art in Heaven.' He feels her warm kiss on his brow, he hears her gentle, kind 'good night.'

The old man half-recalls his wandering thoughts. He mutters : 'Mother, mother.' It is many years since he has spoken that word, and she who bore the name has long slept beneath the sod. And yet it is a magic word, for it speaks of the tenderest, dearest love. A tear runs down his furrowed cheek — a tear from a fountain long since dry. But that one word, 'Mother,' makes the old man a child again.

And still the childish voices float in on the breeze. The old man is with them, he is what he was full four-score years ago. His chosen companions are with him too, companions of the dead of ages are they now. Together they ramble over their native hills, and together they pluck the wild flowers of the wood. They saunter along the same old brook, they bathe in its limpid waters. They assist in tossing the new-mown hay ; they sit down in the shade for their noon-tide meal. The scene changes. It is winter now, the winter of the old man's youth. He is at school again, the same old school. The master he hated and feared rules yet — the master that died while the old man's step was firm. The irksome task is conned again, and boyish mischief breaks out in the same old tricks. The hour at noon is hailed with the same delight, and the hour that brings him home for the day, is still the hour of relief. And now the long winter evening comes, and he crowds again close up to the glowing hearth as he drinks in the wild tale of the lone old hag who purchased superior power by the sale of her soul, that she might torment her neighbors and vent her spite. And he shudders as he hastens up to bed, and lies quaking with fear in the darkness there, till sleep brings happier visions.

Again the scene changes ; the old man is a half-grown youth. He stands by a bed-side, and all around is still, oppressively still, as it always is in the chamber of death, where the stifled sob is the only sound that falls on the ear. And there lies a noble form ; but oh ! how changed by the blast of disease. Those sunken, hollow eyes were once bright with intelligence ; now they are dimmed with the glaze of death. His was once the strong right arm, and the sinewy limb, but sickness and pain have done it all. He breathes easier now, and yet it is almost the last of earth. They gather around to catch the last word, to watch the last sign of the departing husband, father, friend. The wife of his youth is there, but how can she part with him whose love has been the joy, the support, the value of life ? He rallies, he exerts his fleeting strength to whisper : ' Farewell, my love, it is but for a little ; we meet again above.' And then the son draws near in speechless grief, and bends over to catch one word of remembrance, one parting blessing. ' My son, my son, be kind to your mother, and forget not your father's God.' It is the last ; the departed spirit leaves only the cold form of clay.

The old man sits there still in his easy-chair, and the voices of childish glee still float in on the breeze, but he heeds them not. He sits in an agony of grief, and the tears flow fast from those eyes unused to weep, as he cries to himself : ' My father, my father, you must not die — you must not die.' Poor old man ! He has had a dark vision, and yet he slept not. Would that some one would say to him : ' Old man ! arouse thee — thine own end approacheth. Weep not for the

grief of other years, but remember the warning : ' Forget not your father's God.' "

A young maiden sits in her cold attic chamber. We say she is young, for surely twenty summers could not have passed over that fragile form. Yet mark her well, for certainly *forty* years of ordinary trials could not have produced a more care-worn countenance. She is bowed down, but it is not with age. There is none of the plump, fresh, rosy youth there, it is true ; but sorrow and toil sometimes do the work of revolving years, and then what sad, sad work they make. Look at her ! We had thought that joy and vivacity were the dowry of maiden youth ; but alas ! there is none of it there. Was there ever a smile to dimple those cheeks, now so sunken and wan ? Was there ever a wild ringing laugh to be heard from within those bloodless lips ? Yes, oh ! yes ; but it must have been long, long ago. And then we had thought that a maiden's chamber must be the pattern of comfort not only, but the very place for luxurious ease. Look at the comforts, the luxuries here. An old table, a single chair, a scanty pallet, a half-burned candle. And where is the fire ? Look at that shivering form, wrapped closely in a thread-bare summer-shawl ; and look at the dark grate where a handful of ashes surrounds the last expiring coals, and you need not ask : ' Where is the fire ? '

But what does she here ? See for yourself as she bends over to see the stitches she takes. She is sewing, sewing, not languidly, as young ladies are wont to work worsted angels on gilded cards ; not cheerfully, as the matron sews for husband, and children, and self, while she sings : but *desperately* ; as the panting deer flies from the pursuing hounds ; as the drowning man struggles to reach the helping hand, so sews the poor seamstress, *for her life*. It is the old story ; seen better circumstances ; father unfortunate ; mother died of a broken heart ; no money, no friends ; must sew for a shilling a day, or die. It is an old story ; the same which Hood told when he sang his Song of the Shirt. It is an old story : but if the Potter's-field could give up its ghastly witnesses, who would dare to question its truth ? And there she sits and sews, poor thing ! She has sewed so long, so early and late, day after day, and week after week, and lain down hungry so often at mid-night, and arisen benumbed with cold so often with the first gray dawn of day, that we wonder whether human feelings and human emotions are not dead within her ; whether she can be any thing more than a living machine. Watch her as she sews. There must be feeling there ; mark her heaving breast, and her tight-pressed lips — and see ! her eyes are brimming with tears. One falls on the stitches, and one on her trembling hand, and still the fountain is full. For once the needle stops, and the work is laid aside, for one yellow tear-spot on that yard of linen would forfeit the scanty pittance for which she is shedding great drops of the blood of life. And now she weeps bitterly, *bitterly* ; not as she had plied her needle — for the preservation of life — but she weeps that she *must* live — must live to work, that she may work to live. How much better to lie in the peaceful grave with those who have gone before, where the weary are at rest. She is weary, oh ! how

weary of life and of earth. Oh ! blame her not roughly for wishing that she were by her mother's side, beneath the cold clods of the valley.

Grief, sorrow, care will spend themselves in tears, and so do hers. She is calmer now, but she does not resume her work. See ! Her eyes are fixed and staring, and yet she sees nothing. Sees nothing ? Oh ! yes, but nothing in that cheerless, comfortless room. She is far, far away ; far from the city of brick and mortar, where the experience of such like her would say that men's hearts are made of the same. She is *home* once more — in the home of happier days. Her dear mother is there, and together they pass such happy days, sharing their easy household toil, and sharing each other's love, until evening brings the tired husband and father home to such resting relief as home only affords.

And then, as the mantle of evening spreads its cool, refreshing shade, she steals out at the wicket, and down by the drooping willow, to the rustic seat by the quiet stream, which reflects the pale moon-beam's silvery light full in her blooming face. See ! Wears it not an unusual flush ? Is no unwonted excitement flashing from her lustrous eyes ? Hark ! Was there not an approaching foot-step ? Ah ! this is a trysting-place. He comes not as an accidental intruder ; he greets her not as a stranger. And that manly form, that honest face, might well win a maiden's love. But let us not be intruders ; leave them to tell all their love, and dream and plan for the future, with only their own hearts for witnesses.

And so she dreams on, poor thing. Is it not well that she can for a moment forget her sorrowful toil ? See ! a bright smile lights up her pale thin face, while the tears yet stand on her cheek. She imagines herself a happy bride, and she smiles a glad greeting in answer to the warm-hearted congratulations of friends. And now she has a new home, a home of *her own* — the brightest, the happiest of earthly homes. How proud she is of her husband's love ; how happy in the discharge of her new duties and cares !

The old clock in the neighboring church-tower slowly and solemnly toll the mid-night hour. The familiar sound falls harshly on her ear ; it awakens her from a dream of happiness to a reality of misery. There is the half-finished garment, her fingers still clutch the needle and thread. It is cold, cold, and all that glad dream would she give for one morsel of food. No wonder that more bitter tears flow down their well-worn channel. But there is no time to weep now. A whole night of toil can scarcely redeem the time that dream has taken. God comfort thee, poor girl, thine is no ordinary sorrow !

A farmer sits by his blazing fire, listening to the winter wind as it comes whistling and whirling around the old farm-house. And he laughs as he slaps his rough hand on his knee and says to himself : ' Blow on, old wind, no admittance here ; an extra stick on the fire makes it summer within.' And the farmer is right ; comfort sits on his hearth-stone, and plenty has furnished his cellar and granary. There he sits taking his ease, while the storm blows without. And he needs just

such a day of rest, for the toil which has bent his form, and bronzed his face, and hardened his hands, must be sometimes remitted

And yet it is hard for such an one to sit still in the house. His home is out-doors, in the day-time, and it is no easy matter to rest contented within. So, even while he sits, his thoughts are away all over the farm, planting and sowing, and ploughing and reaping. And by-and-by he forgets where he is — forgets the crackling fire, and the whistling wind, and the winter cold — he is hard at work in his broad green fields. He works hard, but works cheerfully, and every thing prospers. What beautiful crops ! what a plentiful harvest ! He pulls down his old barn and puts up a greater. He counts his grain-stacks, and they have doubled on former years. He is getting on in the world, he must have more land. He adds acre to acre, and field to field. And still every thing prospers. How old the farm-house begins to look ! It is time it came down, and down it comes. A stately mansion takes its place, more worthy of the farmer's increasing fortune. And now he is getting old himself. He has worked hard enough in his day ; he will give up the charge to his son, and spend his old age in peace. So when he walks out he goes only to see what others are doing, and when he comes in he has an elbow-chair, and his grand-children sit on his knees. A big coal snaps out of the fire on to the kitchen-floor. The farmer starts up, he looks out of the window. Oh ! how the wind blows ! Oh ! how the snow flies ! ' Well, well,' says he to himself, ' I guess I was dreaming, and yet I do n't believe I slept.'

And so we all dream sometimes — dream in the day-time. So we build our castles in the air ; so we dwell in shadowy halls in the land of shadows. The old man dreams of the past, for his *El Dorado* is back toward the place of the sun-rising, the place of his youth. The young and vigorous dream of the future, for their hopes are there, and they love to send scouting-parties of thought in advance of the steady tramp of Time. The unfortunate cherish their day-dreams, for so they forget the living reality.

But are we the better for our dreams ? Not if facts are more worthy of attention than the wild flights of fancy. Not if we intend to do any thing and be any thing here in this world.

Our brightest dreams are the greatest lies, and can we profit by deceiving ourselves ? We are surrounded by realities, we must grapple with realities ; and were it not better to be doing a *little*, than to be dreaming much ? We unnerve ourselves for active exertion by indulging in exaggerated visions. When we give the rein to imagination it bears us to a pinnacle far above the highest point of human reality ; and when we come back to struggle in earnest onward and upward, our progress is painfully slow not only, but our highest attainments seem contemptibly low. The dreamer of day-dreams is always a disappointed man ; he has lived so much in airy castles, that earth is at best a poor, miserable hovel.

But must we always be grappling with the present ? Must we shut out all thought of the future, and live as if we were the ephemera of to-day ? What, then, would become of hope, the brightest blessing left to man ? What would cheer us in the dark hour of adversity ? What

would strengthen us to bear the ills of life ? No, no, we must not, *can not* be indifferent to the future : but, remember, there is a great difference between well-considered plans, and careful preparation to take advantage of coming events which may 'cast their shadows before,' and wild dreams of mocking improbabilities, and fascinating impossibilities, and glittering absurdities. The former belong to the wise man ; the latter to the dreamer. There is a wide gulf, too, between well-founded hopes and unreasonable fancies. *Hope* brings comfort ; fancy, discontent. And yet it is a galling imprisonment of the mind to be confined to the past, present, and future realities of earth. We know the past, we have the present, we grasp the utmost probabilities of the future, and still are ready to sit down and weep with Alexander for more worlds.

There is something in the human mind intrinsically superior to the highest earthly position. The very fact that our day-dreams present brighter scenes than we can ever expect earth to furnish, shows that there is a longing there for something above and beyond earth. We do indeed find that our roving fancy generally lights on something very like what earth does sometimes furnish, very like what some of our fellow-men possess ; but is it satisfied there ? No, the longer we dream the wilder our dream becomes, until we lose sight of all familiar scenes, and rove through another creation.

May we not, *must* we not dream, then, if we would find the mere phantom of food for this craving appetite ?

No, we speak it reverently ; there are other realities than those of earth. There is a well-founded hope which reaches forward far beyond the end of time. There are real scenes, far more glorious than the brightest creations of imagination. And they may be reached, and occupied, and enjoyed ; not merely dreamed of for an hour. They will satisfy the most intense cravings of the soul ; they will comfort the deepest sorrow that has ever forced a sigh in this vale of tears. There will the old man's youth be renewed like the eagle's ; and there will the daughter of sorrow find a happy home. In the midst of those delights would the young man scorn the base objects of his earth-born ambition ; and the man who toiled here, and dreamed of an earthly reward, look back with shame on his folly.

O dreamers of day-dreams ! would you have a reality infinitely fairer than your brightest visions ? Go find what *heaven* is, and learn the way thither.

THE SEA OF DEATH: AN EXTRACT.

Our lives like passing streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea

Are doomed to fall:

The Sea of DEATH, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all !

A REMEMBRANCE OF DR. KANE.

BENEATH the hills of wild Vermont
I strolled one morn of fair July,
Where fringed with evergreens and elms,
Connecticut, the pure, stole by.
Above, the ancient mountain's crest
Gleamed in a cloudy veil of light,
Uplifted by the amorous sun,
Breaking apart the chains of night.

Sweet valleys in their summer robes,
Jewelled with dew-drops of the morn,
Between the hills — along the stream —
As day grew on, seemed newly-born.
The birds were singing to the leaves,
Which whispered back their love-notes sweet,
Earth and the sky rejoiced in song,
That lovely summer morn to greet.

Another wandered like myself,
Alone, and thoughtful in his pace;
And as we met, a sun-ray cast
A glory o'er his pallid face;
But passing, left the haggard lines,
More painful from the contrast given;
As rivers flash, then sink to gloom,
Beneath the changing light of Heaven.

Together there we strayed awhile,
Breathing the fresh, pure mountain air;
We talked of fair New-England's clime!
The gallant men her hill-sides bear,
Her women, purer than her snows;
Her churches glistening on her hills;
Her schools amid her valleys hid;
The page of fame her history fills!

And then his dark, bold eye grew bright;
I saw his slender frame expand!
Upward he gazed; then cast his glance
Below, upon that glorious land;
As if a brotherhood in thought
Grew proudly on his mind — that he,
Like all who breathed that mountain air,
Was then — and ever would be free!

And so we parted: nevermore
On summer morn as fair as this;
In autumn, or in spring to meet!
My hand he warmly clasped in his,
And said: 'Good-by!' (but simple words,
Yet meaning more than words contain.)
My walk was o'er; but I had met
The face, and clasped the hand of KANE!

Therefore, when news across the sea
 Sadly, from Cuba's sunny shore,
 Came with a thrill to all the land,
 That his bold heart could beat no more;
 I turned to one I loved, whose eye
 Was sad and dark like his, and said :
 'Tears from our eyes are not amiss,
 For him, the young and glorious dead !'

O sailor bold ! O child of science !
 With heritage of lasting fame !
 The earth may hold thy crumbling dust,
 But glory thy ennobled name !
 The icebergs of the northern pole
 Are towers and monuments to thee !
 And round their glistening sides shall rise
 Thy requiem from the moaning sea !

By the Wabash, March 7, 1887.

'A N O W E R T R U E T A L E.'

BY EBBN. BARTON.

You all must know that I am an old bachelor, that is to say, forty-five or so ; when I'm sixty I'll tell you that 'I'm not as young as I once was ;' but till then, I'm going to say that I am old. Some persons say I am a sour old fellow ; some that I'm crusty ; but most persons say so because, when they're asked, they really do n't like to confess that they do n't know any thing at all about me, which would be the truth, so they say something unkind with a knowing leer, which passes as a certificate of old acquaintance. But what care I ? My little nieces do n't think so ; and if any know Uncle Jeff, they do. Often and often they have asked me why I am not married, and as my answers were always evasive, they at last made up some tale of 'romantic attachment,' to satisfy their own inquiries. Now my little Frances or Fanny would 'hurt no one by word or deed,' and hearing that her little fiction pained me, she seemed so grieved, poor child, that I determined to tell her the truth, and as I have told her, why may I not tell you ? Though many a chord may ache as I jar it by this recital ; yet on the whole, when it's all over, I shall feel what in expressive Western language would be, 'abominably refreshed.' So here goes :

When I was a wild young fellow of nineteen, I had the luck, call it not good or ill till this brief page be read, of meeting with Ned Seaton, also a native of my city ; for as mine I shall ever regard Baltimore, even should another score of years pass by without beholding it. To

him I always had confided my feelings, and the confidence was fully returned. Owing to some severe losses, my father was obliged to live in a style far more humble than had been his former fortune to afford, and so keenly sensitive was he on the subject of his altered means, that he would admit no play-fellow, either of mine or of my sister, within our walls. Ned knew this, and was the only friend I had ; but as his friendship had been contracted since our change in life, even he had never seen the home to which a father welcomed me ; for though rigid in his orders, he was ever kind to Fanny and to me. As for her, gentle girl, she never left the house, except with father, and then veiled more as be seemed a nun than a maiden of eighteen. Friend she had not, and no mother had we to guide our steps, in that turning-point of life. Unknown, and, except by me, almost uncared for, Fanny had grown beautiful, and the awkward child had rounded into the woman, calm, dignified, and thoughtful.

Ned, a year older than myself, would try to enliven my sad moods by telling me of the gayeties of the world, and I in turn would relate them to Fanny, to cheer her loneliness. At length, hearing me talk so much about him, created in her mind a wish to know the indirect means of so much of her happiness ; but on venturing to express the wish my father sternly forbade me to repeat his idle news, and reiterated his command to me, never to bring him into the house. About a month after this, my father's condition in life improved, the recovery of a bank which had involved him, enabled us to reside in a house better suited to my father's taste, and in our former neighborhood.

While under the pleasurable influence of his good fortune, my father voluntarily released us from the veto he had put on our mingling with society. 'Now, children,' said he, for so he had always called us, 'you may go to your little merry-makings, if you have the heart to do so when you can't come back in your own carriage, as I have always hoped you might, long before this time.' Then, seeing he was beginning to brood over his misfortunes again, we quickly changed the subject. Feeling more cheerful than I had done for months, nay years, I ran to Ned, my second self, and told him the good news. I really think it pleased him as much, if not more, than me. When I told him I could now go into company, he again congratulated me, then looked thoughtful an instant, and then shaking hands with me, excused himself and walked quickly away. When I reached home, Fanny met me at the door and handed me a little note, the counterpart of which she held in her hand, opened and read. Her whole face was beaming with pleasure ; so as the shortest way to find out what it meant, I read mine. It was an invitation from Ned, a party given to us for the evening next but one. Of course we accepted. Would to God that party had never taken place ! But I am anticipating. The evening came, I was sick ; but not to disappoint Fanny, I took her, and then, begging Ned to aid her in embarrassments incident to a *début*, and on his promising to see her safely home, I returned, and soon after retired. As I learned afterward from Ned's own lips, she was the star of the evening ; her familiarity with literature made her at home on every topic, and the novelty of her position made no difference in her actions, for she was uncon-

scious of the admiration her beauty and wit excited. Among the gay throng was a young man about Ned's age, who was among the number of her devotees ; seeing that his attentions were not distasteful, he made them more pointed, until he finally requested permission to visit her, and obtained a sufficient permission to warrant, in his own eyes at least, his so doing. Well, time passed on. Ned openly avowed to our little Fanny his feelings of love, which a lengthened acquaintance had given rise to. The other young man also continued his visits, and in a less open way declared to her that he felt she must be his, and made a formal avowal.

Wherever she went his basilisk eyes were upon her ; it seemed as though she had lost all free-agency. Ned was almost wild, until one day in autumn he received his sentence from her own lips ; ' she loved him well, but she loved another,' (he of the basilisk eye,) ' and on him she intended to bestow her hand.' ' Did her heart go too ? ' asked my little niece ; she knew not she spoke of her own mother, so I answered not. I had dreaded the effects this announcement would have on his sensitive mind, (for I had been asked to take the message to him, but could not.) I had feared that the wild passions he possessed would burst from his Christian control ; but no, he became unnaturally calm ; no tear came to his relief ; he hovered like a phantom around them, ' unseen, yet forever at hand ; ' then he silently withdrew to the vast solitudes in the far South-West. About this time our father died ; my sister was married, ay, married, and to *him* who had driven Ned away, and was about to drive me. We could not live asunder, so I traced his course till I found him wasting away, a mere shadow, in a sea-port of the Gulf of Mexico. I watched with him till he died : his last words were : ' Take care of Fanny, shield her from harm, and never let her know who hastened my career. God have mercy on us all.' I have often thought, as I smoked the pipe of reflection, how much his career was like that same pipe, affording amusement and solace to those who appreciated him, and now his spirit departed as the delicate line of blue smoke vanishes into thin air, and where he once was, there now remain ashes, ashes, ashes !

But I shall soon finish. Over his grave I vowed a single life ; and to forget the harrowing grief of his loss, plunged into mercantile pursuits. I was fortunate, and came home with enough to provide for my few wants. I discovered that Fanny's husband had been unsuccessful, retired to a neighboring city, and there died, leaving his wife the mother of two children, and unprovided for. I purchased a house and furnished it, and to it took my sister and her little charges.

They do not well recollect their father, and are to me a great comfort, happy in their ignorance of the shallowness of the world. Perhaps I am crusty, but not to them. I know I look older than I am, but exposure has caused that. Mayhap I did wrong to tell them the tale I have told you, even with names and places fictitiously supplied : one good thing which has been its fruit, I cannot but relate. My little Fanny had the courage to check a thoughtless lady who scornfully demanded : ' *Did you ever see a broken-hearted man ?* '

T O T H E S P R I N G F L O W E R S .

● BY JACQUES MAURICE.

O SPRING-TIME FLOWERS! with your light scented breath
And fairy shape, when will ye come?
Winter is well-nigh dumb,
For his brave voice is whispering now of death:
And the meek snow is going quietly,
Stealing away: see, yonder cloud
Its spirit doth enshroud;
The stars' cold twinkle is e'enmost laid by,
And CYNTHIA smiles among them lovingly
All the night long.

Nature makes ready for ye, gentle flowers,
While her slow dial counts the hours
That, all too numerous, throng
Before the one close-linked to your birth.
Where lurks your balmy hidden breath,
That I may o'er the earth
And breathe unto the leaves that essence pure;
So they be saved from death,
And for a while your loss endure!

But ye will surely wake to me, O flowers!
And your sweet presence, like the sun
Hailing a day begun,
Shall mark the dawn of Beauty. Gentle showers
Your leaves with tears may oft bedew;
While each so glorious hue
Of their high-arching bow, late hung in air,
Shall fade in envy of your charms more fair.

Come quickly, then;
Winning a glance from the great kingly sun,
A kiss from every milder one,
Even from lordly men;
Whom, if too rude, with dying breath ye bless.
Come in the morn, while earliest light
To perfect day doth press,
As ye to perfect beauty; or the moon
May call you from the night
With gentle urgency, all too soon.

And then, of all the incense ripe for Heaven,
Yours shall take sweetest precedence;
And call from thence
Angelic breath, which the whole day shall leaven,
Making it good to breathe the air:
While men shall think the fair
And delicate blossom, bursting at your side,
A link to Heaven which earth may not divide.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. REENT. ●

CHAPTER NINTH.

THERE is no echo to the rifle's quick discharge. It startles for an instant, as if it smote through a thin wall of glass, shivering it into splinters. The victim hears it not. The pathway of the ball and its effect is like the speed and the blow of the lightning. The flash and the bolt are mingled in a second's space, and the spirit, whose tabernacle it has riven, stands at once in the halls of the eternity. Death is always about in the woods, when the rifle sends its crackling yelp through its recesses. As unerring in a practised hand as cause and effect can be, it speaks but once, and as it speaks, destroys.

The American's rifle is a disease in itself, and when it has spread into an epidemic of war, wo to the most wary who come within its range. Once upon a time, in a far foreign city over the sea, I shot with some gentlemen, rifle the weapon, for a ruby ring. I won it in three shots, without a rest. I had scarcely ever before raised a loaded rifle to my shoulder, but I had talked some little, perhaps vain-glorious boasting, of our American skill with the toy, and I therefore was called upon to win. Had I failed, I almost fancy now that I would have declared that paralysis was hereditary in my family, and that I had had a sudden attack, and forthwith started for Australia to try the climate for the complaint. I however won the ruby ring, and confirmed my bragging stories of my Southern brethren. At that time I shot no more. In the eyes of those credulous foreigners my laurels have never faded, and probably to this day I am quoted as the great American shot. Heaven help the mark !

So when Sampson and I heard the rifle-shot, we knew that something was going on, that probably after the scene we had been so recently engaged in, it would be better that we should look into. We had left the Indian, Rude Keller, and old Mike behind us. Keller was unarmed when he parted from us, and Mike's prayer-book was impotent even against a butterfly. Benny Brown had the weapon that could alone utter the shrill ring that had snapped against our ears ; and as we hurried back upon our footsteps, conjectures rose in my mind as to the necessity that induced the old man to resort to his defence. That he had not offered an attack, I felt convinced.

We had left Mike, book in hand, seated, as he appears in the last chapter, beneath the time-stained rock, and the over-hanging autumn-trees, with the wild leaves all around him, each imparting to him some tender sentiment that became, in the crucible of his religious temperament, a new theme of contemplation, a Gospel of his worship. The Cross of the SAVIOUR has no truer follower than the poor negro of our

Southern lands. Calvary, to his imagination, is an idea grand and awful, and He who died upon its summit, gentle, oh ! gentler far than the philosophies that have sprung from his unsophistic lips, would sometimes teach us to suppose.

This humble negro was no exception to a rule that runs parallel with social humility ; but rather confirms the idea, that the simpler the creed and the closer it is allied to our natures, the simpler and more natural are the characters of those who profess it truly. In these days of so much popular error, it is not wrong, I think, in me, to add my humble convictions to the truth.

Dear old Mike had started to his feet, and with grievous apprehension depicted on his face, exclaimed, as we drew near :

‘ Master, there’s mischief about here ! ’

‘ Let us go and see what it is and where it is. It may be nothing more than the shot of old Benny at the snake-killer,’ I answered, hoping for the best.

‘ There’s no deers bout now, young Massa, for they do’n’t come where people quarrel and fight in the woods. Old Benny shot no deer then ; ’ and so we went on with hurried steps, trusting soon to arrive at the solution of the cause of our alarm.

A few moments and we had reached the spot where we had last seen the Indian ; but he was no longer there. Farther on we went, and peering through the half-denuded branches, I could see no trace of him. All was still as death : noiseless were the woods : our hurrying steps alone, ‘mid the withered leaves, disturbing the silence that wrapt the solemn scene.

The solemn scene was full of devilment.

Old Mike, Sampson, and I, went on. Mike leading, he of the book, like a missionary making smooth the path, showing clear the way, before the white and the black man alike. Toward the Indian’s cabin we now directed our steps ; for Mike, with great woodcraft, said he could see that Benny had passed along swiftly through the leaves, homeward bent. Was it for an asylum ? We will find out by-and-by, for we will follow the man who had for our sakes incurred the malice of the ruffian.

No more gun-shots in the woods ; no sound of fleeing feet ; no cry of pain ; no shout of triumph ; all silent, and no clue to the sudden discharge of the fatal weapon. We will find the Indian’s cabin, and there, perhaps, find out the meaning of it all. How glad was I, that I had brought the rifle with me ; and how powerful did old Sampson look, striding as if with the vigor of his prime, and now and then waving, as he would a wand, the hawthorn club above his head.

Suddenly Mike stopped and examined the leaves with great care and attention. ‘ Two, three, four, bless us, there’s four people more than Benny in the trail.’ These are running tracks, Massa, and they all goes one way, straight after the Indian,’ exclaimed the old man, after he had finished his scrutiny. ‘ Then we will hurry on and make it equal,’ I said ; and on we went, my two sable companions exhibiting an energy and speed in the pursuit that showed they felt the necessity of the extra exertion, and also a firm determination to stand by their red brother in his hour of need.

We had been running on for ten or fifteen minutes when, through an opening in the woods, I caught sight of the cabin we were in search of. All about it was as hushed as if no human being had inhabited it for years ; but Mike assured us that the Indian had just passed over the path, and I concluded that he was safely lodged within his fortress.

We all stopped at once, in order to take those observations natural to us under the emergency.



BENNY BROWN'S CABIN.

For myself, I looked for some signal from the inmate ; listened to hear the bark of the inevitable Indian dog ; to see the thin veil of smoke issuing from the culinary column ; but none of these signs were manifested, and the deepest silence, and the most perfect absence of life, slept over the place. I then looked around for some evidences of the neighborhood of Rude Keller, and those others whom he had doubtless called to his assistance in his scheme of mischief. No out-house was there to conceal them. The trees with their huge trunks, might have afforded them shelter, and the luxuriant undergrowth was ample screen for their concealment ; yet there were no movements that I could detect of persons watching us from the convenient ambush of the tree-

trunk, or the thick shrubbery. The door of the cabin was closed, and the latch-string hung on the outside.

The cabin was simple enough in structure, simple, and yet it had an air of wild woodland comfort about it, that led me to attribute to Benny a sentiment of taste in the selection of the scene, and also in the construction of his habitation. But that is natural to the Indian. Of rough logs was it made, and there was an absence of regularity in the roof, a picturesqueness in the manner of its drooping porch, in the very skins of animals that were drying against the gable, in the tall and dappled trees that swung their branches hither and thither in the air around his dwelling, that gave to it an impression of quiet beauty, that is enough of itself alone, without more artificial circumstances, to lend a grace to the rudest fabric we may erect for our homestead.

While I was almost unconsciously receiving these impressions, my companions were otherwise and more practically employed. Mike had advanced toward the house, so that he would not be seen by any person who might be placed behind the door on the inside; at least, such I concluded was his object, as I saw him carefully taking a half-circle so as to make his advance upon the side on which was the porch, or stoop. His movements were watched with a degree of quiet confidence by Sampson, and I readily enough concluded that they were both sufficiently wise in the circumstances to act as became the occasion. When Mike had reached a cluster of trees that stood mid-way between the cabin and our halting-place, he stopped suddenly, and very soon I lost sight of him altogether.

'Sampson, has old Mike gone over to the enemy?' I laughingly inquired of my only remaining ally.

Once more I saw the droll smile steal over Sampson's face, and again the chuckle broke from his lips, and the direction of his eyes was so significant, that I almost understood, without language, the whole scope of the idea he meant to express; at least, so I thought at the moment; but I was mistaken. There was much more in Mike's movements than I could have dreamt of, as the end will show.

'Them's two very cunning old men, Massa, old Mike and Benny Brown. You and me just wait here a little while, and we'll soon see what the red and the black skins are going to do. Don't you hear something now? Listen, Massa, listen mighty close.' I listened so close that I heard my heart beat, and the click of my watch sounded as loud to my excited ear as the pendulum of a city-clock. The wood-pecker played upon his hollow drum in a neighboring tree, and the unwritten, but much written of, music of the woods, lapsed through the still air, like the breathings deep and unagitated of a reposing deity. 'I hear nothing, Sampson, save my watch and the wood-pecker, and the wind in the wood.'

Another low chuckle, and then he placed one hand upon my arm, and pointed with the other, to the clump of trees, amid whose shadows and thick interlacings old Mike had disappeared.

'Massa's ears is younger than mine — can't he hear nothin' now?'

I bent all my attention to the task, and I was surprised that I had not before caught a low grating noise that seemed to issue suppressedly

but continuously from the clump. The sound was low, but not so low that now, my attention being drawn directly to it, I could not distinguish the peculiar cutting noise of a saw. Any one casually passing the spot at the distance we were from it, would not have distinguished it, in all probability ; but being once heard by me, and knowing the peculiar circumstances of the case, my ears could hear no other sound, save that steady, careful, and now unmistakable noise.

'Massa, does the wind blow hard in the tree-tops?' Another chuckle, that seemed to go up and down the collar of the old gray coat, and then to fly around the cape, and finally to settle about the mouth of Sampson, as he put the question to me.

'Only in the top of one tree, Sampson,' I replied, 'and it is very queer that it blows only among the branches of a dead tree at that. But what does all this mean, my friend? What is Mike about, and where is the Indian? Where is any body?'

'Massa see bime-by. Them's two very cunning old critters, any how. Reckon as how Rude Keller wont catch Benny as easy as the deer caught the rattle-snake. Massa, does you know Benny's a real Injin?' The last part of his remark was made in a tone of great gravity, as if he would impress me with the fact that old Benny's being an Indian, was synonymous with all that was bold in action, or profound in strategy. The motion in the tree-top ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and with it ceased the noise of the saw. This tree was a lightning-smitten oak, and stood not more than forty or fifty feet from the rear of the cabin, or at least, that part of the cabin that was the most distant from us.

It was not long before Mike reappeared from the screen of leaves and branches in which he had been engaged in his mysterious occupation, and as he approached the place where we were standing, I observed that his face had assumed an increased seriousness, serious as it was always. He gave one look of intelligence at Sampson, and then gazing up at the top of the withered oak, his eyes fell to the ground, and then rested upon the cabin. There was the carpenter's eye-measurement in that look, and a cunning calculation it was, done with an exactness and precision worthy of a more learned engineer. Having assured himself that his view was correct, he led the way directly to the door of the cabin, and pulling the latch, without farther ceremony we followed him across the threshold.

It was a plain place into which we entered, but the floor was of clean plank-boards, and the interstices of the walls were filled with mud long since dry and firm, offering a seasonable and efficacious resistance to rain and cold. A large chimney-place yawned at the farther extremity of the solitary apartment, and on a crank was suspended by the aid of one of those juvenile representatives of incipient penmanship, a large black iron-pot. A fire smouldered among the ashes, and in one of the corners lay, as in profound and philosophic repose, a very sensible animal, known in natural history as an Indian's dog. A dog without the slightest curiosity he must have been, and, to all appearances, destitute of common civility, for our approach created neither the sentiment of surprise or of hospitality. When my eyes got accustomed to the dim

light of the room, I discovered that this worthy animal had his head carefully rested upon his fore-legs, and that his eyes were fixed in vigilant observation upon our party. It was Mike's familiar step which had assured him in his state of quiet and dignified indifference, leaving him nothing to do at present but await with the calm patience of a higher order of being, whatever might occur, reserving probably to himself the right to decide at what moment he should bring the weight of his personal character to bear upon whatever matter might come to hand.

The room into which we had entered seemed to be the only one in the cabin, but that was not so. At the corner of the chimney-place was a recess, which I soon afterward discovered, led into a small apartment, pierced by a single light, and which could command the approach to the place on the side opposite the entrance. Whether the small opening in the logs was so intended, or whether it was semi-artistically meant to allow a ray of golden sun-shine in upon a rich display of furs, I cannot tell, but the place seemed to be appropriated to the gathered triumphs of the chase, triumphs that constituted Benny's wealth as well as his glory.

Let me go back into the room where Mike and Sampson were.

The former had approached the fire-place with the never-slumbering instinct of his race, and was already busy among the embers, and not in vain endeavoring to awaken from them a blaze by which to warm his old African blood.

Sampson was standing by the door, looking through an aperture in the wall, and recalled to my mind the picture of some old warrior watching the approach of foemen from the loop-hole of his turret.

I was the first to break the singular taciturnity into which my companions had fallen.

'Tell me, my brave heroes, why did not that dog bark?'

I had scarcely uttered the question when the individual particularly referred to, undertook to answer it himself.

First he began with a low growl, as if Mike's brightening flame, or increasing smoke disturbed his meditations, and then followed a gradual getting up of the whole body upon its four legs, and anon an ear was cocked up so as to allow free ingress of sound, and now a subdued yelp, hound-like, was given, and the next moment, bristling with fully awakened senses, the faithful and heretofore quiescent beast crossed rapidly the floor, and with low mutterings, stood by the entrance where Sampson had been watching.

'Cause he hadent nothing to bark about, young Massa,' replied Mike, looking up from the blazing faggots, and while he pointed to the dog, standing in the attitude of vigilant guardianship at the door, he added: 'People are coming that Hunter do n't know whether he 'll like or not.'

'Where is Benny?' I asked of Mike; 'is he up the chimney, or has he hidden himself?'

'Benny is Indian, Massa, and Indian loves the woods better than the house. But listen! Benny aint far from those bad white trash that are coming up to the door.'

Sampson at this instant drew the bolt, and all was again hushed

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE sun was not far from the horizon, and I could not but feel that he was about descending to his couch tranquilly, after a day well spent; a day all perfect in its balm, with scarce a cloud blown across the face of the great luminary; a day of usefulness, for not a breath was drawn in that rich autumn day, but bore upon its wings health to the inhaler; no shrub had withered on the moor, or plant been torn from the hill-side by the wild, cold wind destroying. Up in the firmament all had been at rest; down on the earth all had been steeped, flooded with light and benediction. The streams had babbled their infant prattling and chased around the rocks and roots of trees the buoyant bubbles filled with air, till with a kiss and a tiny sprinkle they broke and vanished from the laughing waters. The GOOD ALMIGHTY had placed his blue seal upon the sky, and now, when the day was passing off, He smiled His gentlest smile around the land and all was calm.

'The winds were hushed on Pondus, and the day,
Balmed by a thousand sweets, had died away,
The wave beneath, the laurel on the hill,
Basked in the heaven's blue beauty and were still.'

Out in that wild, half-inhabited region, as well as in the densely populated cities; out in that deep forest, where naught but peace should have existed, as well as in those dark corners of the world, where naught should have existed at all but shadows and the harmless lights breaking in upon the shadow and the noiseless gloom; out here in these profound paths, leading here and there and everywhere, here and there by gray rocks and flower-covered lawnlets, and everywhere by retreats of silence and solitude; there existed even in the hushed holiness of the sun-setting and twilighting hour, crime, as dark in its intent as ever through the lanes and broad thoroughfares of cities it had uttered its magic cry of horror and curiosity.

The dog kept muttering at the door, and Sampson steadily watched with eye and ear the approach of the guests we all expected.

'Massa,' said Mike, in a low tone, almost a whisper, 'please don't stand before the door.'

I had approached the door and was standing there awaiting the outward salutation upon its boards from the hand of the person whose feet we had heard a moment before by the threshold. As I did not immediately heed the half-advice, half-command of the old man, he repeated it and added:

'Rude will shoot through the door, Master, if he can't get in peaceable.'

'It isent Rude, Mike. The old brown mare is tied to the cedar branch,' and as he spoke Sampson turned to me and by a sign signified his wish that I would look at Mike.

'Then how comes that dog to go on so?' asked Mike. 'Don't he know good feet from a hoof?' Mike was witty at the expense of Rude Keller, a species of black wit that cast a shadow deep and impressive upon the moral character of that individual, for the allusion was to him.

As Mike spoke, he rose and hastened across the room, and pushing the bolt aside, boldly advanced over the sill. About two feet from the door stood a tall figure, with a broad-rimmed, black felt hat upon its head; a black over-coat covered a thin but not a feeble-looking person; black trowsers, with boots drawn over them at the feet, and in one of his buck-skin gloved hands he held a switch, that served him for a riding-whip. The rim of his hat was so broad that I could not well distinguish the features of the stranger, but I could not fail to observe that his face was pale, and carelessly around his head fell long locks, sprinkled with gray. With a voice that sounded kindly, more than kindly, he spoke to old Mike, to whom at the same time he offered his outstretched hand. He then entered the cabin, and as he entered, he turned and with the manner of an accomplished gentleman, took his hat from his head and bowed to me.

It was then that I had an opportunity in the light afforded by the as yet unfaded beams that lingered in the west, and which being suddenly admitted into the increasing gloom of the cabin, seemed to acquire an additional force from the contrast, to examine the face of the person who had so unexpectedly and unannounced made his appearance upon the scene of our adventure.

The forehead was broad and noble; there was deep thought stamped upon its ample map; and beneath brows that from their size gave a sombre look to the whole face, were a pair of luminous eyes, full of expression, an expression that while it penetrated the beholder, did not attempt to conceal from him any thing in the character of their possessor. His whole countenance was one in which could be discovered at a glance, firmness, repose, and all the gentle feelings that go to the adornment of that noblest combination of human existence, a man and a gentleman. I was not left long in doubt as to the character of this individual, for as he stepped into the Indian's cabin, he made the sign of the cross before him, and as he did so, both Sampson and old Mike bowed their heads, as if the sign could send a blessing as it passed with the priest's hand through the air of the apartment.

Priest of the Catholic faith I at once knew him to be, and humble worshipper of the same creed I had before known Mike to be from the book he treasured so religiously as his guide. The Catholic priests were common in the Middle States of the Union from their earliest settlement, having been sent out with Lord Baltimore, and since his time they had not ceased to attend the people as missionaries, and the landed gentry as chaplains, distributing whatever there might be of truth in their doctrines, and of consolation in their ministry, with a zealous and untiring industry. To them the negroes on the plantations looked for spiritual instruction, for they were free to pass from property to property, from cabin to cabin of the dusky servants of the soil, and they wielded an immense influence over those simple-minded and naturally good-hearted people. They were the missionaries of religious faith, not of political dogmas, and to this day, at this hour, the priest and the priest's horse are welcomed to mansion-house, and hut, and stable, with feelings of appreciative hospitality, and in most cases, unbounded reverence.

Let it be understood now and hereafter, that I do not intend in any thing that I may have to say in these pages upon the character and conduct of the priest, whom it is necessary that I should introduce to my readers, to take part in any politico-religious controversy, that the unsatisfied and forever to be unsatisfied Christian disputants of the day may have in hand, for the amusement, if not for the advantage, of mankind. Controversy, let me add, in my judgment, is no better in the general family of man than in the more circumscribed circles of private life. The scene of my story lies in a land where I know all that I write will be understood, and I hope that all my gentle readers will waive whatever of unhappy prejudices they may have formed and follow me in these simple lines, trusting themselves to my guidance for a short time, and believing that if I cannot make them better, I certainly will not make them worse. With tender feelings in my heart for all, of all opinions, please take my hand in friendship and I will tell you my story.

'Massa,' said old Sampson, as my nearest friend, and claiming the right of introduction, 'this is old Mas Billy's friend.'

'Every body else's friend,' added Mike.

'May *we* be friends?' said the priest, extending his now uncovered hand to me. There was no mistaking the manner of my response, and that manner has never changed on my part, and never will. He pressed my quickly-extended hand, and holding it tightly in his own, gazed into my face with an expression of countenance so full of all things that my heart desired, that I knew at once his friendship would become a prayer in itself for my good and a guide to my well-doings. From that day to this, Father Thomas and I have lived out here in these wild woods, he teaching me paths through the mountain wilderness and paths through the world's deep mysteries, and I rendering in return the homage of a heart, served well by him in its hour of need.

We had not time left us for conversation, for at that moment the dog, who had been standing with great composure, and apparently to all intents and purposes, enjoying the benediction that the priest had extended as a general thing to us all, commenced a series of operations on his own hook, and according to his own ideas of what was best to be done. He seemed to understand that something was to be done by him particularly, and very particularly to be done, and thus he did it. He walked over to the priest, and examined his legs with police-like scrutiny, and being fully satisfied that they were orthodox legs and boots, he took his departure for the fur-room, where lay the joint trophies of himself and Benny, and no doubt fully satisfied himself that they were nothing but the discarded garments of his former adversaries, with many of whose original wearers he had had some pretty severe tugs and tumbles in their life-time. During his absence, Mike remarked that something was going on outside of the cabin, while to judge from the actions of the dog, from whose conduct Mike took his opinion, I could but conclude that something was going on within the place. The patient priest asked no questions, probably long accustomed to the ways of the two old men and the dog.

The latter kept up his state of excitement, under which he tried to

climb upon a very narrow stool that stood beneath the small window on the porch side of the room, but in which effort unfortunately he missed his foot-hold and had the satisfaction of finding himself sprawling upon the floor, which attitude, however, he did not long allow himself to enjoy, but instantly sprang to his feet, determined to retrieve by some desperate effort his late overthrow. To effect this object, he made straightway for the door, which had been left slightly ajar after the entrance of the priest.

'Stop the dog!' exclaimed Mike; but he spoke too late, for the worthy Hunter had made safe his egress and was free to pursue at leisure his own well-digested plan of operations.

Those plans, whatever they were, met with a speedy interruption, that produced from him an exclamation more of astonishment than any other sentiment, and induced the animal to seek again the shelter of the cabin. He returned, however, with feelings deeply wounded and with increased energy of conduct. A series of growls, savage and uninterrupted, succeeded, at some offending and offensive person, who, we were led to suppose, had inflicted a blow or kick upon the dog just as he had escaped the threshold. So far as it was possible, I determined to unravel this mystery, and though opposed by both Mike and Sampson, I advanced to the door-way intending to go forth, when suddenly, just as I was in the act of accomplishing my intention, a loud knock sounded on the panel, and a rough voice asked if Benny Brown was in.

I threw the door wide open, and there, unaccompanied so far as we could see, stood Rude Keller. With an undaunted face he walked boldly into the room. His eyes ran rapidly over the group assembled within its limits.

'You are all here,' he exclaimed; 'but where is the Indian? I want to see him.'

'He do n't want to see you, Rude Keller, and he do n't go after you to find you. He do n't want you here; and you do n't come here for no good, either. Rude Keller, who shot the gun to-day in the woods?'

As Mike spoke, a deep, angry scowl gathered on the bad white man's face, and scarcely looking at Mike, but rather at me, he said: 'This man fired at the deer to-day; no one else fired but him.'

'Some body fired after I fired to-day, and, whoever it was, he aimed his shot at the Indian.'

'Not me, not me,' said Rude quickly, as if assuming that my remark applied directly to him. 'You know well enough that I had no gun all the morning, else you never would have got off as you did.'

'That same thought, Rude Keller, made you shoot at Benny after we had left the place. Where now, I ask you, are your friends who with you followed the Indian to this cabin, and from whom you got the gun? Tell me, I say, where are your friends?'

My manner, from being perfectly calm, had become vehement; and Rude paused and eyed me for some seconds before he replied.

'Angry again,' he said at length, 'and about nothing. You are quick-tempered, neighbor, a little too quick for us folks out here, but not quick enough to scare me with big words and big looks. I tell you once for

all, that nobody followed the Indian. I tell you no one ; no friends of mine, and not me. Will that satisfy you ?'

Confident of the fact that Benny had been followed, and followed by Rude and his lawless, wood-stealing companions, and thinking that it would be useless to force the truth from the leader of the gang, I pretended to fall into the line he wished to place me in, and tacitly admitted that I gave credence to his denial, not caring to notice the offensive style in which the denial was made to me personally.



RUDE KELLER.

Rude had now seated himself upon the stool which the dog had found too slippery for his feet, and with a forced effort at pleasantry, intended to throw us off our guard, began asking old Mike how many furs Benny had in his store-room. 'Because,' said he, 'I'm going on to New-York, and I can turn an honest penny for the Indian if he will let me take a pack along.'

'Turn an honest penny,' repeated Sampson half to himself with his old chuckle that satirized the idea of Keller's turning an honest penny under any circumstances.

Keller did not miss the meaning of the old gentleman's manner, as was evident by the look he bestowed upon that doubting individual.

Whatever motive prompted his conduct, he did not allow himself to resent the offence more openly, but with a forced smile upon his face, he went back to his original idea of getting Benny to intrust the furs to him for future disposal.

Old Mike had resumed his place by the fire-side, the flame from which now mounted into a steady and cheerful blaze, threw a broad flood of light over the scene. The priest had seated himself upon some rude piece of furniture, and was plunged in prayer or worldly meditation, while I still kept my standing position by the door, which Sampson had quietly bolted after the entrance of Keller. The dog lay by Mike's feet, watching the latter personage as he would have watched a bear or other animal of his peculiar dislike.

To Rude Keller's second reference to the furs, Mike, without raising his head, or taking his admiring gaze from the crackling hickory logs, replied: 'The red skin you want to find in that room, Rude Keller, aint there, and can't be bought any way.'

A quiet smile lit up the solemn face of our modern minor Paul; and ere Keller could reply, a loud report was heard outside the cabin, and then a wild yell, and then upon the instant came a united cry of pain and terror from voices by the door, mingled with crackling branches.

'They are swept clean off!' exclaimed Mike, while Rude Keller, with his face rigid as death, raised his head and looked the very picture of fury toward the entrance of the cabin.

THE FAIRY MIRROR.

THE morning dew was glittering on the flowers,
A mist was floating from the lake;
It was that heavenliest of hours,
When little birds begin to wake,
To move, and murmur a half-finished tune,
Uncertain as to whether waking,
Upon so bright a morn in June,
Was not on their part a mistaking.

There was a noiseless kind of sound,
So quiet that you *felt*, not heard, it;
As if the spirit of the ground
Had unintentionally stirred it:
The fleecy clouds above were still,
On the blue lake there seemed no motion;
Nor even on the distant hill:
Nature had drunk a sleeping potion.
A leaf alone from an old tree,
As if it brought some angel's message,
Fell gently, and it seemed to me
A good, a fair, a heavenly presage.
I caught it: in its very heart
Rested a drop of morning-dew:
I looked, I could not check the start:
Whom saw I there? — dear friend, 't was you!

JOHN BRIMMER.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'And the driving is like the driving of JESU, the son of HINN, for he driveth furiously.'
 II. KINN.

JOHN BRIMMER wished to be considered a fast young man. In some respects he was. He coveted another appellation — to be a 'brick.' The town knows what this means, and being a very abnormal, angular, and defective part of speech, an explanation would be diminishing the spicy merit of this substantive. There is some respectability attached to the phrase, which is admitted by all; but use it in another sense, and the metamorphosis is beastly. For instance, he has a brick in his hat. There is, likewise, no necessity for defining this term. It is better appreciated than classified.

Now John Brimmer wished to be ranked as a 'brick.' But he was not. He did not wish to have it generally known that he carried this Israelitish curse in his hat; but he did. At the same time, he hoped his own fellows would be cognizant of the fact that he could waistcoat as many toddies as any of those who regularly rendezvoused at ——'s.

John Brimmer was a modern, a genuine 'young 'un.' The down on his lip was not beard, but he wished it was. It was more of the squab order of adornment than hirsute. Symmetrically moulded was he, after the pure style of architecture, Shanghai — a perfect Apollo of this school. A cold, gray eye; a colorless cheek; a 'rising sun' attitude; legs close reefed by Nature and improved by the tailor, like economically dipped tallows exposed to a July sun; a hat slightly upon the port side of his caput; boots that came to a premature end at the toe; cravat *à la* studding sails, with a gait that evidenced a chase after knees-pans. John Brimmer was encased in the present age uniform, for all the world like that of a charity-school. His appearance was like a starved crow, with more caw than flesh. The over-coat that he wore would have admirably answered foraging purposes in length; but the waist was playing too much bo-peep with the collar to tell of the battle and the breeze. His mother used to call him Johnny dear; and he was under a physician's charge most of the time, poor boy. Mrs. Brimmer was a weak, vain, and foolish woman, with a gaudy show of jewelry and flounced silks. She had been made wife to one who 'married in haste to repent at leisure' — poor Mr. Brimmer!

Perfectly acquainted with his son, Mr. Brimmer knew he could make nothing of him, but was fully aware that the boy would make of himself a jackass. Mr. Brimmer was, consequently, slightly indifferent and reckless in his paternal position. If he spoke of John as a silly, foppish boy, he was met with the response, that 'Johnny was young and must be humored.'

Brimmer, Senior, was a sensible man, and eventually came to a conclusion, that the mother taint was far the stronger, and his son's nature

could not be changed, and likewise, that John would unquestionably 'go to the devil.' In this he was essentially correct, but not without severe attempts to bury destiny in a deep grave, without a resurrection.

John had been sent to the country to commence his education. His books were costly bound, with his name in gilt, like prayer-books seen through stained glass; his room fitted and prepared for comfort; his locker stored with delicacies, such as ginger-root, sweet-meats, port-wine, potted meats, and a supply of eggs. A fishing-rod and tackle in one corner and a Ducker in the other. A revolver and a small silver-handled dagger lay upon the table, with several small glass bottles, marked 'West End,' 'Mille de Fleur,' 'Jenny Lind,' and 'Spring Flowers.' But it was of no use. Concentration Johnny did not delight in, and too much study preyed upon his health. A champagne supper and a case of Burgundy brought from the village medical a letter addressed to William Brimmer, Esq., merchant, representing John Brimmer's constitution not sufficiently strong to endure, as yet, a course of studies, and in case it was persisted in, the grave would cover its victim. With this John returned to town, after disbursing his fancy effects to his numerous admiring friends, by way of gifts, and drawing a sight-draft on William Brimmer, Esq., alias, the 'old governor,' for his six months' expenses. The draft was paid by a check drawn and a deep-drawn sigh. John's cunning carried the day, for it could not be supposed that any parent, in the face of such a document, would be so unnatural as to murder his son by hasting him back to resume his studies.

Mrs. Brimmer was piteous and sympathizing, but took John the same evening to a large and fashionable party, and did not return until three in the morning! John was 'overcome;' but then he did it in a gentlemanly way, and all young men are indiscreet sometimes. This was quite an achievement for Johnny, for immediately after and following it for weeks, did he plunge into excesses with a blind recklessness, which was duly appreciated by the right ones, and crowned John with the wreath of a fast young blood. It also crowned him with marble.

In a cemetery, inclosed with an iron railing, struts skyward, an elaborate monument. Upon the base is carved the name Brimmer. Above is recorded in great brevity the demise of William Brimmer, Esq., merchant. Just around the other side, in deeply traced gilt letters, you read:

‘MATERNAI AFFECTION
HANDS DOWN
TO POSTERITY
THE NAME OF
JOHN BRIMMER,

WHO DIED MAY 14TH, 18—. AGED 20 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS.

He leaves an inconsolable widowed mother and a large circle of idolizing friends, who admired him for his talents and loved him for his many virtues. He has been early called from the polluted atmosphere of Earth to the golden streets of Happiness. O ABRAHAM! my son! my son!

Poor John faded with consumption, the result of 'his many virtues.' Charity will cover the direct cause of his precocious departure. But it is of no consequence, for the John Brimmers are legion, and an occasional vacancy is not noticed, only by the monument-maker.

M Y L O V E S .

I.

EUGENE is the son of a duke,
And his bearing is noble and high :
His father wears a powdered peruke,
And badges of royalty ;
And servants stand in livery green
With trappings of yellow gold ;
And the duke wears a scimiter polished and keen,
In his girdle's purple fold,
And his long retinue clad in silver and blue :
Oh ! never a fairer sight greeted my view !

II.

Poor CHARLES is a laborer's son,
He works on the duke's fine estate,
And when the gay cavalcade rides down the run,
He stands and holds open the gate :
And he wears a jacket of home-spun cloth,
And a cap with a crimson band,
And his collar is white as the sea-wave's froth
When it breaks on the shining strand :
And his voice is low as the winds that go
O'er the sun-set mountains, to-and-fro.

III.

Lord EUGENE has a hazel brown eye
And a brow like the lily bell,
His hair is a beautiful amber dye,
On his lips red roses dwell ;
And he rides on a steed as black as night,
With a saddle of azure silk ;
And the hand that guides the steed aright
Is whiter and fairer than milk :
And he's first in the race and brave in the chase,
And at the gay tournament knight of the place.

IV.

Young CHARLES's heart is both pure and true,
And 't is warm with an earnest light,
And his soul is the one to dare and do,
And battle on for the right :
And o'er his brow is a peaceful calm,
Where Virtue's self is throned,
And angels have planted for him a palm
By waters silver-toned :
He loves well the sod where his forefathers trod,
And a high, holy trust he places in God.

V.

LORD EUGENE for my favor has knelt,
And offered the fortune and name,
The noble hall where his ancestry dwelt,
His ancestry blazoned with fame:
And diamonds, he said, and clear, snowy pearls
Should come on my forehead to rest,
And the topaz and opal should flash 'mid my curls,
And rich ermine fold over my breast;
And a carriage should wait at the wide castle-gate,
And my life be one round of pomp and high state.

VI.

CHARLIE has given me only his heart;
Bright jewels he offers me not:
And his carriage will like enough be a rough cart,
His castle a low forest cot:
And ne'er high-bred ladies with courtly grace,
And nobleman lofty in rank,
Shall come with their pageantry, satin, and lace
To that cot on the mossy bank;
And not ruby wine in gold goblets shall shine,
When a few humble visitors come in to dine.

VII.

LORD EUGENE he is heartless and cold,
He seeks me for beauty and grace:
A man cannot win me by giving me gold,
Or courting my beautiful face:
Adown in my heart it lies deep, very deep,
A chamber all roomy and fair,
The place where my idol in secret I keep,
And LORD EUGENE has never been there:
Let him keep his gold rings with their scorpion stings:
I ask for that happiness wealth never brings!

VIII.

CHARLIE is gentle and loving and kind,
And his soul it is noble and true,
And knowing his nobleness, I never mind
That his jacket 's a home-spun blue.
Adown in my heart it lies deep, very deep,
A chamber all roomy and fair,
The place where my idol in secret I keep,
And CHARLIE is reigning king there!
And sweet will I rest on my CHARLIE'S true breast:
With love and my CHARLIE, I surely am blest!

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Louisburgh — The Great French Fortress — Incidents of the Old French War — Relics of the Siege — Halliburton's Description of the Town — The two Expeditions — A Yankee ruse de guerre : The Rev. Samuel Moody's Grace — Wolfe's Landing — The Fisherman's Hut — The Lost Coaster — The Fisheries — Picton tries his hand at a fish-pugh.

NEARLY a century has elapsed since the fall of Louisburgh. The great American fortress of Louis XV. surrendered to Wolfe and Boscawen in 1758. A broken sea-wall of cut stone ; a vast amphitheatre, inclosed within a succession of green mounds ; a glacis ; and some miles of surrounding ditch, yet remain — the relics of a structure for which the treasury of France paid Thirty Millions of Livres !

We enter where had been the great gate, and walk up what had been the great avenue. The vision follows undulating billows of green turf that indicate the buried walls of a once powerful military town. Fifteen thousand people were gathered in and about these walls ; six thousand troops were locked within this fortress, when the key turned in the stupendous gate.

The very air of the spot where we now stand, an hundred years since, vibrated with the chime of the church-bells and the roll of the stately organ, or wafted to devout multitudes the savor of holy incense. Here were congregated the soldiers, merchants, artisans of old France ; on these high walls paced the solemn sentry ; in these streets the nun stole past in her modest hood ; the girl pressed her cheek to the latticed window, as the young officer rode by ; the martial music filled the avenues with its inspiring strains ; in yonder bay floated the great war-ships of Louis ; and around the shores of this harbor could be counted battery after battery, with scores of guns bristling from the embrasures.

Yet a little later and here were gathered under Wolfe and Boscawen many of our own ancestral warriors ; here Gridley, who planned the redoubt at Bunker's Hill, won his first laurels as an engineer ; here Pomeroy distinguished himself ; and others, whose names are not recorded, but whose acts survive in the history of a republic. The very drum that beat to arms before this fortress, was braced again when the great drama of the Revolution opened at Concord and Lexington.

The building of this stronghold was a labor of twenty-five years. The stone walls rose to the height of thirty-six feet. In those broken arches, studded with stalactites, those casemates, or vaults of the citadel, you still see some evidence of its strength. You will know the citadel by them, and by the greater height of the mounds which mark the walls that once encompassed it. Within these stood the smaller military

chapel. Think of looking down from this point upon those broad avenues, busy with life, an hundred years ago !

Neither roof nor spire remain now ; nor square nor street ; nor convent, church, or barrack. The green turf covers all : even the foundations of the houses are buried. It is a city without an inhabitant. Dismantled cannon, with the rust clinging in great flakes ; scattered implements of war ; broken weapons, bayonets, gun-locks, shot, shell or grenade, unclaimed, untouched, corroded and corroding, in silence and desolation, with no signs of life visible within these once warlike parapets except the peaceful sheep, grazing upon the very brow of the citadel, are the only relics of once powerful Louisburgh.

Let us recall the outlines of its history. In the early part of the last century, just after the death of Louis XIV., these foundations were laid, and the town named in honor of the ruling monarch. Nova Scotia proper had been ceded, by recent treaty, to the fillibusters of Old and New-England, but the ancient Island of Cape Breton still owned allegiance to the lilies of France. Among the beautiful and commodious harbors that indent the southern coast of the island, this one was selected as being more easy of access. Although naturally well adapted for defence, yet its fortification cost the government immense sums of money, insomuch as all the materials for building had to be brought from a distance. Halliburton thus describes it : ' It was environed, two miles and a half in circumference, with a rampart of stone from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide, with the exception of a space of two hundred yards near the sea, which was inclosed by a dyke and a line of pickets. The water in this place was shallow, and numerous reefs rendered it inaccessible to shipping, while it received an additional protection from the side fire of the bastions. There were six bastions and eight batteries, containing embrasures for one hundred, and forty-eight cannon, of which forty-five only were mounted, and eight mortars. On an island at the entrance of the harbor was planted a battery of thirty cannon, carrying twenty-eight pound shot ; and at the bottom of the harbor was a grand, or royal battery, of twenty-eight cannon, forty-two pounders, and two eighteen-pounders. On a high cliff, opposite to the island-battery, stood a light-house, and within this point, at the north-east part of the harbor, was a careening wharf, secure from all winds, and a magazine of naval stores. The town was regularly laid out in squares ; the streets were broad and commodious, and the houses, which were built partly of wood upon stone foundations, and partly of more durable materials, corresponded with the general appearance of the place. In the centre of one of the chief bastions was a stone building, with a moat on the side near the town, which was called the citadel, though it had neither artillery nor a structure suitable to receive any. Within this building were the apartments of the governor, the barracks for the soldiers, and the arsenal ; and, under the platform of the redoubt, a magazine well furnished with military stores. The parish church, also, stood within the citadel, and without was another, belonging to the hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, which was an elegant and spacious structure. The entrance to the town was over

a drawbridge, near which was a circular battery, mounting sixteen guns of fourteen pound shot.'

This cannon-studded harbor was the naval dépôt of France in America, the nucleus of its military power, the protector of its fisheries, the key of the gulf of St. Lawrence, the Sebastopol of the New World. For a quarter of a century it had been gathering strength by slow degrees : Acadia, poor inoffensive Acadia, from time to time, had been the prey of its rapacious neighbors ; but Louisburgh had grown amid its protecting batteries, until Massachusetts felt that it was time for the armies of Gad to go forth and purge the threshing-floor with such ecclesiastical iron fans as they were wont to waft peace and good will with, wherever there was a fine opening for profit and edification.

The first expedition against Louisburgh was only justifiable upon the ground that the wants of New-England for additional territory were pressing, and immediate action, under the circumstances, indispensable. Levies of colonial troops were made, both in and out of the territories of the saints. The forces, however, actually employed, came from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New-Hampshire ; the first supplying three thousand two hundred, the second five hundred, the third three hundred men. The coöperation of Commodore Warren, of the English West-Indian fleet, was solicited ; but the Commodore declined, on the ground ' that the expedition was wholly a provincial affair, undertaken without the assent, and probably without the knowledge, of the ministry.' But Governor Shirley was not a man to stop at trifles. He had a heart of lignum vitæ, a rigid anti-papistical conscience, beetle brows, and an eye to the cod-fisheries. Higher authority than international law was pressed into the service. George Whitefield, then an itinerant preacher in New-England, furnished the necessary warrant for the expedition, by giving a motto for its banner : '*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*' Nothing is to be despaired of with CHRIST for leader. The command was, however, given to William Pepperal, a fish and shingle merchant of Maine. One of the chaplains of the fillibusters carried a hatchet specially sharpened, to hew down the wooden saints in the churches of Louisburgh. Every thing that was needed to encourage and cheer the saints, was provided by Governor Shirley, especially a goodly store of New-England rum, and the Rev. Samuel Moody, the lengthiest preacher in the colonies. Louisburgh, at that time feebly garrisoned, held out bravely in spite of the formidable array concentrated against it. In vain the Rev. Samuel Moody preached to its high stone walls ; in vain the iconoclast chaplain brandished his ecclesiastical hatchet ; in vain Whitefield's banner flaunted to the wind. The fortress held out against shot and shell, saint, flag, and sermon. New-England ingenuity finally circumvented Louisburgh. Humiliating as the confession is, it must be admitted that our pious forefathers did actually abandon '*CHRISTO duce,*' and used instead a little worldly artifice.

Commodore Warren, who had declined taking a part in the siege of Louisburgh, on account of the regulations of the service, had received, after the departure of the expedition, instructions to keep a look-out for

the interests of his majesty in North-America, which of course could be readily interpreted, by an experienced officer in his majesty's service, to mean precisely what was meant to be meant. As a consequence, Commodore Warren was speedily on the look-out, off the coast of Cape Breton, and in the course of events, fell in with, and captured, the 'Vigilant,' seventy-four, commanded by Captain Stronghouse, or, as his title runs, 'the Marquis de la Maison Forte.' The 'Vigilant' was a store-ship, filled with munitions of war for the French town. Here was a glorious opportunity. If the saints could only communicate to Duchambon, the Governor of Louisburgh, that his supplies had been cut off, Duchambon might think of capitulation. But unfortunately the French were prejudiced against the saints, and would not believe them under oath. But when probity fails, a little ingenuity and artifice will do quite as well. The chief of the expedition was equal to the emergency. He took the Marquis of Stronghouse to the different ships on the station, where the French prisoners were confined, and showed him that they were treated with great civility; then he represented to the Marquis that the New-England prisoners were cruelly dealt with in the fortress of Louisburgh; and requested him to write a letter, in the name of humanity, to Duchambon, Governor, in behalf of those suffering saints; 'expressing his approbation of the conduct of the English, and entreating similar usage for those whom the fortune of war had thrown in his hands.' The Marquis wrote the letter; thus it begins: 'On board the 'Vigilant,' where I am a prisoner, before Louisburgh, June thirteen, 1745.' The rest of the letter is unimportant. The confession of Captain Stronghouse, that he was a prisoner, was the point; and the consequences thereof, which had been foreseen by the fillibustering besiegers, speedily followed. In three days Louisburgh capitulated.

Then the Rev. Samuel Moody greatly distinguished himself. He was a painful preacher; the most untiring, persevering, long-winded, clamorous, pertinacious vessel at craving a blessing, in the provinces. There was a great feast in honor of the occasion. But more formidable than the siege itself, was the anticipated 'grace' of Brother Moody. New-England held its breath when he began, and thus the Reverend Samuel: 'Good Lord, we have so many things to thank THEE for, that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity.'

Upon this there was great rejoicing, yea, more than there had been upon the capture of the French stronghold. Who shall say whether Brother Moody's brevity may not stretch farther across the intervals of time than the longest preaching ever preached by mortal preacher?

In three years Louisburgh was restored to its rightful owners; the work Brother Moody had laid out for himself in all eternity, was probably curtailed by the peace of Aix la Chapelle. A larger and stronger garrison, an increased populace of French people, gathered within these walls, and kept possession, until the *coup de main* of Wolfe, thirteen years after, who bent his strength against this fortress before he assayed the greater expedition which ended with his life before the walls of Quebec.

'Wolfe's landing' is yet pointed out by the old fishermen of the place. 'Here he stood,' said one of them, 'just under this bastion, right here on the shore, at mid-night, looking straight up at the French sentry over his head, when there was not a man in the English army who would have valued his life worth a pin's head, if he had stood where Wolfe stood that night.'

And here we stand nearly a century after, looking out from these war-works upon the desolate harbor. At the entrance the wrecks of three French frigates, sunk to prevent the ingress of the British fleet, yet remain; sometimes visited by our still-enterprising countrymen, who come down in coasters with diving-bell and windlass, to raise again from the deep the great guns, imbedded in sea-shells, that have slept in the ooze so long. Between those two points lay the ships of the line, and frigates of Louis; opposite, where the parapets of stone are yet visible, was the ground-battery of forty guns: at Light-House Point, yonder two thousand grenadiers, under General Wolfe, drove back the French artillerymen, and turned their cannon upon these mighty walls. Here the great seventy-four blew up; there the English boats were sunk by the guns of the fortress; day and night for many weeks this ground has shuddered with the thunders of the cannonade.

And what of all this? we may ask. What of the ships that were sunk, and those that floated away with the booty? What of the soldiers that fell by hundreds here, and those that lived? What of the prisoners that mourned, and the captors that triumphed? What of the flash of artillery, and the shattered wall that answered it? Has any benefit resulted to mankind from this brilliant achievement? Can any man, of any nation, stand here and say: 'This work was wrought for my profit'? Can any man draw such a breath here amid these buried walls, as he can upon the humblest sod that ever was wet with the blood of patriotism? I trow not.

Once in possession of this stronghold, England could not hold it; the fortification was too large for any but a powerful garrison. A hundred war-ships had congregated in that harbor: frigates, seventy-fours, transports, sloops, under the *Fleur de lis*. Louisburgh, the pivot point of the French possessions, was but an outside harbor for the colonies. So the order went forth to destroy the town that could not be kept. And it took two solid years of gunpowder to blow up these immense walls upon which we now sadly stand, O gentle reader! Turf, turf, turf covers all! The gloomiest spectacle the sight of man can dwell upon is the desolate but once populous abode of humanity. Egypt itself is cheerful compared with Louisburgh!

'It rains,' said Picton.

It had rained all the morning, and I was soaked through; but what did that matter when a hundred years since was in one's mind? Picton, in his mackintosh, was an impervious representative of the nineteenth century; but I was as fully saturated with water as if I were living in the place under the old French *régime*.

'Let us go down,' said Picton, 'and see the jolly old fishermen outside the walls. What is the use of staying here in the rain after you have seen all that can be seen? Come along. Just think how serene it will be if we can get some milk and potatoes down there.'

There are about a dozen fishermen's huts on the beach outside the walls of the old town of Louisburgh. When you enter one it reminds you of the descriptive play-bill of the melo-drama — 'Scene II. : Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage on the Sea-Shore : Ocean in the Distance.' The walls are built of heavy timbers, laid one upon another, and caulked with moss or oakum. Overhead are square beams, with pegs for nets, poles, guns, boots, the heterogeneous and picturesque tackle with which such ceilings are usually ornamented. But oh ! how clean every thing is ! The knots are fairly scrubbed out of the floor-planks, the hearth-bricks red as cherries, the dresser shelves worn thin with soap and sand, and white as the sands with which they have been scoured. I never saw drawing-room that could compare with the purity of that interior. It was cleanliness itself ; but I saw many such before I left Louisburgh, in both the old town and the new.

We sat down in the 'hutch,' as they call it, before a cheery wood-fire, and soon forgot all about the outside rain. But if we had shut out the rain, we had not shut out the neighboring Atlantic. That was near enough ; the thunderous surf, whirling, pouring, breaking against the rocky shore and islands, was sounding in our ears, and we could see the great white masses of foam lifted against the sky from the window of the hutch, as we sat before the warm fire.

'You was lucky to get in last night,' said the master of the hutch, an old, weather-beaten fisherman.

'Yes,' replied Picton, surveying the gray head before him with as much complacency as he would a turnip ; 'and a serene old place it is when we get in.'

To this the weather-beaten replied by winking twice with both eyes.

'Rather a dangerous coast,' continued Picton, stretching out one thigh before the fire. 'I say, do n't you fishermen often lose your lives out there ?' and he pointed to the mouth of the harbor.

'There was only two lives lost in seventy years,' replied the old man, (This remarkable fact was confirmed by many persons of whom we asked the same question during our visit,) 'and one of them was a young man, a stranger here, who was capsized in a boat as he was going out to a vessel in the harbor.'

'You are speaking now of lives lost in the fisheries,' said Picton, 'not in the coasting trade.'

'Oh !' replied the old man, shaking his head, 'the coasting trade is different ; there is a many lives lost in that. Last year I had a brother as sailed out of this in a shallop, on the same day as yon vessel,' pointing to the 'Balaklava ;' 'he went out in company with your captain ; he was going to his wedding, he thought, poor fellow, for he was to bring a young wife home with him from Halifax, but he got caught in a storm off Canseau, and we never heard of the shallop again. He was my youngest brother, gentlemen.'

It was strange to be seated in that old cottage, listening to so dreary a story, and watching the storm outside. There was a wonderful fascination in it, nevertheless, and I was not a little loth to leave the bright hearth when the sailors from the schooner came for us and carried us on board again to dinner.

The storm continued ; but Picton and I found plenty to do that day. Equipped with oil-skin pea-jackets and sou-westers, with a couple of *fish-pughs*, or poles, pointed with iron, we started on a cruise after lobsters, in a sort of flat-bottomed skiff, peculiar to the place, called a *dingledekooch*. And although we did not catch one lobster, yet we did not lose sight of many interesting particulars that were scattered around the harbor. And first of the fisheries. All the people here are directly or indirectly engaged in this business ; and to this they devote themselves entirely, farming being scarcely thought of. I doubt whether there is a plough in the place ; certainly there was not a horse, in either the old or new town, or a vehicle of any kind, as we found out betimes.

The fishing here, as in all other places along the coast, is carried on in small, clinker-built boats, sharp at both ends, and carrying two sails. It is marvellous with what dexterity these boats are handled ; they are out in all weathers, and at all times, night or day, as it happens, and although sometimes loaded to the gunwale with fish, yet they encounter the roughest gales, and ride out storms in safety, which would be perilous to the largest vessel.

'I can carry all sail,' said one old fellow, 'when the captain there would have to take in every rag on the schooner.'

And such too was the fact. These boats usually go out a few miles from the shore, rarely beyond twelve ; the fish are taken with hand-lines generally, but sometimes a set line with buoys and anchors is used. The fish are cured on flakes, or high platforms, raised upon poles from the beach, so that one end of the staging is over the water. The cod are thrown up from the boat to the flake by means of the fish-pugh, a sort of one-pronged, piscatory pitch-fork, and cleaned, salted, and cured there ; then spread out to dry on the flake, or on the beach, and packed for market. Nothing can be neater and cleaner than the whole system of curing the fish ! popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The fishermen of Louisburgh are a happy, contented, kind, and simple people. Living, as they do, far from the jarring interests of the busy world, having a common revenue, for the ocean supplies each and all alike ; pursuing an occupation which is constant discipline for body and soul ; brave, sincere, and hospitable by nature, for all of these virtues are inseparable from their relations to each other ; one can scarcely be with them, no matter how brief the visit, without feeling a kindred sympathy ; without having a vague thought of 'Some time I may be only too glad to escape from the world and accept this humble happiness instead ;' without a dreamy idea of 'Perhaps *this*, after all, is the real Arcadia !'

It was amusing to see Picton at work during these reflections. The heads and entrails of the cod-fish, thrown from the 'flakes' into the water, attract thousands of the baser tribes, such as sculpin, flounders, and toad-fish, who feed themselves fat upon the offals, and enjoy a peaceful life under the clear waters of the harbor. As the *dingledekooch* floated silently over them, they lay perfectly quiet and unsuspecting of danger, although within a few feet of the fatal fish-pugh, and in an element almost as transparent as air. Lobster, during the storm, had gone off to other grounds ; but here were great flat flounders and sculpin, within reach of the indefatigable Picton. Down went the fish-

pugh and up come the game ! The bottom of the skiff was soon covered with the spearings of the traveller. Great flounders, large as leaves of the pie-plant ; sculpin, bloated with rage and wind, like patriots out of office ; toad-fish, savage and vindictive as Irishmen in a riot. Down went the fish-pugh ! It was rare sport, and no person could have enjoyed it more than Picton, except perhaps some of the veteran fishermen of Louisburgh, who were gathered on the beach watching the doings in the dingledekooch.

NOTE.—So little is known of this once famous stronghold of the French in America, that I have induced the publisher of the *KNICKERBOCKER* to have copies made of the plans of the fortress and harbor, from Halliburton. They give a very good idea of the place as it was, and even now, the remains of the walls and batteries can be readily traced at Louisburgh by the visitor. By referring to the following references, the extent of the fortifications will be at once apparent:

A. The town of Louisburgh. B. The citadel. C. A lake where the fishing-boats winter. D. Stages for drying fish. E. A battery of twenty guns. F. The Dauphin battery of thirty guns, which defends the west gate, being that which was first delivered to the English. G. The Island-battery of forty guns, silenced the twenty-fourth of June, by the Light-house battery at I, under the direction of Major-General Wolfe. H. A small battery of eight guns. I. The Light-house battery, taken by Major-General Wolfe, June twelfth, from whence the ships in the harbor were destroyed. K. A battery of fifteen guns, used for the destruction of the shipping. L. The grand battery of forty guns, destroyed by the French, the twelfth, when all the out parties were ordered into the works of the town. M. A battery of fifteen guns, destroyed the same time. N. Houses inhabited by fishermen. O. Rivers, from whence the inhabitants have their fresh water. P. A pond, which defends part of the works, and makes this part very difficult of access.

T H E F O U N T A I N F A Y .

I LOOKED into the fountain,
In its waters bright and clear ;
And I saw thy gentle features
Dimly, coyishly appear.

I knelt down by its margin
On the glittering golden sand,
And I thought that I might catch thee
With my eager trembling hand.

I whispered to thee softly,
Through the wavelets pure and bright ;
But my earnest spoken love-words
Drove thee, weeping, from my sight.

I have sought thee in the mid-night,
When the stars shone bright above ;
When the south wind to the leaflets
Was whispering its love.

I have sought thee in the summer ;
I have sought thee in the fall ;
I have sought thee in the spring-time,
When the dove its mate doth call :

But thy voice is ever silent,
And thy image seems afar ;
Gleaming ever on my vision,
Like the 'distant evening-star.'

I will worship, lovely fairy !
At thy fount, within the wood ;
For thy image, in my heart-home,
Ever whispers me of good.

THE OLD MAN'S CHILD.

BY M. EVERTSON.

How long have I known her ? Let me see : it must be five, no, six years, since I spent that pleasant summer at Trenton parsonage, and first met Agnes Belden. A pleasant time indeed it was for one who loved freedom and Nature as I did, and who had enjoyed so little of it, city born, and city bred as I was.

To escape from the dust and heat of the city, from the glare of its brick walls and burning pavements, to the cool, refreshing breezes of some quiet, shady nook in the country ; to exchange the endless hum of business, the rattling of wheels upon the pavements, the thronging crowds that hurry hither and thither, for the lowing of cattle, the singing of birds, and the joyous evening murmur of Nature ; a quiet loneliness, with choicest company ; this is enjoyment. Such enjoyment that the satisfied spirit sits down at her ease, for a space, contented with looking, listening, drinking in the beauty that fills air, earth, and sky.

But these restless spirits of ours, they will not be content to vegetate, even in a garden of unearthly beauty, and when the eye is somewhat satiated with seeing, and the ear with hearing — earth's varied loveliness — and Heaven's many-toned choir — it roves forth in search of something more stirring to the thoughts. 'Books,' you say, 'books for the country in the summer, what can you want more ?' Real life, dear querist, all the autumn, the long winter, and the tardy, brief spring, are books — naught but books ; and for relaxation, I wanted faces — not city-faces, busy, bustling, care-worn, but the faces of the quiet country, gentle, placid, and full of homely kindness. In quest of these, I took, during that by-past summer spent at Trenton, many a pleasant ramble, often alone ; but oftenest with one friend for company, kind cousin Lucy.

'I wonder if you have any thing like romance in this rough land of earth and stone and tree ?' said I to my companion, after we had rode for an hour past well-kept farms, with their cheerful-looking dwellings, each presenting to the eye of the traveller its quota of hens and turkeys with their broods, not to mention the Guinea hens, which at some occasional farm-yard announced their presence and well doing, by their peculiar and incessant cackling ; or sometimes a peacock, stalking about with aristocratic grandeur, one would imagine rather offensive to a master who 'would shake hands with a king upon his throne, and think it kindness to his majesty.'

'Turn your horse's head down that lane to the left,' was the reply, 'and I will show you something which you may call romance, but which I think far better ; at any rate, it is the romance of real life.'

It was a beautifully shaded lane ; elms, maples, chestnuts, and here

and there a walnut mingled their foliage over our heads ; and as we came out on a little stream — the Black river, as it was called by my friend — the willows made their appearance, and with their graceful drooping foliage, gave softness to the scene. Appropriately was the stream named ; though narrow, it was very deep ; and as we looked down from the banks which in some places were high and precipitous, its waters seemed of inky hue, save where they chafed themselves to foam against impeding rocks.

We followed for a mile or two the windings of the river, sometimes our road lying on the edge of a lofty precipice, and anon bringing us down again to the water's edge, but ever revealing to the ravished eye new forms of beauty, when the sound of rushing waters saluted our ears. Involuntarily I drew the reins, that I might at leisure gaze upon the scene which opened before us. There was the Black river, dashing madly over a broken ledge of rock, sending its spray upon us even where we were ; the shaded lane opened on our right upon a plain of exquisite loveliness, scattered with picturesque groups of trees, and bounded by heavy woods in the far distance.

A little behind the falls stood a patriarchal-looking mansion of stone, embowered in trees, two venerable elms shading the portal, around which, and indeed over the greater portion of the walls of the house, clambered the ever-green ivy and the fragrant woodbine.

'Is this romance enough for you ?' said my friend, after giving me time to admire.

'It is beautiful, most beautiful ; but this is Nature, not romance ; it is material beauty : I am longing for the spiritual.'

'Psha ! nonsense ! will nothing satisfy you ? But come, I have a call to make at that old mansion ; you must go in with me.'

'I am a perfect stranger ; will it not be deemed an intrusion ?'

'I will answer for that ; as my friend, you will be sure of a welcome.'

So I gathered up the reins, which, in the earnestness of my admiration, had fallen at my feet, and bade our quiet pony go on his way, to which he seemed in no wise loth, as with most fleet steps he brought us to the gate of the little garden in front of the house.

'What exquisite taste !' I exclaimed as we entered : 'I have imagined, but I never saw such a garden ; so irregular, and yet such perfect symmetry.'

'This is nothing ; wait till you see *the* garden, before you go into raptures : there is a garden of three or four acres in the rear of the house, where I believe you can find every plant that Linnæus ever knew, and more ; and Downing himself could not improve its arrangement.'

A demure little serving-maid ushered us into a pleasant and spacious sitting-room ; its deep bay-window looking out upon the river, with its foaming, dashing waters. In the centre of the room, at a large table covered with books and papers, sat a fine-looking man, somewhat past the prime of life ; though this might only be judged by the white and scattered locks upon his head. Tall, erect, and of full form, time left him otherwise unscathed. In the deep recess of the window sat a most gentle, lovely lady : old I may not call her ; it seemed as more

sorrow than time had passed over her ; and yet I knew not why I should think so, for I have seldom seen a look of more placid happiness. But there were lines in the face which told of patient endurance, of silent time-long grief ; and yet, when the bright smile lit up the pale, delicate features, such thoughts passed away like the mist-wreaths before the morning sun. On a low ottoman by her side, was seated a young girl, to the eye about fifteen, and yet a thought haunted me that she must be some years more. I knew not why, perhaps it was the strange, sweet gravity of her face, perhaps it was the quiet gracefulness of her manner, simple yet dignified ; but something showed her mind to have lived more years than the fair temple which enshrined it. I am not good at painting faces, and truly, when I see a fair, young countenance, truthful and pure in its expression, I am so taken up with looking, and loving too, that I forget to analyze, and so fail to remember each feature ; it is rather as a whole that I recall such a face.

And such a face had Agnes Belden ; to say that she was beautiful, was not enough ; it was with a strange, fascinated interest the eye returned to the pale, chiselled features, to mark the rising of the faint glow to her cheek as she conversed ; the look of tenderness which she turned upon her mother, or the admiring love with which she regarded her father. Nor did the charm cease when she led us through the garden, which was all and more than my friend's remark had led me to expect. Are you fond of gardening, dear reader ? Well, I am sorry that now it will make my story too long to describe this paradise. At some future time I intend to write an essay on gardening, descriptive and practical, and shall introduce a full account, with plans, (for there was a *plan*, even in this maze of beauty,) by way of illustration of my views, long floating in my brain, here for the first time realized : so prithee, patience, will thee ?

'Who are these people ? what is their history ? for I am sure they have a history : and why did you not tell me something of them before you took me there ? Answer quick, for I am all impatience,' exclaimed I as we left the house.

'Softly, good Coz ; one thing at a time, and the last question first ; because *described* people always disappoint one ; so I make it a rule to leave fair play for first impressions, and give every one a chance to discover wonders, or *romances*, if you please, for himself. Secondly, Mr. Belden was formerly a resident of one of the beautiful lake-villages of the western part of your State, where he owned a princely domain, comprising nearly one-third of the entire shore of the lake. Mrs. Belden is a native of this place, born in the house in which you saw her, where her ancestors have lived for many generations ; rather, I should say, on the spot, for the mansion has been re-built by the present occupant, most tastefully combining the venerableness of antiquity with modern grace and convenience in its arrangements and adornings. To your other question, I must premise that I am but a poor historian, but my friends 'have a history,' as you truly surmised, and I will do my best to unfold it : meanwhile, throw your reins loose, and let Brownie walk, for I never can tell a story upon a gallop, nor even upon a trot.

Mrs. Belden is a descendant of one of the noblest and best of our

Pilgrim Fathers, and she inherits their unswerving adherence to duty, and their patient endurance of trial. Her husband is the last of a noble Huguenot family, who made this clime of liberty their refuge from the persecutions of their own king and people. You can discern his noble extraction in his person and bearing. His father, if I remember aright, owned large estates in Maryland; at any rate, somewhere in the South. This son, his sole heir, was sent, when a lad of about fifteen, to the Academy in this place, where he remained until he was fitted for college, a period of, I think, three years. In this time he became acquainted with Agnes Seymour, and visited at her father's house very frequently, being always received as a most welcome guest. A tacit engagement preceded young B.'s departure for college; an open one the parents would not consent to, on account of their extreme youth, Agnes being then but fifteen, no older than my pet Agnes is now. At this time, the home of Mr. Seymour, Deacon Seymour as he was, and is to this day called, boasted a goodly array of sons and daughters, of which Agnes was the youngest, the child of her parents' old age, the joy and treasure of all. Soon after Henry Belden left Trenton for college, the eldest son of Mr. S. forsook his native land to carry the good news of salvation to some of the dark lands of the East. There was cheerful resignation then in the hearts of those parents, mingled with gratitude, that they should be thus honored. The next summer their other son, a fine young man, was drowned while bathing in the C — river. They had 'hope in his death,' but it was a sore-bruising blow. Two years passed away, and their home was again cheerful; the eldest daughter had married, and had given back to her parents their son, for the little Alfred, with his baby face, was the miniature of the lost Alfred.

'The engagement of Agnes Seymour and Henry Belden was now a matter publicly talked of, and they but waited the completion of the college course to be united. Alas! how little man knows of the future! A few months before Henry left college, an infectious and very fatal fever visited W ——. The married sister of Agnes, with her infant Alfred, were the first victims; next were Agnes' only remaining sister, and herself, prostrated by the dreadful disease. The sister died, and Agnes, after a fearful struggle between life and death, arose from her couch to see her beloved mother sink into the grave. In the last hour of life, the mother exacted from the bewildered and terror-stricken girl, a promise not to marry while her father lived. 'It will not be long, Agnes,' said the dying woman; 'he is sore broken by these heavy trials, and I am sure he will soon follow me. I cannot die in peace, unless you promise me that your dear father shall have your undivided care.'

'Agnes promised. She could not, dared not, in that awful hour, refuse; but it was with a quaking heart and a trembling voice. Was it not strange that a wife who loved so tenderly, so anxiously the husband of her youth, should not have feared to lay such a blight upon the young love of her child? Are not we women often selfish, even in our love? What think you, Coz? But I see you are too much interested to discuss such a question now; so I will on with my tale. Old Dea-

con Seymour was utterly crushed, mentally, and even for a time physically, by these repeated strokes. He did not murmur, he said, 'It was all right ;' but he did not rally ; his once strong intellect became feeble as a child's, and he clung to Agnes with all the trembling eagerness of childhood. Daily, and often many times a day, was she called upon to reiterate the promise given to her dying mother, and unfortunately given in her father's presence. She would fain have been spared the rasping question, while yet she would have kept her promise as faithfully.

'I could not describe, even had I witnessed it, the meeting of the lovers. I have heard my mother, who was Agnes's most intimate friend, say that the effect upon both was dreadful. Agnes was firm, but very quiet, and very pale ; indeed, the beautiful bloom, for which she once was celebrated, never re-visited her cheek. Henry was first incredulous : he could not believe she would keep her vow : then angry at her mother for its imposition, at her poor imbecile father for his eager clinging to her promise, his only star now of hope on earth : then angry at herself, who, he declared had never loved him, or she could not thus easily give him up. She would not hold him to his engagement ; she desired him to forget her, to marry another : it might be weary years before she would be free.

'Their parting was invective on one side, and silent but terrible shrinking on the other. Henry left Trenton, and Agnes's cup of woe was full. Yet she murmured not : none knew save those who could read the lines daily growing deeper which grief and bitter disappointment traced upon that lovely and placid face, the agony which wrung the heart. She moved about her aged parent like some gently ministering angel, nor ever suffered her own sorrows to divert her care for his childish helplessness. Nor was she without support and consolation. When from a full heart she cried out, 'My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever,' there came back to her inmost soul the whisper of heavenly cheering : 'Fear not, I am with thee ; I will help thee, I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'

'About this time the father of Henry Belmont died. Some months previous to his death he had sold his estates at the South, and purchased the beautiful seat which I spoke of before. For two or three years he led there a recluse life, but prosecuting with almost fierce energy his father's projected improvements, and devising further schemes for beautifying his hermitage, as if he would fain fill with this object the void in his heart. At last he came to a calmer state of mind : as the feeling of anger passed beneath the pleadings of his better reason, sorrow, deep, overwhelming sorrow, succeeded, and he then began to listen to the teachings of heavenly wisdom, and strove to feel that 'it was good for him to bear even this heavy yoke in his youth.'

'My mother has told me that about this time Agnes came to her in the early morning before her father had arisen. She had received a letter from Henry, begging her forgiveness for his cruel anger, and entreating to be allowed to see her. 'What shall I do ?' said the heart-stricken girl ; 'it will be but a renewal of the struggle which I have

tried to think was over. I can bear to suffer; but to see Henry's anguish, to risk again his bitter reproaches; to turn away from his pleadings, I *cannot* bear it.' By my mother's advice she replied to Henry's letter, with as clear an explanation of her views of duty as she could frame, with a candid confession that *he* was not the greatest sufferer; and granting the desired permission, upon the one condition that he would not renew the painful contest.'

'And did your mother think this self-sacrifice necessary to her duty to her father?'

'No, indeed: she, with many other friends, had in vain sought to persuade Agnes that her promise to her mother was not binding; that even it would be better for her father that she should marry, as he would then have the care of a son as well as a daughter. But she had long ago forbidden these remonstrances. To her, the *letter* of her promise was sacred, and not even the once suggested idea, that the intellect of the dying mother had failed, caused her to waver for one moment. Therefore, you see, Ooz, my good mother gave her the best advice she could under the circumstances, knowing that Agnes's resolution was immovable. To go on with my story: Henry came immediately; he kept his promise, but it was a sad and nearly hopeless visit: yet lit up with gleams of patience and quiet submission. 'We will have faith in time,' said Henry, and would fain have vowed that he would wait a life-time for his own sweet, pale, patient Agnes. But this she would not allow. She implored him not to forget: this she knew was impossible; nor did she wish it, but to remember her only as a sister; to waste no longer the life which God had given him for usefulness; but form new ties, and live for others. She would not say that it would not be a trial to her; but in time, she knew she could love his wife as a sister. But of this Henry would not hear; he implored only permission to write to her, a promise that his letters should be replied to, and he departed. Much of this correspondence I, as the favored child of Agnes's friend, have read; and I could fain wish you had the same privilege; it is noble. Scarce ever an allusion to past sorrows or future hopes; they are sheets the whole world might see, and be the better for; filled with high and holy and intellectual themes. Henry Belden soon became known in the world as a benefactor to his race. In every benevolent undertaking of the day he was, if not the originator, one of the leaders. He now strove to fill that sad heart with the glory of his God, and the good of his fellow beings.'

'And how long did all this last? I am getting quite impatient for the *finale* of this sad story. I declare I am ready to cry, if it were not for thinking of Agnes's tearless patience.'

'Twenty years; no wonder you are horrified, it was so long as that; and these patient waiters upon duty were united beside the dying-bed of that much-cared-for old man, to whom a brief interval of reason returned to show him his beautiful child of nineteen summers, a pale, staid woman, still lovely, but oh! how changed, even to the dim eye of age and death. The old man died breathing out blessings such as father never poured out before, upon the head of his devoted child.'

'Henry would fain have taken his wife to his own beautiful home

which for her he had adorned with all that taste could devise, or money could purchase ; but though she made not one objection, he saw the involuntary clinging to the home of her childhood ; unexpressed indeed, but visible in every speaking feature. They visited the Western home, and Agnes was surprised and delighted with its beauty ; she appreciated fully the faithful and tender love which had wrought this earthly Paradise : but as she tried to speak of it as their home, and of the removal of cherished articles of furniture from Trenton, Henry read in her look of assumed cheerfulness, the forced lightness of her tones, and the slight trembling of her frame, the trial of her feelings. Without saying a word to his wife, he sold the place, and brought her home again to her father's house. If any thing could have deepened the affection of Agnes for her husband, it was this tender regard to her feelings ; and though she tried to persuade herself and him, that she would not have wished such a thing, yet the untroubled happiness of her sweet countenance satisfied him that he had done right.'

'But when was this house re-built ? and when was your pet ushered upon the stage of life ?'

'About two years after their marriage, shortly after the birth of Agnes, the health of Mrs. Belmont began to fail, and her physician ordered her to the south of France. Accordingly they took their departure for Europe, where they spent two years, during which time the present building was erected, and many of the improvements of the grounds commenced, according to plans left by Mr. Belden in the hands of those qualified to carry out his designs. The house retains as much of the old form and arrangement as was consistent with convenience and beauty.'

'But the little Agnes, your pet ; tell me something of her ; methinks she can be no common child, born of such parents ; and indeed the lines of her thoughtful, quiet face, tell me as much.'

'Do you not think her very beautiful ?' asked my friend, 'and very graceful ?'

'Yes, very beautiful ; and yet I know not whether her beauty pleases me, or her grace either, so childish yet so womanly — so simple yet so mature. I am puzzled completely ; I know not whether to admire or not ; but I should like to see more of her.'

'That you shall, if you have a mind, for I am a frequent visitor there. But you must form your opinion of Agnes yourself : I have a woman's curiosity to know whether you will read her aright. The wise country people have their own notions ; some pity the poor thing for having such old parents : some will tell you that she has strange ways — more like a spirit than a real child ; and divers others equally wise remarks. But here we are at home : I have talked myself quite tired enough to be ready for my dinner, and, I doubt not, your ladyship also.'

Many times did Brownie carry us along the shady lane by the Black river, till I became so wonted at 'Rockwood,' the name of Mr. B.'s place, that I had the freedom of the house almost as much as my good cousin Lucy, who had many cares, large and small, to keep her at home, so that I often went thither alone, a morning ride or an afternoon stroll. To say that I admired Mr. Belmont and his gentle wife,

would poorly express the almost worship with which I regarded them. They had come out of the furnace gold, well refined. Their daughter, the beautiful, quiet, woman-like child, was my study. For a long time she perplexed me. She was happy, yet I fancied something was wanting in her cup of bliss. She was fondly attached to her parents, being unwilling to leave them even for a day, yet I once saw her straining her eyes from the recess of that deep bay-window, as if she expected some long-wished-for friend, a sort of mental reaching forth after an ideal something, ending in a half-sigh. Though some ten years more than hers had made a woman of me, yet I succeeded in getting to the inmost recess of my young friend's confidence, I thought, for she would talk with me for hours with the most perfect unreserve, as we sat plying our needles in that same favorite library window, or rambling over the hills and among the woods; but there was that secret longing yet unexplained.

One morning, as we wandered about the garden, I spoke of my sister and her expected arrival at Cousin Lucy's.

'And have you a sister of your own age?' asked Agnes, with a sudden brightening of eye and cheek; 'how very dearly you must love her. How can you bear to be separated from her?'

'Certainly I do love Fanny with all my heart, dear Agnes,' I replied; 'but I have many sisters, and we must separate sometimes, else we should see our friends at a distance but seldom; I fancy they would care little to have the whole fair bevy at once.'

'And I am all alone,' and with these words there was again that glance, straining after some object in the distance. But instantly she checked herself and said, half to me, half-musing: 'How wrong — I, to feel lonely with such parents. Forget, dear Miss Anne, that I ever said that; it was but a passing feeling; now it is gone. You will bring your sister here, will you not? I am sure I shall love her if only for your sake.'

It was all clear; that glance, that half-sigh, that evident longing after something not possessed, were all explained. The poor child felt the need of youthful sympathy in her tastes and occupations. Dearly as she loved them, her parents were too old to meet all the demands of her young spirit.

After a few moments of silent consideration, I asked: 'Have you no young friend or relative whom your parents would be willing to invite to your home, to be to you as a sister?'

'None that I know of; but even had I, I could never be willing that they should know I had ever felt a want beyond their society. Indeed I ought not, and it is not *very* often such a feeling comes over me. Do not ever speak of it even to me again; I ought not to talk of it.'

The next two days were rainy, and my visits, which had become diurnal, at Rockwood, were intermitted on that account. On the third morning the skies yet looked dark and heavy with clouds, and dubious of the safety of venturing out, I sat meditating over the question which had occupied me since the moment of my conversation with my sweet Agnes, my pet now as well as Cousin Lucy's; the all-important question to me it seemed, how was Agnes's great need to be supplied?

My fruitless speculations were interrupted by Cousin Lucy, who entered my room evidently much excited. 'O Anne!' she exclaimed, 'our sweet Agnes is very ill, very ill! Come, let us hasten to her.'

Strange, but not more strange than true, the same dreadful disease which thirty-five years before had made desolate that dwelling, and well-nigh broken her parents' hearts, had assailed with violence her delicate frame, and there was already fearful danger.

The fever being contagious, I forbade Lucy to go with me; for her children's sake I pleaded, and successfully, for what mother fears not for the life of her children?

So with Jim to drive me to the garden-gate and bring Brownie home again, I set off instantly, not waiting even for the necessary garments for change, which kind Cousin Lucy said she would send up in the afternoon.

I am not equal to describing that sick-room, the patient sufferer, and the stricken parents. Such anguish I have never before seen, and trust I may never see again. There was no word, no sound of wo; but as I looked into their faces, I saw that their lives were bound up in the child's life; that should she now be taken, though with Christian submission they might bend to the blow, their gray hairs would soon be laid with sorrow in the grave. Was the light of their dwelling to be put out? Through all those weary days and nights how this question haunted my spirit; six terrible days and nights. On the seventh morning she awoke from a slumber more than usually calm, and seeing that she was alone with me, she said in her peculiarly quiet tones: 'Dear Miss Anne, I have had such a sweet dream; I seemed in heaven, and a bright angel was given me for a sister, and I was so happy.' She paused a moment and a change passed over her face, and then she said, 'But I cannot be happy *there*,' looking upward, 'when I remember how lonely dear papa and mamma will be.'

I spoke words of cheering and of hope, but my heart failed me as they passed my lips. The dear child's dream I thought a premonition of her departure.

She again sank into that quiet sleep, which this time lasted many hours. We sat watching with intense anxiety the waking, fearing more than hoping; dreading almost to behold her dying while she slept.

She waked, very weak, but free from fever, and hope again dawned. Our sweet Agnes was spared; the sorrowing parents were not bereft of the child of their old age, the reward of a life of patient endurance. Her recovery was gradual but perfect, and before I left Trenton I had the satisfaction of seeing her in even more blooming health than when I at first knew her. Neither Agnes nor her parents would hear of my returning to Cousin Lucy's before my return to my city home; and as I fancied I was of use to them all, I gladly remained.

A few days before I left Rockwood, Agnes said to me as we were alone for a little while, 'Dear Cousin Anne,' for so she always called me from the time of her illness, 'I thought while I was sick, very much about what you said of having some relative or friend here to be as a sister. I thought if I had such a friend how much it would soften my

loss to dear papa and mamma, and how glad I should be to feel that when I was gone they would still have a daughter. And though I am quite well now, I think it would be best, for then they would come to love her almost as well as me ; and if I should be sick again, I should not have so many very sad thoughts about leaving them alone in their old age. Did you not hear papa telling us this morning about his old college friend, Mr. Neville, whose daughter had come home to him widowed and with a large family ; and dear kind papa said he should send the daughters to school, that they might be prepared for teachers. Now I have thought if he would only take one of them for his own, and let her be as my sister, and let us study together, I should be so glad. Will you not speak to papa about it ?

Most willingly I undertook the matter, but while giving dear Agnes's reasons in her own way, I suggested the desirableness of her having youthful society, insisting that both physical and mental health would be thereby improved. Mr. B. thought for a few moments over what I had said, and then calling his wife into the library, we discussed the matter freely. The result was, that after having obtained my promise to wait his return, Mr. Belden set off the next day for L —, some sixty miles distant, to visit his friend Mr. Neville. He returned on the third day with Ellen Meadows, to make a visit ; that, he told me, was all he dared to ask at first, so fondly attached did the family appear to each other.

I did not stay long enough to become acquainted with Ellen, but was much pleased with her countenance and manners, and I left Trenton feeling sure that the ' visit ' would be a long one.

My letters from dear Agnes, by their joyousness showed the wisdom of the plan, and those from her parents confirmed this impression.

Returned to a city life, amid its dull rounds, I sighed full often for the sound of the rushing waters of the Black river, and the dear society of Rockwood. New ties and new cares have since then prevented my visiting Trenton as I had hoped ; but a constant correspondence has been kept up between us.

As for Cousin Lucy, whom I must not slip out of sight so entirely, she is quite well ; her dear, kind hands as full as ever, and they always will be full, for if she gain one moment's time from her own cares, she is sure to spend it in lightening those of some body else. I sometimes regret that she is such a very busy body, for she has an intellect which might well be cultivated. But she is doing good, and that, I suppose, is the best thing any body can do ; I am sure she thinks so, judging from the energy which she applies to the work. The whole parish are her children ; and I verily believe that her good husband's usefulness in the pulpit would be much lessened if the dear, good wife's heart or hand were wanting out of it.

And now you know what reasons I have for loving the good people of Trenton. You will not wonder that for once I am resolved to break away from all my cares and leave my nursery to be superintended by other eyes, when I tell you that the fair bride you saw at my house a year ago, was Agnes Belden, and that I have this morning received a letter from her husband, Neville Meadows, summoning me to share the

joy which fills Rockwood at the advent of a son and heir. I cannot decline the summons, for truly I do long to see my venerable friends with their grand-son in their arms, saying, as I know they will, notwithstanding all their past trials: 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life: our cup runneth over.'

W H Y D O I L O V E T H E E ?

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

Why do I love thee? Strangely o'er my spirit
Comes the weird influence of thy radiant eyes,
And like a lone flower trembling to the night-wind,
My full heart thrills to hear thy low replies.

Why do I love thee? In the sober twilight
I sit with folded hands, the while there comes
Thine image through the dim and flickering fire-light,
With saintly lustre lightening all the glooms.

Why do I love thee? When the watchful Mid-night
Standeth beside my window, crowned with stars,
Thy fingers, O adored and strange magician!
Ope the dark dungeon that my spirit bars:

And, taking in thine own my hands confiding,
Beneath clear skies, beside clear, shining streama,
Where spirit-voices soft and low are singing,
The long night through we roam the realm of dreams.

Day, with its thousand cares, around me presses;
Night, with its thousand memories, shuts me in:
Life, with its dangers and its dark distresses,
Threatens with sorrow, or invites to sin.

But girding on anew my daily burthen,
With patient spirit whence no doubts arise,
Remembering all thy tender, holy counsel,
I tread the way that leadeth to the skies.

There, where no human fortresses are builded,
There, where no pilgrim feet are tired and torn,
We side by side will walk the skies together,
Shod with the sandals by the angels worn.

Memphis, Dec. 15, 1856.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

INAUGURATION OF THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY at Albany, August the Twenty-Eighth, 1856. In one Pamphlet-volume: pp. 139. Albany: Published from the Press of CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN.

THIS elegant volume contains the 'Eulogy' by Hon. WASHINGTON HUNT, upon Hon. CHARLES E. DUDLEY, the munificence of whose noble-hearted widow 'points to the skies,' and thus consecrates forever her husband's name and her affection: 'Remarks by Dr. B. A. GOULD, upon the same occasion, giving a history of the institution, and conferring merited honor upon those who had joined in carrying it onward to completion, and aiding in the purchase of its fine instruments: 'Remarks,' also, were made by Professor BACHE; and a 'Letter' is given from Mrs. DUDLEY, characterized by a charming simplicity and directness; in which she says: 'For myself, I offer as my share of the required endowment, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to the advances which I have already made; and trusting that the name which you have given to the Observatory may not be considered as an undeserved compliment, and that it will not diminish the public regard, by giving to the Institution a seemingly individual character.' Then comes the *Discourse of Hon. Edward Everett, upon 'The Uses of Astronomy,'* already noticed (with an eloquent extract) with only too feeble encomiums, in these pages. A worthy successor to this noble tribute to Astronomy, is the '*Poem of Alfred B. Street,*' dedicated to the 'American Association for the Advancement of Science;' a poem not only worthy of the occasion, but of the high reputation of the poet himself. The invocation to SCIENCE in the opening is very fine; as witness the following:

'It is not thine to rear the fairy fane
Wrought of bright fancies in the glowing brain;
Not thine to summon from the stubborn stone
Forms that all grace and loveliness enthroned;
Not thine to waken on the canvas, hues,
Sister to those imperial Autumn strewn;
Thine not the charm, with music's magic shell,
Around the soul to weave delicious spell.

No ! it is thine the loftiest heavens to sweep,
Pierce the red terrors of the central deep,
Drag from its depths the shrinking, struggling star,
And chain it captive to thy conquering car ;
Then trace, with lowliest eye and subtlest art,
Life's tiny process in the floweret's heart.

'Thine, to unloose the sky's entangled maze,
And bid it range in order to thy gaze —
Where the sun mantles his majestic frame
In his terrific atmosphere of flame ;
Where loveliest LUXA sheds on all below
The streaming silence of her silver snow ;
Where mourn the Pleiades their sister light
For long, long ages stricken from their sight ;
Star of the North, where thou, with faithful sway,
Lead'st the lone sailor on his surging way : ' etc.

The vastness of the themes of SCIENCE, the objects with which she has to deal, are forcibly portrayed in the following spirited lines :

'SCIENTISTS whose flint frowns back the smiling Spring,
Where dies the moss, and cowers the condor's wing ;
Slopes, where the avalanche its ambush takes,
Bursts at a breath, and down in thunder breaks ;
Gulfs, where from year to year the glacier creeps ;
Cloud-piercing crags the chamois only leaps ;
Mountains whose thawless snows sublimely rise
In peaks, like Titans, challenging the skies,
Where the blood pauses in the blasting air,
Dauntless treads SCIENCE, searching, conquering there.
In grassy hollows where the leafy play
Weaves light and shadow from the golden day,
Where birds sing sweetly, and the diamond dew
Is sipped by winds from blooms of every hue ;
There SCIENCE lingers through the hastening hours,
Delving the soils, and bending o'er the flowers.

'By streams that bicker in their meteor pass,
Where soaly glitterings streak the silvery glass,
There SCIENCE ponders ; and where ledges rise
In varying strata decked in varying dyes,
There the light tapping of her hammer calls
The tip-toe echoes from the loosening walls ;
She parts the seam — she chains her thoughtful sight
On marks that show Time's unrecorded flight ;
Where the grand billow, crumbling from its comb
With low, rich rumble, swings away in foam ;
There SCIENCE strays through weed and shell that fringe
The gleaming strand in many a rainbow tinge ;
Sweeps o'er the ocean in the tempest's face,
The surge to measure, and the currents trace ;
Notes, where the Trades soft winnow o'er the tide
Bearing the bark in undulating glide,
And where the black Typhoon bursts red with wrath,
Teasing the wreck it tramples in its path ;
Fathoms, where countless periods have spread o'er
With dead, the deep sea's ever-growing floor ;
Shows how the insect, by instinctive call,
Branches and dies — himself his flinty wall ;
Lifting the continents — the dotting isles
That dimple Ocean with a thousand smiles.

'Where up from rocky, sunless depths, are cast
God's written histories of the ages past ;
Prints, that proclaim where once the monster strode
Or swept on wings that darkened where they rode ;

Signs, that display when slow progressive earth
 Called the broad bannery coal-fern into birth,
 Whelmed it in gloom, whence, true to Nature's plan,
 Wakening in stone, it gave itself to man :
 There SCIENCE pierces — there her ken perceives
 The world's true records graved on deathless leaves ;
 Builds from a scale — a foot — complete the frame,
 And e'en the era shows to which its life has claim.'

Much and as well as Mr. STREET has written, we remember few pictures from his pen superior to the foregoing. We owe an apology to our poet and to our readers for not having before noticed the ceremonies of the DUNDLEY Observatory Inauguration ; but it is only within the week that we received the report of the proceedings here recorded.

THE FRASERIAN PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. : Annotated, with a Life of the Author. By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D. C. L., Editor of 'NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ,' etc. In one volume : pp. 353. New-York: REDFIELD, Number 34 Beek man-street.

THE late Dr. MAGINN was the very prince of magazine-writers. His personal history may be condensed into a single paragraph. Born in November, 1794, the eldest son of an Irish school-master, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, before he had completed his tenth year, and carried off the Hebrew premium the next day. He graduated before he was fourteen, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws at the age of twenty-three. On his father's death, MAGINN, then twenty years old, became head of the school, and continued so for eleven years, during which he read all sorts of books, and acquired familiar acquaintance with a dozen languages, dead and living. When he was twenty-five, he began to contribute to *Blackwood's Magazine*, now a literary institution, but then only recently established. Here he figured under a variety of signatures, but settled down into the well-known MORGAN O'DONERTY, who so piquantly and humorously figures in the world-famous 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' the first of which was actually written by MAGINN. Changing his abode from Cork to London, he became a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and Paris correspondent to *The Representative*, a daily newspaper started by JOHN MURRAY, the well-known publisher, at a loss of forty thousand pounds. Next, he became co-editor of *The Standard*, a Tory evening journal in London. Soon after, he assisted in establishing *Fraser's Magazine*, of which he was the main support for several years : and at last, with a constitution broken down, partly by naturally weak health, partly by domestic affliction, and partly by irregularity of habits, he died, in a pleasant hamlet near London, in August, 1842, before he had completed his forty-eighth year.

The details of this life have been fully given in the biography of Dr. MAGINN, prefixed to the volume before us, the fifth and concluding instalment of a carefully-collected and laboriously-annotated collection of MAGINN's

Miscellanies, edited by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, his townsman and his friend. The principal articles, in prose and verse, which MAGINN contributed to *Blackwood*, fill two volumes, under the title of '*The O'Doherty Papers*.' Another volume contains MAGINN's celebrated criticisms, called '*The Shakespeare Papers*,' from *Bentley's Miscellany*, with his elaborate defence of SHAKSPEARE's scholarship, in reply to Dr. FARMER's well-known and not very sagacious pamphlet. The fourth volume contained '*The Homeric Ballads*,' and translations of several of the comedies of LUCIAN, from *Fraser*. The last of the series, and the best too, is this selection from the articles which MAGINN contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*; and we only wonder at this portion of the work being so much compressed, as there are materials in *Fraser* for at least two more volumes of MAGINN's sharp and scholarly articles. However, we must not complain, seeing that Dr. MACKENZIE has given us MAGINN's admirable paper on HAMLET; his characteristic account of the Election of *Fraser's* Editor; his erudite discussion of the question, 'Did HANNIBAL know the use of gunpowder?' his slashing critiques on FENIMORE COOPER, 'Great Metropolis' GRANT, N. P. WILLIS, and GRANTLEY BERKELEY's novel, which last led to a duel between the novelist and the critic, in which three shots were exchanged. The editor has judiciously supplied, from his own pen, an account of the circumstances connected with this famous BERKELEY affair.

Independent, however, of what MAGINN himself, wrote in this volume, his biography by Mr. MACKENZIE is full of literary and personal interest. It gives a bird's-eye view of British magazine-literature during the twenty-five years, (from 1817 to 1842,) of MAGINN's connection with it, as a sort of Dictator. It also traces the whole career of a brilliant and erratic child of genius, frankly admitting his errors, and holding up his example as a caution and a lesson. It gives extracts from his unpublished or slightly-known 'performances.' It describes, with satisfying quotations, MAGINN's two novels, '*Whitehall*' and '*John Manesty*.' It gives a variety of anecdotes of the man and his contemporaries. For the omission, among MAGINN's Miscellanies, of his celebrated articles on '*The Doctor*,' the following excuse is given; being really too complimentary to this Magazine to be omitted:

'In 1837-8, almost the ablest paper MAGINN ever wrote, appeared in *Fraser*. This was the elaborate article, stretching through three numbers, upon '*The Doctor*,' and proving, chiefly by induction, that SOUTHEY *must* have been the author. Learning, wit, and argument, are here combined. But as the article contains a great many quotations; as SOUTHEY now stands confessedly in the position where MAGINN would have placed him; and as it would occupy nearly a hundred pages, I have not re-printed it here. Beside, the authorship was proved against SOUTHEY (before MAGINN ever discussed the question) in a lucid and comparatively brief review, in the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, written by the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE of Philadelphia. The case was so strongly made out by Mr. WALLACE, that a pretty full abstract of this argument, which I sent to Mr. SOUTHEY, elicited a volunteer denial by him of not only the authorship itself, but of any knowledge of the author!'

Dr. MACKENZIE goes, at some length, into the private history of the most ill-suited and ill-omened marriage of 'L. E. L.,' the English poetess. It is too long to be extracted here, but supplies a necessary link in the history of modern literature. Dr. MACKENZIE, we think, is needlessly delicate in designating Miss LANDON's original suitor as 'Mr. F ———.' The person meant is

Mr. JOHN FORSTER, editor of the *London Examiner*, and author of the Life of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. MAGINN, albeit he yielded too much to society, was an excellent family-man. A lady who knew him well, writing about him to Dr. MACKENZIE, says :

‘He used to come to our house every week with Mrs. MAGINN and the children. He was greatly maligned by his pretended friends, and no one could possibly sit an evening in his company without getting some information on every subject introduced. He had an unailing memory, and a fund of wit and humor. Many a story which I have heard him tell, I have known to be claimed afterward by others, to whom he had related them, and passed off as their own. Dr. MAGINN was a most affectionate father, fondly attached to his wife, and sincere and firm in his friendship. Unfortunately, he was too popular. There was a constant competition for the society and companionship of a man so gifted, brilliant, and amusing. But he enjoyed home, and there I have passed many happy evenings with him and Mrs. MAGINN.’

Another intimate friend says :

‘As to his manner of writing, it was astonishing, for facility. He would write, to all appearance, just as well whilst joining in the fun about him, as if he were alone in his room. MAGINN and ROSSINI have always appeared to me to possess the same talent for putting on paper, with the speed of light, the ideas which were welling up within them, almost in spite of themselves. MAGINN was a most affectionate father, and appeared, if any thing, to like the girls better than the boy. As to them, they were never happier than when with him.’

There is not a little humor, with a great deal of truth, in Dr. MACKENZIE’s sketch of JOHN MURRAY’s attempt to beat down ‘*The Times*’ by a daily paper of his own :

‘MR. MURRAY gave the name of ‘*The Representative*’ to his daily newspaper. It was exquisitely printed, on the finest paper, and published — not in so vulgar a place as the Strand or Fleet-street, whence most of the London journals are issued, just as the New-York newspaper offices congregate in and about Nassau-street, but — at a highly aristocratical office, in the West End, exactly two miles out of the way. There were all sorts of reports as to the manner in which the paper was got up : rumors of the editorial rooms being richly upholstered ‘regardless of expense ;’ of matutinal hock-and-soda-water being extensively laid on for the refreshment and revivification of the exquisites who wrote for it ; of the ample supplies of crow-quill pens and gilt-edged and hot-pressed paper provided for their use ; of the peremptory rule that no editorial or ‘fashionable’ article should be written, unless the author were habited in evening costume ; of delightful lunches, provided from MIVART’s, LONG’s, or FARRANCE’s, for the bodily mid-day sustentation of the editorial corps ; of the admirable full-dress dinners, at which the affairs of the nation were deliberately talked of (over wine and walnuts) previous to their discussion in the newspaper itself ; of a hundred other follies, indicative of the inexperience and unfitness of all concerned in the new journal. The great Republic of the Press ridiculed, as well it might, the exclusiveness with which Mr. MURRAY sought to obtain Imperial rule by his *coup d’état*. Before even it appeared, *The Representative* was familiarly and contemptuously spoken of as ‘*Murray’s Rip*.’

‘Among the leading contributors, of whom there was a little army, were some of the principal writers in the *Quarterly Review*. It has been understood that, from the first, Mr. LOCKHART was adverse to the speculation. The editor-in-chief, instead of being a man of experience, tact, and standing, was Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, who, at that time, had not completed his twenty-first year ! This young gentleman, gifted son of a very erudite and veteran author, had merely written — not yet published — his first work, ‘*Vivian Grey*,’ but was smart in conversation, imposing in manner, ambitious in character, and utterly inexperienced in newspaper business. He has since worthily achieved a great reputation, as author, orator, politician, and statesman ; but it must be confessed that, among the whole literary corps of London, Mr. MURRAY could scarcely have picked out any person so imperfectly qualified, at that time (more than thirty years ago) to act as conductor of a morning journal of pretension.’

We have a glimpse here, also, of the manner in which MAGINN edited *Fraser*. One of his principles was, to accept good articles, without reference to the authorship. We are told : ‘Had his most bitter enemy sent in

a first-rate article, adapted to the Magazine, its insertion would have been warmly welcomed by MAGINN.' He was wholly above literary jealousy, and actually put MAHONY, ('Father PROUT,') KENEALY, and THACKERAY in as regular contributors to *Fraser*. We notice that, in very indignant language, Dr. MACKENZIE condemns Mr. THACKERAY for having introduced MAGINN, to whom he owed much, into 'Pendennis,' as Captain SHANDON. Are the two characters so much alike?

'MAGINN,' (says his biographer,) 'certainly was in full fling during the first year of his connection with *Fraser's Magazine*. He seldom wrote a line for it until within a week or so of publication-day, when he would drop in at FRASER'S, partake of what he used to call 'a one-joint dinner' with the bibliopole; discuss affairs in general — literary, political, personal, and social — over a few glasses of whiskey-punch, and then set to, 'with a will,' as sailors say, to hard writing during the next five or six hours. His facility was truly surprising, and appeared the same, no matter what subject he attacked. Page after page of 'copy' was rapidly flung off, with scarcely an erasure, the writer seldom having occasion to refer to any book to ascertain a date or a fact, or to verify a quotation. His memory appeared at once exhaustless and cyclopædic. In the course of one such sitting he would easily turn out a sheet (sixteen octavo pages) of original composition, which he would dispatch without going over it for correction, to the printing-office, as it was written.'

With this we must conclude, having said enough to indicate what manner of book this is. The Life of MAGINN is unquestionably the best-sustained as well as the best-written of the numerous productions with which Dr. MACKENZIE has favored us during the last three years. He evidently has intimate acquaintance with his subject: he has industriously collected and sifted details; he has laid MAGINN'S most intimate friends under contribution for personal traits and anecdotes; and above all, with strong sympathy for the dead, he has literally made this memoir 'a labor of love.' The result is, the man written about seems brought before us in actual, bodily presence; and, as we close the book, we sigh, with admiration for undoubted genius, and regret over talents wasted: 'Alas! poor YORICK!'

CYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR: of America, Ireland, Scotland, and England. By WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian. Embellished with some Six Hundred Engravings. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE general agent for this work, we may as well state in our 'opening, as the lawyers term it, is Mr. J. B. FORD, Number Nine, APPLETON'S Building. It is sold by subscription only; will be published in twenty-four semi-monthly parts, at twenty-five cents each, or four divisions, handsomely bound, at two dollars each. The engravings are from original designs, and are to be of the best description, in their kind. The portrait of the Editor, Mr. WILLIAM E. BURTON, the popular comedian, is not only a speaking likeness; one which, as HENRY INMAN used to say, 'bites,' but it is most admirably engraved by Mr. JACKMAN. The very great number of smaller engravings, if we may judge from those which appear in the two 'Parts' before us, will be such as to do credit to the work; while the paper and printing, to

complete our notice of the externals of the work, are such as to leave nothing to be desired.

A 'Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor' could hardly be placed in better hands than those of Mr. BURTON. Aside from his keen appreciation of these qualities, and his own literary and professional performances in this kind, he has had before him one of the most voluminous, best-selected, and best-arranged libraries from which to select, that it has been our fortune often to meet. His stores, therefore, reach to the earliest dates of those selections which would be likely to be acceptable to general readers, now and hereafter. Beginning with the AMERICAN division, therefore, he commences with '*The Merry Song of the Maypole*,' written in 1625, 'undoubtedly the first piece of hilarious verse composed on the continent of North-America;' he then comes later down, and gives us more familiar pieces; such as '*Father ABBEY'S Will*,' '*Dr. BYLES' Cat*,' the '*Original Song of Yankee-Doodle*,' '*The Frogs of Windham*,' JOEL BARLOW'S '*Hasty-Pudding*,' etc. In our own era, WASHINGTON IRVING, HALLECK, BRYANT, SANDS, BRAINERD, and others are remembered, both in prose and verse. We regret not to find quoted from BRAINERD the most humorous and most admirable burlesque he ever wrote, entitled '*The Sea-Captain*,' and describing an encounter, on a thick night in Long-Island Sound, by a Charleston schooner, with a Methodist meeting-house, which in a freshet had floated from the banks of the Thames river, near Norwich, into that 'stormy water.' There are two capital 'hits' in '*How to Receive a Challenge*,' from a work entitled '*Modern Chivalry*,' by BRACKENRIDER, written in 1796. The first is a reply to a challenge, which could scarcely have assuaged the wrath of the 'party' to whose cartel it was a reply:

'SIR: I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea-voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt.

'It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at; inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping. Were you on a tree now, like a squirrel, endeavoring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a raccoon, that after much eyeing and spying, I observe at length in the crotch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down.

'As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me.

'JOHN FARRAGO, *Late Captain, Penn. Militia.*

'MAJOR VALENTINE JACKO, *U. S. Army.*'

'The captain was a good man, but unacquainted with the world. His ideas were drawn chiefly from what may be called the old school; the Greek and Roman notions of things. The combat of the duel was to them unknown; though it seems strange, that a people who were famous for almost all arts and sciences, should have remained ignorant of its use. I do not conceive how, as a people, they could exist without it: but so it was, they actually were without the knowledge of it. For we do not find any trace of this custom in the poets or historians of all antiquity.'

Our second, and we are sorry to say only other extract, represents a certain captain trying (*par la gauche*) to make a red-headed Irish servant 'stand' for a treaty-Indian, at the solicitation of a treaty-agent, who considered his double brogue abundantly sufficient to deceive the commissioners, and obtain the desiderated money. **TEAGUE** (the servant's name) was also to be made a king:

'TEAGUE coming in, said the captain to him, 'TEAGUE, I have discovered in you, for some time past, a great spirit of ambition, which is, doubtless, commendable in a young person; and I have checked it only in cases where there was real danger or apparent mischief. There is now an opportunity of advancing yourself, not so much in the way of honor as profit. But profit brings honor, and is, indeed, the most substantial support of it. There has been a man here with me, that carries on a trade with the Indians, and tells me that red-headed scalps are in great demand with them. If you could spare yours, he would give a good price for it. I do not well know what use they make of this article, but so it is, the traders find their account in it. Probably they dress it with the hairy side out, and make tobacco-pouches for the chiefs, when they meet in council. It saves dyeing, and besides, the natural red hair of a man may, in their estimation, be superior to any color they can give by art. The taking off the scalp will not give much pain, it is so dexterously done by them with a crooked knife they have for that purpose. The mode of taking off the scalp is this: You lie down on your face; a warrior puts his feet upon your shoulders, collects your hair in his left hand, and drawing a circle with the knife in his right, makes the incision, and with a sudden pull, separates it from the head, giving, in the mean time, what is called the scalp-yell. The thing is done in such an instant, that the pain is scarcely felt. He offered me a hundred dollars, if I would have it taken off for his use; giving me directions in the mean time, how to stretch it and dry it on a hoop. I told him, no! it was a perquisite of your own, and you might dispose of it as you thought proper. If you choose to dispose of it, I had no objection; but the bargain should be of your own making, and the price such as should please yourself. I have sent for you to give you a hint of this chapman, that you may have a knowledge of his wish to possess the property, and ask accordingly. It is probable you may bring him up to a half Johannes more by holding out a little. But I do not think it would be advisable to lose the bargain. A hundred dollars for a little hairy flesh is a great deal. You will trot a long time before you make that with me. He will be with you probably to propose the purchase. You will know him when you see him: he is a tall-looking man, with leggins on, and has several Indians with him going to a treaty. He talked to me something of making you a king of the Kickapoos, after the scalp is off; but I would not count on that so much; because words are but wind, and promises are easily broken. I would advise you to make sure of the money in the first place, and take chance for the rest.'

TEAGUE was not long in intimating his dissatisfaction at the proposition: the very hair of his scalp rose in opposition to it: 'The hair of the O'RAHAGANS was not to be torn from his head and given to the basties to make mackesceens to trot upon, or smoke with, out of their long pipes!' Our present notice has reached a hurried yet necessary termination: we hope, however, to be able hereafter to refer to the successive 'Parts,' as the work advances.

A BOOK OF PUBLIC PRAYER : Compiled from the Authorized Formularies of Worship of the Presbyterian Church, as Prepared by the Reformers, CALVIN, KNOX, BUCER, and Others : with Supplementary Forms. In one Volume : pp. 860. New-York : CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THE laudable object of this excellently-printed work is one which we are sure will commend itself to a wide public acceptance. Its design is to furnish Ministers of the Gospel, and those who, in Theological Seminaries, are preparing for the Ministry, with models of Public Devotion, approved and recommended by the Church, that may facilitate that study of the best writers on the subject, which is enjoined by the '*Directory of Worship*,' upon all who lead in offices of religion : to parish laymen, who, in remote and destitute settlements, may be called upon, in the absence of ministers, to conduct religious exercises : and to supply a desideratum in the case of chaplains in the Army and Navy, etc.

For ourselves, we welcome this volume with unfeigned pleasure. We welcome it because its forms of public prayer, (not a few of which seem taken with slight *emendation* — it could not be *amendation* — from the noble service of the Episcopal Church.) In our boyhood, when we lived in the country, among the 'straitest sect' of the class for which this work is designed, what long, rambling, incoherent, yet doubtless earnest and devout prayers were offered up ! There was a *fashion*, too, about them ; and one prayer became a copy of some *other* prayer, delivered by a parson who wore black '*store-goods*' instead of the fulled flannel, (black as it could be made at the 'fullin'-mill and dye-shop,') who shined like a glass-bottle as he walked over the green to Deacon DADY's, to take nut-cakes, and cider, and sage-cheese, and p'int conferences, and prayer-meetin's, and monthly missions and coal-porters — at 'early candle-lighting,' mostly. There was a fashion of *pronunciation*, too. Every minister, in *that* neighborhood, at least, began his prayer with : 'We per-ray-THEE, Ul-me-ighty Gwon,' etc. But we are rambling. Let us say again, that we cordially welcome this volume. Dear old Parson W —, (he is in Heaven, now, if ever a good man went there,) who was our first minister, prayed so long on one occasion, that he broke his leg. It's a fact : and the way of it was this : The meetin'-house 'fixings' had been renewed, and he had a new box to stand on, in the pulpit : he made a gesture in his prayer, which disturbed his equilibrium, and down he went. He did n't finish his petition, but got up pretty soon, and read one of Mr. WATTS's severest hymns, and preached a sermon, without notes, to the carpenter who made the box, who was a Universalist, and who, (it being a very hot day,) was seen to cover his face with a red and-yellow bandanna handkerchief. What he was 'a-doing on,' nobody knew : but 'some folks said,' remarked Deacon CLARK, as we were going home, 'that he was 'a-laughin'. Can't tell : we were cutting an 'L' with a BARLOW-knife, at that time, through the great red square pew, and looking at the shimmering sun-rays on the distant fields. It's a good while ago now ; but it's as true as you live — every word.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE 'ADVENTURE OF SAM JONES AND ME,' by our 'Up-River' correspondent should have graced our last number; *but* — it came just two days too late. It is quite too good, however, to lose any thing by the delay. *Apropos*, howbeit, of this: we wish all our correspondents to understand, that by the tenth of each month, all the matter for the succeeding number of the KNICKERBOCKER must be in type, corrected, made up, and ready for the pressmen:

'*Longa Insula*! — famous isle of the sea — whose eastern extreme, as pictured on the map, resembles very strongly the open jaws of an immense crocodile, outstretched to receive the sailors, whale-ships and all. There Sag Harbor lies nestled, a city not set on a hill, but its light is not hid, for it is illuminated in all its streets and habitations, not with oleaginous pig, but with pure sperm oil, fresh from the whale. What lamps should not have it, if not those of New-Bedford and Sag Harbor?

'Long-Island, though not so celebrated by literary pens, abounds in incidents of story from Brooklyn to Montauk Point, as much as the adjacent main. WASHINGTON IRVING has scarcely crossed over the ferries, but Judge BENSON in his discourses before the New-York Historical Society —

'In these discourses, printed and published in a thin volume, by the Judge himself, (would that I had it by me to prove what I say,) you will find as a forerunner, a curious exemplification of the literary style of THOMAS CARLYLE, before ever CARLYLE was known, and I shrewdly suspect that like other English authors, he has just cabbaged a hint from the American, *alias* Yankee, built up his reputation upon it, and said nothing about it. When I next write, I will send you a passage from that little book.

'Judge BENSON has related several curious and early legends; as for instance, that of the Devil's Stepping-Stones, whereby the devil used to make long strides to the Connecticut shore, and was so pleased with it as a place of permanent residence, that he has remained there ever since. It is true that he bequeathed the print of his foot-steps to the Long-Island rocks; and it would take higher tides, and stronger winds, and more swashing rains, than any yet known, to wash them out, with their deep-sunken heels and perilous claws; but he went bodily over to the people of steady habits, hypocritically allied himself with all their stricter ways; ensconced himself snugly on the wagons of tin-peddlers; blew his horn on the Sabbath; spent the week-days in fashioning out cinnamon-nutmegs; encouraged them

in speculation, and the doing of 'cute things; and whenever a church-steeple went up higher and more to a point than it should do, made its weather-cock shake in the wind just like an aspen-leaf. Moreover, on Thanksgiving and Fast-days he used to stalk about the corn-fields, and while the turkeys were eaten up, laid siege to the very fastnesses of Power.

'Long-Island has not been unstoried, nor will be. Babylon, Setauket, Speonk, Good-Ground, Mosquito Cove, and Hungry Harbor — christen them by what new names you please — have their own tales to tell. The south shore has been full of wrecks, and there is not a fisherman's hut where the inmates cannot entertain you by the hour, if you happen to sit by their fire-sides, with what they have seen washed up. Go to Hempstead, where the 'Mexico' was wrecked in years gone by. An old man and his son went out in a small boat through the breakers, and rescued a few, but the next morning when the sun rose, the beach was covered with ice-clad bodies, and the spars and rigging of the ship were full of dead men, lashed fast, all covered with icy mail, looking with frozen eyes towards the shore.

'The History of Long-Island, written by THOMPSON, the indefatigable antiquarian, is as full of information as an egg is with meat; all about the Lords of the Manors, the NICHOLSES, and others of that 'ilk,' all about the principal men and their families, when born, and where buried. Then it comes down to Revolutionary times, and speaks of the Prison-ships. THOMPSON did not think any labor lost in traveling to a tomb-stone to find out a name, or date, and when he got it, it was hard to tell what was the use of so much trouble. Antiquarianism is a rare gift. The spirit of the age is against it. When we find that we have been reading by mistake a newspaper two days old, it is thrown down in disgust. If an embalmed PLATO were dug up, and the weather was a little chilly, and no wood at hand nine out of ten would think that the most sensible appropriation of him would be for a back-log, both on account of pleasant flame and fragrant odor. COBBETT, a great practical philosopher, who spoke the king's English, and wrote it well, once lived on Long-Island, and introduced the cultivation of Ruta Baga turnips. I do not know whether the farmers considered them any better than 'Rooshy tarnips.' His house was near the road which leads to 'Success Pond,' which, like all hill-top ponds, was said to have no bottom, but several persons have been drowned in the middle of it, and were usually found on the bottom.

'*Mem.* : Such is the case with some individuals who are supposed to be 'deeper than plummet ever sounded,' so that no messages from common brains can be telegraphed through their sublime profundity; but sink the lead, and you will stir up mud in any place through the whole extent of their genius, from Cape BACON to Point Skolastikos.

'HAWES's 'Fire-Island Ana' have been read with zest in days past, when the American Monthly Magazine was living, and may be re-perused with pleasure. Rockaway, although the most accessible watering place, has lost caste in the perversions of modern fashion. It has no grass, no trees, but there is no such beach, there are no such breakers on the Atlantic sea-board; there is no such fresh, exhilarating, and wildly desert-place where you can pat the mane of the uncaged ocean. Mr. VERPLANCK, in his paper on GARRICK, read before the Sketch Club, says of it: 'In that most pleasant resort congregated in many a hot day of July and August the *élite* of the dramatic corps, and much of the fashion and talent of New-York. There was CHARLES WILKES, the well-read banker, and Major FAIRLIE, a rare combination of the old soldier with the old-fashioned alderman, of the epicurean wit with the methodical and accurate man of rules and orders — for

he was for thirty years the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in the old days of the un-reformed and uncodified legal procedure, when TIDD and CHITTY were still authorities. There, too, was his daughter, MARY FAIRLIE, (afterwards Mrs. COOPER,) then 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' to her own sex, and the admired and courted by the other. She had much of her father's wit in her lively conversation, and on paper she wanted nothing but the habits and opportunities of authorship to have left a literary fame. Her letters — I am proud to have six or seven of them bearing my address — if collected would rival those of Lady MONTAGUE or Madame DE SÉVIGNÉ. Thither often sauntered up from his favorite farm-house, lodging on the ocean's brink, the elder OGDEN HOFFMAN, habitually covering up out of sight, with a boyish jocularity, the acute intellect, the persuasive eloquence, and the large and ready mental resources which elevated him into another and superior man at the bar, on the bench, and in the halls of legislation. With him was his son, the younger OGDEN HOFFMAN, then just rising into manhood, but already giving evidence of the many brilliant and amiable and noble qualities that adorned his maturer years. There, too, sometimes came JOHN WELLS, who had been a volunteer theatrical critic for the press in his youth, of which some symptoms might still be found in the fastidious accuracy of his elocution, and the somewhat studied elegance of his forensic manner; but we all knew him then, and honored him only as he is described in language of equal simplicity and beauty, in the epitaph on the monument erected to him by the New-York bar, in St. PAUL'S Church, Broadway, as a man who 'adorned his profession by his learning and talents, and elevated it by his virtues.' There, also, I presume must have often come the IRVINGS; or at least WASHINGTON and his elder brother, Dr. IRVING; but I never met them there, and they were both much in Europe some of those years.'

'Many more reminiscences of Rockaway will be found in the same charming paper lately published in the 'Crayon.' Within a few years the southern and eastern villages of the island were interesting for their primitive habits, and although the people were not still summoned to meeting by the rolling of a drum, they smacked very much of the olden times when BILL BARKALOO was fined and reprimanded for kissing BECKY SCODDER in the corn-field.

'It remains only for me to celebrate Yaphank forthwith. Long-Island Rail-Road is an unfortunate institution. It cost more to begin with than if it had been constructed through mountain-valleys. In winter it is invariably snowed up, and Sag Harbor is once more out of the world, and from want of access to the foreign paper-mills, is sometimes compelled to print its local news on yellow or sky-blue wrapping-paper of any size which can be had. It is impossible to reach your dead relatives. Before you know they are dead, their tomb-stones may be cut, and the violets on their graves. During the time of drifts, they are not much better off on the eastern end than in the days of Captain KYN. SAM JONES and I, nevertheless, ventured in our youthful folly, to attend a party at Yaphank, which, at that time, was a treasure-house of pretty girls. We crossed the East-River, the keel of the boat grinding and grating the ice-cakes, and climbed up on the Brooklyn coast, a la HENRY WARD BEECHER. Thence we journeyed by rail to the pleasant village of Jamaica, so on, cutting our way through three snow-banks and one cow to Hempstead-on-the-plains. Here was the terminus of travel by that mode, for beyond the engineers had been at work for a month with their scrapers, and the excavations were scarce made when again the snows fell and the winds blew, and no tracks were to be seen. Thence we journeyed by sleigh very comfortably over beaten roads many miles to a tavern called the 'Rising Sun,' where we supped, and

the person who had brought us there cracked his whip and set his face again toward Hempstead. Finding no horses in the stable, for they had all been preëngaged to carry the young folks to some tavern-ball, we laid our knapsacks on our backs and started for a farm-house two miles off, where we expected readily to procure the means to reach the desiderated Yaphank. This was the first lack of judgment which we had shown thus far, and to JONES it has been an invaluable lesson ever since. He remains in *status quo*, and you can never persuade him to budge an inch until it has been mathematically demonstrated to his satisfaction that he will be able to get on. We should have looked at the sky; we should have been weather-wise, but we were otherwise. We should have foregone the party, made ourselves comfortable at our inn, *large reponens lignum super foca*, piling up plenty of pitch-pine on the hearth, requested the landlord to serve up some clams on the shell, and then gathering up all the old newspapers on the bar-room table, gone in for a literary treat. But we were booked for a different chamber, and not for a feather-bed at the Inn. There had been a threatening snow-bank over head, and an enchainment of the elements began already to shake off a few flakes like the ruffled feathers of doves. The shades of night were beginning to fall; there would be no moon, no stars. MR. SAMMIS shook his head doubtfully. 'Gentlemen, I do n't wish to keep you agin your will. We 'll do the best we can for you, and send you off airy in the mornin'. There may be no *difficul'*, but it looks kind o' threatening. Not long ago a man got lost onto the plains. He followed the only track there was. Four times he came round to the judge's stand, and then, says he: 'I give it up. We 're onto a race-course.'

'We were not wise enough to take Mr. SAMMIS' advice, and set him down as a provincial. So we started off cheerily, saying it was, but a mile or two, and we would e'en stretch our legs a little, and perhaps partake of his hospitality on our return. We had not advanced half a mile before the dark came down and the snows too, as if the banks above had opened their exchequers. A sharp wind drove them directly into our faces; great columns from the plain beat upon us with blinding effect. Every now and then we were compelled to turn our backs to the gust and hold on to one another to withstand the force of the wind, while our cloaks were lifted up, flapping about with a crumpling sound, and only held about our necks by the clasps. When peace had been tolerably restored, we pushed on again until another windy breaker brought us to anchor. It was almost impossible to see. If there were any 'little candle' in any farm-house it did not cast forth its rays for us. I had lately read in the newspaper of a man on a western prairie who was going to a religious meeting on a Saturday night, and lost his way. The next day he was found devoured to the very bones by hungry wolves. I told the incident to Mr. JONES to beguile the time. He did not relish it over-much, and could scarce groan out something by way of reply, that there were no wolves on Long-Island, when a perfect tornado swept about our ears, and we were forced to fall flat on our faces, poking our noses into the snow like camels in the sand. We now thought that we would return, but Mr. SAMMIS' friendly house was out of view, and we would stand as much chance in that direction as of reaching Yaphank. So, after a moment's consultation, we resolved to push on, going in as direct a line as we could without compass or guiding star, and as good as blindfold. All the pathways and tracks were already covered up. We were advancing on a slight run during a lull of the storm, when we were suddenly arrested and thrown upon our backs, as it were, without hands. Something pressed against us tightly but resolutely at the knees and at the breast. We tried it again and were pushed back; we stretched out our hands and could find nothing. 'What is it?' said I.

'I know now,' replied JONES. 'Some Dutchman's house ought to be not far off. It is a wire fence.'

'We crawled through the slender bars, and had not gone far when we were encouraged by seeing a few feet in advance of us, as we hoped, the Dutchman himself. We hailed him, but no response came, he stood bolt upright and did not budge.

'He is afraid of us,' whispered JONES; 'he is feeling for his pistols. Hallo, there! we've lost our way to Yaphank.'

'No reply.

'He's frozen as stiff as a statue,' said JONES.

'We approached and felt his hat, which was a broad-brimmed felt. He had a stick in his hand; he had on no over-coat, and his surtout lacked a tail; his breeches were sadly out at the knees; and, on farther examination, we thought he must have been an old soldier, for a tattered sleeve hung by his side with no arm therein. To say the least, he had been very poorly provided against the winter blast, but enough so for a *scare-crow*! This was a great disappointment to us; but before we reached the wires on the opposite side of the corn-field again, the winds blew their battle trumpets, the pelting sleet came into our faces, we went down upon our knees and covered up our faces in our cloaks. Presently a dim light was visible, but in an opposite direction from that in which we thought we ought to go. We would have made for it, however, but it soon disappeared. We thought of the snug room which we had left at the 'Rising Sun'; we thought of the party which was then going on at Yaphank; and last of all, if the worst came to the worst, whether we would be able to stand it until the morning dawned. Probability favored the conclusion that we would be out all night. For myself, I had not yet suffered, but JONES began to be chilled. At this stage we commenced to shout at the top of our voices, but no echoes were returned. We listened in hopes to hear the baying of dogs in the nearest farm-yard, but all was still. In half an hour, sure enough, we had redoubled our track, crawled through another wire-fence, as we supposed, and came round again to the scare-crow.

'The weather was not of exceeding intensity, and at this point JONES and myself thought of the judge's stand, and in spite of our distress, laughed outright. We tried to hear the roar of the sea, and having settled as well as we could the points of the compass, started once more with tolerable courage, for Yaphank. Oh! the cheerful rooms, the beautiful faces, the lights, the music, the quadrilles—the supper! We began to be hungry.

'I wish that BOB knew our position,' said JONES; 'there would be little merriment in that house if they were aware that we were perishing on the plains. Any how, I can stand it for a few hours more. If I get torpid rouse me, will yer?'

'Oh! yes, I'll rouse you if you get torpid.'

'The hurricane was unabated, and we floundered on with our hearts set on Yaphank. Hours passed, but nothing came into view. 'SAM,' said I, 'I believe we shall have to make a night of it.'

'No answer.

'If we keep in motion it is hardly cold enough for us to freeze with these warm cloaks. Mine is only too heavy. How are your feet?'

'No answer.

'We can't starve very well. Mr. SAMMIS' supper will sustain us till day-break, although a bite would be acceptable.'

'No answer.

'Cheer up, don't be discouraged. We can hardly be a mile from some habitation. This adventure will be worth narrating when we get to Yaphank.'

'No answer.

'Good gracious, man! where are you?' I stretched out my arms and my companion was no longer at my side. I ran this way and that, but could neither feel him nor see him. A horrid sense of affright came over me that he had fallen insensible at my side and that I had left him somewhere in the rear. To find him again might be as hard as to find Yaphank. My heart galloped. I paused momentarily, and with a voice which would have risen above the Rockaway breakers, or beaten that of a drowning man, so prodigious was it, (I did not get over the vocal exercise for a week,) cried aloud: 'SAM! SAM! SAM!'

'A response came up as it were *de profundis*: 'Here! here! here!'

'I rushed in the direction whence it came, and stepping off some steep place, rolled over and over, and at last found myself imbedded in the snows.

'This way,' said JONES, 'I'm not hurt.'

'I felt around and put my hand upon a — *skeleton*. I felt the bare ribs—it was the skeleton of an old horse. We had fallen into a sand-hole. The earth had caved away and left a superincumbent ledge. Fumbling about, I found JONES, who groaned lamentably and deplored his sad fate. We soon perceived that we were protected from the blast, and lighting a wax match and turning a newspaper into a torch, in order to inspect our position, found that it was most fortunate. The frozen ledge hung over, we crawled under it and the drifting snows soon shut us into a most comfortable cave. Here then we would pass the night. We had not parted with our small portmanteaus which we had carried about our necks. We now examined them, put on an additional pair of stockings, and made other dispositions for our present comfort. A couple of crackers were found, and we washed them down with a snow-ball, wrapped our cloaks about us, lighted our segars, and sitting close together, were soon warm as if we had been sitting in Mr. SAMMIS' parlor. We fairly chuckled with a sense of comfort, and would not at that moment have exchanged the cave for the very chambers of revelry. As those who are in a snug, warm bed love to hear the pattering of the rain on the roof, or the violent outbursts of the storm, so did we in our ensconced position the screaming winds, or as these died away at intervals, the heavy roll and booming of the surf. Sociably and cheerfully did we converse for an hour, and then agreed that when we reached Yaphank we would say nothing of our particular adventure, but simply lay our detention to the storm; and from that day to this none have known it. We lighted another wax taper and looked at the dial of our watches. It was two o'clock. Mr. JONES then said: 'Do not disturb me, I am going to say my prayers!'

'Soundly and comfortably we slumbered, like Esquimaux in their burrows. At six o'clock, or as soon as it was fairly light, we started forth, and the farm-house for which we had been striving appeared plainly in sight. Had we kept on we might have reached it on the previous night, but that, besides bringing out the dogs, disturbing and perhaps frightening the farmer and his family, would have impoverished our adventure. The worthy man who was just moving about, harnessed his horses and took us to our destination, having first kindly urged us to stay until his woman had provided breakfast. PETE, the old negro, had just kindled a rousing fire of corn-cobs and hickory in the kitchen fire-place at the old homestead of our friends at Yaphank. We were seated by the coffee-urn when the family came down. BOB, and EMILY, and SUSAN, and the rest were full of inquiries as to where we had been and why we had not arrived in season for the

party. We, however, kept mum, regretted that the Long-Island trains could not be relied on in winter, and during the next three days made up for lost pleasure. On our return, Mr. SAMMIS was curious to know how we had fared on the night in question, and we declared to him frankly that we had done better if we had taken his advice. So ended the adventure of SAM JONES AND ME.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Listen to '*John Phenix in New-Orleans*:' and also have the kindness to tell us *what it is* that enables one man, writing *currente calamo*, with no attempt at 'writing' at all, to beat out-and-out your labored quill-drivers, who 'describe till they darken, and illustrate till they confound?' As the grave-digger in HAMLET says, 'Marry, tell us *that*, and unyoke:'

'THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL is a lively and bustling village of about one thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the left bank of St. CHARLES street, which meanders through the centre of that sweet and swampy city, New-Orleans.

'The building presents a fine architectural appearance, being built of white limestone, and having in front a colonnade of massive pillars, which have a very imposing effect, in more than one sense, as they look like marble, and are in fact brick covered with stucco. But in spite of its conglomerate character, the structure is a fine one to gaze upon; and its inhabitants, owners, and New-Orleans at large, are proud and happy in its possession, and well they may be. The 'St. CHARLES' is the Mecca of the Southern States. When the last bale of cotton has been shipped from the plantation and the last hogshead of sugar has followed it; when falling leaves and frosty mornings betoken the approach of winter; when the Spanish moss waves grandly from the lofty trees, alone in its verdure, and greasy niggers loll idly on the river banks, their large mouths watering over visions of 'possum and hominy,' then does the planter, rejoicing over the account of sales received from his agent, pack his trunks, gather together his family and prepare for his yearly pilgrimage. Having seen his family safely and comfortably bestowed in their luxurious state-rooms on board the floating palace that is to take him to New-Orleans, he then proceeds to the 'social hall,' where, after indulging in sundry potent libations of corn-juice with a good set of fellows with whom he finds himself at once acquainted, our planter gladly accepts the invitation of an innocent-looking youth to play a little game of 'euchre,' 'just for amusement.' The game accordingly commences and the party are soon deeply engaged in the mysteries of 'passing,' 'ordering up,' and 'going it alone.' But the best of games becomes tiresome at last, and the planter feels relieved when one of the party proposes to change the game to 'draw-poker' with a dime 'ante,' 'just to make it interesting.' Pokers are drawn and the battle has begun in serious earnest. Our planter has various success; now he is ten, perhaps twenty ahead, now five or ten 'out,' when suddenly, the innocent youth having the deal, he receives a hand of blissful promise, three queens, a seven, and four. How jealousy our friend examines his hand, holding his cards tightly together and moving them just sufficiently to be quite sure there is no mistake about it. Then with a careless laugh he discards the worthless seven and four, and says he believes he'll 'go in.' They all 'go in,' and a mass of silver, with one or two aged and crumpled shin-plasters, adorns the centre

of the table. The innocent youth deals, and our planter, to his great satisfaction, receives a pair of nines. He slips his cards hastily together, lays them on the table and awaits the result of the betting. The red-nosed man on his right 'goes a five;' the man with the battered hat opposite, sees that and goes ten better; the innocent youth 'passes,' and our planter, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'sees' the last bet and 'goes fifty better.' The man with the red nose groans and asks if he may take down his money, but the man with the battered hat, pushing that article of dress still farther down over his sinister brow, puts his hand in his pocket and pulls forth the money. Here it is, twenty, forty, sixty, 'two hundred dollars better!' The planter is surprised. He takes another secret but earnest glance at his cards. 'A full,' it can't be beaten. Out comes the old pocket-book, and he 'calls.' 'Four kings,' says the man with the battered hat, and with the most business-like air imaginable rakes down the money with one hand and turns over his cards with the other.

'Our planter is disgusted, he leaves the table with an imprecation referring to the soul of the innocent youth, takes more corn-juice, and excepting a little dash at 'chuck-a-luck,' at which he loses seven dollars and wins a horn-handled knife and a pocket-book, tempts fortune no farther during the voyage. Meanwhile the innocent youth and his comrades divide the money in the 'barber's shop,' and go on shore at the next landing, well pleased with their success.

'On arriving at the St. CHARLES the planter's party are supplied with a parlor and the necessary sleeping apartments, and commence living at the rate of about five bales of cotton a week. The ladies come down to dinner the first day, presenting perhaps a slightly seedy appearance. Hoops have not yet been heard of at Kentucky Bend, and the bareges and organdies of last summer's wear look but limp and tawdry, and compare unfavorably with the brilliant silk robes that surround them. Still our family preserve a confident and well-satisfied air; they know 'there's a good time coming;' and it is refreshing to observe the defiant glance they cast upon any individual who may chance to look too long or scrutinizingly at their habiliments. The next day the chrysalis has opened, the full-painted butterfly comes forth. 'Par' has been to his agents, the ladies have been to Madame WEASEL and Mlle. CHARGENUFF, and silk robes, with fearful flounces, hoops of vast dimensions, point lace, ribbons, and other flummery, are the order of the day.

'They breakfast at ten o'clock in the ladies' ordinary, an operation which takes two hours and a half; then they go forth 'shopping' (a groan comes in here from every BENEDICT who reads this paper) until three; then 'ADELINE, the hair-dresser,' performs the most remarkable feats with their natural locks and the new braids they have purchased, and at half-past four they descend to dinner, arrayed in such magnificence as SOLOMON in all his glory never began to have the least idea of.

'Dinner, which consists principally in an animated contest with the waiters, who won't bring any thing they are sent for, but will persist in carrying every thing off that may chance to be upon the table, lasts an hour or two, and then our ladies all adjourn to the parlor, where sitting around in groups, surrounded by their favorite beaux, they gaze affably on the grand crowd of masculine individuals that surrounds the door, not one of whom knows a lady present, and not one of whom but wishes he knew them all. However, 'a cat may look upon a king,' and we doubt not that ADAM after being kicked out of Paradise, frequently went and peeped longingly into the gate of that garden. So continue to gaze, O JONES, SMITH, and ROBINSON! and envy as you may the happy fellows who have had introductions.

'In the evening our ladies go to the French opera, (where the performance is a matter of secondary interest to the struggle of the spectators to out-do each other in richness of attire,) or to the theatres, or — it is a fact — to the circus, more tastefully termed the 'horse-opera,' which last is patronized to a greater extent in this city than any other place of amusement. Then comes supper, oysters and cold turkey, and they retire.

'But on Monday evenings the St. CHARLES is in its glory, for then comes off the weekly 'hop.' A hop is generally supposed to be a small and informal dancing party, at which the ordinary dinner dress may be worn with respectability.

'But as the ladies from Mississippi, and Tennessee, and Louisiana, and Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Milliken's Bend, and every other part of the world, have a large number of party dresses of amazing beauty and richness, and not a very great number of opportunities of displaying them, it so happens that our 'hops' at the St. CHARLES Hotel, are what in other places are denominated full-dress balls. Here you may see the celebrated Mrs. A —, whose first husband left her in possession of such an immense estate, accompanied by her niece, the lovely Miss A —, the belle of Alabama; the dashing and magnificent widow B —, whose four hundred bales a year are her least attraction; the exquisitely beautiful Mrs. C —, from 'the Coast,' whose charms of manner and conversation have made her the belle of the St. CHARLES; Mrs. D —, quiet but observing; pretty Miss E —, from Kentucky; lively Miss F —, the Philadelphia heiress; Mrs. G —, tall, stately, and always tastefully dressed; little Miss H —, with her hair done 'à la Chinoise,' and her feet in the same style; the pretty Misses J —, Kentucky beauties; Miss K —, superbly dressed, whose dress-maker's bill is fifteen hundred dollars a year; Madame L —, the 'Admirable CRICHTON' of the female sex, from Mobile; and so on through the alphabet, including all the wealth, fashion, beauty, and extravagance of the South.

'It was at one of these gay reunions that dear little Miss B —, one of the prettiest and best girls in the world, asked BUTTERFIELD, who stood sweltering in a corner, how he enjoyed himself.

' 'Hops' replied that sage, 'have a soporific tendency, and I do mainly incline to sleep.'

' 'You look,' said little Miss B —, 'as if a continuation of these hops would bring you to your bier.'

'AMOS acknowledged the malt by a cheerful guffaw, and looking down on his swelling form murmured, 'Larger,' and subsided into an arm-chair.

'Annually at the St. CHARLES are given those grand dress balls, which have attained a Union-wide celebrity, and which are well worth travelling over the Union to attend.

'Three thousand invitations were issued to the grand ball of this season, and a more crowded, uncomfortable, or magnificent spectacle I never expect to witness. The large suite of rooms were crowded to excess by the most lovely, bewitching, and animated crowd that ever were assembled. Dancing was impossible, they could not do the schottisch, there was not room to pump arms. But it was a glorious spectacle, and so select. I observed among the masses on that gay occasion, the curvilinear proboscis of a well-known Hebrew, who supports himself and contributes to the happiness of mankind by selling shirts on Canal-street. He was enjoying himself greatly in a full flow of the finest spirits, when he suddenly 'paused in mid career,' blanched, and his face assumed a fine expression of humility and confusion.

'Looking about for the cause of this appearance, I descried BUTTERFIELD gazing upon the victim with a highly virtuous and indignant glance. 'What are you looking at the man for?' said I; 'you do n't know him.'

'Do n't I?' said AMOS in a vindictive whisper; 'but I do though. Sells shirts, Sir; sold me a shirt without any —, well,' added he in modest confusion, 'when I came to examine it I found it was like HALLEY'S comet, or that fox that ÆSOP tells about after he got out of the trap.'

'You do n't tell me that,' said I.

'It's so,' replied BUTTERFIELD; 'look here,' and pulling me into a corner, he drew from the pocket of his vest a crumpled piece of paper, which thrusting into my hand he whispered, 'Read that,' and disappeared.

I opened the paper and with some difficulty deciphered the following touching and beautiful

"LINES TO A NISRAELITE."

'Ow! were we but alone, in some region wild and woody,
I'd like to punch your head, old SHYLOCK, Nazareth — dy.
A cambric shirt to me you once did make a sale of,
But when I took it home, I found you'd cut the — off;
Whether to make a cravat, or whether to wipe your nose, Sir,
I really do not know, but on me you did impose, Sir.
Like a man without a wife, like a ship without a sail, Sir,
The most useless thing in life, was that shirt without a —, Sir.
'Vell, it tak every good,' old SHYLOCK, Nazareth — dy.
But I'd like to make you wear it, yes, indeed, Sir, would I'

'The touching and plaintive character of this *morceau* affected me beyond description; it does, I think, great credit to BUTTERFIELD'S acknowledged poetical ability.

'I should say that there was a great deal of hospitality in New-Orleans, which (with some notable exceptions) appears to be graduated pretty closely to the number of bales of cotton annually shipped to that city, by the recipient.* As there are a vast number of strangers that do not ship cotton at all, and of course have a great deal of leisure time at their disposal, it follows that 'the Rotunda' of the St. CHARLES is pretty constantly filled. This 'Rotunda' forms the centre of the building; it contains about half-an-acre of tasseled floor, and is furnished with most comfortable, cushioned arm-chairs. Here, if you take a seat between the hours of eleven A.M. and two P.M., you will have the pleasure of seeing every white male inhabitant of New-Orleans, and the majority of those inhabitants of the whole United States that are worth knowing, and with whom you have acquaintance. They come and go, a constant panorama of familiar forms and faces.

'The origin of the word 'Rotunda' is singular, and not generally known. At the risk of appearing pedantic, I will 'norate' it. Many years ago, shortly after the foundation of Rome, a distinguished architect of those days, named CLAUDIUS VITELLIVS SMITHERS, erected the first building that ever was surmounted by a dome. This building was originally intended for a 'savings institution,' but the Roman that officiated as cashier having left with the funds, it was used successively as a market, dance-house, theatre, and Presbyterian meeting-house, and finally fell into decay and became a mere mass of ruin. Such it remained until the time of the Emperor ALEXANDER SEVERUS, when that monarch one day, accompanied by his courtiers, came down to examine the ruins, with a view to purchasing the lot on which they lay. Here the Emperor's eye was attracted by the fallen dome,

* Thus it has been sagely remarked, that a stranger in New-Orleans must give bale to be well received, and hence, when a resident of the city is observed to be peculiarly kind and attentive to a visitor, they are said 'to cotton' to each other.

which he gazed on with great curiosity, and finally picking his steps over the stones and rubbish that intervened, he found his way beneath it. The ancient Romans had the same partiality for cheap distinction that animates the modern Yankees; they lost no opportunity of leaving their autograph in all public and private places; the consequence was, that when the Emperor looked up he was amazed at the number of inscriptions that the interior of the old dome presented. It was quite black with ancient and respectable appellations. 'Ha!' said the Emperor ALEXANDER SEVERUS, with the air of a man that has made a great discovery, (and with an utter disregard of all grammatical rules,) '*It's been wrote under.*'

'His principal courtier, NASO SNEAKELLIUS, instantly repeated the remark, with sycophantic reverence to the by-standers, getting about as near it as that stupid official generally did to every thing: 'The Emperor,' he said, 'says that this has been a Rotunda. Hats off!'

'The Romans all bowed with great solemnity, not having the most dim or distant idea of the joke, and the interior of a dome from that day to this has been called a Rotunda.

I have [not told you one-half of the greatness and magnificence of the 'St. CHARLES,' but I have nor time nor paper to continue. I can only add that it is a most agreeable place to pass the winter, that the proprietor is pleasant and attentive to his numerous families, (when he makes a fortune the St. CHARLES Hotel will make a great Haul,) and that any one who doubts that it is a delightful place of sojourn had better proceed there at once and have his mind set at rest, which can be done at small expense. Fain would I tell you of 'the St. LOUIS,' and of the theatres, and of the opera, and of the 'Boston Club,' (so called from the sanctity of appearance and dignified demeanor of its members, who are a right nice set of gentlemen, and hospitable to strangers, cotton or no cotton,) but as the man who had lost his watch said, 'I have no time.' The other wonders of New-Orleans for this present, must go unrecorded by this veracious historian, for he is compelled to desiccate.

'Adieu, KNICKERBOCKER! Should I write again, you will undoubtedly hear from me. Respectively yours,

JOHN PHENIX,
'Prof., &c.

'NOTE.—To the compositor—Young man! I did not say in my last letter I was going to 'the city of Cain.' I do n't know where that city is. I am not able to go to the city of Cain. Take your eye, Sir, and cast it over my MSS. and you will find for Cain, *Cairo*.

'Oh! Pea. S.: I was inexpressibly charmed by the beautiful compliment paid me in that 'Fable in Rhyme,' published in your April 'issew.' That about the 'braying' is particularly fine. Do n't you think, though, the author rather elaborated his subject to too great an extent; 'kinder drew it about,' 'sorter;' made the print two fine for ordinary use? How about that? I think upon the whole, I shall continue to bray, after such a favorable notice from such a scientific and literary 'crestur,' who has evidently perused JOHNSON'S Dictionary right straight through, not even sticking at the mythology in the appendix. Give us another of 'them,' old PLUTARCH; it's refreshing and instructive. What was that DOGBERRY wanted? I've got it, and am written down accordingly. If ever you see that man that invented the story of 'Damerum,' observing with a 'quadroon' and other 'chemical instruments,' you give my love to him, and offer him a choice of my three hats and four

caps. I have n't had as good a hearty laugh before for fourteen years as was occasioned by that anecdote. The author should give us 'more of his fun.' Adieu, old chap :

'It may be four years and it may be eleven,
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN,' etc.

JAY. PRA.'

'Good-by, JOHN,' for a 'few days' only. - - - We sincerely regret to hear, this wintry day in the country, of the untimely death of Mr. W. H. LEVISON, the editor of the New-York '*Picayune*,' an illustrated weekly journal of constantly-increasing merit, both in its letter-press comicalities and its pictorial satires. It was this gazette in which appeared the '*Lectures of Professor Julius Cæsar Hannibal*;' a series of 'colored discourses,' which for originality, mother-wit, and a perfect command of the key to a negro's thoughts, and mode of expression, have never, to our knowledge, been surpassed. After his return from a European tour, two years since, in search of restoration from a disease which had begun somewhat to impair his physical condition, he collected these sketches, as far as they had advanced, into a handsome volume, which, as we are informed, like the journal which he edited, met with a wide sale. It was dedicated in a few brief but most kind words to the present writer. 'Few men,' says a contemporary, 'have surrounded themselves with a larger circle of warm friends, and very few indeed would be so regretfully missed as he. Mr. LEVISON expired at his residence, in Bleecker-street, the immediate cause of his death being disease of the kidneys. For some years past, however, he has suffered under a complication of disorders, sufficiently painful and harassing to have soured the temper of the most amiable of men; but he bore his afflictions with the most heroic fortitude and cheerfulness; sometimes making light of the very torture which racked his body, and compelling those around him to smile, even in the midst of the commiseration they sought to bestow upon him. Mr. LEVISON was a native of New-Jersey, and came to this city some twenty years ago.' We had the pleasure to meet Mr. LEVISON only on three occasions, and those merely casual; but his unobtrusive and modest bearing; his sensible, unforced conversation, and quiet genial humor, made a most favorable impression upon us. In his habits he was unexceptionable; and he is represented, by those who enjoyed his intimacy, to have been a good husband, a kind father, and an honest, liberal man. His reputation, let us add, as the author of the sable lectures referred to, was not confined to this country. Extracts from them were frequently to be met with in the English papers, and one at least of the popular London weeklies always copied them entire. We offer to his surviving family our sincere condolence with them in their sad bereavement. - - - '*The Yankee Jonathan*' hits off Yankeedom with no little skill. Such brief sketches are worth five times as much, and make a far stronger impression upon the reader, than elaborate essays, such as '*The New-England Character Considered*;' '*Reflections upon the Intellectual and Moral Characteristics of the New-England States*;' or the like preface to labored dullness :

'IRVING tells us, in his History of New-York, that WILLIAM THE TESTY, in venting his rage at a certain set of Yankees, who had for some time been infringing on

the rights of the Dutch colony of New-Amsterdam, and had finally, through stratagem, obtained possession of Fort Good Hope, 'swore that he would have nothing more to do with such a squatting, bundling, guessing, questioning, swapping, pumpkin-eating, molasses-daubing, shingle-splitting, cider-watering, horse-jockeying, notion-peddling crew.' KETTEL also says: 'While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they may. They are like cats: throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one course, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish while any thing remains to be tried: they have a resolution that will try any thing; and when a Yankee says, 'I'll try,' the thing is done.' So much for his character.

'I now propose to give a sketch of his juvenile history, and a description of his personal appearance, at different periods, from youth to manhood.

'We first make his acquaintance in the District-school. He was four years old in March; and his mother, tired of the trouble of watching him at home, thinks he will 'do to go to school this summer with sister JANE,' upon whom is imposed the task of 'seeing that he do n't get hurt.' Accordingly he is fitted out in a new suit of clothes, consisting of a coarse cotton shirt without collar or wrist-bands; a garment of blue cotton-drilling, serving for vest and trowsers; the upper part being like the waist of a gown, and the trowsers which are attached to this reaching just three inches below the knees: and the whole garment buttoning up behind: a calico apron and a palm-leaf hat. These four articles of apparel constitute the sum-total of his summer-dress for the next four years. In these habiliments, with a two-quart, covered tin pail, full of 'johnny-cake' for his dinner, in one hand, and a blue-covered, sheepskin-backed WEBSTER'S spelling-book in the other, he daily makes his appearance at the school-house at about half-past nine, and begins to question the teacher: 'M' I gwout?'—'M' I leave my seat?'—'M' I speak?' etc., until about half-past three, when he tops off with: 'M' I be dismissed?'—when he is so liberated.

'Between seven and eight, he drops off the upper part of the blue-drilling garment, above described, and suspends his trowsers by strings of the same material, which he calls 'galluses.' When he is about twelve, we see him at church, dressed in striped pantaloons, a trifle longer than those in which we first saw him at school; a calico vest, and a white spencer. His coarse shirt-collar is now starched stiff as tin, and tied with a black ribbon; and his mammoth feet are for the first time encased in a pair of cow-hide shoes, without stockings. He has also come into possession of a huge jack-knife, which seems to constitute a part of his very person, for he is never seen without it, and he never allows it to rest, cutting his long finger-nails and prying apart his teeth, when he can find nothing to whittle.

'At sixteen, he graduates from school, having done most of the sums in the 'rithmetic, and 'licked the master.' At twenty, we shall, perhaps, meet him at a circus in the very zenith of his glory. Yes: there he is; the identical JONATHAN, mounted on an antiquated cart, dealing out pins, needles, combs, brushes, suspenders, hose, thread, thimbles, buttons, jew's-harps, and tin-whistles. His dress now consists of a pair of wine-colored velvet pantaloons, much worn, the warp and lining of what was once a satin vest; and a linen coat, with a hole in each elbow. His linen is badly soiled, and his cravat, the black silk handkerchief his father gave him on leaving home, is tied in a sailor's-knot, and ornamented with a huge 'buzom-pin.' His boots of calf-skin have 'run over,' and are minus the original

black of the leather from which they were made. He is just six feet three inches in height, somewhat round-shouldered, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His face is thin and freckled. He has a Roman nose, large mouth, small gray eyes, sunk deep in his forehead, and well shaded by long, red lashes. His hair is long, straight, thick, and — near his head — brown; but the extremity of his locks fades to a straw-color.

'P. S. — He soon after left New-England for the 'Great West,' where we understand he has succeeded in acquiring an immense fortune. He contemplates a visit to the 'home of his childhood' the present season, and we hope then to learn from himself the full history of his western life.'

A veritable Yankee 'human!' - - - THE *Imperial Photograph*, BRADY's latest souvenir, has become a necessity. As a topic of conversation, it divides attention with the 'HERON' and the weather. You even hear it mentioned in the omnibus and in the street; in the corridors of the opera-house, and surreptitiously by pretty lips at church. If you are social, and venture out of an evening, you are beckoned by a graceful hand to the library to look at Papa's 'Imperial.' It is fearfully like; vindictively and obstinately paternal; and your flirtation is quenched as with the chill of damp napkins at dinner. SPRIGGINS invites you to dine with some quiet friends and pass judgment upon his 'Imperial,' one of BRADY's *chef d'œuvres*. As it is not under the table, at the end of the dinner you corroborate the sentiment of the 'quiet friends,' that it is not at all like the original. As if the camera were expected to create an appetite for Madeira. But shade of the masters! how magnificent they are! What modelling! what effects! What glimpses of arrested thought! what subtle searching and minute expositors of the individual! There is BANCROFT. It does n't seem a portrait, but the living presence of the scholastic philosopher, beaming learning and large volumes of history. And WILLIS, the picturesque, bearded, à la VAN DYKE, as becometh the habitant of Arcadian Idlewild; and LOWELL, the auburn-haired and melodious; BRYANT, the patriarchal; DANA, the critical; VAN BUREN and BENTON, fragments of an age which has drifted away into history and recollection; NAPIER, serene, diplomatic, and undemonstrative, his lady and sons grouped with the grace of WINTERHALTER; and a host of others of lesser note. See the 'Imperial' by all means: it is one of the art-features of the age, and is attracting great attention. - - - PERHAPS we may all be 'flying kites,' more or less, in this multifarious, restless, busy world of ours; but from Cedar-Hill Cottage, two days ago, there arose a KITE, constructed by the writer hereof, the like of which has never been seen in the county of Rockland. It ascended, held by four large balls of strong twine, to the height of three thousand feet. It was a bow-and-point kite, with a scale-balanced tail. It arose from the 'stand-point' of the operator, and without diving, ducking, sidling, or any species of human prevarication, stood still only when it was 'brought-to,' over SNEEDEN's Landing, by the Palisades, where JOHN VOORHEES, the best first fisherman on the Hudson, was at that moment securing the *first Hudson River shad of the season*, which, through his kindness, regaled 'the family' and a friend next morning at breakfast.

(*'Thanks, JOHN, 'and acceptance bounteous!'* The *'whirligig of Time shall bring about our revenges.'*) But the little folk! — how they *did* enjoy it! The small boys of *'The Hill'* were in great force, and were unanimous in their shouts and shrieks of approbation: but there was not a happier or more self-satisfied personage among them — not even excepting the little FIVE-YEAR-OLD, who kept reflecting upon *himself* the glory of *'Fader's kite'* — than the constructor of that successful navigator of the air, when it was safely wound down, not a red paper-ornament erased nor a blue star obscured, and deposited in a closet adjoining the sanctum. 'Due notice will be given of its second appearance.' - - - It rejoiced the very cockles of our heart to meet, the other morning, in our town-sanctum, the gleaming face, radiating friendship and genuine feeling, of our old friend Mr. DEMPSTER, the eminent and always (and increasingly) popular Scottish vocalist. For near a twelve-month he has been abroad, residing, for the most part, in London. A trip to Farringford, Fresh Water, Isle of Wight, on a visit to TENNYSON, with whom he spent several days at his charming residence, and to whom, while sojourning with him and his delightful family, he sang the *'May-Queen'* with such acceptance, that the poet declared that he had 'never known, until then, how much pathos there was in his theme, and in its treatment:' this brief visit, and a short trip to Scotland and Paris, constituted Mr. DEMPSTER's 'wanderings' from the Great Metropolis. It was soon arranged that he was to accompany us to *'Cedar-Hill Cottage'* the same afternoon. We were a little too late for our usual steamer, but landed from another staunch craft at Irvington; and 'by the light of the moon,' with the Tappaan-Zee as smooth as glass, we were rowed o'er the ferry, leaving *'Sunny-side'* sleeping amidst its then leafless trees directly behind us. That was a night to be remembered! About mid-way across, the boatman suddenly rested upon his oars; DEMPSTER, at our request, was singing *'Highland Mary,'* and *'My Nannie O';* and over the *perfectly still,* moon-lit water, the shores were taking up the soft, musical echoes, *'lingering as loth to die';* the old *'Hook-Mountain,'* meantime, throwing its gigantic shadow into the wave below. Then the boatman bent to his oars again; and the genial vocalist told us how and where he lived while in London; in Euston-Square, near *'Tavistock House,'* Tavistock-Square, the residence of CHARLES DICKENS: how, remembering that ten years before, he had taken a letter of introduction from us to DICKENS, when he was residing on the continent, he suddenly bethought him that he would send it, with his card; how he had the pleasure at once to meet the popular novelist; to dine with him amidst his attractive and talented family. Then we spake of Mr. and Mrs. DICKENS dining with *'Old KNICK'* *'and his;'* what time there sat at the same table WASHINGTON IRVING, BRYANT, HALLECK, *'JOHN WATERS,'* Dr. WAINWRIGHT, HENRY BREVOORT, HENRY INMAN, S. D. DAKIN, DAVID GRAHAM — and their compeers: alas! how many of them have since passed away! But let us not dwell upon these reminiscences, *'pleasant, yet mournful to the soul.'* Only this in conclusion: go and hear DEMPSTER, whensoever and wheresoever there may occur the opportunity. He never sang better his

old favorites with the public; never was in better voice; and he has certain new things in his *repertoire*, which, while they cannot lessen the admiration for his current melodies, will still add to his established reputation as a singer and a composer. - - - We very cordially greet our Friend 'EBEN NEEZER,' of 'Brotherly Love.' Would he like to behold our 'Patent Back-Movement Self-Acting Hen-Persuader?' If yea, a drawing shall be forwarded to him. The original is now 'on view' at 'KNICKERBOCKER Hall,' Piermont, Rockland County, for which region Captain FOLGER is every day selling patents:

'Philadelphia, 4th Month, 1st, 1857.'

'FRIEND CLARK: Knowing the lively interest thee takes in matters appertaining to poultry, and that it has even awakened thy attention so far as to originate a 'Patent Hen-Persuader,' inducing the good Dame Partlets to renewed exertions in their peculiar sphere of usefulness, I have thought it incumbent on me to inform thee of a certain affair, egg-selling, and very excellent in humor, which took place not long since in this good city. Thee knows, doubtless, how much we rejoice in the extent of our market, giving to its almost especial use the finest street in our city; appropriating its body for the length of a mile, and one of its legs for a much farther distance, to agriculture, and leaving commerce to struggle through old carts, wagons, and cumbrous market-houses as best it may, so I need not dwell on this point.

'Now, in the spirit of kindness and charitableness, we have, by so naming it, given up to the oppressed natives of a neighboring country, a Jersey market, and in this, 'in season,' all delicacies of the table are to be found. I could make thy mouth water by enumerating a few, but believing that thee may not care for my reducing thee to such a state, I forego.

'There sits, owing to our chair-a-table-ness, and her ability to pay rent in the aforesaid market, a comely female huckster, dealing in poultry, game, and fine vegetables, who is especially noted for bringing the freshest, whitest eggs, always commanding the best and highest price. It so happened that friend BROWN, who is in business in Market-street, took sick some time since, with the Hen Fever, and went through all the stages, or coops, of Shanghai, Chittagonga, Burrampooters, Polanders, Dorkings, coming to a crisis with the purchase of an Eccaleobion (does thee think I spell this word right?) or Egg-Hatching Machine, and which after purchase, was duly set up in the cellar of his store, and prepared to go into operation as soon as friend BROWN saw fit, which was immediately. Of all friend BROWN's friends, none was so earnest a friend as friend SMITH, especially in the matter of this Egg-Hatching Machine: he would run in several times per diem to note progress, and finally when completed, naturally recommended friend BROWN to go at once to the comely female huckster in Jersey market, and procure a plentiful supply of those fresh white eggs. Friend BROWN went, secured all the huckster had, and obtained the refusal of a few dozen more. Friend SMITH was, to use an expression of my daughter SALLY, who associates with world's people, 'perfectly charmed' on hearing this; he assisted friend BROWN in placing the eggs carefully in the machine; he watched the thermometer assiduously; day after day paying repeated visits. One morning, on coming up from the cellar, there was a cloud on his brow: friend BROWN noted it.

'Why, JACOB!' said friend BROWN to him; 'what is the matter with thee? Thee looks discontented.'

'Ah! JAMES,' answered friend SMITH, 'I begin to have doubts.'

'What does thee doubt?' inquired friend BROWN.

'The ability of thy Egg-Hatcher! Five days have I watched the eggs, and I do not note any symptoms of the chickens coming into the world.'

'Thee is impatient, JACOB; thee surely knows that eggs won't hatch in five days.'

'Yes, yes!' answered friend SMITH. 'But there should be symptoms. I tell thee candidly, I have no faith in thy Egg-Hatcher.' Then speaking out earnestly: 'I don't believe one of the eggs will hatch, not one! I am sure of it, so sure that — I see thee needs a new hat — well, I will give thee a new hat if one of those eggs hatch, on condition thee gives me one if they do not. Does thee comprehend?'

'I do, JACOB,' said friend BROWN, 'and I foresee that thee will have to give me a new hat, I foresee it.'

'Friend SMITH agreed to wait until a certain time, so as to give the eggs a fair chance, and went his way rejoicing; feeling so elevated at the thought of obtaining a new hat, that he already had determined to give his old one to the porter in his store.

'Why was he so certain?

'A few weeks before friend BROWN came to a crisis with the Egg-Hatching Machine, friend SMITH had learned from the comely huckster in the market that in order to insure her hens laying eggs regularly, she penned up the hens by themselves; and friend SMITH knew enough about hens to know that though they would lay eggs under these circumstances, yet that these eggs, needing the vital principle, never would hatch! and being fond of fun, as well as greedy of having a new hat, he had laid a long train solely to attain this end; had appeared interested in the Egg-Hatcher, tended it, recommended friend BROWN to buy these particular eggs, and — now he was waiting for the hat. But the excellence of the joke seemed so great in his eyes, that he could not forbear telling friend SIMMS all the particulars, by a great oversight neglecting to enjoin secrecy on friend SIMMS, who was so much rejoiced by this latter, that he went at once to friend BROWN of the Egg-hatcher, and told him the whole story. Friend BROWN laughed very hard, but toward evening might have been seen buying eggs of a countryman, who was n't acquainted with the 'seclusive system.' These eggs friend BROWN substituted for the ones purchased from the female huckster, and said nothing.

'Friend SMITH waited for the appointed time, and then claimed the hat: friend BROWN begged for three days' grace, which was granted very cheerfully. At the expiration of the three days, he called again. Friend BROWN invited him to come down in the cellar: down he went, hearing all the way certain 'pseep, pseep-ings' that he did n't like at all, and at last saw four new-hatched chickens.

'Friend BROWN,' said he, 'thee can take the hat!' And at once handed over a five-dollar bill, walked up-stairs, and as he passed the female huckster in the market, on the way to his store, muttered: 'THEE IS A HUMBUG WITH THY HEN NUNNERY!'

Thine,

EREN NEEZER.

Will Friend EREN NEEZER write yet again? - - - MAY we say to the lady, or coterie of ladies, who wrote the '*Woman's Report to the Legislature of Michigan, praying the Privilege of the Elective Franchise*,' that portions of that paper ('Senate Doc., No. 27') are slightly 'highfalutinated?' For example: 'The wings of the press are weaving their undulations with outward vigor, but less of inward current, when shorn of the vitalizing sanc-

tuins of a SWISSHELM or a BLOOMER.' The '*itinerant lore* which the lecturing of these latter days is spreading broad-cast throughout our intelligent land, invigorating its logic, and beautifying its rhetoric,' is also a 'strong-minded' sentence. Mr. BRYANT would hardly recognize his noble figure, so highly burnished' is it by 'light' and 'friction': 'The light of truth never wanes by contact with error: crushed to earth, she rises again, burnished with the friction of conflict.' The report closes as follows: 'Let Michigan surrender all the legal disabilities which encumber her dignity as a State. Then, like the refreshing exhalations which invest the sea, spreading like clouds of prolific wing over the territory of animate life, and shedding their genial dews to irrigate and enrich the mind, the 'better half' of nature will rise like morning incense to immortalize the perpetuity of Michigan's proud fame!' Woman has many wrongs, which ought to be redressed, and with these we sympathize: but save us from petticoat-politicians! We have old women enough in office now, in all conscience, and we have no desire to see the number increased. - - - We observe that at the One Hundred and Third Session of the Society of Science and Art in London, the '*Nautilus*' Sub-Marine Explorer, recently noticed in these pages, was the theme of the meeting. Major SEARS, of the United States read the 'Paper' of the evening, '*On Appliances for Facilitating Sub-marine Engineering and Exploration*,' in which all the improvements and capabilities of the new invention were succinctly set forth. In the London '*Journal of the Society of Arts and of the Institutions in Union*,' now before, two excellent engravings appear of '*The Nautilus*,' sectionally and entire. In the discussion which ensued, Sir JOHN RENNIE, F.R.S., Sir CHARLES FOX, Mr. FREDERICK LAWRENCE, Mr. FRASER, Mr. JOHN BETHELL, Mr. NEWTON, the Chairman, JOHN HAWKSHAW, F.R.S., took part; the objections to the invention seeming to come almost solely from those who had diving inventions of their own, which it was evident they were very much afraid might be superseded. All objections, at large, or in detail, were triumphantly answered and set aside by Major SEARS, who said in conclusion: 'That in all his statements he had asked the Society to take nothing upon trust, for he was prepared to verify every word that he had uttered, by reference to practical operations, to be performed by a large machine, shortly to be placed in the VICTORIA DOCKS, where he hoped that all who were skeptical as to its merits would practically test its operations. The Society, of which Prince ALBERT is President, passed a vote of thanks to Major SEARS, and the meeting was adjourned until the occasion of the proposed experiments, at which they were to be present in a body. - - - THAT is a 'smart man' who sends '*The First Locomotive*' to the old '*Spirit of the Times*,' as a 'communication' from '*The Chicago Magazine*!' That article was written for, and published in, this Magazine years ago. It was responded to in these pages by WASHINGTON IRVING, and has been copied from, and credited to, the KNICKERBOCKER, in almost every journal in the United States. Good 'literary speculation' that! TRUTH does n't *require* to 'put on boots' in *this* case, while FALSEHOOD is escaping. TRUTH has been too long ahead!

So don't do it again, 'that's all.' - - - THE subjoined politico-literary 'gem,' written by an 'Alderman of the Fifth Ward' of Dubuque, Iowa, in vindication of his course upon some question that affected a portion of his constituency, and for which they respectfully requested him to resign; a request, in the compliance with which, 'some how or 'nother he did n't seem to take no interest.' The letter embodies, we think, a forcible denial of that oft-repeated slander upon our conglomerate rulers, that those most eminently qualified for the public service, cannot be elected to office:

'REPLY TO THE CITIZENS OF DUBUQUE IN THE FIFTH WARD OF SAID CITY. — Where in the is a Charge agensnt me mate by Som Settlers in said ward I, for mey Part, I, Can not Say rother the ar Cittaneens or not but agreed deal the have to say in regard of mey aldermanShip in said ward, I must say all those folk which the ar duing Dus not amount to one Cens worth becoze the Bitision which was got up agensnt me was mate oup alltogether in Beer Shobs and Grocares what can wee expict out of any such Betisners which has shyend said Betision at the same time the Betisners may go to hevea before I. resignen mey Office unless it sudes mey helf

'Also th due not know what the ar them sheselfs Democrats Reposaerockans Know nothings or what Soverer

'I for my part I shall not take aney notice of tham here after or what soverer al do at th Same time I. have 8 vots above the megerety yeat in said woard according to the Election Last August 1856

'with regard to the first charge I, have to Say that I, have never at any time made un unconditional promise to Alderman HAM or any other persan haw I, Shuld an that question when it Should Came up for finel action A) I have Votted free Conviction and have Broken no plades.

'B) I have not Ben influend by any one of mey Canitions right and duty

'2, with regard the 2th charge I. have to State that I never understood it to be aney thing but a temporary horse Real Road until it was Remonsratet agensnt at the Succeeding of the City Board

'with regard to the 3th charge I dany to to, ever in any instance to have Disregarded the wishes of any constituents when faintly x pressed

'(4 Sir I. must Close my riding I du not wish to Say anything on the subchegd
I remane your Respectful
Cittean Alderman

G. CHARLES KRECHENBAUM,
of the fifth Woard.'

'CHARLES' is a trump: he knows what 'possession' in law is, and he is going to 'stick it out.' If the Municipal Council of Dubuque do n't know when they have secured a good officer, that is *their* fault: 'CHARLES' knows when he has secured a good place, at all events. - - - THE following musical '*Song*' is from '*Zaidee*,' an unpublished Drama, by ISAAC MACLELLAN, Esq.:

'WITH polished helm and tossing plume,
My prince upon his war-horse rides;
With brodered scarf and jewelled belt,
With bow and quiver full of reeds,
A burnished lance is in his hand;
A crooked sabre at his side;
And pale the robber grows that sees
My prince across the desert ride!

'Happy he rests 'neath palm-trees' shade,
By gushing fount or plashing rill;
Or by some murmuring plantain grove,
Where glancing birds their measures trill:

Or rests where orange blooms dispense
 Their odors o'er the Indian's tent;
 Where lutes are touched, and happy songs
 Enchant the air with merriment.

This has been three months in type. - - - '*The Churchman's Monthly Magazine*,' published in this city, well sustains its reputation as an instructive and agreeable original and selected Miscellany. Among the original articles in the number now before us, we find a pleasant gossiping '*Letter from Abroad*,' from which we take a paragraph, occurring in the writer's description of his visit to 'Ould Erin,' with which, by the way, he seems greatly pleased:

'EVERY day makes us better pleased with Dublin. There is a life and effervescence about it that I never enjoyed in any other city. This arises, I suppose, from the fact that you do not see people all intent on business. Every day seems like a holiday, every body dressed in their best, and intent on pleasure. You would never know from the physiognomy of the upper classes that you were in the Emerald Isle. The men are fine, fresh looking, and intelligent; the ladies are, as a class, the most beautiful in form and feature I have ever seen. They are not stunted in growth and deformed by artificial appliances; but have the perpetual bloom of health upon their cheeks; lips of ruby redness. But enough of the Irish ladies. I dare not say more.' . . . 'I must tell you of an excursion we took on Wednesday of last week, to the vale of Avoca, made famous by the song of MOORE. To visit this charming spot, we travelled by rail to the town of Wicklow, about thirty miles south of Dublin. And we took the mail-coach, a very convenient vehicle for those wishing to see the country, being arranged to carry eight or twelve on the outside, and only four inside. The town of Wicklow is a fair sample of all the old towns in Ireland. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dark; the houses are built either of mud or stone; some tiled, and others 'shingled with straw'; gin-shops, groups of idlers in rags and tatters, filthy urchins, and children without number, wallowing in the dirt, make up the landscape of the town. But we are soon out of it, and the country, smiling with the growing crops, and herds well-pastured, greets us. The county of Wicklow is said to be one of the finest in Ireland, not only for productiveness, but for beauty of scenery. There was nothing very remarkable in the landscape until we left Arklow, a twin-brother of Wicklow, twelve miles farther south. Here we left the mail-coach, lunched, and took a private conveyance to drive through the vale of Avoca. And here I might as well stop, for to attempt to give you any idea of the beauty of this drive of seventeen miles, I dare not. Had I the words to paint it, and the poetic taste and feeling to select them with justice to the subject, I might give you a sketch; but then it would only suggest the beauties which it could not represent, and make you unhappy with longings to see the original. There was nothing to lessen our pleasure or to interrupt the beauty of the scene; no rough roads, no tree-stumps, no saw-mills, no steam factories, nothing to grate upon the ear, or to offend the eye. And this was the charm of the landscape, its perfection. Like one of COLA's beautiful pictures, his '*Dream of Arcadia*,' for example, it was a realization of the ideal in nature.'

'Deferred' from our March number. - - - SEVERAL years since, when we were a mere boy, we well remember a series of brief newspaper-stories, which 'went the rounds of the Press,' as it was then termed: a 'press,' however, at that time, was quite different from what it is now, known as '*The American Press*.' These stories were published at intervals, in a paper called '*The Trenton Emporium*;' and were from the pen of STACY G. PORMS, Esq., of Trenton, New-Jersey, whose acquaintance, previous to his subsequent extensive travels in Europe, we had the pleasure to make. We are reminded of these simple, unpremeditated sketches from real life, by the subjoined communication. That it is not merely a sentimental narrative; that it has nothing 'stagey' in its details; we hope we need not assure the reader: yet we may say, that every incident, *all* the details, to the minutest particular, are authentic. Even the *names* are given to us in

the communication from which we quote. And certain we are, that simple as it is, it will touch a chord in *some* human heart :

' *Up! Up! Up! Up! Up! Up! Up! Up!*

' *Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in one heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.*

' *Calm on the seas, and silver sleep
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast,
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.* — TANNISSE.

' It was evening — a beautiful autumn evening. The red leaves yet danced, rejoicing in the mild air ; the yellow sun-shine yet gilded the hill-tops, and the soft shadows were creeping silently up the valley, as the gentle widow LEEDOM, with her child in her arms, wended her way homeward. She was tired, for she had toiled all day in Farmer WOOD's kitchen, and though it was Saturday evening, she had not been paid for her labor. The kind-hearted house-maid at Farmer WOOD's had urged her to wait for her supper, but she thought of her hungry little ones at home, and she could not stay. She had no eye for the glory of that superb October sun-set as she walked wearily on, her tired arms scarcely able to hold the little joyous creature that laughed and crowed, and ever and anon peered into her bonnet, lisping his sweet-toned 'mamma, mamma.' She thought only of her expectant little ones, and the means of obtaining bread for them to last over Sunday. As she neared the village, she seemed irresolute whether to enter it or pass on ; but a vision of her lonely, fasting children, rose up before her in imagination, and she stopped, her lips moved a moment or two as if in prayer, and then quickening her step, and hurrying on like one who has nerved herself to a sudden resolution, she turned into the main street, and was soon standing before the counter of the baker's shop. The baker was an austere man, but it was not in human nature to resist the widow's pleading tone and touching expression as she falteringly asked him to trust her to a loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed the loaf reluctantly, and was about to insist on prompt payment, when a glance at the widow's painfully flushed face and embarrassed manner deterred him. With scarcely audible thanks she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl, and drawing her babe closer to her bosom, hastened home.

' 'Mother's come! mother's come!' cried a couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the gate, and her seven-year-old ROBERT and his little sister came running to meet her. They were pretty children. The little MARY inherited her mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion, and the boy his father's handsome face and honest brown eyes. Poor children, they were accustomed to being left alone, for the widow went out to work daily, and the night was always welcome that brought their mother's loved return. They had a thousand things to ask and tell which fell unheeded this time on the ear of the sad mother, though she instinctively answered them yes and no as occasion required. She gave the loaf to ROBERT, and taking little MARY's hand, they entered the house together. The table was already set out by the little expectant house-keepers, but there was nothing on it that could be construed into any thing eatable save a cup of molasses and some salt. The mother cut a slice of bread for each of her half-famished children, and sat quietly by nursing the youngest while they ate it, for she had no heart

to eat herself. She was very sorrowful as she looked at those little dependent beings, and thought of her falling strength, and shading her eyes with her hand, the tears stole silently down her pale, patient face and fell among the bright curls of the little unconscious head pillowed so peacefully on her bosom. She had been sorely afflicted. The husband of her youth had been stricken down by a falling beam while attempting to save a sick child, that had been overlooked in the hurry and panic, from a burning building. The child was saved, but he who perilled his life for it, the strong, brave-hearted man had perished. The fruit of this union, her eldest-born, her pride of heart, the noble boy whose every movement and expression had been so many similes of his buried father, was a wanderer she knew not whither.

'Years after the boy had left her, when ROBERT LEEDOM came often to see her in her loneliness, and ventured to tell her at length how he had loved her from the time they had played together at school, and how he had remained single for her sake, and came back always to the same old port that he might breathe again the same air that she breathed, and besought her to let him sustain and shield her, to comfort her in sickness and sorrow, she gladdened the honest sailor's faithful heart by consenting to become his wife. No wonder the young sailor loved her, she was so neat in her habits, so gentle and industrious; and her calm, sweet face and holy eyes shone ever with 'the beauty that dwelt in her soul.' She had learned to love her second husband, and had borne him three fair children, when the sad news came that the gallant vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked on the dangerous coast near Absecomb, and in his generous efforts to save others, ROBERT LEEDOM was lost. She had been a widow the second time only six months, and now, as she thought of her utter inability to support her fatherless children, even in the summer-time, and saw no other prospect before her whichever way she looked, and knew that the cold, drear winter was coming gradually on, her heart failed her utterly, and she could only weep. The wondering little ones tried by every endearing art they could think of to attract her attention, but in vain. Impressed by their mother's mournful mood, they ate their bread almost in silence; and when they had finished, she arose mechanically, and laying her babe in its cradle, put them to bed. She heard them their prayers, and bade good night, and God bless them, carefully and tenderly as usual, but with that subdued, spiritless tone that emanates from a heart without hope. She continued kneeling by their bed-side long after she had prayed with them, and wept. Bitterly she wept, but there was no pitying eye to see now, no tender hand to caress, no loving voice to soothe, as the cry from her overburdened, despairing heart, 'My God, my God, why hast THOU forsaken me?' went up over the unconscious heads of the sleepers in that hour of agony. No pitying eye did I say? The EYE that never slumbers nor sleeps was there; the loving kindness that has said, 'I will be a FATHER to the fatherless,' was about her even then, though she knew it not. In the power of the SPIRIT came the blessed assurance, in answer to her despairing cry, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' and her soul grew calm, all her old trusting faith returned, and she arose from her knees tranquilly, feeling that 'the LORD is a very present help in time of trouble.' She took down the little worn Bible from the mantel, and as she read on through the closing chapters of St. JOHN, an expression of peace ineffable, 'the peace that passeth understanding,' settled serenely on her sweet face. Putting the Bible reverently back, she took some mending from her basket, and soon the clear tones of a hymn sounded through the stillness of the little cottage; and 'How firm a foundation,' etc., when pealed from lordly organ, and echoed through vaulted

dome, never ascended more acceptably to 'HIM who sitteth on the great white throne.'

'But other eyes beside the ALL-SEEING had been looking in through the low casement at the lonely sufferer, and now the sweet tones of the holy hymn were interrupted by a knock at the door. The widow opened it and saw before her a weary, travel-stained man, who asked only for a crust of bread and a sup of water. The widow glanced at the loaf which still lay on the table, and then at the sleeping children, and hesitated, but only for a moment; there was something in the tone of the stranger's voice that came gratefully to her soul as the breath of spring over violets, and she thought of her own beloved boy asking for charity in some distant land, and she hastened to place a chair and reach him the loaf, trusting to HIM 'who causeth it to rain on the earth where no man is, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground,' for her orphans.

'My mother! my own precious mother!' cried the familiar voice, in broken tones, and springing forward, she was caught and strained to the beating heart of her long-lost son. 'My son, my son!' she could only murmur, while he exclaimed: 'I am rich, my mother, I have plenty for us all; I have been to California, and have come back rich beyond all I ever hoped or dreamed of — my poor famishing mother! I am just in time — thank GOD! thank GOD!' and mother and son knelt together in one glad, earnest prayer of thanksgiving.

M. Z. Z.

Truth, yet 'strange as fiction.' - - - THE third number of the COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL is the best that has yet appeared. It contains a number of fine illustrations, with a variety of interesting matter. If it were issued sooner after the distribution, and the Magazines sent more promptly to the subscribers, it would save much complaint. We had *eight* pages of 'Gossip and Literary Record prepared and ready: embracing many 'good things' from correspondents, which fortunately will keep; together with Reminiscences of the late Reverend DERRICK C. LANSING; notices of our friends TICKNOR AND FIELDS' most superb and reasonably-priced editions of the '*Household Waterley Novels*,' and LONGFELLOW'S 'Prose and Poetical Works;' ELLIOTT'S carefully-prepared and extremely interesting History of New-England; CALVERT VAUX'S 'Villas and Cottages;' SARGENT'S 'Arctic Voyages;' REED'S 'British Poets;' MOORE'S 'Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution;' 'The Days of my Life;' MACAULAY'S 'Biographical and Historical Sketches;' SHEELAN'S 'Bannynshan Castle;' 'Illinois as It Is;' 'Brittany and La Vendée;' 'Greece and the Greeks;' 'Scampavias;' BARRY CORNWALL'S Dramatic Poems; 'About Right and Wrong;' (one of those Books for the Young, published by the HARPERS, that deserve to be printed 'in letters of gold, with pictures of silver;') MRS. LEE HENTZ'S 'Love After Marriage;' OLE BULL'S, the SCHMEIERS', and MISS MARIA S. BRAINERD'S Concerts; 'New Biographies,' etc. 'Record,' with 'additaments' of all these, are preserved for our June number.

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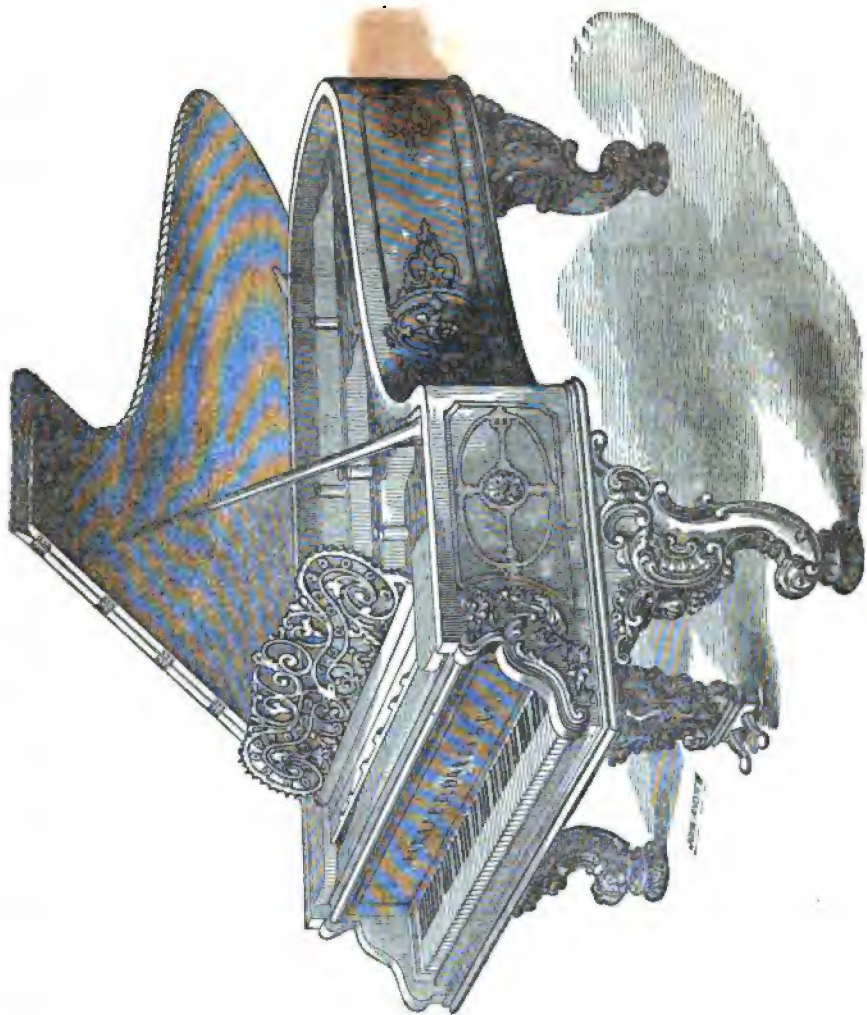
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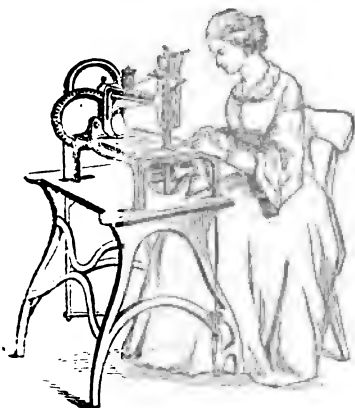
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American and Original. The Knickerbocker Magazine,

For 1857.

THE FIFTIETH Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number for JULY 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of ST. LEGER, and the SPARROW-GRASS, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. MR. COZZENS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and MR. KIMBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, REV. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly, and MR. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the TABLE of MR. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *au fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

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"Knick" is a great favorite of ours; he never bores us with a long story, or leads into a labyrinth of plot and narrative out of which there seems no way of escape—as he dashes us into his articles at a full gallop, and brings us at a most comfortable and free-and-easy trot. Knick's accomplishments are various—he is a wit, a humorist, a poet, a novelist, a romancer, a sentimentalist, an essayist, and we know not what else. May his shadow never grow less."—*Democrat, Kingston, C. W.*

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No. 6.

T R A V E L L E R S .

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

'Here is a silly, stately style, indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.' — HENRY IV.

'Indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.' — AS YOU LIKE IT.

'What I see I see, and what I see I stick to.' — MRS. HARRIS.

THERE have been many travellers. Of the more reliable we have Munchausen, whose thoroughly honest nature scorned the similitude, even, of a lie; Riley, whose pious heart knew no deceit; Trollope, the loveliest character since the time of Eve. The worthy Baron (worthy in all things good) has come of late to lose somewhat of the credit which before attached to him: indeed, many have thought it proper to class him with the mendacious nursery historians, whose hurtful fables so deprave the mind. How poignant the regret of all the juster sort, that so much goodness hath been preached against, so much greatness called by other names! His was a character to emulate, his a mind to revere. The sights HEAVEN favored him with, shall others see them? his story, will it ever be surpassed? Why should the mind reject the more marvellous of his tales? That they are wonderful, is to be deemed no common proof of their faithfulness: for to have seen those things, were with a man of sense the strongest inducement to the overcoming of that common repugnance to the making of books, which hath all along hindered the spread of learning. Let us not lightly esteem the man of genius. What though the Baron's fancy lightened somewhat the heavier portions of his task: forgive me, thou insulted Shade! if I have mentioned the Impossible, and thus seemed to sneer: how benevolent the design! how innocent the fond conception! So the great Trollope, mindless of the stricter critics, softened all the sterner

features of our western life, and bathed the brows of each back-woodsman in a perpetual halo. Thousands are blessing her for this, with every breath they draw. And Riley, piouslest of captains, wept and wondered, then wondered, wept again, that he was saved to tell of that miraculous path, with wavy walls about thirty feet apart; and should we marvel that in his hands the 'wonder grew,' when with it grew the goodness that worked the miracle for which he was so grateful? Let Munchausen rest: and sweet be his slumbers. Of his post-mundane travels how shall the tale enchant that world to which it will have been submitted!

There is a story was writ by one Gulliver, wherein he told what had befallen him in journeys seaward and by land. So pleasingly did he entice the willing reader, this latter knew not of the spell that bound him, until alack! he reached the end, and then breathed freer.' The tale is mostly true, however much some captious ones have cried with taunting bitterness: 'Show us this land where grow the pygmies, and that other which doth breed the huger giants; for we ourselves, having sailed that way, do aver that we have never seen such manner of thing.' These do not reflect that years, O many and long years! have passed since Lemuel wrote: and why may not these antipodean races, knowing each through him where lay the other's land, have crossed the sea and mingled into one?—or each have perished in the crossing; or died from some fell plague ere ever a bark was launched; or sunk in the deluging waves when the idea was a-conceiving? There are no Lilliputians now: no Brobdignagian giants have been seen of late, if we may not believe that they of Patagonia are the descendants of such: (which latter is not too bold a supposition, seeing that the land goes near to be the very same, and the men, when brave Magellan wrote, had not by much decreased in size.) With an inglorious pride of unbelief too, these carping skeptics affect to be merry over what they are pleased to term the 'mistake' of Gulliver, in making the pygmies no larger than the general thumb. Now see how prone to unbelief are the unthinking! For how narrowly did he escape destruction from their arrows: which, had they been larger by so much as a single hair, or sent with force only a grain the greater, must assuredly have killed him! So vanish all and kindred the clouds of sophistry in the light of reason; so melts the ice of incredulity in the genial sun of charity!

Of the archer fablists, they whom no good man will trust, is Mungo Park. Undoubtedly of Scotch descent, his mind partook of the imaginative character which is so marked a peculiarity of the inhabitants of Scotland. Indeed, we may find in his surname, the one by which he is known but not the true one, the directest proof of this. When but little more than an infant-in-arms, and ere his childish accent had adjusted itself to the niceties of the exquisitest Scotch inflexion, we find the wish which distinguishes the Traveller already uppermost in his mind. He vexed his tender-hearted mother with the most urgent and unseasonable entreaties to be allowed to travel. With infantile economy of syllables see him running about, at times ejaculating in a sort of feeble and disconsolate wail, the words, 'Maun go! maun go!' as it were the affecting expression of a foregone conclusion! Hence the deri-

sory and corrupted appellation, 'M'ungo.' How singular the vagaries which possess the youthful mind ! While his years were yet few, but when his body had attained to something like the required maturity, behold him yielding up the cherished dreams of a life and joining the artillery. Such was the ardor with which he embraced this new pursuit, that the feebleness of his time experienced what seems at this more sober day a sort of fiendish delight in complimenting him with the stinging and multiplying appellation, 'A Park of artillery.' Being with most military men in every age almost devoured by excessive pride, it is easy to conceive why this, of all wretched conceits, should have disgusted him with the army. Determined to distinguish himself in some way, as a means of rescuing his character from the despoiling hands of his enemies, behold him next on the Gold-coast of Africa ; in the garb of a traveller, indeed, but with no other claim to the title than the directest voyage thither could give him. With a love of money that will strongly incline many to favor the idea of some other paternity than that just claimed for him, we find him humbugging the Foolahs and Ashantees out of a vast many wedges of gold and abundant dust. Seated in the lowly edifice which shields the native from the mid-day sun, he drives a canny bargain, and closes the grateful labors of the day with a chapter of his travels, a hymn of thanksgiving, and a last affectionate pressure of the largest of his bags of shining ore. The 'Niger River,' then, remains a mystery. Its mouth, though never so ready, has yet to open to us its vast proportions; and its head, unlike that of the phoenix, refuses to emerge from the sand which forms the soil of that fabulous country. So obstinate was Park, in clinging to every detail of his first marvellous revelation that he might preserve for it the prestige of accuracy, that no persuasion, nor even the threats of his publisher, could induce him to so amend the orthography of his pet river's name, by the insertion of the needed 'g,' as to make it national, and suggestive of the race which peopled its banks. It seemed even, to his graver mind — so different from the general one of that nation of jokers to which he belonged — a species of unpardonable trifling, utterly unworthy even a much lighter theme. So much and more have we known the real interests of science to suffer from the vain whims of a capricious will !

Among the more imaginative of the modern writers of fictitious travels should be ranked the Baron von Humboldt. The original name of this individual was Bolt ; and he is one of that numerous family to the bosom of which the renowned traveller Sir Benjamin Bolt returned, after years of absence, finding dead many of his early associates ; among them his fair kinswoman, 'sweet Alice,' as she was used to be fondly termed by the neighbors. From the glaringly baseless nature of his visional fabrics, the Baron came to be known as 'Humbug Bolt ;' which in itself is not so singular an appellation, since it finds a parallel in the well-known 'Humbug Barnum.' Calling to mind a familiar contraction, we are led at once to 'Hum' Bolt. The last addition, the letter 'd' in the present orthography of the name, was made by the aristocratic Baroness, who, when they came to be endowed with a title, could not think of recognizing in any way the poorer remainder of the

family, and so Bol(d)ted them out. Unused to the confining of his splendid intellect to a bare recital of the uninteresting incidents of a journey, he does not fail to graft new graces upon the style of his predecessor, the Baron Munchausen. But alas! the reader's delight is all along painfully lessened by the consciousness that no reliance whatever can with safety be placed on most of his author's statements. It is only when his facts are corroborated by those of more reliable travellers, we find reason for believing he ever travelled at all. Perhaps the most charming of his descriptions, charming because our delight is not restrained by doubt, is that of the island on which Peter Wilkins found a home and a flying household. Humboldt discovered several of the pegs still left in the sward on which Mr. Wilkins made his net. He observed also near the fire-place a portion of a graundee, (undoubtedly a clipping,) which evidently had been used in dusting the hearth. Among the more pleasing portions of the Baron's writings may be mentioned his description of the island on which the Robinson family, of Switzerland, spent a few years so pleasantly. He corroborates in the minutest particular the former accounts of its extraordinary fruitfulness: and eats part of a strawberry much larger than any which formerly grew there. That favorite spot, upon which Nature bestows the productions of all the zones, is now uninhabited. A colony of three men and an equal number of ladies in delicate health, or four men and a boy, could be happy there: and in case of attack, how easy to fly to the glistening cave in the rock! Aside from the passages mentioned, the works of Humboldt are absolutely destitute of reliable information. It is a matter of regret with the right-thinking that this author should not have directed his really fine talents from their present unprofitable channel, into one devoted rather to the poetry of statistics than statistical poetry. Let us congratulate ourselves and the reading world, that some authors exhibit that honesty, that love of truth, not to mention the self-denial, which are requisite in the more serious walks of literature.

Now I myself have travelled: and the world shall one day read an history, the like of which hath not been writ of late. Such a work is not to be compassed in a week; but, that the literary palate may be informed of that delectable feast, shall I not afford some savory morsel?

WHEN I was in Italy, the Pope had a cold. A rumor was current that in a fit of squeamishness he had been unable to familiarize himself with the idea of soiling a new and particularly fine handkerchief which had been presented him by a favorite Cardinal; and having no other fear, had been forced to relieve the obstructed passages in the vulgar manner. His mind and tears having at length subsided into their usual channels, the man was hung who gave the first impetus to the story. The lesson was not lost on me: I came to reverence the papal character to that degree, that when I dined off a fowl I spared the Pope's Nose, and laid it carefully to one side with my thumb and finger.

With one or another of the princes of that place, I used to frequent the room in which was shown the Vatican — a large picture, executed two hundred years before, by one of the more tolerable among the

daubers of those times. On the back of it appears in various places the word 'Mike;' which, upon inquiry, I learned was the familiar diminutive by which this painter was known: whose family name, 'Angelo,' has singularly enough been also preserved. He was so unfortunate as to have the ridiculous conviction that he could paint; for had he possessed none of the insane ambition which characterized him, he might have earned a sure and honest livelihood by the graining of doors and painting of signs. So infatuated do men become in the contemplation of themselves! It would seem, from the reading of the not always reliable records of that age, that the ridiculous pretensions of this fellow were recognized by quite a number of the lesser *cognoscenti*, and were so preposterously fortunate as to meet the approval of the Pope himself. About the period of his best success, (for so it may not be amiss to term it,) he went out and built him a little shed, a kind of shanty, in the suburbs of the town, where he finished his greater 'works,' as he was pleased to name them. The roof had a narrow slit in it, through which, from the smallness of the space within, it was necessary to slide the canvas as the work progressed, commencing, as he always did, at the top. After his death—to which event we may readily conceive he was quite resigned, with the consciousness of eighteen thousand wretched daubs weighing on his mind—the little clique of pretentious critics which had clung to him and now worshipped his memory, projected the absurdity of converting his rural shed into a temple. Throwing up a spire from one corner, (which they afterward took down,) and a dome from the middle—which the plasterer, who modelled it, got quite too large the first time—they called it 'St. Peter's': keeping a man pacing about it continually, and sleeping in it at night, to prevent the indigent and not over-scrupulous populace from stealing the boards. It is said already, this man has wounded several with his bayonet. Once a year a carpenter is sent out, who gives the edifice a thorough overhauling, and stops the leaks in the roof. As he is paid for half-a-day's work, no matter how brief the time actually consumed, he has come to practise quite an imposition on the authorities, and has not been known of late to come home a moment before the expiration of the time. This is the heaviest expense the state is called to meet; and were it removed, with the consequent onerous taxation, it is thought by most the country would assuredly prosper. As the case is, we see how it languishes: the red hats of the Cardinals alone (to speak now of other drains on the treasury) costing above two dollars a-piece for the better kinds. It cannot be doubted that the existence of the state is mainly owing to the high tone of morals pervading the better classes, and the incorruptible honesty of the *lazzaroni*. With the exception of the same class in Ireland, these latter are the finest peasantry in the world. Their neat and cleanly appearance is attributed as much to the bent of the national taste as to the astonishing cheapness of washing materials. Their uniformly quiet and respectful demeanor has not failed to elicit the encomiums of travellers. I can say with truth, I did not give them a copper during the whole of my stay in their country. I felt that here was no place for the offering of these petty alms. I knew and respected their shrinkingly delicate, nice feelings.

There are many ruins in Italy, in a state of excellent preservation. There is one called the Coliseum, in which the imaginative have discovered some resemblance to a modern circus. What must stagger the theory of these, unless we suppose a class of performances quite different from the modern, is the smallness of the arena ; which in some parts I found to be but ten feet across. Here, it is said, were exhibited animals called Gladiators : common enough in those days, but now extinct, if we may not except the meaner species of that class, termed pugilists. The gladiator went on its hinder legs, and bore a general resemblance to the human being ; having an almost human fondness for personal encounters, single combats, and trials of strength. The Emperor Nero took a great deal of interest in these pleasing creatures ; and being the impersonation of kindness, was particular to have them well cared for. Such was their eagerness to excel, and merit in some faint degree his overwhelming kindness, they not unfrequently injured one another, and thus made a harmless amusement to wear somewhat of a sanguinary complexion. But these unnatural exertions, so far from giving the Emperor pleasure, in their affecting result would often move him to tears. Many times, unable longer to endure the dreadful sight, he has been known to clap his hands and cry, 'Go in ! go in !' upon which, in a little while, they generally went, or were carried in to their several stalls and properly cared for. To the kindest of hearts Nero added many and splendid accomplishments. He was an excellent musician, and his passion for the violin was so absorbing as to give it the appearance of a selfish indulgence. Happening one day, while in the midst of a favorite composition, to discover the city all in flames, he found it impossible to lay down his instrument until, to his distress, he learned it was quite too late to assist in saving any thing. Nero had his enemies : so had Richard the Third. Many are unreasonably prejudiced against him, even at the present day. They execrate his memory, and name dogs after him.

Italy was first cleared and cultivated by two peaceful husbandmen, Romulus and Remus by name, the original and undoubted Damon and Pythias. Their amiable characters have been the theme of the historian and the poet. Reclining on a grassy bank, and eyeing their flocks at intervals, they discoursed of Poetry — of the 'art of sinking,' in which they were the completest masters — and Angels ; or piped the tenderest madrigals in alternate strains. Since their time many excellent men have lived in Italy. At one period this social people invented a very amusing game called the 'Inquisition,' consisting of a series of immensely laughable questions and answers, and resembling, in the usual unexpectedness of the reply, the modern play of 'consequences.' Any one — even Satan — would have laughed at the affected severity of these Inquisitorial wags, and the exquisitely faithful imitations of the different forms of agony by their confederates. . To the uninitiated spectator these 'consequences' seemed any thing but pleasant : but we are assured by the Inquisitors themselves — from whom, if from any, we might hope for a reliable statement — that it did them all a deal of good : literally a 'world of good,' as the most died from mere excess of pleasure. Why a pastime so exquisite should have fallen into disuse,

were a difficult question, if we failed to remember the general level of degradation to which the popular mind has since descended. Of course, then, with a gradual elimination of the finer feelings it ought not to excite our wonder if the taste which prompted this refined amusement should vanish too.

AND now, O wondering and delighted reader ! how ought the world and thou to thank me for revealing even so little of those foreign parts wherein I have seen so much ! I could tell thee many things concerning this strange country, that perhaps are not more generally known : but already I may have said enough to induce thee and others to travel the world and see its many wonders : which, it must be confessed, is no mean aim in him who writes an history.

C O M F O R T .

BY EMILY G. HUNTINGTON.

ALL the great earth is full of dreary noises,
That jar forever on the spirit's ear ;
Yet down its steepes are borne the angel voices,
Slow, solemn hymnings, saintly sweet, and clear.

We sing hosanna while the spirit sigheth,
And say, ' Praise God,' while our poor hearts make moan :
But angels catch the whisper ere it dieth,
And sing it full and clear before the throne.

The world is dark, and dismal rains are weeping
On the cold graves of buried hope and love ;
Yet calm and pure the starlight white is sleeping
All our wild sorrow and our fears above.

Oh ! not alone, amid these earthly shadows,
Walketh the human on its darkening way ;
White wings are flashing round, and spirit fingers
Crown its pale brow with blessing, day by day.

And not in vain the beautiful Ideal
Slips ever from our eager grasp apart ;
Till yearning toward it from the barren Real,
We grave its holy image on our heart.

We list the angel chantings till our spirit
Takes up the cadence of their glorious psalm ;
Till the heart changes to the shadow o'er it,
And we grow *like* them, beautiful and calm.

Then, Soul ! be strong, thy heavenly birth-right owning ;
And wear thy suffering as a starry wreath :
For past the shore where waves of pain are moaning,
Lieth thy rest, white wings of peace beneath.

L I F E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.

BY DELL.

I.

'GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, grandmother, mother and child,
In the chamber together the hours beguiled:
The child plays: on jewels the mother 's intent:
The grandmother spins: great-grandmother bent,
By the stove is sitting in the easy chair:
How sultry and glowing becomes the air.'

II.

Thus says the child: 'To-morrow 's a holiday,
Then on the green sward I 'll dance and play:
Oh! how will I trip o'er hill and dale,
And gather the flowers that grow in the vale:
Oh! dearly I love the meads and dells!
Hear ye how the thunder swells ?'

III.

Said the mother: 'To-morrow 's a holiday;
Ah! then we 'll feast at the banquet gay!
My festive garb I now prepare;
Life has its joy as well as care:
Brightly will glow the sun in the dells:
Hear! again the thunder swells !'

IV.

The grandmother said: 'T is a holiday,
But little care I for sport or play;
The raiment I spin, the meals prepare:
Oh! life is allied with toil and care!
Happy is he whom duty impels.
Louder still the thunder swells.'

V.

Great-grandmother spake: 'T is a holiday,
But I shall only kneel and pray;
I cannot sing, nor I cannot jest;
I cannot toil or provide for the rest.
Then wherefore longer burden the world?
Lo! the thunderbolt is hurled !'

VI.

They heard it not, nor beheld the sight:
The chamber flames like a sea of light:
Great-grandmother, grandmother, mother and child,
Together are struck by the lightning wild:
One flash — four corpses together lay;
And to-morrow — to-morrow 's the holiday.

A R E Y O U H O N E S T ?

WHEN I went to see our eminent tragedian, Leatherlungs, play Hamlet, I was particularly impressed with the grandeur of his acting in his first scene with the fair Ophelia. He clutched that unfortunate young woman by the hand, and held her hard; then staring at her with eyes that resembled an astonished hippogriff's, he inquired of her in a tone of gurgling pathos, (to be heard only on the stage :) 'Are you honest?' The effect of this was startling. I was not surprised that Ophelia was terror-stricken at the fierceness of Leatherlung's countenance, when he propounded this purely personal question, especially as the sweet creature knew that her father and the king, combining and confederating with her to bamboozle her lover, were watching the interview from behind the wings. I was terrified myself; and fearing that the culmination of the tragedy would quite unnerve me, I left the theatre, and strolled up Broadway, admiring the muscular strength of Leatherlungs, the genius of Shakespeare, and the depth of meaning concealed in the question of Hamlet to Ophelia: 'Are you honest?'

And as that evening I sat in my window in the fifth story of our boarding-house on St. John's Park, (we bachelors used playfully to call that story the Fifth Avenue,) and looked at the stars shining down so changelessly and truthfully on tree and house-top and street, on the just and the unjust, with light so pure and eternal, the same question kept ringing in my ears, and I wished to go forth and ask it of every fair Ophelia I knew.

I am so agile in the Polka and Varsoviennne, that I am admitted in all our best society, albeit my lodgings are cheap; and I wish to whisper to my fair friends who are reigning beauties in our Republican court of Gotham, the same startling query: Young ladies! are you honest? You need not toss your pretty head so scornfully, Miss Clementina; you need not rustle that crinoline so indignantly, Miss Arabella; I am not to be put down by the toss of a fan: the impertinent question must be asked.

People are honest in two ways; honest to themselves, honest to others.

I make bold to speak to Miss Coupon first. Every body knows Miss Coupon—that is, every body who goes out of town in the summer knows her. She was gifted by fortune with a fine constitution, a good brain, a handsome presence, a rich father. She was kept for some years at one of our best schools, where accomplishment, solid learning, and moral principles are instilled by the quarter. That is an elegant library of hers, presented by her affectionate mother, (who procured it to be selected by the Rev. Dr. Fogg,) and its books are numerous and well-bound. She may have any thing else she can wish, from a handkerchief to a saddle-horse. She has only to long for an object, and she has it, if money can procure it. She might have some of the moon's silver, if her solemn father could find in market any exchange on that luminary. Every appliance for physical and mental development is at

her hand. And with all these ten talents, Miss Coupon, are you honest to your dear self? I own I was shocked when I met you at the ball lately given at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the indigent and self-sacrificing directors of that institution. How you are changed from the rosy school-girl, whose books I used to carry of a fine morning! I wish I dared to hiss peremptorily, fiercely, in your ear: 'Are you honest?' Were you made for such a life as you are leading now? Is it ungenteel to regard the laws of health? Should a woman live altogether on champagne and confectionery? Are paste-board slippers the thing for damp pavements? Is early quiet slumber good for the young girl; or is it better to go, as you go, at day-break, to a nervous, vision-haunted somnolence? Was that wonderful body given to you to be ruined by your vanity, ignorance, or wanton neglect? To be sure these are very rude questions — I beg pardon of Miss Prunes for suggesting that you have any physical functions; but when I look at your sallow cheek and sunken eye, and note your quick breath, and poor pinched waist, and think how HEAVEN created you for health and beauty and vigorous womanhood, and how you have robbed yourself of these treasures, I wax indignant, and exceed the bounds of common politeness.

And how is it with your inner life, Miss Coupon? You had a quick wit, a clear vision, fine taste, kind heart, when you were twelve years old. I used to admire you then, and dream of what you might become through generous nurture. Alas! are you honest to that mind and heart of yours? Have you fed them with pure food, strong meat and drink, or have you starved them with skimmed milk? What vapid trash you read when you read at all! What frivolous talk you are talking to young Twaddler now! Of course, we do not expect any thing very brilliant from you at a ball, especially at one so select as this; but Twaddler will testify that you talked no better when he called to see you alone the other evening. I could not wish you to be a book-worm, or a blue; but when you read, can you not commune dutifully with sages and poets of all time, whose words are kindling, quickening; and when you talk, standing as you do between two eternities, can you not now and then take heart of grace, and say what is earnest and noble, that the light within you may shine forth from the tomb wherein Frivolity has immured it, and beam brightly, to the joy of your old friends, and the utter blinding and confusion of young Twaddler? You think I am slow, and tell me to go among the owls with my wisdom. You are not honest enough to pay to Miss Coupon the respect you owe her. You prefer to be a director of the universal exposition of the vanity of women in New-York. You may be promoted to be President of this great institution, some day, and you will realize as much profit as the stock-holders of the Crystal Palace did.

My fair young friends, (without whose smiles this world, etc.,) are you honest to others? I cross to Brooklyn occasionally in a ferry-boat; I register letters in the Post-Office sometimes; I have even been so confiding as to sleep over the boiler of a Mississippi steamboat — may I trust you always?

I used last winter to go every Sunday evening to see my young friend Clara Jute. Miss Clara has fine deep-blue eyes, a brilliant complexion,

and as pretty a figure as you could wish to see. I called on Sunday evening because I was intimate with old Jute, (firm of Jute & Junk, South-street,) and we liked the New-England fashion of seeing one's friends after we had been refreshed by a day of rest. I will confess that I was well pleased with the style in which Clara used to meet me when I dropped in. Those deep-blue eyes would sparkle with delight when I appeared at the door, and as she laid her hand in mine, her cheek would glow with the most delighted suffusion in the world. Then, while old Jute nodded over the New-York Looker-on, we would stray off into a corner where there was not much light, and talk and talk, till the ridiculous little clock yelped out the hour for retiring: and meantime you would have thought that I was Clara's soul's idol, if you had observed the interest with which she listened to my words, and the sympathetic responses she made. I was vain and foolish, and proceeded to build a noble air-palace, in which Clara was queen, and your humble servant prince-consort, and wherein we lived in peace all the rest of our lives. This pleasant custom of quiet Sunday evening talks was kept up for some months, and I was on the very point of whispering my love; when happening in one Thursday evening, Miss Clara told me she had invited a few friends to call sociably — would I wait? Of course I would. So they came, the friends, six couples of them. Imagine my horror when Miss Clara's deep-blue eyes sparkled with the same delight at meeting these six young men as when I came myself. Her cheek was suffused with six successive blushes of genuine pleasure, though I had learned from her own lips that she considered four of the six young gentlemen to be fools. Then she led the six respectively to a cosy corner and talked with each as enthusiastically and tenderly as ever she had talked with me. To one of the four fools she seemed, to my jealous eyes, to be fairly pouring forth her soul. I did not propose to Miss Clara, as you may imagine; but poor Biggs did, as every body knows, and was most contemptuously rejected. Did Biggs proclaim his defeat from the house-tops and in the market-places; or did you, Clara, impart to your babbling acquaintance with full particulars, and numerous well-executed illustrations, his great secret so trustfully confided to your keeping? Are you a female Brigham Young, trying to win twenty husbands? Can you devise no shades of cordiality? or rather does not your vanity and desire for power lead you to greet us foolish men with a warmth not from the heart, with smiles that are deceitful, and blushes that are as false as your mother's teeth, and eye-kindlings that are bog-candles?

My friend Quill is a man of literary tastes. He persists in a most exemplary manner in talking on literary themes in general society. One evening he got well paid for his presumption. He was introduced to a well-dressed young woman at Mrs. Ipecacuanha's great ball, and instead of dancing with her, as he ought to have done, he commenced to discourse with her about his favorite books and characters. The well-dressed young woman declared herself a perfect devotee at the shrine of literature — she revelled in books. Quill thought he had found a rejuvenated Hannah Moore. He became excited by his discovery, and talked fast and well. In browsing together over the fields

of fiction, they came to Scott's Novels, and of course, to Rob Roy. I overheard the following little scene :

QUILL : ' And is not Rob Roy a charming story ? '

YOUNG LADY : ' Oh ! yes, indeed — very charming ! '

QUILL : ' And Die Vernon, what a noble character Die Vernon is ! '

YOUNG LADY : ' Yes, indeed — he is a noble hero : how becoming the kilt must have been to him ! '

Quill was shocked, and so was I when I looked at his haggard face. Not that there is any harm in not having read Rob Roy, or in being ignorant of the sex of the lovely Die Vernon ; but think of the horrible dishonesty of trying to obtain a literary reputation under false pretences, to say nothing of the indelicacy of arraying a lady in a kilt ! O well-dressed young woman, consider how much better than any literary culture, or even high literary fame, is a truthful heart ! You may be gentle and kind and charming, without having read Scott's novels ; you cannot be honest, if, not having read them, you pretend to Quill that you have. Continue to dress well, for dress is becoming to you ; be stupid, if HEAVEN made you so ; but keep your conscience clear, and try, with such optics and might as you have, to discern and do the truth.

My fair reader, (and let me tell you privately, I think you are one of the sweetest girls in America,) when you plighted your troth to Augustus, did you really love that innocent young gentleman, or did you and mamma consider him a pretty fair match, and did papa indorse him and offer him to you, like a bill at sixty days, for your acceptance ? When you met Wilhelmina last evening and kissed her so prettily on each cheek, did you do so because you love Wilhelmina, or simply to impress Augustus with the notion that you are very affectionate and forgiving in your disposition ? Wilhelmina having, as he well knows, spoken evil of you and you having heard of it. And as to the amiable Augustus himself, is there any truth in the story that you keep him off and on, as a last resort in case you should not succeed in your designs upon the fascinating Cæsar ? Do you admire club-men, who are adepts at poker and faro more than the slow coaches who roll on soberly and faithfully in the chosen path of duty ? When your Uncle Peter came from the country to visit this great brick-veneered-with-brown-stone Babel, why did you hide him up-stairs when Augustus called ? As if Peter were not a leviathan, intellectually and morally, as well as physically, when compared with Augustus. Perhaps, considerate young woman, you did not wish to dwarf Augustus by the comparison. Are you really fond of the divine harmonies of music, that you gape so persistently at the opera on every subscription night, and whisper and flirt so regularly at the Philharmonic ? I have heard of your charities, too : how you dance and eat chicken salad, with touching devotion, for the benefit of the poor ; but have you thought of going yourself to the tenement-house, among the very poor, where cold and hunger stalk about with gaunt faces and hollow eyes, and hope and kindness are fairly frozen ? What is charity but love, and how can you profess you love these poor neighbors of yours, when you will only polk for their benefit, and will not go about among them doing good, cheering the faint-hearted, strengthening the struggling soul, nursing the sick, mak-

ing yourself, my fair reader, an 'angel in the house' of poverty and mourning?

Ah! Julia, Caroline, Portia, if I had gone to Mrs. Ipecacuanha's ball in a black domino and mask, she would have been astonished and indignant that I should thus disguise myself, her ball, as every one knows, not being a masquerade; yet I saw one of you there, I will not say which one, as completely unlike your true self as if you had assumed the character of the White Lady of Avenel. That was not the face that Nature gave you; your smile was as unreal as any ever painted on a mask; you were disguised so that Mrs. I. knew you only by name. And so you go everywhere the merriest masker in this winter's carnival. Alas! for the bloom of innocent health, the hope of innocent eyes, the faith of a pure heart! Merrily squeaks the fiddle, gayly goes the flirtation, grandly rolls the carriage; the Carnival is short, and then comes Lent; youth is short, and then comes old age or death; what though the gold be pinchbeck and the diamonds paste, is not the pageant gorgeous? And so you whirl and whirl, till you are dizzy, so dizzy that, God help you — you are ready to fall!

What a noble creature is a truly honest woman: honest to herself, and therefore self-developing, self-ennobling; honest to others, and therefore unaffected; loving good and hating injustice; filled with gentleness and long-suffering; trusting HEAVEN and men with a pure faith; ever doing her duty cheerfully, whether in the whirl of gayety, or the quieter mirth of the social gathering, or the deep happiness of home. How we sinful, hard-hearted young fellows would bow in reverence before such a one, if she stood suddenly revealed to us, even as good Catholics bow when the Host is elevated amid swinging censers and mysterious melodies from hidden choirs. I will tell you (in the strictest confidence) that I have now before me an ambrotype, and in its soft lines, the quiet eyes, the broad, smooth forehead, the firm yet gentle mouth, I see such a character. I would rather look at this poor reflection of a woman's face than at the best of Durand's sun-sets or Kensett's running brooks.

When my salary is raised, there will be one of the happiest little weddings you ever saw.

D R E A M F A C E S .

BY HORACE RUBLEE.

THE faces that we see in dreams
Are radiant, as if gleams
From some diviner world than this:
A sweeter, sadder tenderness
Darkens the depths of loving eyes:
A more seraphic beauty lies
On lip and brow, than ever yet
The gaze of waking mortal met.

O blessed mystery of sleep!
That can recall from out the deep
Of vanished years, and from the tomb,
The loved and lost to life and bloom:
That makes each memory a bright
Reality, and fills the night
With gladness and sweet thoughts that stay
Like lingering perfume through the day.

M Y B O U Q U E T .

I.

In sallying forth from my chamber one day,
 Demurely intent on my supper prospective,
 And quietly humming the air 'Charming May'
 In temper most gay, but in mind most reflective :
 I stopped like a statue transfixed with surprise,
 For lo! from the latch of the just-closing door,
 And sparkling with rain-drops, all tremulous hung
 A garland of blossoms, and pendulous swung
 With the sway of the door before my charmed eyes,
 And thence trailed in beauty adown to the floor.
 'Ah! surely,' I said, 'by this token I see
 Some Oread sprite has been visiting me.'

II.

The carol stood hushed in its flow on my lips,
 For Nature's strange beauty brings silence to me :
 As a bird in the forest, 'mid surgerent song,
 By the hush of that forest is quelled to a dream :
 His musical mouth in the waters he dips
 That float through the fern-banks their murmurous stream,
 And jubilant of the cool surface he sips ;
 While dies the far echo the flowers among ;
 So faded the sound of my singing from me.

III.

A thought then at once had its birth in my soul :
 They came from some heart that was kindred to thee ;
 As the waves of the green shore that undulant roll
 Meet the waves that return from the billowy sea ;
 And when by its author the gift was confessed,
 As we stood on the shore of the whispering river,
 I looked on the eloquent face of the giver,
 And these were the thoughts that arose in my breast.

IV.

May the white dove of faith sit serene on thy heart
 As the cup of the lily thou gavest to me ;
 And the flame of the asters all typical be
 Of the warmth in thy nature, unsullied by art ;
 May the clear crown of duty sit regnant and fair
 On the brow of thy life, like a chaplet of flowers,
 Beguiling to gladness the lapse of the hours,
 Faint shadow of that thou hereafter shalt wear.
 We part in the present, but truly as oft
 As the shore of my heart's washed by wave-thoughts of thee,
 May the eloquent future shed blessings as soft
 As the spell of these blossoms shed beauty on me !

THE MASQUERADE OF HATE.

SISTER Rose and I were at Newport last summer ; hence the title of this story.

When in my comfortable, quiet, yet beautiful home on the Susquehanna, I read ' My Novel,' I came upon this passage :

' In the Gothic age grim Humor painted ' the Dance of Death ; ' in our polished century some sardonic wit should give us the ' Masquerade of Hate.' '

There, surrounded with comfort, luxury, and beauty ; with that feeling of security which one's home gives, all about me ; the bad passions had retired into the back-ground of my imagination and lived there, shadows without form or reality ; and I thought as I read this passage how over-strained, unreal, and melo-dramatic it was. Yet I could not forget it ! A Masquerade of Hate ! Every thing about me suggested peace. The river, broad, beneficent, and tranquil, flowed ever onward for good. The trees, the flowers, the sky, all was beauty, all was the handiwork of Love ; yet I read again the words of the great master of English romance, and an inward voice told me that I should one day recognize a truth in them.

The fine passage which follows : ' Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate, how detect, how guard against it ! It lurks where you least suspect it ; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee ; and civilization multiplies its varieties, while it favors its disguise ; for civilization increases the number of contending interests, and refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of self-love. But hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded ; and dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offence ! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life ; you may be hated as often by one whom you have loaded with benefits ; you may so walk as not to tread on a worm ; but you must sit fast in your easy-chair until you are carried out to your bier, if you would be sure not to tread on some snake of a foe.'

Hate ! a word I had almost forgotten. My own past, how secure it had been from the ugly monster thus startlingly summoned before me by the wand of the enchanter ! I remembered how guarded my youth had been, the child of prosperity, the early loved. I had known no sorrow, scarcely disappointment, until a great grief came and shrouded me as with a veil from any other experience, for I was now thirty, and had been ten years a widow.

The few years of society and the gay world which came between my school-days and early marriage were so bright, so full of pleasure, that I looked back upon ' society ' as a land full of beauteous images, fair women, great men, sensible, brilliant, witty conversation, music, dancing, all that can charm the imagination and the senses, a refined luxury giving richness to the picture, an early love lending it romance and poetry.

When the chief figure was stricken out of this picture, I never wished to look upon it again. I knew that in looking upon the brilliant surface I should see only that void. So I had lived a quiet, retired life, surrounded only by the nearest and dearest friends, until grief had become melancholy, and finally, perhaps, only something less than that; but the world I had forgotten.

Was then this brilliant pageant, called society, but a masquerade? Were men and women bowing, smiling, caressing and entertaining each other but to forward their own ends; to advance their own interests? Was there a skeleton at every feast? — and hidden by a mask of polite and elegant demeanor, did jealousy, distrust, scandal, detraction walk among the guests?

Hate! a potent word; it colored the landscape, it darkened the sun, it gave to the soft summer breeze a harsh and severe sound. I felt as if a disagreeable presence had stolen into my life and shut out the tranquillity and happiness; when there appeared walking on the green sward beneath my window, Sister Rose.

No disagreeable presence was sister Rose. She banished hate and brought back light to the sun, music to the breeze. Sister Rose was seventeen; sweet, beautiful, and colored like the rival flowers of York and Lancaster; she was the youngest, fairest bud on our ancestral tree; and though thirteen years separated her from me, we were sisters in the fondest, truest sense, in mutual confidence and love, dashed with a sort of maternal authority on my part, a sort of deferential daughterhood on hers.

She was all the world to me, dear sister Rose!

Mrs. Gibson walked by sister Rose on the green. Mrs. Gibson was a gay lady, who had come to pay us a visit. As they walked, their conversation floated up to me through the still June air.

'And Newport is so delightful?' asked sister Rose.

'Oh! perfectly delightful. The climate of Italy and the best people in the United States. Such a charming set of people in the cottages; yes, and palaces too! Such gay scenes at the Bellevue, the Fillmore; the Ocean is a little fast perhaps, but very nice people there too. Such drives! such bathing, such dressing, such a dear old picturesque town! Oh! there is nothing like Newport, nothing! nothing!'

'I should so like to go!' said Rose.

'And why not? Make Mrs. Clifton take you. Plenty of money, youth, beauty, good family; you should go! Come to Philadelphia with me, and we shall get a beautiful wardrobe prepared and — *nous verrons!*'

'But I do not believe sister Laura would like to leave her retirement: she has been quiet so long!'

'But she must not be quiet; she is shutting you out from that world to which you belong. In the name of that wronged and bereft world I claim you, and you must come. She must give you up!'

So afterward argued Mrs. Gibson at greater length, so gently urged Rose. So finally my own judgment told me that Rose should peep at the world, that great, entrancing, sparkling world, only faintly fore-

shadowed to her in the dancing-school balls, the accounts of Mrs. Gibson, the magazine stories !

Armed and equipped with dresses, French maid, (whom we found a horrible tyrant,) and accompanied by Mrs. Gibson and a large party of her friends, we found ourselves rather startled and uncomfortable at Newport one hot day in August. Hot ? no, not so very hot, but dusty, uncomfortable. Every thing was new, our dresses were new, and rather tight ; our crinoline was prodigious ; our heads, accustomed only to our own dressing, were screwed into unimaginable torment by our maid Matilde. In this state I ate my first dinner and took a survey.

Fortunately our dresses (thanks to Mrs. Gibson, who had taken a contract to dress us as if we were two French dolls, and had fulfilled it to admiration) were very handsome. We were spared the humiliation of finding ourselves badly dressed at Newport, perhaps one of the greatest of the *petites misères* of life ! We had good rooms ; we were introduced right and left ; we had the golden key which unlocks exclusive Fashion's innermost wicket door — we had money !

Another advantage we had, we were new. A something to do is the great want of the Newport *habitués*, and a something to talk about the absolute necessity. For a few days we furnished them occupation ; at the end of three Mrs. Paston, who sat opposite us at table, knew all about us : that we had had a distant relative in the Cabinet of one of the Presidents ; that we had so much (and no more) money ; what the family politics were ; what religion we professed ; and Mrs. Paston sought our acquaintance, and we entered on the Newport course with heavy bets on our success.

Shadow of Sutherland ! did you rise before me to suggest that equine simile ?

Well, to return to my first dinner : next me sat Mr. Gibson, a man whose vision, though straight enough as to the physical eye, was singularly oblique when contemplated with that second set of optics which we all possess, and which looks beyond and behind the other. To have contemplated Mr. Gibson with this second pair of eyes, (which never grow feeble with years, and only need spectacles in extreme youth,) one would have seen that he was afflicted with a sort of moral strabismus, and that some things were lamentably confused to him, while others were peculiarly adapted to his angle of vision ; for instance, Mr. Gibson never failed to see what he defined as a 'person of consequence,' and was as blind as Belisarius to a person of 'no consequence.' Perhaps, however, he was as good a cicerone at Newport as I could have had, though for 'guide, philosopher and friend' in any other sphere, I should not have chosen him.

'Who is that young man who looks so much like a horse ?' I asked of Mr. Gibson.

'My dear Mrs. Clifton, how can you say such things ? That is Mr. Sutherland, a young man of the greatest consequence ! He is very rich, very aristocratic, a little given to gaming, and they say, rather too fond of horse-racing, and such little expensive amusements ; however, if he does n't injure his fortune no matter ; he will soon have sown his wild oats.'

'He looks to me as if he were in the habit of eating them.'

'He! he!' said Mr. Gibson, who never laughed sincerely at any joke at an aristocrat.

'And who is that little woman who looks so much like a poodle-dog?'

'Now, Mrs. Clifton, you are too bad! That is Mrs. Smithson, the most exclusive woman here. Allow me to say, that if Mrs. Smithson and Mrs. Paston ask to be introduced to you, your fortune is made! I mean at Newport!'

I must confess I was a little angry at the imagined condescension of these ladies; but I knew Mr. Gibson, and I forgave him, for I remembered his strabismus.

'Who is the lovely woman with roses in her hair, who is taking such care of the stupid little man by her side?'

'Ah! that is Mrs. Morris Borrowe, the beauty, the petted of fortune, so amiable, so careful too! Never hear any thing against Mrs. Morris Borrowe! And the little man, twice her age, is Mr. Morris Borrowe, married by an ambitious mother: every one said too bad; but immensely rich. She really seems to like him though; perhaps wary and deep — do n't know; these innocent-looking ones are *the ones* sometimes, Mrs. Clifton, he! he!'

If Mrs. Morris Borrowe was a 'deep one' she was very deep, for innocence and truth sat enthroned on her face, and kindness beamed from her whole demeanor.

'Who is that fine intellectual man down the table?'

'Ah! Warden Wood, very distinguished, but not a marrying man.'

'And the blink-eyed youth?'

'Mrs. Paston's son; very good dancer.'

'And the nice-looking party beyond. I mean the father and daughter?'

'DO N'T KNOW THEM,' answered Mr. Gibson with withering enunciation. I wonder if any description of type can give the force to this remark which Mr. Gibson gave. It was as if the destroying angel said to shivering wretches on the brink of the gulf: 'Go down and never hope to rise! Twice wretched wretches, go down! *down!* down!'

There is nothing in Milton more terrific than this sentence, pronounced by your true worldling. It says unimaginable things, and little as I knew of the world, I felt a solemn conviction that that father and those daughters were driven out of the inner world of fashion as utterly as was Lucifer ejected from Paradise.

Sister Rose had a distinguished success the first dinner, for Mr. Sutherland, who sat opposite, began to stare at her. Poor Rose, looking up unconsciously, saw his eyes fixed upon her, and looking down, blushed over face, neck, and arms. Sutherland was not accustomed to that sort of thing; the coy maidens at whom he generally stared, were past blushing, and he doubtless had a sensation very like that which a thirsty traveller experiences when he finds a fresh strawberry by the side of a dusty road — he intended from that moment to refresh himself with the unexpected fruit.

Mr. Gibson found it out immediately. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'Sutherland is staring at Rose! That is an immense compliment.'

'An immense insult,' said I, taking fire at once.

'Now, Mrs. Clifton, be quiet; my good friend, you do not know this world as I do. Why, men will look at handsome girls, and Sutherland is a little spoiled; but a man of *such* position! Do listen to reason, and *be quiet*. If you want to have Rose see society, you must not quarrel with it at once because some of its modern innovations do not square with your very retired and peculiar notions.'

'But, Mr. Gibson, my 'retired notions,' as you please to call them, have been considered the rules of gentlemanly conduct since the world was young. Why, what did chivalry mean; what does poetry, romance, mean; what does civilization mean, if not, that man being strong shall protect, yes graciously and respectfully protect, woman, and not insult her — stare —'

'You talk very well, dear Mrs. Clinton, I do n't doubt, uncommonly well; but it has no sort of effect at Newport — not the least, *not the least*! You might talk forever about chivalry, but I rather think nobody, at least not the young men, would know what you meant; and if they did, they would not care, no, not they. They would stare just as much, and the girls do n't dislike it — he! he! Mrs. Clifton!'

Well, I thought I would swallow my disgust and bear with 'modern innovations.' I had come to Newport; I was undoubtedly rustic, my ideas might change.

After dinner I was presented to several ladies. They were faultlessly dressed, handsome, many of them fine musicians and good linguists, and I anticipated much pleasure. What were the subjects we talked about? The rival claims of the different houses!

There, with the 'far-resounding sea' singing immortal anthems in our ears, with a night above our heads such as Lord Byron writes verses about, and compares (as some body irreverently says) to 'a black-eyed woman,' these educated, accomplished creatures could find nothing to say but on the all-important point of which was the most fashionable, the Fillmore or the Bellevue!

I asked Mrs. Paston who was the fine-looking woman in blue whom I saw in the parlor.

'Oh! that is Mrs. Akerly, an old friend of mine; but we do not speak now, for we are at the rival houses!'

The tyranny of ideas is a power which knows no limits. It made Martin Luther fling his ink-stand at the gentleman in black; it sent Napoleon to St. Helena; it is the force which drives men to the Crimea to starve and die; and it descends so low that it even makes the women hate each other, because they charge themselves with the honor of two rival taverns!

Sister Rose had a success; Sutherland admired her; other young men followed; she danced perpetually, had flowers, and all the insignia of bellehoo. She enjoyed it; it was her right: I could but admire the woman's instinct which taught her so readily what to do with her newly-acquired honors. She was gay, but reserved with Sutherland, whose character she read at a glance; she was amused with the satir-

ical Warden Wood ; she liked (I feared too much) Tracy, a well-appointed youth, who followed her much ; but she bore her blushing honors well. I had never been beautiful like Rose, and I enjoyed the sweet power it gave her, for her sake and my own.

All was going on well. I was bathing, talking, amusing myself with the new revelations which society was teaching me ; and although my high ideal of the conversation and elevation of that sect began to give way to a reality somewhat low, I enjoyed myself. There is a fascination in a gay pageant, whether you find meaning in it or not.

One profound discovery I had made, which was this, if you would succeed in society, you must at least pretend to be a fool !

There was Mrs. Morris Borrowe, whom I had got to know, and who frequently took me to drive. She was charmingly natural, bright, and even witty when we were alone, having a remarkable insight into character ; but when we returned to the circle of our hotel, she became almost rapid ; a well-bred languor over-spread her features. She said nothing but common-places ; no emotion betrayed itself on her trained features.

O shadow of Maintenon, of Pompadour, of Espinasse, of Recamier ! was this your idea of being charming ? We wear your dresses, we copy your graces ; why cannot we follow your sprightly footsteps still farther, and dare to be witty and wise as you were, at your dear little suppers ? Is it because there are fools in high places, and we must follow the fashion, as we do of an ugly collar, (because a duchess has a king's evil,) and be fools if we can — if not, play that we are ?

One of the wits of Newport was Mr. Semple. He was very well born and bred, and it was considered proper to laugh at his jokes. He, as it seemed, had taken out a license to be funny ; all other wit was contraband ; he *might* be laughed at.

'Mrs. Clifton,' he drawled one evening, 'do you know that to-day I have made an atrocious pun ? I said that the names of the houses should be split, and ours should be called the 'Fill-belle,' and *that* the 'Vue-More,' from the names Fillmore and Bellevue. We are *filled with belles*, and they could *view more* without hurting them !'

A silvery laugh echoed through the rooms. We all dared to be amused, and this gigantic achievement of wit passed into one of the legends of Newport intellectuality.

One of the ladies of Newport had, as I had always supposed, a very enviable reputation for her wit, learning, and cleverness ; but I found this was a positive disadvantage to her ; for on asking Mr. Semple about her, he seemed rather disgusted, and answered me :

'Very good house, nice position, rich, but too chatty ; oh ! decidedly too chatty !'

The second week of our stay still found Rose the reigning belle of the house. Neither Miss Chase who sang, nor Miss Brown who played, nor Miss Robinson, whose mamma manœuvred, had any thing to compare with Rose in point of success. And then came the unmasking !

I went to dress one day for dinner quite late, and had not time to read a dirty note which I found on my table, and which I supposed was some begging letter ; and seeing it lie there still unread, as I was

going to take my afternoon drive with Mrs. Borrowe, I put it hastily in my pocket to read on the way.

The afternoon was beautiful, and as Mrs. Borrowe looked out on the sea, she quoted Horace Smith's fine lines :

'To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose shining lamps the sun and moon supply :
Its choir, the winds and waves ; its organ, thunder ;
Its dome, the sky.'

The ' choir of winds and waves ' was chaunting its majestic anthem. Nature was grand, calm, and beneficent. I could not help asking Mrs. Borrowe if she did not sometimes find society tedious and unsatisfactory.

' Yes, but it has attractions. I know I am born for something better : but I love it ; I cannot escape from it ; I believe we should all live with each other ; and if the mass is stupid, let us do our individual mite to make it brighter.'

' But *do* we ? do we not all take a lower tone when we mingle with society ? Would you now, dear Mrs. Borrowe, have dared to quote that splendid simile, which you have just spoken so appropriately, if you had been in the parlor at the hotel ?'

' No, because as Cecil says, (that worldly wise Cecil !) ' We must, to succeed in society, consent to lose our individuality, and float along with the mass, distinguished only for our extreme resemblance to all the rest.' And we must all remember that hate, envy, detraction, are always lying in wait for the successful person ; and if I am so unfortunate as to command any excessive admiration, I suffer for it. The most successful persons I know in society, are women who have neither beauty nor wit, who dress well, and while they alarm and wound no one's vanity, are still sought for their position, tact, and ' knowledge of the world,' which means, never showing any other kind of knowledge.'

At this moment I remembered my letter, and drew it from my pocket.

It was a badly-spelled, badly-written letter ; saying that the writer felt bound to tell me that he had seen Mr. Sutherland kissing my handsome sister, Miss Rose, in the dusk of the evening before, as they were walking on the piazza ; and that he (the writer) had some other facts to communicate, which he would do for five dollars, if I would write him a note, and leave it on the table when I went to dinner, in my own parlor.

I supposed it was some waiter who wished to get money from me, and showed it to Mrs. Borrowe. She looked it over attentively.

' This is from no waiter. It is a lady's hand disguised. It is done to create a talk. The person who wrote it imagines that you will be frightened, and will mention it to the landlord, or some person about the house : you will complain of your parlor being entered by some waiter or servant, and the story will leak out ; and having thus a real foundation for *half* the story, a number of false ones will be erected on that. It is simply a plot, dictated by hate, to injure Rose.'

' Impossible ! What has Rose done to any body ?'

' Nothing, intentionally ; but every thing, *unintentionally*. She

has been handsome, admired. Nothing could be so great a crime : for such crimes women have been poisoned ; for such a crime, this letter has been written.'

We drove several miles in silence. Mrs. Borrowe at length broke it :

'I wish you would do what I suggest about this letter.'

'Well ?'

'Write an answer and leave it on your table, saying you wish to know more.'

'But you assure me that is what the writer wants ?'

'Yes ; but I propose to foil the perpetrator with her own tools. I think I see a well-known hand in this.'

After some conversation on this point, I consented to follow Mrs. Borrowe's advice.

When we reached home it was quite dusk, and I went to find Rose. She had been driving with Mrs. Gibson, whom I met in the hall, and who said she had been home an hour.

Rose was not in my own room or hers ; and Matilde, my maid, said she had come in very hurriedly, taken a shawl, and gone out again.

I waited an hour very uneasily. Then I went out to see Mrs. Gibson again. She knew nothing of her ; said she walked off, talking with Sutherland and some young ladies, after the drive.

At this moment one of the young ladies came in, and said she had returned with Rose and Sutherland just before I drove up, and thought Rose must be in her own room, dressing for the hop.

I went again : there was the dress she was to wear, but no Rose. I was getting more and more alarmed.

I went to Mrs. Borrowe. She was frightened too. She asked me if I had perfect confidence in Rose, that she could not be deceiving me.

'Perfect, perfect.'

'Then, this is a plot to annoy you, like all the rest. Now be calm ; you must dress, and go to the hop to-night ; tell every body that Rose did not come because she had a head-ache : be perfectly cool about it ; and I will look for Rose. She is safe, depend upon it ; but, if you wish to save her and yourself a terrible scandal, do not show that you are anxious about her.'

There was something so perfectly convincing in Mrs. Borrowe's manner, that I submitted.

Matilde exclaimed at my pale cheeks and haggard expression.

'If Madame would but color a leetle. She has the distinction, the air, the every thing, but she has not the complexion. Would Madame be brilliant for the ball, and permit me to color with discretion ?'

'Do what you like, Matilde.'

So Matilde produced, from her own magazines, bottles and boxes, and proceeded to make me up : a drawing sensation of the skin convinced me that a color, 'charming, natural,' like that which bloomed perpetually on the cheek of Matilde, was blushing on my own. My eye-brows, my hair, were also touched with various brushes and other instruments. After receiving the treatment which is generally bestowed on the 'portrait of a lady,' instead of the lady herself, I was pronounced finished, and looked at myself.

I hardly knew the enamelled visage which presented itself. This, then, was one sort of 'mask,' which I had not remembered. It was easier than I thought, to hide the anxiety which gnawed at my heart. I could better appear unconcerned behind this face.

'Come,' said Mrs. Borrowe, knocking at my door; 'here is Warden Wood waiting to escort you. Bless me! how well you look! I *am* on the track,' she whispered; 'be composed! There is nothing wrong.'

Mr. Warden Wood was too well-bred to notice my abstractions, if indeed I showed any; and I cannot remember much of this evening, except that he and others complimented me much on my appearance, and that in the many inquiries for Rose, I thought Mrs. Paston and Mrs. Smithson looked more interested than the occasion required; and both asked where was Mr. Sutherland.

Some unexpected inspiration enabled me to say, with an indifferent tone: 'Oh! I suppose he does not care to come, if my sister is not here.'

I was so excited and distressed, that the effort to play so unnatural a part was rapidly depriving me of all my strength, when I saw Mrs. Borrowe enter with Sutherland.

I had always detested this man; but at this moment he looked perfectly beautiful to me. He came up with Mrs. Borrowe, and after paying me some compliments, asked for my fair sister.

I made some inane answer, and a subtle attraction drew my eyes toward Mrs. Paston: her face was distorted with rage, but became smiling immediately.

As Sutherland passed her, she gave him a look from which he quailed, and I have since observed, that all the evil which the world had previously said of Sutherland, was praise, compared with what Mrs. Paston afterwards treated him to.

'I have not found Rose,' whispered Mrs. Borrowe; 'but I found Sutherland, which was next best; and I made him come here with me, although he did n't want to; but he came because he wants me to invite him to my supper-party next week: and if matters are as I suspect, he has been used by some ladies here to affix suspicion on Rose; and being seen here himself, is so much in her favor. How well you look! What a color! Why, anxiety becomes you!'

'O dear woman! I am all painted up; and I am dying of anxiety about Rose: do let me go; I shall drop down if you do not.'

So Mrs. Borrowe, serene and smiling, piloted me to the door. We left Sutherland dancing madly; and with head almost bursting with pain, I reached my own room.

There, on the table, was a note written in pencil, to this effect:

'DEAR LAURA: Jeannie Millwood is quite ill, and wants me to come over and spend the night with her. I do n't care for the hop. Yours, affectionately,
ROSE.'

I had suffered enough during these few hours to give me the right to faint away, which I did immediately, and on coming to, sent for Mrs. Borrowe, who shared in my relief, as she had in my anxiety.

'Now, be quiet, dear Mrs. Clifton, and to-morrow we will get at the bottom of this mystery. This note Rose evidently left where you could

see it, and it was taken away by the same hand which was employed to bring you the anonymous communication. To-morrow you will write an answer to that, and leave it on your table when you go to dinner : depend there is a plot to be unravelled.'

I waited impatiently for the morning to dawn ; and as soon as the house was opened, I put on my bonnet and went over to the other hotel, where I soon found Jeannie Millwood's sick-room. There, on a sofa, lay sister Rose, quietly sleeping. The invalid was awake, and told me that as Rose had read to her nearly all night, she had asked her to lie down and get a little sleep.

I went across the room, and kissed the cheek flushed with unaccustomed vigils. I determined, as I looked on the innocent face, and thought of all her sweet and lovely qualities, that my Rose should henceforth open in some purer and better atmosphere than that of a watering-place.

I followed Mrs. Borrowe's advice, and wrote a few words, and leaving the note on my table, went to dinner as usual. The scene which followed may best be described in theatrical parlance.

The company being well seated at dinner, a woman stealthily creeps across the deserted passage-way, and enters my parlor, looks cautiously around, and is on the point of seizing the note, when the door to the left, leading to bed-room, opens, and exit Mrs. Borrowe, Mrs. Graham, Lewis, and one or two more, who surround the frightened woman, who proves to be Mrs. Paston's maid, and who, on the occasion of this unexpected detection, falls on her knees, implores pardon, says that her mistress has sent her, etc., etc., etc.

The noise and confusion of this scene reached the dining-room, and several ladies left the table. Mrs. Paston and Mrs. Smithson remained with perfect *sang froid* in their seats.

The only sufferer was the poor waiting-maid, who was discharged, as being too fond of falsehood and intrigue ; and if Sutherland had not turned state's evidence, and confessed that these two lovely queens of fashion had requested him to stay out of sight on the night of the hop, promising him in return that he should see Rose in the parlor of one of them, we should never have known how much was mistress and how much was maid.

Mr. Gibson and I held a final meeting on the subject of Newport in my parlor just before we came away.

Mrs. Paston was announced. I sent back her card.

'Why do you, my dear friend ? Why, you will make an enemy for life of the woman,' screamed the frightened Gibson.

'Is that left to be done ? Is she not as much my enemy now as she ever could be ?'

'But not *openly* ! Do remember her position, and ignore the *facts*. Charge it all to servants, servants, who are always bad : it is better to believe that the waiting-maid lied than to lose Mrs. Paston.'

'But I know ——'

'I know you do ; but here is a perfect opportunity to pretend that you do n't know.'

'But why pretend?'

'Because that is *society*. If we did not *pretend*, we could not support the present structure of *society*. The truth is a very harsh and awkward thing, and should not be spoken at all times. That is a charming idea, doubtless, in poetry and romance, but it do n't do at Newport.'

The Masquerade of Hate! The romance of *society* was gone. It was too truly a masquerade, brilliant, charming to the senses, but horribly false, fatally untrue. The guests could not be unmasked. Should the veil be pulled aside, more horrible would be the revelation than that of the 'Dance of Death!'

Yet was not all barren. I had found Mrs. Borrowe in it and not of it; her friendship was worth the whole: and Rose, Rose found Mr. Tracy, and perhaps the loneliness of my house now (for my Rose has been transplanted) may have affected my spirits so powerfully, that I have given a harsher coloring to the picture than I should have done were she still here to cheer me, and to show me, by the perfect happiness of her marriage, that some good thing can come out of *society*.

But I wait impatiently for some 'sardonic wit' to attempt the 'Masquerade of Hate,' and recommended it to the attention of Warden Wood, who may favor the world with it.

M Y F I R S T L O V E .

'T WAS summer! sweet and beautiful the hour.
When first my eye beheld a tulip flower.
I loved that flower; and when the frost came by,
And killed it — oh! I wished I, too, could die.

For oft I came to see it where it grew;
And sure I am that flower my coming knew;
It smiled so sweetly on me when I came,
And stood near by, and called it by its name.

When I could go and see it every day,
And chase the vexing butterflies away,
It seemed so happy, and so pretty grew,
I could have prayed for nothing else to do.

But when a week, a long, long week would come
To take me from my tulip and from home,
It wilted like some poor forsaken one,
Whom love has mocked and left to love alone.

I loved that flower — it seemed so fond of me:
As one should love a sister, tenderly:
But when the cruel, wintry frost came by,
And killed it — oh! I wished I, too, could die.

SONNETS—THE THREE DAYS.

'Love leaps like light, and I am close to thee!'

I.

'Am close to thee'? Ah! heart, when thus thou spake
 She had not just been sundered from my breast:
 No lingering feeling of the hand which pressed
 Convulsively my arm, remained to break
 The quiet dream which feigned her near, and wake
 The sense of loss. But now the hilly west
 Has hardly hushed the bickering broods to rest
 That mocked the flying train: the roar and shake
 Scarce die along the ground: the happy air
 Yet holds — methinks it holds — the faint perfume
 That hints of Heaven around her, everywhere:
 Yet seems the distance 'twixt us sunless wide,
 And in the minutes hang dim years of gloom,
 And half I think of her as one that died.

Saturday.

II.

Heart-sick I sought the wood where late we strayed
 And crushed with frequent foot the bristling cone,
 And watched o'er russet leaves the shadows blown,
 As over-head the hemlocks tossed and swayed:
 The same gray bank my silent couch I made:
 The withered mosses knew I was alone,
 The pine-boughs, waving, sighed with mournful tone,
 And hung more deep their light-deserted shade.
 It woke my tears to feel they held her dear,
 And in their memories hallowed her a place:
 My widowed love reached out and drew them near,
 And straightway love was dowered with gift and grace
 To see the unveiled fairness of her face,
 And thrill the accents of her voice to hear.

Sunday.

III.

This sun-set found me there: I lingered long;
 But nothing cared the wood for her or me;
 Or if for her, I might no token see,
 Nor glean a meaning from the wind's wild song.
 A trouble seized my heart and wrestled strong;
 And mocked me with a dread how this should be:
 I could not doubt the wind or ancient tree;
 And sank with fear that I had done her wrong.
 Then Love replied: 'Blame not thy feebleness;
 I needs must feel thy earthly nature's fate
 At times my spirit-pinions low depress:
 Thy double being has but hours of grace —
 Then will I bear thee to her very face:
 Sometimes thou must endure too long and wait.

Monday.

Geo. Leon Walker.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

CONCLUSION.

We are not writing a novel, as we have said, and as is very evident; so it will not be expected that all the personages whom we have introduced come regularly forward at the end of the book and get married up or die in the most approved manner. Those only have received notice who had some influence upon the principal personage, or illustrated some point which she wished particularly to enlarge upon. When this was done they were at liberty to go on their way and live and die like people who had never been called to such honor. Those who were interested in the little sprite, Lina, would be still more interested in the adventures she passed through on her way to honorable matrimony, which she espoused in due time, and settled, the wife of an humble mechanic, in a thriving New-England town. Her observations would throw a light upon the slave-life of orphans and self-dependent girls at the North, which might, if it were not so old and oft-repeated a story, awaken a sympathy for their helpless condition which should prompt to efforts for their relief. The scenes which are portrayed in the German novel, '*Clara, or Slave Life in Europe*,' are enacted every week in the streets of our cities, where, if they were traced, we should find that the poor creatures who perform the humble and in no wise honorable part of servants, singers, and ladies' maids upon the stage, display wares 'to suit purchasers' in shops and saloons, or sell themselves for more immediately degrading purposes, feel that they are under a terrible bondage, from which they pray night and day to be relieved by death. But it is not our purpose here to go down into these depths of darkness; yet we cannot help intimating to those who have legacies to bequeath and thousands of dollars to expend upon expeditions which are to give to men honor and glory, that there are thousands within the reach of their hands and the sound of their voices, whom a few dollars would drag from degradation and deliver from the power of fiends and oppressors as blood-thirsty and merciless as any who rule on Southern plantations or flourish under the protection of foreign despots.

What a horror is expressed when a lady who has been born to luxury and affluence and guarded by all the rules of conventionalism, disregarding the boundaries society has made for her, assumes independence, and though doing nothing wrong, or really improper, asserts a right to enjoy the free air of heaven and the privileges of culture or recreation without chaperone or matron. How concerned are friends, not for her honor, for that they do not consider endangered, but for her reputation. Yet a grade below her in society's ranks, are thousands whom poverty

compels to walk, eat, drink, and sleep, and from morn till night to toil where corrupt principles, coarse language, and insulting jests every hour fall upon their ears, and which they must endure without becoming contaminated, or be deprived of the labor which saves them from starvation. They cannot pay the board or the rent of a decent home in the great city, and have no possible means of escaping the grasp of those who go about seeking whom they may devour. Why is so little said about their danger—the danger to their morals, to their refinement and delicacy, while the whole nation starts up in alarm at the suggestion that woman may speak in public, may vote, may own property, because this would bring her in contact with men and expose her to degrading influences? Were this true, the few who will ever voluntarily walk in this path, may, without national sin, be left to their own devices, and public opinion and public discussion more effectually employed in devising means to bring to the ordinary light of heaven and the ordinary privileges of human beings, those who are buried in darkness, who ask only that they may read and write and walk quietly, with no desire to assume the rights of men, only to be protected from the ignorance and degradation into which they are plunged by them. Lina walked through the dark places and resisted the temptations by which others are lost, unharmed, but these are aside from our path and form no part of our history.

We need not say that the only family tie which connected us with others became like other family ties, when interest and every path of thought and enjoyment become separate. Family ties are not the strongest which unite human hearts, and those of our own kindred may be more thoroughly estranged than those whom we have loved from congeniality of feeling. Those whom nature places in relationship have often no other bond of sympathy, and as they mature, they differ in opinion and every sentiment which can promote social or friendly intercourse. They may not be enemies, but move in the same circle, regarding each other as the acquaintances of a year or an hour. We have seen a mother who dragged on a weary existence of years in nursing and supporting sons and daughters, and doing it cheerfully, because they were to be in return the support of her declining years, yet left homeless and friendless in age, not because shelter and food and clothing were denied, but because children had become strangers to her heart, and their homes forlorn as prison-walls to her spirit. The husbands of sisters and the wives of brothers create a new *morale*, which banishes the associations and affections of earlier years; and though a pretence may be kept up, from the feeling that it is a duty to love those who are of the same blood, it is the name without the reality, and gives not life to the soul.

Uncle Simeon and Aunt Dolly lived and died in the midst of their vulgar splendor, and the next day were forgotten, as are thousands like them, who have no higher ambition than the vulgar homage of the gaping worshippers of gold.

The details with which we must conclude these sketches concerning the remaining personages who have been most conspicuous, are too sad

to be minute, and we must therefore give only the general tints, leaving the imagination to fill up the shades. 'Oh! don't make it come out dolorous,' exclaims a lady reader; 'I like to have a good ending to a story.' So do we, and we should like better to have the events of real life all bright and gay; but as they are not, and we are writing life-pictures, we must give them as they are, though we will dwell upon them briefly.

That I am again in the little cottage of my childhood, will indicate a reverse of fortune, and that I have with me my orphan children, will indicate the calamity, upon which the hearts that experienced it will not be expected to dilate. For his failing health a sea-voyage was recommended to my husband, and in his absence the house of which he was senior partner fell, under the pressure of commercial difficulties, which shook the financial world, and he returned to find himself, in commercial phrase, 'a ruined man.' It is a kind of ruin which men do not long survive, and those who are denominated weak and dependent were left to bear as best they might, affliction, poverty, and crushing anxieties; and strange it is how elastic is the heart and form of woman, under calamities which break the strongest man. The harrowing details through which a family must necessarily pass in such a misfortune, are familiar to any observer in a great city; for alas! they are too frequent to permit any to find in a description any thing new. Out of the wreck there could be nothing gleaned which honor allowed the widow and orphans to retain; but the little fund to which I have so often had occasion to allude, was invested where gains are slow but sure, and had now become nearly doubled. I had often been urged to give it up, in order that it might be placed where it would multiply a hundred-fold, but I feared it would be like Jonah's gourd, growing as fast and vanishing as rapidly, and though offending by what seemed distrust, still, firmly resisting, I kept it in its quiet depository, whence it came forth now to be meat and drink, clothes and shelter, to those who had almost despised it for its insignificance. It had never been necessary, therefore it had never been encroached upon. My quarterly allowance had always been sufficiently liberal for all my wants. How to dispose of it now for our best interest was a serious question, but one which I was not long in deciding. One recommended a boarding-house, in which we could all labor, and thus 'keep the family together;' another, a share in some lucrative business, in which my son would one day be partner, but I cared not to enter upon the struggles and anxieties of a business which financial knowledge alone could render successful, and longed too for the quiet of the country, and rest, though in humble poverty.

We bought the cottage and a little farm, of which neither fire nor failure can deprive us. I had learned the wisdom of the prayer of Agur, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' and I could use it sincerely in praying for my children. For a son I resolved not to spend a life of toil. That he should possess wealth or honor, I had no ambition; I had mingled with the rich and honored, and turned away in disgust. I never placed before him fame as an incentive to exertion, and cared

not to see his brow adorned with gory laurels or a civic crown. That he should possess a cultivated mind and become a useful citizen would satisfy for him my heart's desire. I have lived to be glad his energies are not paralyzed by the hopes of an inheritance ; and had I a dozen sons, I would not enervate them with riches. The wide world is before them, with every pathway leading to wealth and usefulness, pleasure and honor, free for them to choose, and every facility to aid them in the pursuit, and were I a man in the presence of all these, I would blush and hide my head at the thoughts of waiting for an inheritance.

Upon the daughter I looked with equal fondness, and thought : ' How great a difference ! For her the world has nothing, for even beauty and personal attractions have been denied.'

For myself, I was rich in their love ; I had experienced a great loss, and had my heart rent by many calamities. But I had been blessed with many years of happiness, the remembrance of which must ever live in my soul as a well-spring of joy. There was a green spot in the desert of life, a bright oasis on which the weary eye could ever turn and rest. In my children I lived anew. To educate them was occupation for my mind ; to nourish their affections and clasp them to my bosom, was warmth to my heart. Once it was weakness and folly to talk of loneliness, but now I was accused of indifference in my affliction if I did not wail in despair. Once it would have been indecorous to speak of the oppressiveness of solitude, but now I could with impunity sit down and feed on grief, and all were ready with their words of sympathy. But I had seen a period of life more dark than this, had learned the truth of his words who said : ' There is a solitude more desolate than widowhood.'

We must return and in a few words finish the story of the proud, stately girl who laughed at the sorrow which could touch the heart, and faded as its shadows fell around her. Her trifling was indeed checked by the trifler, and slowly the round, red cheek grew ashy pale, as the grief she would not confess preyed upon her spirit.

She was loved, I doubt not. They were not all idle words to which she listened, neither were they spoken to deceive. But pride and ambition quenched the spark which the wily little god had kindled at his own discretion ; and it was not a matter to trouble the conscience of him who wooed and won a heart, to cast it off when it was no longer for his interest or pleasure to retain it.

He had loved before, and seen the grave close over the object of his affections ; but from his appearance it might be inferred that the pleasures of the gay world had healed entirely his wounded affections ; at least, that the stroke was forgotten during the months of devotion to another. To her he became betrothed, and she was allowed to bask in the sun-shine of hope and happiness, till a true and strong affection had taken root in her heart, when he suddenly awoke to the sin of having forgotten her who was buried.

What can equal the wounded pride of woman ? ' It is right,' said Julia, ' I blame him not ;' and though it wrung her heart, no word of censure escaped her lips.

He went among his friends to ridicule her passion, which he denied had ever been returned, and still she smiled, instead of scorning his hollow friendship. She did not even show her triumph when she learned that he went from her, and ere the falsehood he had spoken died on his lips, sought with professions of singleness and devotion the jewelled hand of one who could confer upon him the wealth he coveted in order to place him upon the pinnacle to which his ambition soared. The blood did not seem to quicken in her veins when she listened to the story, and heard that the haughty possessor of millions rejected him with the contempt he merited. Yes, she knew her strength when she said, 'I might feel, but I would not betray;' and in order to be sure that pity should not be the boon the world should think it necessary to bestow on her, she would marry another and perjure herself in sight of Earth and Heaven. She was sought by one whose very existence seemed to depend on her smile, and he could not see that the smile she wore so gayly in his presence was assumed to deceive, and came not from the heart. They were married, but her eye fell and her cheek blanched at the altar.

When her purpose was accomplished, she wore no longer the semblance of happiness, and soon sank into hopeless misanthropy and disease. But her wasted form and sunken cheek did not tell the world of unrequited love. She was married, and another name was given to her malady. It was only a little while accomplishing its work, and when it was done the world exclaimed: 'How sad, how mysterious, that she should be thus cut off in the midst of life, and just as happiness had dawned so brightly upon her path!'

'There is little accomplished in the world by the happy,' says a wise man who has accomplished much, but concerning whose happiness we are not specifically informed. And though we do not hear the words, we know it is God who speaks, by the events and circumstances which we cannot control: 'Thou mayest like to do this, but thou must do that,' comes in tones we cannot mistake to turn us from our most cherished purposes.

It jars sadly upon our spirit to be obliged to write the fate of Mary, the gay, frolicsome, laughing creature, who, it would seem to us, so deserved the happiness which would have kept her heart buoyant and made her the very sun-shine to all around her.

She did not experience falsehood, which would have crushed her instantly to death, but she was engaged to one who had yet fortune to make and honor to win, and who, had life been spared, would have done it nobly; but in his haste to be rich, he trifled with health, and wasted in too anxious toil the life which should have been preserved to do good upon the earth. Had not misfortune visited us, the portion which her father always promised, might have furnished them a fair beginning and enabled them 'to begin the world,' with a goodly prospect of success, and insured to them long life and happiness. Now they were doomed to wait, and hope deferred became hope blighted and destroyed.

For months our cottage was the home of the sufferer, and Mary was

the ministering angel around the couch of death, and became herself so wasted that I feared she would soon follow her lover to the tomb. But she did not. While she had duties to perform, and while the comfort of another depended on her cheerfulness and strength, her step was light and her voice calm; but when he was gone and there was no longer excitement to sustain her, she was for a time prostrate with grief and exhaustion. She attended the coffin to the grave, and saw it quietly deposited in its narrow resting-place, and betraying very little emotion, had scarcely crossed the threshold on her return, when she fell seemingly lifeless as the corpse we had borne forth only an hour before. For two days and nights she awoke only to swoon again, and then slowly recovered, though to her cheek never came back the deep tinge of her girlish health, nor to her joyous spirit the elasticity of girlish happiness. She was not melancholy, but subdued. If my heart had ever an idol, she was the object of its idolatry. How I loved her! so pure, so beautiful, so good. How gladly would I have sacrificed myself to give her happiness, yet how brightly shone forth the lofty excellence of her character in the hour of trial; to what intensity was my love increased when she was helpless and in affliction. Yes, 'it is good to be afflicted.' It is very mysterious, the connection between suffering and the best good and highest happiness of the inhabitants of this poor world; but though it is a mystery we cannot solve, it is a provision by the HIGHEST WISDOM which we cannot doubt, if we look only at the results within our knowledge.

For many months we lived quietly together, and each performed a portion of the quiet labors which our humble sphere required, but it became evident that Mary would sink into misanthropy without something which required the exertion of her mind, and gave her an object for which she could labor, and feel that something were accomplished on which she could look and say: 'I have not lived in vain.'

Activity is the want of every human mind; to be supported, to be protected, is not enough even for woman. When Eveline Berenger, the Norman maiden, was besieged in her strong castle, and had a thousand brave men in shields and helmets, with bows and lances risking their lives in her defence, she knew that all that human power could do would be done to save her, yet she was not content. She lived in the time when high-born maidens were not supposed to need even the pleasures of knowledge; and he who portrays her character, seldom gives to his heroines a want except that of loving and being loved: yet in her mouth he puts a sentiment which by some at this day, is considered the offspring of fanaticism, and quite unworthy a true woman to utter. 'Men are happy,' said she to her companion, 'men are happy, my beloved Rose; their anxious thoughts are either diverted by toilsome exertion, or drowned in the insensibility which follows it. They may encounter wounds and death, but it is we who feel in the spirit a more keen anguish than the body knows, and in the growing sense of present ill and fear of future misery, suffer a living death more cruel than that which ends our woes at once.'

This is the feeling of every imprisoned woman, whether the walls

that inclose her are castle with tower and guards and battlements, or woodland cottage, with the frail creeper and eglantine alone to shield her. If she has mind and character, she must have object.

We had enough to live comfortably, but it was with the exercise of great economy ; and Mary's disinterested nature prompted her to say : ' My little sister has yet to be educated, and I would rather toil to procure the means of giving her every advantage, than myself to enjoy what rightfully belongs to her. I have gifts and acquisitions, though they have not been called into exercise, and I shall be better to go forth into the world a little while, though it will be like tearing my heart out at first to leave my home and those I love.'

So she went forth, and a little cabin on a western prairie is witness to a little group gathered every day around a youthful maiden, concerning whom it is said : ' How can she give herself up, so young and fair, to a life so solitary, self-denying, and laborious ? ' Ah ! what would not the secrets of the heart reveal concerning the motives of many an exile and devotee ! There is only one love that can keep the heart fresh and warm, and give strength for every duty ; but the consciousness of rectitude and the hope of doing good, with the blessing of HEAVEN, may enable us to endure even to the end.

Aunt Ida is living still, and is very happy to be again in the little cottage, though she is now released from duty. She sits in the great-chair with her motherly cap drawn a little more closely over her furrowed brow, and her broad kerchief pinned in true grandmotherly fashion over her shoulders, which are not the least bit stooping yet. She knits and makes herself comfortable. She never reminded me of her prophecy, when we were obliged to leave our grand city home, but smoothed the way as well as she could ; and in her will, which I have seen, she has left all her worldly effects, and these include a snug little sum which she could not have earned anywhere but as housekeeper in a city establishment, to the little Ellen whom she has loved and petted as if she had been her own grandmother. We have no disputes now, because she is too old to enter into them with zeal, and because she has come to think most of my notions are, on the whole, about right, concerning the ' bringing up of girls.'

' The neighbors ' have lost none of their ' charity and brotherly love,' and seem to have had nothing to do since we departed but improve in the science and art of gossiping, which they have brought to great perfection. ' They knew 't would come to this when she married an old man for his money : no good ever comes of such matches. Folks better be contented as they are, especially when they get nothing by changing but fine airs.' They are sure we have lost all our religion, because we manifest what we have in a little different way from what they do ; but while we are sure that they, though living in the country, have not become any more deeply imbued with the pure spirit of the Gospel, we leave them to cultivate the graces according to their own consciences, and take the liberty of doing the same ourselves.

This is the past and present. The future is before us.

F A S H I O N .

BY ANON.

THE fashions now are very odd,
 And at EUGENIE's or VICTORIA's nod
 Our ladies change, and year by year
 Their dresses 'cost them very dear.'
 Maidens some time ago, the silly dupees,
 Wanted more room and ordered hoops;
 For a mighty queen to hide a natural thing
 Encircled her form with ring o'er ring,
 And to a ball she stoutly went,
 To follow out her mind's intent:
 The ruse was good: none dreamed behind
 There lurked an heir, or any sign.
 Our damsels quickly took the cue,
 Although no cause to hide from view
 Their taper forms; but Fashion's laws
 Are followed still in spite of flaws.
 Some time ago a hidden rustle,
 Proclaimed behind a mighty bustle;
 But freedom shrieked, and cotton's high,
 So close behind now dresses lie.
 Another fault, 't is sad to tell,
 Is often found with the lovely belle,
 Her dress, too long for flying feet,
 Is scant enough near beauty's seat.
 Now if your dress you'd shorter cut,
 And high above you'd put it up,
 We'll love you more, and gladly take
 And cherish you for Virtue's sake.
 Our dames and aires did often meet,
 To chase the hours with flying feet;
 But hand-and-hand they always lent,
 And never nearer ever went.
 But now a lady's waist is resting-place
 For any snob that cares to grace
 An evening ball: in giddy throng
 They squeeze, and glide, and bob along.
 Our mothers thought it was no shame
 To imitate the good house-dame,
 And gladly strove by every care
 To please their lords and help the *façe*.
 But in this age, when wife we get,
 We bargain for a little pet,
 Whose jewel-case and white kid gloves,
 Constitute her dearest loves.
 Now this is wrong, ye maidens fair!
 Then listen to my humble prayer:
 Shun your glass, let Fashion 'slide,'
 And Truth and Reason be your guide.

LINA: AN OLD MAN'S MEMORY.

PART FIRST.

HA ! they say I am growing old. Old ! I was old a score of years ago. This hand is fleshless and wrinkled, and as I write, it moves tremulously over the paper. True, it was not so twenty years ago, nor were my eyes dimmed and despoiled of their youthful lustre ; my step was firm, my head erect, my hair as glossy as when my mother bade me her last, dying farewell : all these I had — yet I was old. My life was gone : I only existed. Twenty years ! long, dreary years. And as I look back upon the thorny, uneven path, naught but mocking shadows, stretching their huge black bodies across the way, appear to my view. Did I say naught ? No. One star — one bright, refulgent star at length penetrated the gloom of my pathway and drove away the shadows that haunted me.

There, yonder by the window she stands ; oh ! how like *another* ! She is no longer a child, that I may dandle on my knee ; she is a woman now, and I have smoothed with careful hand her pathway, and watched with fluttering heart her progress. She stands there by the window gazing out upon the bleak, snow-filled street, and ever and anon as some half-frozen, famishing wretch staggers by, a suppressed sigh, a whispered prayer escapes her lips.

It is fast growing dark, and the street-lamps shed their flickering rays through the storm ; still she stands there. The wind rages and howls through the street, as if in mad joy at the misery and wo it was sending to many a poor abode ; and she knows not how very like *that* night it is, that night when first she breathed the air of heaven. As that fearful night rolls back upon my memory, I can with difficulty keep back a struggling tear. And that night was just twenty years ago. Little did I think when in the first bright flush of manhood, I should ever witness such a scene ; little did I know what wo, what despair was in store for me and for *her*, long dead, as in our youthful love we sat by that purling brook, and revelled in our 'Castles in Spain.' Ah ! those were happy hours, alas ! I fear too happy. The events of yesterday have fled from my remembrance ; but *that* evening, that last Indian-summer evening, so full of joy and promise, remains in letters ineffable. How beautiful I thought she looked as I gazed upon her that memorable evening, that evening which must see us part, she to return to the wild whirl of city life, I to resume my studies at college. Dame Fortune had not fondled me as she had most of my class-mates ; vacations were not for me opportunities to throw aside the mental cares of student-life, and ramble unrestrained through the country, or revel in the dazzling delights of Newport and Saratoga. With vacation came new cares, new duties. I must spend it in some obscure district-school-house, eking out a few dollars to bear my expenses at college for the rest of the year. But I did all this with a willing, cheerful heart.

Ambition had whispered a sweet tale in my ear and heaped up before my eager eyes invaluable rewards for all this toil.

It was in the autumn of 18—, and the vacation fast coming to a close, I began to see the end of my intercourse with thirty or forty dirty, saucy ragamuffins, with no small joy. I received my forty dollars for three months' hard labor, and on the morrow was to return to college. As the evening came I took my last walk to the babbling trout-brook, and seating myself on the broad, smooth rock close down by the water's edge, I waited to bid a farewell to the mistress of yonder summer villa. As I sat there on that rock, and gazed half-sadly in the calm water, what a tide of sweet memories swept over me! It was on this very spot only three little months ago, that I first saw her. On that well-remembered evening I sat there on that same rock reading the closing chapters of the *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, and my meditations were in perfect unison with their spirit. They were thoughts of greatness, of honors; thoughts of good to be done, of hopes to be realized, of a name to bequeath. Both reading and meditation were broken off, however, by the approach of a foot-step. I looked up, and saw on the opposite bank some rods above me, a person I had heard much concerning from the villagers, but never before seen. They all spoke much of a certain rich man who in the summer months came from the great city with his family, and occupied the little cottage yonder among the trees. And I had heard, too, of this rich man's daughter, so beautiful, so kind, so stately. This was she then. But I was unnoticed, and she continued arranging a little bouquet of wild-flowers to gladden her mother's sick-room, I supposed, for I had heard also, that the rich man's wife was an invalid. She walked on slowly down the stream till she was nearly opposite me. I thought I had never seen such a being, her dark hair hanging loose, her dark hazel eyes, and complexion so fair; and then that plain white, low-necked dress, and that jockey hat and blue ribbons; and she was so queenly, so majestic—she was just my ideal. And then when she saw me, she blushed so prettily, and ceasing her low warbling, turned away into the grove beyond so proudly, so defiantly, that I dropped my book in the water in my eager gaze after her.

The following evening found me on the same spot, but my coat was brushed, my boots polished, my hair oiled, my beard close-shaven—for I was no smooth-faced boy; and altogether I doubt whether one of my own scholars would have known me. I had been reading quite diligently, as I thought, for a half-hour, when, suddenly possessed of a rational thought, I gave a rational glance at my book, and found it upside down. But I discovered I could comprehend and appreciate the page so as well as any way; for my mind was not there, it was off yonder among the trees, and pretty decidedly intoxicated.

As often in a storm at sea there suddenly comes a still, dead calm for a moment, and then the wind and waves contend again, so, frequently, a calm thought displaces the contention of the mind, and then is gone. For a moment I looked upon myself with a rational, mortal eye, and had not an ever-beneficent PROVIDENCE made it a physical impossibility. I should have been sorely tempted to kick myself. I had ever considered myself, and been so considered by others, a pious hater of that

wild-cat nature which induces young ladies to marry their father's coachman, and young men to shoot themselves, or immerse their precious bodies 'deep in some unfathomable abyss.' And now that I should change my nature for this unnamable nature flashed upon me as so strangely maniacal, or idiotic, that I shut my book a little severely and hastily turned away. But I had not taken three steps when by some mysterious fatality I saw that same white dress, jockey-cap, and blue ribbons stealing along *this* side the stream. Strange! Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. It is a venerable saying and must be true, for no sooner did my eyes reach that white dress and blue ribbon than my legs bore me back to the rock, and I began to read most laboriously.

To record minutely each day's progress in the road (O rosy road!) of love, to repeat our wild conversations, to speak of the strange, new life I felt within me, how she fed the fire of my ambition, how I stood for hours like a love-sick Egyptian mummy, and gazed and gazed at her tall, queenly figure; to record all this, I say, would but cause on your part a contemptuous smile at an old man's weakness, and on mine a twinge of a too retentive memory. Let it suffice then to know that before a week was gone we spoke; before a month we loved and were plighted, and now after three months, each passing day giving increase to our love, came the evening when we must part. I suppose all loves, especially printed ones, must endure partings, and any one possessed of sufficient patience to read a thousandth part of the 'love-stories' written, will find a parting an essential ingredient in each. It would be, therefore, a 'thrice-told tale,' and to you, perhaps stoical or platonic, a nausea, were I to record minutely the event I so well remember. Beside, the memory of it is to me a sacred memory. But we were not boy and girl; our attachment was not a fitful out-break of passion, the fruit of a love for romance — no, it was a strong, deep river running from heart to heart, whose current never rolled and dashed headlong over precipices to sink again into a sluggish, muddy stream. It ever flowed in that steady, unwavering course, disturbed by no fears or jealousies, and overshadowed by no clouds of doubt and suspicion. And at that parting interview, as I gazed upon her seated on that old rock, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, her eyes fixed on the ground, and ever and anon a single truant tear-drop stealing down her cheek; as standing by her side, and looking down upon her, I could hardly believe that she was really mortal, and more than all, that she was mine, all mine. Then, as if at that moment a dark angel had swept by us, I started at my temerity. For a second the beauty, the wealth, the bliss of love fled away, and I was startled to see myself — me, a starving, threadbare student, a vagabond — no home, no family, no friends; I was alarmed to see such a being stand by the proud, wealthy Lina Spencer, and claim her as his bride. But then the cloud passed, my threadbare coat, my well-worn shoes, my unprepossessing, not to say uncouth appearance, all were forgotten, and I was pressing this child of rank and wealth to my poverty-begotten bosom. How all this came about, how 'a city belle,' already arrived at womanhood, whose life had

been passed in gay saloons and fashionable watering-places ; who had been the pet of an indulgent father and a silly mother till she had grown almost haughty ; how this person, the courted, the admired, the envied Lina Spencer, came to forget or conquer her pride, to descend from her exalted position to give her heart, nay, her hand to *me*, I never questioned, nor shall I now attempt to find a cause. Enough for me that it was so. And how could I doubt her sincerity ? At the bare intimation of forgetfulness or change of mind, when surrounded by flatterers in her father's brilliant parlors, she stretched upward her tall form, and her eyes flashed almost fiercely :

'Change ! Do you know me so slightly then ? No ! I hate those brainless fools who hang about me, and fawn and smile, and tell me they are rich and I am beautiful ; who only talk of the opera, the horrible murder, the late marriage. No, Paul, I want a *mind* to worship as well as a heart to love.' Then the fierce look faded away, and her eyes grew so tender, so child-like—oh ! I was a happy man. And so we parted.

'FAREWELL ! a word that has been and must be ;
A sound that makes us linger — yet farewell !'

—
PART SECOND.

I WAS back to my books again. My experiences in the country had not in the least engendered a distaste for them, as might perhaps be expected. 'Love in a cottage' had never been one of my beliefs. I never could fully comprehend the bliss therein contained. Life was to me a battle-field, and as such I loved it ; and my interesting relations with a certain young lady in the great city yonder, gave a point, a purpose to the fight.

Like most students, I had before this oftentimes been sorely concerned about my future station in life, and generally the prospect was decidedly dark : then I would fling my lexicon in a distant corner, and in the language of the old dramatist Otway, howl most piteously :

'TELL me why, good HEAVEN,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man ? Ah ! rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens ?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me ?
Is this just dealing, Nature ?'

Now this was gone, and I no more repeated Otway, unless it was that passage a little after that :

'CAN there in woman be such glorious faith ?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false !
O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man : we had been brutes without you !
Angels are painted fair to look like you :
There's in you all that we believe of heaven ;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love !'

Time did not hang heavily on my hands, for I was full of hope, and that brought its joyful train. It was now my last year in college ; but a few months, and I would be fairly out on the sea of life. Commencement was over, I was an A.B. I pocketed my 'sheepskin,' and started for the great city, where lived — well, you know.

It was now a year since I had first seen her. We had made no arrangement on parting for any interchange of letters, as that would hardly be tolerated by the 'hard, cruel parent,' (*vide daily newspapers*;) so I had neither heard nor seen her for a long twelve-month. But no thought of the inconstancy which she so fascinatingly scouted, entered my brain; all was a sweet tranquillity.

And now I was in the great city — for what ? I could hardly give an answer. The tailor was first to receive a call from me, the barber next, and some body else next.

'Night comes on apace.'

I walked briskly along a street with tall, proud mansions on either side, till I came to 'No. 43.' I had no time to consider how I felt, for the door was quickly opened by a spruce negro boy, who, taking my card, led me into the parlor. Here I had some opportunity to know how I felt, and found I did not feel altogether too easy. Some great preparations seemed going on : the parlors were lighted more brilliantly I thought, than ordinary occasions needed ; there seemed to be a great commotion — servants hurrying up-stairs and down-stairs ; I heard dishes rattling, occasionally a suppressed laugh, and then a harsh oath from authoritative lips. Presently, however, the door opened, and — not *she* entered. Instead, it was a tall, gaunt man, with a little round Jew-eye, a very Cassius visage ; one of those who 'seldom smile, and smile in such a sort as if they mocked themselves.'

I rose as he entered. 'Mr. Shipley ?' I bowed. 'You will pardon my daughter, Sir, for not seeing you. I recognized in your name that frequently dropped by my daughter in her moments of mental abstraction, and allow me to say to you, Sir, that it proves you to be no gentleman.'

'Mr. Spencer —'

'I say, no gentleman would permit himself to form a clandestine attachment with a lady of birth and wealth, and still less seek to lower her to his own grade.'

This was too much for my keen sensibilities. 'What do you mean, Sir ?' I demanded.

'I have no inclination to bandy words with you, Sir ; I have only to inform you that my daughter, whom, by some foul means, you attempted to entrap, but who now is thoroughly ashamed of her conduct, and is equally disgusted with you — please keep your seat, Sir — this evening at eight o'clock will be led to the altar by his honor the Count de Vauvineaux !'

Perhaps the reader thinks that here was a fine opportunity for a scene : I hope he is not disappointed to know there was no scene, no raving, no pulling of hair, or renting of clothes.

'Does your daughter know, Sir, that I am in this house ?'

'She does not, Sir, nor shall she : you will please bring this interview to a close, by leaving the house ! Good evening, Sir !'

I was in the street again ; but oh ! with what different feelings ! I walked down that lighted street with heart how changed from that it was an hour ago !

On the opposite side, some blocks below 'No. 43,' was a large church, with carriages, and people before the door, and on inquiring its cause, I was told of the marriage of a certain rich man's daughter to a foreign nobleman — a Count.

I entered with others, and patiently awaited the arrival of the bride and her noble bridegroom. Counts were not so plenty then as now, and for a foreign nobleman to deign to take a republican wife, was quite an event in fashionable circles. The body of the house was full. Jealous maidens and envious mammas were not kept waiting long, however, for soon the bell in the steeple tolled eight, and then came a rush at the door, and *she* with unsteady step, a cheek like marble, was led slowly down the wide aisle. Oh ! how like leading a lamb to the sacrificial altar it seemed to me !

The ceremony was hastily concluded, and the crowd began to disperse. I stood at the door to take one 'last, lingering look' as she passed out. She saw me ! For a moment she struggled with her strength, and I sprang forward just in time to catch her lifeless in my arms ; but it was not without hearing that low murmur : 'O Paul !'

The father snatched the sweet burden from me, and I passed out the door. Then it occurred to me how great was my loss ; and, too, that not Lina Spencer, but the mercenary heart of her father had been the robber. Oh ! what terrible, burning, bitter thoughts I had then — vengeance, murder, suicide ! Then they softened into a strange desperation, and had they been written, I might have repeated these fine lines of Proctor :

'No matter,
I'll take my way alone, and burn away —
Evil or good, I care not, so I spread
Tremendous desolation on my road :
I'll be remembered as huge meteors are,
By the dismay they scatter.'

PART THIRD.

I MIGHT say with Dryden :

'The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience ;'

for the years that followed were not entirely without their events ; but I pass over them all.

Instead of drowning myself, I had amassed wealth ; I had chased the shining dollars with the same spirit a despairing wretch takes a dose of poison. I was a rich man and a great man, but oh ! how I hated the 'wealth' and the 'greatness !'

I could never forget that year of my youth ; it hung like a ghost on my every movement.

Well, I went to Europe ; for what object I hardly know, unless it was to forget myself in the multitude of new sights and scenes. I was in my room in the Hotel Beauvais, in the 'proud old city' of Marseilles, 'full of wealth, and rich with works of Art.'

Europe ! France ! She had come to Europe after her marriage ; her husband was a Frenchman ; and I, perhaps I was in the same country with her.

I had heard but very little concerning her fate, and that was only some intimation that the Count de Vauvineaux had turned out badly, and that Mr. Spencer never received letters from his daughter. But I took this as mere scandal, and thought little of it.

In France I found my old love to visit and dream over ancient things reviving ; the contemplation of that dead yet ever-living greatness that fills us 'with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ;' and I sallied out to saunter through the older and more time-worn haunts of the town.

I had been visiting the mouldering remains of a once celebrated triumphal arch, and not far from this, wandering among the proud relics of a long-abandoned Roman church, when my returning steps led me through a narrow, winding street. Many parts of it were so filthy and loathsome, that I almost feared the contagion of some disease, and surely in this dark spot the dagger of the assassin might naturally be looked for.

It was in this place, and engaged in reflections natural to it, that I was startled, almost alarmed by the shrill cry of a female voice — she herself, a ragged, dirty, gipsy-looking woman, running out into the street from a door quite near me. '*Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu ! Elle est folle !*' she exclaimed, hastening up to me ; and then perceiving that I was a foreigner, she continued : '*Anglais ! Anglais !*' and half-drew me in the door.

Surely, I do not know how many flights of stairs we climbed up before we came to a little green door without latch or panel ; but we came to such a one, and the gipsy-woman cautiously opened it.

The whole apartment could be comprehended in all its parts in one glance, for certainly it was not more than ten feet square, and much less that in height. But the most noticeable appurtenance of the apartment was a low rag-covered bed in one corner, and as the door creaked behind us, a form started up wildly from it, and looked at me with a terrible, unearthly stare. She was a very, very beautiful woman. Her face was as cold and colorless as a block of marble ; her jet hair hung loosely and wildly about her shoulders, and her eyes, oh ! how bright, how glaring they were ! It might have been a minute that we stood thus gazing at each other. At last I took a step toward her, and addressed her kindly in English, when she raised herself yet higher, and giving her white bare arm that repulsive swing, she exclaimed : 'Away ! away ! Thou art some fiend come here to taunt me for my ingratitude ! Away ! away !'

Then, as if overcome, she slowly sank back on her pillow. But that

voice ! In an instant all the labor of years was lost ; that great fabric of insensibility I had built about me was thrown to the ground. I was no longer a cold, haughty business man, but a youth — a lover. The impulses of the heart, long bound down, suddenly burst their bonds, and sprang into a new life. For years Mind had been the pilot of my craft ; it had been a wise and faithful pilot ; but it never smiled, never told me of hope, of love, of heaven — only gold, gold, gold. But its rule was at an end : I sprang forward to the bed-side, and involuntarily murmured : ‘*THE COUNTESS DE VAUVINEAUX !*’

‘That name ! Who spoke that name ?’ She started up, and glared almost fiercely at me. I could not move, nor speak — only stand and gaze in turn. And now a terrible storm suddenly burst forth, as if to heighten the awful solemnity of the scene within. I cannot attempt to describe it. The thunder seemed to shake the house from its foundations ; the wind and rain, as if in fiendish mockery, beat against the single window, and anon a flash of vivid lightning lit up the dingy apartment. Still, neither of its occupants moved. At length the wild, unearthly glare of her eye seemed to die away : I drew nearer — I saw a tear.

‘Lina !’

‘Paul !’

She was in my arms.

It is ten minutes since I wrote the last line. I could not hold my pen — pardon my weakness — it is many, many years ago, but as I recall that scene, I cannot keep back my struggling tears. But I wept then, and *she* — O HEAVEN ! spare me from ever hearing such sobs again ! I cannot lengthen this scene ; I cannot write how many times she besought my forgiveness, how tearfully she told me that she became the Countess de Vauvineaux not from her own free will, and much less can I write how joyfully I forgot all, yet how full of sadness and amazement at finding her in this wretched garret. But she bade me to ask no questions, only pointing with her thin, wan hand, to a blotted, tear-stained paper on a little wooden table near the bed. From this I afterward learned the sad cause. Alas ! poor girl, she found herself the wife of a libertine ; she had learned too well that the Frenchman loves his mistress, not his wife. Sickened with her life, she left his roof scarce a year before that terrible night. Too proud to return to her father, she had sought to support life with her own frail hands ; and that attempt had brought her to this. This paper she had requested her woman to mail for America, addressed to ‘William Spencer Esq.,’ etc.

But I knew none of this when I stood beside her there, and my feelings were a strange mixture — pity, remorse, joy, love, wonderment.

I saw her strength was fast failing ; her eyes were growing dim, her lips turned to ashen, and I rested her head softly on my breast. Suddenly she started up, and pointed to a distant corner of the room. I looked ; ’t was a child — a babe in the old gipsy’s arms. ’T is his, Paul — mine, Paul ! Will you be a father to it ? Bring it here — poor

child — sweet child.' It was laid upon her bosom ; she smiled, closed her eyes, and thus she died. Lina was dead ! I would be a father to her child.

She no longer stands by the window, gazing out upon the storm ; she has drawn close the curtain, and now sits by the cheerful grate yonder, and ever and anon casts a wondering glance at me. She wonders what I should be so long writing.

And that is Lina's child. She little knows that I have been recording her mother's sad fate ; she little knows of her father's ignominious death — only that I call her daughter, and this is her home. And now she has stolen up to me, and placing her fair white arms about my neck, whispers to me so sweetly earnest : ' Have n't you written enough, father ? ' How can I resist, as she leans over and kisses this old, wrinkled forehead ? Down goes my pen.

A. A. R.

A C A V A L R Y S O N G .

SOLDIERS bold we are bred and born,
And we revel in the wine and song :
Our life is free, our hearts are light,
Our steeds are good, and our weapons bright :
Our home is ever the prairie green,
Our bivouac-fires are nightly seen.
With comrades bold our hearts we link,
And round our fires to the *fair* we drink.
The stars above all brightly shine,
As we pitch our tents in martial line :
And from the green sward gaze afar
Upon the fixed and wandering star.

The prairies green we lightly skim,
And o'er the streams we dauntless swim :
Our dusky foes we downward charge,
And strike away the tough bull-target.
When ' boots and saddles ' * loudly play,
And ' then ' ' To horse ' * the bugles say,
Gladly we mount and ride away ;
When the sun comes up at the dawn of day,
Sometime we chase the bounding roe,
And then to death allure the doe ;
The stately elk and the buffalo
We charge upon, and lay them low.
Soldiers we are, and soldiers will be,
Through time and all eternity :
And true to our God and our lady fair,
We 'll sing our songs and banish care.

ANGUS.

* Bugle-calls in mounted regiments.

I N V O C A T I O N .

I.

Oh! come with thy slumbers, gentle Night
And seal mine eyes;
Let me rest in peace, till the morning's light
Shall bid me rise.

II.

My brain is weary of too much thought,
Yet will not rest;
And Sleep comes not, though fondly sought
To be my guest.

III.

Oh! come with thy slumbers, gentle Night,
And bring a dream:
Let me glide, by the summer's noon-day light,
Adown some stream.

IV.

Let it be that stream, along whose shore
I roved in youth;
Bring back my boyhood's days once more
In dreams like truth.

V.

Like a green snake coiled round the hills,
That stream I see,
Flowing slowly on by olden mills,
To seek the sea.

VI.

Where the willows droop to kiss the billows
Of its soft tide,
And the billows rise to kiss the willows,
Let me glide.

VII.

On its gentle waters let me float,
By the heaving current swayed:
Or moor for awhile my little boat
In the cool, green shade.

VIII.

Then rocked to rest on the wave's soft breast,
Sweet slumber soon I'd find:
Lulled by the rippling stream's unrest,
Lulled by the sighing wind.

IX.

And my waking thoughts like dreams would be;
And visions, fair and bright,
From the land of sleep would come to me:
And now — I thank thee, Night!

LETTERS TO ELLA : ELLAS-LAND.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

THE sickness of the Florentine has been a slow, wearing fever, as the typhoid always is. I would willingly avoid the rehearsal which has been so long deferred. But a sick person, well cared for, is the central figure of a household. A history of the disease is a history of the rising and falling of the spirits of the family during its existence.

The figure of the Florentine, before imagined to be seen in light and fantastic attire, a spectral figure, woven by lights and shadows, advancing or receding with the play of breezes among the boughs, was now bodily present, and counted as one of us. Day by day the pulse receded, and her countenance become wan. Twice, thrice, many times a day our careful friend 'The Doctor,' came softly in, as if shod with down, approached her with cheerful visage, counted the beats of her heart, saw her tongue, inspected the hues of her skin, placed his ear to her lungs, desired to know if she rested well, and left as noiseless as he came. Sometimes a wet cloth on her forehead, sometimes a fomentation on her stomach, sometimes a draft upon her feet was suggested. Sometimes a variety of little bottles were placed on the stand. Once in two hours she must take a few drops from one ; once in two hours and a half, a few drops from the other. To every request the Florentine herself was patiently obedient. Every thing she saw done she pronounced 'so very kind ;' she was sorry to cause so much trouble ; she assured us she was not very sick ; that there really was no occasion to sit up of nights on her account : and to every inquiry how she felt, the invariable answer, with an invariable, wan and weary smile, was : 'Better !'

If our anxiety led us, as it frequently did, to follow 'The Doctor' to another room, and ask candidly what he thought of her situation, his reply was almost as invariable as hers. She was a sick woman, rather particularly sick ; he did not perceive at present any necessarily fatal symptoms : she had been much wearied and worn before the disease took hold ; her system was really very much depressed ; but if she should get no worse for a few days, he should feel encouraged to hope that the disease would take a favorable turn. The great danger was, that it would affect her brain, or her lungs, or result in hemorrhage, but at present those organs were not seriously implicated.

Blessed is he who has faith in the healing art, and unhappy his fortune who learns by painful experience at the bed-side of his friends, how little, within the range of present science, medicines can do. There are no windows through which can be seen the changing phases of disease. There are as yet no medicines discovered capable of arresting disease, in its most serious forms, however accurately traced. The learned and careful physician knows many things which ought not to

be done, and knows how to keep watch and ward, with counter-acting and mollifying agencies, but as to any serious battle with any serious disease, the science of medicine is yet unequal to it. Its best skill consists in manœuvring light troops, creating diversions, and skirmishing at the out-posts. It has no imperial column to bear down upon the centre, capture the key of the position, and put the opposing forces to rout. Its best professors are they who acknowledge, however sorrowfully, that the issues of life and death are beyond them.

'The Doctor' could give us no assurances beyond these: 'If the patient should get better, he would consider it a favorable symptom: if she should get worse, he would think she ought to have immediate attention; if she should remain in the same condition, getting neither better nor worse, he saw no reason to give up. On the whole, he felt considerable hope that the best way was to take a cheerful view of things, and not feel too anxious, not just at present.'

You shall see people who think it little for 'The Doctor' to take so much care, and do so nearly nothing. But this nearly nothing, is the utmost possible. He is ready and anxious for the opportunity to do more. He sees you piercing him with your eyes, and hanging upon his intonations, as who should say: 'Is this all? In God's name, is this all you can do?' He has the courage to meet your almost distrustful and aching glance, with a calm: 'This is all!' He will not murder your friend to relieve your anxiety, nor to save his own reputation. 'The Doctor,' in his way, is a hero. Many were they who could stand the fire of fagots at the stake unmoved, who would quail under the fearful ordeal of anxious and jealous eyes around the sick-bed. However hopeless the errand, he comes too, with a certain quality of healing on his wings. He brings an atmosphere of fortitude and repose. It is all done that human knowledge can suggest. The issue is with God. We are in the hollow of His hand. We may seek a little sleep; there is one eye that sleepeth not! We may leave the sick-bed for a reasonable period, forasmuch as results depend upon ONE whose presence is everywhere and evermore.

The care of the Florentine became an absorbing theme. Emily was in great favor, and her nights were often spent in patient attendance; but the circle was narrow of friends who could be trusted there. On one occasion a neighbor, who shall be nameless, offered to sit out the afternoon. Her heart was very kind, but her manners were not gentle. She was full of inquiry if something were not wanted, and unconsciously betrayed her anxiety. I arrived at *Ellas-Land* from my day's attendance in the city, just as the neighbor was leaving. The Florentine said she was weary, oh! very weary! Could it be possible to procure for her a little rest? There were appearances of mental disquiet. Your mother handed her a fresh rose, and seating herself cheerfully beside the sick woman, recited:

'The LORD is my shepherd: I shall not want.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

'He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

‘ ‘ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for THOU art with me ; THY rod and THY staff, they comfort me. ’ ’

The sick woman faintly interrupted : ‘ THY rod *and* THY staff, they comfort me. Yes, the rod, as well as the staff. ’

Your mother continued : ‘ ‘ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever. ’ ’

A cloth wet with cold water was placed upon her forehead : and other unobtrusive and gentle means applied to counteract the local tendency of the fever. With the long shadows of evening came Emily ; and her noiseless, trustful presence filled the room, as it were a pervading and dewy moon-light. I was out of place about the house, and felt how, in such a case, a man’s strength is uncouth and redundant ; how misplaced and coarse were my best attentions, compared with the mellow and flowing tenderness of your mother and Emily.

For a few hours I sought relief by a solitary stroll across the fields, to Nathan’s. There I found Nathan himself, absorbed in some new work of fiction. Father Green was seated in a large family rocking-chair, his feet projected forward upon a stool. Little Lucy and George were seated, one on each arm of the chair, sustained by his arms, and were playing steam-boat. Father Green was the hull of the boat and the engine. Lucy was larboard wheel-house and passengers ; George was starboard wheel-house and captain. When the boat was under head-way, the chair rocked freely, and Father Green puffed from alternate sides of his mouth. The engines were obviously low-pressure. But the voyages were short and troubled. Captain George was a vigilant officer, and often discovered a leak, or some other danger. He would command the boat to stop, get down and examine her, strike a few blows to make all right, then resume his position as wheel-house, and say : ‘ *Ding dong Bell !* ’ The ringing of the bell was understood to be the signal for starting, and thus the boat would be again in motion.

‘ Do you ever read transcendental books ? ’ said Father Green.

‘ I am not quite sure,’ said I, ‘ what kind of books you include within that description. ’

‘ No, nor I,’ said he. ‘ I’m not sure, I would rather not be cross-examined on that subject. But the books I had in mind at that moment were a kind which are understood to be distilled and compounded from some sort of German basis—a cross between Scotch and German metaphysics, bred in and in, until the progeny degenerates into a malformation of English : and this again is blown up and inflamed by vague and supernatural Yankee. ’

‘ As, for instance ? ’ said I.

‘ As for example,’ said he, ‘ the phrase ‘ Days and Times,’ which pleases me immensely, because I cannot make out the meaning. It is like the sky or the ocean, I can make nothing of it. In that class of books, I now and then get hold of a phrase which fills me to the brim, and more too—a mere phrase, so empty and capacious that I hang upon it, and fill into it, as into a vacuum, all the undefinable and vagrant notions that hatch in my brain. Only think of them ! Days and

times, over-soul, and the like. The nub of the matter is, however, that when I can get a few children to honor me with their attention, as now, then comes my days and times.'

'In which event,' said I, 'every new arrival is one too many.'

'True enough in the abstract,' said he. 'Your logic is good. You have what the books I refer to call *'insight.'* But in this particular case, you are well in season. These little friends of mine ——'

'Not so *very* little !' said Master George.

'These friends of mine,' continued Father Green, 'now getting to be large children, have finished their journey for the day ; they are now going to bed, so as to grow fast over night and be large in the morning.'

With this explanation, the steam-boat came to anchor, and the two wheel-houses, passengers, and captain, retired for the night, leaving behind them an affectionate salutation for the hull of the boat.

'Shall we walk over among the trees, or go up to the hermitage ?' inquired Father Green.

'Or remain precisely here ?' said I.

'Not here,' said he. 'I wish to see you where we may be uninterrupted. You have been walking ; so let us try the hermitage.' And he led the way to his room. 'Truth is,' said he, closing the door behind us, 'I do not understand the nature of the disease they call *'over-soul.'* I am not easy in my mind about it. In some of the descriptions I have seen it was made to appear much like egotism. If that is the character of the disease, or a symptom of it, I have it to-night. I desire to overflow upon some body. I wish to unbosom some of my secrets. I am overshadowed with a vague impression that my fate is approaching some sort of a crisis. Within a few days my memory has become sharp and definite. All my past life lies clear and visible, like a landscape when the atmosphere has been cleared by a thunder-shower.'

'From the part of it which I know,' said I, 'it is obvious that the landscape exhibits a pleasing variety of aspects ; in all of which predominate ideas of fruitfulness and repose.'

'You are kind to say so,' replied he ; 'but it is only because you have seen it under some illusions. It is, however, not the past only which rises before me, but the future seems uncommonly full and imminent. This may be a kind of spiritual refraction which makes me see in the future an indistinct resemblance of the past, as the images of sailing ships are sometimes seen in the sky. It may be the foreshadowing of happiness or misery, or death. It is something. You may think this a weakness. I do not care to argue the matter. I acknowledge the weakness. Ever since I became convinced that the universe has a SOVEREIGN who rules it, and who is present in all places at all times, all my experiences and all my reason teach me that those who listen and reverently wait for His voice will hear it.'

'Have you been among those who doubted the existence of DEITY ?' I inquired.

'I will tell you presently,' he replied. 'If these impressions foretell death or insanity, there are motives which make me wish at least one person to understand me truly, and to know my little story. I have not been what I seem. Even my name is fictitious. I would be glad

to open to some faithful nature, in case I am soon to leave the world, an explanation which shall show me to be no worse than I am. Will you hear it ?

I signified my sympathy and my willingness ; but inquired what was the prevailing tone of his thoughts : whether they indicated misfortune or the reverse ?

'Not very definite,' said he ; 'but it is a high strain, rather like an anthem : not free from sorrowing recollections, but on the whole, looking to a range of existence giving more freedom and scope to the soul : perhaps its final separation from the body ; perhaps an occupation with the body under new conditions.'

'Tell me one thing more,' said I, 'and I am silent. Looking to a future existence, what possible consequence can be to you the thoughts, good or bad, which may be entertained of you here by those who survive you ?'

'I told you to begin with,' said he, 'that my mood is a mood of egotism, which answers your question. But there is another answer. I have been trusted by many. Should they discover me to be a man hollow and unreal, it would pain them. It would hurt them, for they would fear to trust again. Beside, in the other world, who knows what may be our condition ? Who knows what may be its connections and dependencies ? There is only one safety ; one safe track through the complications of the universe ; that is the truth. Now, I am burthened with a shame and a lie. I can bear its weight no longer. That is my argument. Have I made out a case ?'

'I did not need to be convinced,' said I. 'My question was idle and speculative. I am anxious to hear all you choose to say. Go on.'

'You know,' said Father Green, 'that the brain of a man before birth, is said to pass through various stages. At one time it is like the brain of a fish, at one time like a reptile, at one time like a bird, at one time like a monkey. After birth it seems to pass through quite as many stages, so that considering the chances to stop short in some one of the inferior conditions, it is really wonderful that we have any full men at all. Comparatively numerous are well-developed bodies, but even these are not plenty. Once in a great while we see combined with a good body a good mind. But how rarely is added to the good mind which has a good body, a good soul ! A full man, who is, and who lives up to the highest standard permitted to the human faculties, body, mind, soul, is a thing so uncommon it is almost incredible.'

'When he comes,' said I, 'he has no companions. His condition is solitary. He reaches upward and is crowned with perpetual snow, like Chimborazo and Popocatepetl.'

'That is not the kind I allude to,' said he. 'Begging your pardon for a dissent. Your human Chimborazo's an undeveloped race. They have the body and mind, but lack the soul. Endow such an one with a soul to correspond with his other proportions, and the snow would melt from his summit ; sun-shine and showers would play upon it ; rain-bows would hang over it ; fruits, grasses, and flowers would grow from bottom to top, and fill all the region with plenty and fragrance. Depend upon it, a soul is a most genial and marvellous thing !'

Here ensued a pause, I did not perceive the relevancy of this discussion, and was willing he should find the thread in it which would lead him to his wishes.

'The fact is,' said he, 'and it is hard to say it, but the fact is, I have my moods when I seem to be conscious of having a soul; but when I bring reason to bear on it, I cannot make out the case. Every thought comes back with a hollow sound like reverberation. I am empty. I stand in the presence of a fact which proves me to be rocky and vacant as the habitations of Petra.'

Then followed another pause, and a mental struggle; but in a few moments the cloud passed away, and he stood before me as calm and resolved as one could desire, were he about to lay the corner-stone of the temple of Truth. Presently his countenance beamed with a smile, that seemed to well up from the depths of being, a happiness so deep and abounding that I was almost overfawed by its solemnity.

'O my FATHER and my GOD!' said he, as if unconscious of any presence but that: 'THOU hast brought me through this gloom. I see it, that was blind! The crisis is no more of peril. THOU hast been and art with me. THOU hast moulded me not unto emptiness and dishonor, but unto fulness and joy. Lift upon me forever the light which now shines upon all the mystery of THY ways!'

He came and seated himself quietly by my side, saying: 'Excuse me; I have no longer the same need to talk with you. The crooked ways are made plain. The woman who now lies sick at your house is my wife! Perhaps she will recover. Perhaps she will forgive me. Perhaps my solitary existence and hers may yet be warmed with some rays of social joy. This has been my mystery and my dread. I wished to talk about it. I saw and traced the evidences that she is the person, but I could not connect them. It is now all plain before me.'

'It is my turn,' said I, 'to need to talk. How did all this happen? What means it? You never told us you had a living wife. I have often been a witness to scenes and mysteries; but a certain habit of self-respect has kept me from sharing in the knowledge of transactions which I could not explain.'

'Is there some slight tone of authority in your question?' said he.

'Perhaps that is not material,' said I. 'What I mean is, that if you have no longer any need to make your explanation, I, on my part, have a right to expect and require it.'

'Sir!' said he, rising to his feet with dignity; 'this is the first time you ever addressed me in that tone. Let it be the last.'

'It remains to be seen,' replied I, 'whether I should choose ever again to address you in any tone.'

'No: it does *not* remain to be seen!' said he. 'We have been near each other in sentiment, in companionship, in offices of friendship, for many years. These regards are not to be shaken off as a dry tree drops her leaves. I value your friendship, and I need it; but not upon terms, not upon terms!'

'An honest man,' said I, 'can give no friendship to a vagabond who has betrayed and abandoned his wife, and then offered himself as a teacher of religion, while his unhappy companion wanders up and down

the country, neglected and miserable. No : not even upon terms ! You mistake me : I can throw off the friendship of such a man with as little emotion as I could throw off a dirty garment ! There is some satisfactory explanation of all this, or there is not. You know. If there is, I have a right to it. If there is not, let the word friendship as between you and me be forgotten.'

'Sir !' replied Father Green : 'Sir !' and his eyes flashed, as who should say : 'Do you know to whom you are talking ?' But the impulse of anger on his part was momentary. He walked the room twice or thrice in silence ; then turning squarely before me, drawing himself to his full height, he fixed his eye steadily on mine, which I flatter myself did not fail to show its firmness of purpose. He said :

'You are right : I am not fit to be here. I am not worthy to have friends at all. Yet you shall judge if I am as bad as I seem.'

'Go on !' said I.

'Well, then,' continued he. 'This marriage of mine was a college arrangement. You know how short-lived are college love-affairs. But conceive to yourself an over-grown boy, in every sense as crude as a wild horse from the prairie, uncombed and untrained. No discipline, no culture in mind, body, or spirit, but full of fierce intellectual fire ; full of pride ; quick to the stings of asserted superiority, either of wealth, culture, or scholarship, and writhing, like old Enceladus under *Ætna*, to throw off the clogs, to rise — mark you — a mere vulgar ambition for superiority, in order to rise and shine, and be praised ! They said my mind was quick and capacious. They did not know my toils, but they heard my recitations. It seems to me that there might have been a certain rugged and coarse strength of intellectual machinery. The tasks were ground through the mill, and ground fine. They were pulverized. By this token I wrought my way upward to the honors of my class ; such honors as might be won by a huge machine for crushing quartz over the finer, more delicate instruments of a philosopher's laboratory. This was my honor. I was proud as a general coming home from the wars. It gave me a certain access to society, for which I was as unfit as a rhinoceros. I had neither the manners to make myself agreeable, nor the modesty to be silent. If I could detect a young gentleman in the act of advancing an opinion, I would straightway attack and disperse him, I was proud of my logic ; I could draw an inference, with as exact a fit, as cold and inflexible, as stout and with as strong a sweep as the piston-shaft of a modern ocean-steamer. Think of such a man running at large and breaking into a social gathering of young people ! I have no recollection of my mother. My father was of the early settlers and pioneers of the back-settlements of New-Hampshire. Something he knew of Indian wars, and was not always absent from the skirmishes of the American Revolution. In force of will and of body he was no man's inferior. Among rocks, and trees, and savages, and wild beasts, and awkward countrymen, he was a king ; but his keen glance detected how hopeless the effort on his part to cope in ambition and influence with many inferior to himself in every natural gift, but clothed with the subtle influences of culture, education. He compared himself with a lion, whose teeth and claws had been ex-

tracted, and whose roar was at best a wide boast, compared with which silence would be princely. He looked to me to represent his ambition. I must be educated, and no man must be my superior. Superiority was the great aim; not a low and unmanly superiority, for he was above that; but yet a purely intellectual superiority, such as might vindicate its claim to high places, pronounce great orations, or lead armies. Certain vague awes and hopes of the infinite, no doubt he had; but of religious observances he was innocent, except so far as outward deference might in his opinion be required by decorum. The only religious institution he cherished was an old fiddle. You smile, but it was his notion that a good fiddle would carry a man nearer heaven any day than a poor sermon or a wooden prayer. We were much together, and before I left him for the schools, by how much of his nature I had failed to inherit, so much had I acquired by association and by the magnetic properties of his strong character. Scanty enough was my outfit, and many the financial expedients to procure it. No parting word was spoken; but I saw him following in the distance, loth to lose me from his sight. I was a crude youth, but not insensible. There seemed to go out into the world with me a banner floating high in heaven, to others unseen, unheard, but whose rustling sound was always in my ears, whose blazing motto was ever shining, 'VICTORY OR DEATH!' My physical organs were of that coarse and strong fibre which could endure much, and I knew long before my college course was ended, that my triumph was secure. At length the announcement was formally and officially made, which awarded me the valedictory honors. A kingdom would not have seemed more desirable; yet my thoughts were not of those near me, but of the old man I left among the hills. What would *he* think of it? I was afterward told that during the night after his reception of the news, he slept none, but in lively conversation, as it were, with his old fiddle, sat out the night. There are traits in the New-England character which seem dry and hard, but with all that, they are among the most imaginative people in the world. They think they are devoted to principle, and they are not less so than others; but then it is mostly a matter of imagination. The throwing of the tea into Boston harbor was the result of a most vivid imagination. The tea-tax was nothing, but in their imagination it had a great out-come. Old John Adams, with dry, sharp outlines of character almost repulsive, fearfully addicted to law and fact, was absolutely volcanic with the fires of imagination. He was for the Declaration, you know; but he was not thinking of its present effect; he leapt a great chasm of years, and saw future generations throwing up rockets, firing cannon, ringing bells, and oratory, and shouting. The Declaration was the string to set all this in motion, and he pulled it. Daniel Webster at Plymouth, called up the coming centuries, and announced that his generation was one of them. Well: I often picture to myself the imaginations of my old rough father while fiddling away the night all alone. The day, the great 'commencement day' arrived. I wished much that the old gentleman could be present, but I knew how his slender means were stretched and exhausted in order that I might be present. I did not expect him. But when I advanced upon the stage to perform

my little part, there he stood a few steps advanced in the crowd, through the central door, covered with dust! With a knapsack on his back, carrying as it were, his hotel with him, he had performed the journey on foot and free of expense. I had something to say about Socrates, which pleased portions of the audience. There were audible signs of approbation, but I saw only that one figure covered with dust. After the ceremonies were over I sought him. We walked some distance almost without an exchange of salutations.

'Well!' said he at length, 'you've done it!'

'I hope you are pleased?' said I.

'Just a beginning of the fight,' said he. 'I always had to charge from the bottom of the hill upward, and to pull at the short end of the lever. I wanted you to get the advantage of the ground, and you've done it. I don't know nothing about this here college business. I reckon it's no great shakes; but the thing is, when you try, to come out ahead! You've done it here. I reckon you can do it anywhere.'

'But,' said I, 'you must be tired and hungry. Go with me and have some food and rest.'

'Upon the whole,' said he, 'I think not. I can do you no credit here. I wanted to see how you came out, but I will now go home!'

'And nothing could induce him to change his purpose. The older I get the more I think of these things. I have dwelt upon them too long. The material circumstance is, that I met a young lady, much known among the students. Like myself, she was on the voyage of discovery to find success. Her family was no higher than mine, but there existed this diversity, hers had made a circuit and reached at last the bottom of the ladder; mine was also at the bottom, but had never been up. In its migrations up and down the social gamut, hers had exchanged the vigor and animus of self-propulsion, for an unbounded dead-weight of conventionalities and cast-iron social creeds, which held them fast at the bottom, without the capacity to rise, but with an insatiate desire to be risen. Mine, on the other hand, knew not how to make the first step in the ascent, was quite in place at the bottom, but nevertheless, by a strong inward spring and compulsion, tending upward. She represented her condition, and I mine. PROVIDENCE orders these things very well. I had strength, she manners. I had trained my faculties, as the Spartans trained their soldiers; she had flexibly adapted herself to the social arts of pleasing. We were both vigilant for the main chance. I think we were alike destitute of much that could be called heart, character, or in its higher sense, morality. There was no danger that either of us would commit acts of serious impropriety, but we had no other spirit save that of ready conformity to chance and circumstance. So far then, we were alike. But in the forms of things, and in conventionalities, we were as diverse as the poles. But I thought she fancied me; the road to matrimony was short and rapid. I then learned many themes of happiness, and many of unrest. It was a small thing doubtless to supply a cape, a lace collar, or an ornamented skirt. 'Everybody had them.' But in my condition these small things were mountains of doubt and labor. They taxed my financial skill, as the skill of Pitt and Necker were

never taxed. It is, said I to myself, a great out-come to exchange a week or a month for a lace collar ; but doubtless love is the master passion. In forecasting the years, greatness loomed large in the distance ; but all my trophies were converted into articles of ornament or apparel. But I felt myself filled out and adorned by so pleasant a wife. Such little distinctions as fall to the lot of rising young men, often placed me in situations where I felt the need of her peculiar character. I could trust myself with problems in spherical trigonometry or conic sections ; but with a dinner-party I was helpless. I admired the dexterous tact by which she helped me out of perplexities, and said to myself : 'It is all in the family.' I was proud also of having won her. I knew she had been sought by others, but she had given her love to me alone. I would wear her on my bosom, and consider her weight only as so much buoyance, in my strong buffet with time and chance. While indulging in these reveries one afternoon, one of my college class-mates, a handsome but inconsequential fellow, approached me with a bundle of letters. He was partially intoxicated, a thing becoming rather frequent since his graduation. He reproached me with having robbed and ruined him, and to prove it, handed me an open letter, with the request to read it. It was in my wife's hand-writing. The bundle were in the same, and to the same address. In that letter she excused herself as well as she might from causes of reproach, and requested the return of her letters and sundry little keepsakes in his possession. In that apologetic letter the whole truth blazed out, as if written in lightning. The expressions were guarded ; but she abandoned him, she did love, to marry me, whom she did not love, from the necessities of her position and the advice of friends. Through me was thought to be seen an uncongenial road, but still a road to position. Time would overcome little repugnances, and one must, on the whole, do what is for the best.'

He placed the bundle of letters in my hands, but I read only that one. Did I fly in a rage and beat the miserable poltroon to a jelly ? No ! I was pierced, and with a poisoned weapon. The juices of existence were suddenly dried up in me, as I supposed, forever ; but the pitiable meanness of the wretch excited my pity. He wished to leave that part of the country forever, and I helped him, by giving him my last dollar. All the books of poetry, and all the romances I had read, pointed out to me the course I should pursue. I must overwhelm my wife with reproaches, and see her no more ; or I must leave a note of explanation, and commit suicide. But I had studied Soocrates. I was wounded in my pride and in my affections ; how would either of the courses indicated help the matter ? I was perhaps the only person in the circle of my acquaintance, who had not suspected or known the truth of the matter. I stood, as it were, in the pillory. I considered myself a subject, a fit subject for derision. My love, it was no longer any thing : love, pride, ambition, hope, intellect, were stricken with a fatal palsy. My life was stripped and reduced in a moment to a single dreary consciousness of existence. My body was no longer me. My life was no longer me. I was a dreary something outside and apart, and looked upon myself as on a third person, or a machine, which had

missed its place in the universe. I did not care for it, what might happen : pain, death, disgrace, all the same to me — all the same to the manikin.

I took the open letter and the bundle to my wife. I believe I was entirely calm. I felt a degree of self-command quite new to me. Of all the things which could happen, the worst had already happened. I had nothing to fear. In this sense I was free. I believe I was quite bland in manner, and even smiled. I told her I had read only one, and that by request, before I knew its contents. I was sorry her friend should show himself so unfit to be respected, and suggested the expediency of throwing the letters into the fire. With their bright blaze all the castles of my fancy subsided into ashes ; but I did not say so. Her eyes were at first large with surprise and fear ; her face scarlet with confusion ; but seeing my calm and apparently indifferent manner, soon rallied, and said it was a *bagatelle*, a piece of girlish nonsense. I said that was the view I took of it. I told her I had given the fellow some money, and he had gone. 'Did he take money of you ?' said she ; and her pretty lip curled with scorn, and she blushed as I never saw her blush before. She was willing to make brief work of the topic, and so was I. It was never again alluded to between us. But it was never out of my thoughts, except in sleep, for many, many years. I interpreted every thing in her conduct by different rules. I saw not only myself, but all things else, through different eyes. If I betrayed my state of mind, it was but slightly. But as time wore on, the iron wore in with a more icy coldness. I was conscious of a more death-like coagulation of all the currents of sensibility. After some weary and sodden months, I gathered together all my little values, sealed and labeled, and placed them in a place of safety, and left home under a pretence of a journey of business. From a distant point I wrote my wife a note, brief but kind, in which I told her where to find all the little that I could call mine, and wished it were much more. My journey was likely to prove longer than I had at first suggested. Circumstances influenced me to push on. I did not tell her to what point. But I said that if she should never meet me again, I wished her to feel assured that I wished her well. I felt myself to have been an obstruction to her happiness. If the pleasant illusions, under which a short period of my life had been spent with her, had been dispelled, I did not cherish on that account any feelings of resentment, but sincerely hoped that some more pleasant path would open to her, and her life would yet be happy. This letter I determined should be my farewell to all forms of educated life, to all ambition, to all society. Do you feel, Sir, as if there were any possible atonement for a fault so grave ? Is there now any possible road back to your confidence and regard ?

I said that 'I was not inclined to judge him harshly. I did not think he was justified, but there was provocation and excuse. Much must depend, in my opinion, upon what had taken place since : how he had borne himself, and what he had done.'

"Badly enough," said he. "I will tell you the whole."

'But,' said I, 'my presence at home may be necessary : it is late. I will come again to-morrow evening.'

I hurried home to that dim light which always shines from the windows of a sick-room. Not much change had taken place in the condition of the Florentine. Emily said that she had appeared a shade more hopeful and bright ; but she feared it was an increase of fever, and a tendency to the brain, for she had spoken of hearing her birds sing.

A VISIT TO THE GIPSIES.

BY MICHAEL.

I.

THE autumn leaves were rustling, sore,
The nuts were dropping round ;
Gray wrecks of oak-kings, like crazed LAR,
Stood with bright berries crowned :
And waters far and breezes near,
Made many a pleasant sound.

II.

But memory wandered from the scene,
To childhood's early day,
When of brown, lawless chief and queen,
I read in tale and lay,
And wondered if, in forest green,
I e'er should cross their way.

III.

I thought of JOHNNIE FAA, the flower
Of all the border side,
Who, wooing from her castle bower,
The grim earl's beauteous bride,
Was hung from that high castle-tower,
And all his band beside.

IV.

Of MEG, with fierce eyes darting flame,
And elf-locks streaming wild,
As wrathful prophecy and blame,
On BERTRAM's head she piled ;
Or, striding from the haunted Kaim,
Appalled the scholar mild.

V.

But now before the camp we stood :
Wagons, a tent, a fire,
A caldron, fit for wizard-brood,
And incantations dire :
And that strange band, whose lineage rude,
Still vainly we inquire !

VI.

Grouped 'mid the gnarled roots they lay,
Or glanced the trees among;
The scowling, swarthy man, the gray
Bent crone, with shrewish tongue,
Chasing the loosened beasts away,
And scolding old and young.

VII.

The mother, to her wailing babe
Chanting wild lullabies;
The child, in gaudy rags arrayed,
Staring in mute surprise:
And one lithe, long-locked, tawny maid,
With deep-black, radiant eyes.

VIII.

She took my hand, that forest girl,
With mystic cross and sign:
Up-flashing from a cloud of curl,
Her lightning glance met mine:
And smooth, twin rows of gleaming pearl,
'Tween her bright lips did shine.

IX.

She promised wondrous things for me,
But though her voice I heard;
Blent with the breeze that, sighingly,
The fading branches stirred;
In musing on *her* destiny,
I lost each fate-full word.

X.

'How well,' thought I, 'that lofty mien
Would grace a palace hall!
How grandly robes of Indian sheen
O'er that rich bosom fall!
She, born to high estate, had been
The cynosure of all.'

XI.

But now, in tattered vesture clad,
Perchance her lot 't will be,
To follow some brown, roving lad,
A drudge, from sea to sea:
Or, worse, amid the bold and bad,
To glitter guiltily.

XII.

Ah! ne'er could aybil-skill explain,
Why oft the great and good,
Fate's beauty-gifts implore in vain,
When thus, in wild green-wood,
The rarest are bestowed — to wane
Beneath a gipsy hood!

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. DEBENT.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

ALTHOUGH that crash and cry were well calculated to spread alarm among those who were gathered in the cabin, still no one, but Rude Keller, exhibited any signs of surprise or fear. For my own part, I instantly comprehended all that before had filled me with vague suspicions at the movements of old Mike, and the absence of Benny Brown. The truth was to me as rapid in its coming, as was the suddenness of the sweeping crash, the fearful cry, and the wild yell that had sounded simultaneously outside of the cabin-door. And Rude Keller understood it too, but he understood it through the medium of what he knew to be its intention and its consequences, and I was not surprised to see him continue rigidly fixed in the same attitude of terror in which I have painted him in the preceding chapter.

Being the nearest to the door, I could more easily than the rest distinguish all the sounds that had been heard, and could separate the triumphant yell that had rung so fearfully distinct from the rest. It was the Indian's yell, and in it there was something so exultant, so wild and savage, that I could not misunderstand it, and it must have struck upon the ear of Rude Keller with an effect terribly distinct.

Mike's expression, 'They are swept clean off,' had no ring of the true Christian metal in it, and old barbaric Africa rose triumphant over the redeemed son of the old exile, and his dark suggestion well echoed the fierce and vindictive cry of his pagan brother. Sometimes the Christian's low-breathed words are as terrible as the loud-bellowed curse of the savage. But Mike could be sorry for his expression of vengeance, while Benny Brown could never be. Repentance is the creed of the one — the cause of the repentance is the religion of the other. Where was Mike's book then ?

Mike sat calmly by the hearth, while the broken limbs of the tree might at that moment be crunching among the broken limbs of men ; and I, too, was standing there, while probably within a few feet of me lay bodies like my own, crushed and mangled, suffering, and perhaps dead. The priest and I at least must be Christians, and do the Christian's part. There was only a bolt between me and my duty, and it was not many seconds before I had withdrawn that bolt, and, followed by the priest, I stepped over the door-way.

A confused mass stopped our progress. The twilight had deepened into gloom, leaving only a blood-red streak on the horizon of the western hills, like a flag held out by shipwrecked mariners, as they rise and fall on the long blue billows of the sea. All on the earth was wrapped in a garment of gossamer obscure, so that objects lay around indistinct and

mystic, though we knew them to be things familiar to us, as broken toys in our nursery-room, when only the dying embers in the grate shine on them, changing the younger brother's little hobby-horse into a phantom of that steed 'bestrode by Death, as spoken of in the Apocalypse.' Before us, immediately at our feet, was a mass of shattered branches, and the stout body of the parent tree, stretched like the body of a serpent, who had fallen among the arrows of his foes, and in falling had crushed and scattered them around him.

Strange to say, there was no groan, no movement, nothing to indicate aught of human animation and no object on the instant, as I fully feared, met our view, to tell that the Indian and the negro's stratagem had ended fatally for their enemies. Where were Rude Keller's companions, upon whom the lashing branches of the withered oak had been loosened? Where the Indian himself?

Pushing through the matted obstacles of twig and limb, I broke my way into the open space; but before doing so, I begged the priest to remain in the cabin, and see that Rude Keller was not allowed to leave it.

There was scarcely any necessity for that, though at the time I was of course unaware of those events that were transpiring within.

I had no sooner reached the open ground where Sampson and I had waited until Mike should reappear from the clump, whither, as it now turned out, he had gone to saw through the body of the oak, a thing long ago agreed upon between him and the Indian, in anticipation of some such juncture as that which had occurred, when seated quietly upon the ground, I found Benny, with his head supported by his hands, and his elbows supported by his knees, as still and mysterious as an Egyptian sphinx; and in the full association of the scene, in the silence, in the dusky humanity before me, there was enough to conjure to my mind the idea of the similitude. But my sphinx must speak. I approached the Indian, and leaning over, so that I could speak only loud enough for him to hear, for I supposed this was only a part of his stratagem, and that he was anxious still to play out the ways and doings of his race, I said:

'Is any one killed, Benny?'

No answer.

'Is any one wounded, Benny?'

No answer.

'Have they fled?'

The question had its effect.

The old man rose to his feet, not like an old man in an old city, with his old habits of old indulgences, with his old limbs creaking in their rusty joints with dry old rheumatism; but he rose to his feet, like one of those fabled men of Cadmus, and he stood by me, a red old hero as he was, but not red with blood. Looking me full in the face, he pointed to the spot where the oak had so lately stretched its frame-work against the sky, and then, with a deep utterance, he half-whispered in my ear:

'There is one tree less in the woods—but there are as many white men as when the sun went down. Oga-ka-nin does not kill—not

even the tree, for it was dead : the GREAT SPIRIT killed it years ago, when HE was angry.'

I began to think, despite the solemn style of Oga-ka-nin, that he had indulged in a practical joke, and had meant to give his pursuers no more serious thing to remember than a rather magnificent fright. Yet I was not certain, for now that the Indian was all Indian, even to his sonorous name, I could not readily imagine that his nature had been contented with simply performing a very nicely-contrived trick of measurement, and allowing, by a complete mastery of distance, the branches of the tree to sweep only the skirts of his foes.

'Then they escaped?'

Again the Indian raised his arm and pointed with a gesture to the woods, that answered my question in the affirmative.

I breathed freer, for guilty as they intended to be, they had not succeeded in the full accomplishment of their purpose, and having failed in that, I was satisfied ; but *the tiger was in the trap*.

And then the savage nature of the white man, chastened somewhat by justice and education, swelled in my heart, and made me, with a thrill of animal joy, say to the Indian just the words I have italicized above, '*The tiger was in the trap ;*' and the Indian's silence answered me that he had placed him there. And now I felt how unnecessary it is to make loud arrangements when great purposes are in hand ; for here was this instinctive lover of vengeance, this red outlaw of nature, calm as the scene that surrounded him with its sense of peace and symbols of safety, while his deadliest foe was in the hands, so far as he had a right to know, only of an old black carpenter, with a drooping shoulder and a prayer-book in his over-coat pocket, that taught him the lessons of forgiveness ; and for what I might know, under ordinary circumstances, at liberty to move himself away from the grasp of his enemies as easily as a hawk would break the meshes of a spider's web that hung between the twigs close by the branch on which he poised himself with his bloody talons. In silence had this Indian worked, and now in silence was he certain that his work was good. So fully was I impressed with the consistency of every movement that I had seen of all these events so hurriedly grouped together, that I leant with perfect reliance upon the mute power by which I was surrounded.

Was I getting to be an Indian too ?

The silence of my after-years almost made me think that I was ; but now that I am so regular a talker to the public, I fear me much, that I am nothing after all but a white man.

'They are talking loud in the cabin, Benny : let us go in,' I said to the tranquil statue by my side.

With a low laugh, the tranquil statue answered me :

'If the wind blew in the grass, you could not hear the storm inside the wigwam : the snake that rattles, makes no noise when he bites.'

'Yes, but he makes a noise to tell that he will bite, and this talk may mean the same.'

'We know how to keep his tooth from striking — a deer can do that.'

Benny's allusion to the morning's incident, convinced me that he had been in our neighborhood, even before he had appeared to come so suddenly upon the scene. There is almost witchcraft in the woods and its people.

Having satisfied myself of all that I had left the cabin in quest of, I now determined to return and see the issue of these complications into which I had been so singularly plunged.

When I set about fulfilling my intention, I was gratified that the Indian made a similar movement, and so in silence we commenced our return. The Indian's knowledge saved me some trouble, for instead of breaking through the stiff twigs and branches, as I had done on leaving the cabin, he now led me to the extremity of the limbs, where they were more yielding, and thus with greater ease we descended to the door, which, upon attempting to open, we found closed. That was a good sign.

'*Mabonoqua!*' That was the Indian's signal, and it was understood. The door was opened on the instant by Mike, and upon our entrance it was closed again, and the bolt shot into its place.

The scene within the cabin was somewhat changed. The priest was no longer absorbed in meditation, nor was Mike intent upon warming himself by the burning brands in the chimney-corner; and old Sampson seemed to have converted himself into a powerful young negro, with the strength of his Jewish name-sake in his muscular frame; and Rude Keller, whom we so lately saw, the very impersonification of terror, was now a sullen, grumbling, swearing bravo, caught in the toils, and surrounded by a combination of potential placidity, whose barrier he felt it impossible to break. Doubtless, to his frightened imagination, during my temporary absence, a vision had come to him of the crushed bodies of his friends, or at the best, he saw them hastening and hiding through the woods, while darkly behind each tree, stood the body of his Indian conqueror, with the poised barrel of unerring fate levelled to smite him, should he venture forth into the dusky and bewildering night.

The dog, too, had received new light, and with bristling hair ridged upon his back, stood at a safe distance and watched the tiger in the trap, and the tiger watched him as one animal watches another.

The Indian, upon his entrance, walked straight up to the priest, and offered him his hand, and the priest took it, as many a time before he had done, and many a time since, with the air of one who was born a knight and been consecrated an apostle. And then the Indian swept the apartment with his eagle eye, until it rested, like a ray of fire, upon Rude Keller.

Rude felt the burning coal, and turned away from its heat, and lapping out his tongue, convulsively licked his grizzled chops, and clenched his fingers, as if he was trying to loosen the rivets of a chain that stopped the circulation of his blood. No one spoke a word, until I advanced to Father Thomas, and in an under-tone, informed him of the escape of the men who had followed Keller to the door.

'It is well,' said the priest. 'I should have been sorry enough had blood stained the threshold of that good old man there; either his blood or the blood of others.'

This was spoken so loud that Keller heard the latter part of the speech, and his eyes met those of the priest. All criminals look that way in their trouble ; but not for holier purpose and better hope looked the caught culprit then.

' Who sheds blood here ? ' he at length exclaimed, straightening himself upon the stool. ' Who but this red devil ? — who puts blood on his door-sill, and white man's blood at that, but him ? Why do n't you chain him ? Let me go ! '

' There is no blood on his door-sill, Mr. Keller, and no blood on his hands, and those who came here to shed *his* blood are unhurt, and you are unharmed, though had you succeeded in your scheme, the Indian would be now lying on this floor, with his blood upon your hands. Thank God that it is not so.' The priest in speaking, had approached within a few feet of Rude, and when he paused, he extended his hand, as if he would touch the person of the latter in obedience to some instinct of his nature, that while it made him condemn the crime, could teach him to bear to the tainted sore the balm that the good Samaritan poured into the wounds of him of the parable. •

Keller saw the hand extended to him, and doubtless understood the motive of the action ; but whether he did or not, it made no difference ; for he sprang suddenly upon his feet, and before his intention could be intercepted, he struck the priest's hand away from him, with a loud and blasphemous oath.

' Hands off, I say ! I'm no prisoner in an Indian's cabin ; and no d — d Jesuit shall lay his finger on me. I say to all of you, stand off ! ' and he looked around the room for something with which to arm himself, determined, it now seemed, to do and dare the worse.

Recoiling from the blow for an instant, and an instant only, the minister of God, whose creed was charity and peace, again approached the desperate man ; approached him with a face as calm as an angel's, and a heart as brave as a martyr's, and before he could seize on any weapon of offence, he clenched his reaching arm, and pinioned it in his grasp. But the left-hand arm of the ruffian was free, and as powerful as free, and with the force of a machine, it struck the priest over the temple. There was war then. There appeared to be murder too, for as the blow was sent with stunning and killing effect, the priest staggered and fell, with a dull, dead sound upon the floor.

There seemed to be sacrilege as well as murder, and I determined to avenge both the martyr and the man. It was not my fate to do so, however often during that eventful day, my heart had beat to do a deed of mischief.

Before I could clench with the brute, I saw a huge black hand fly into the air ; a great gray-sleeved arm whirled before my eyes, and then something in the shape of Rude Keller, except that it seemed more limp and helpless, was tossed into the air for a moment, as if a mine had been sprung under its feet ; and then, with something like a red mask upon some portion of it near its head, with four limbs, that seemed all broken to pieces, it fell in a great lump, with a hideous shout as of sick death, some five feet from where I first saw it rise into the air.

And there it lay, and no one went to it, but the dog who smelt the

blood on its face, and growled and snarled for a while, and then sat by it and waited, as if he wanted to see whether the thing would kick him again. The tiger looked no longer at the dog, but with a dull breathing, slumbered on his first death-watch. The grave was not very far off from that mass of once mighty, but now helpless, humanity, that Sampson, the giant, had smote with something as strong as the jaw-bone of an ass. But the priest came to, and with a gourd I dipped water from a bucket that Mike fetched from the Indian's spring, and bathed the bruised temple; and while he laid that temple on my breast, I prayed to him to pray for me; and while in his silent worship, I felt that his soul was on its knees, and that my poor name was nearer to the throne, because he spoke it, than it had been for many a day, since my mother, on her dying-bed, told her **MAKER** that she wished **HIM** to bless her son, another group came into that dread cabin-room, a woman and a young girl; and the woman went by all others with a wild and insolent manner, and squatting down by the body of the half-dead man in the corner, she took his head in her hands, and placed the bloody thing in her lap, and in her silent thinking, cursed him and us; and the younger one, with an angel's form in rags, and lips compressed, and eyes that looked of terror and of dreams, stopped in the centre of the room, and looked around at all. In the eyes of all she saw what she seemed not often to have found, and then she knelt down by the priest and kissed his hand.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

SHE kissed the very hand that Rude had struck. It was a womanly deed, and done in that accidental way, without a previous thought, by which the gentle sex sometimes illustrate their weakness and their force. Beautiful as the act appeared to me, it was also another phase of the complication of circumstances in which I found myself. What she was, I knew at once. Why she stopped and knelt by the priest, instead of going straight to the bleeding thing she called her parent, puzzled me. She had scarcely noticed the crippled object that was huddled like a rag-bag in the corner, simply an old, worn-out coat and pair of pantaloons, with vest and other garments of man's attire, with a mask put on and painted hands attached; but she had turned away from it, not in loathing, that I could see, but quickly, and had fallen on her knees before the better thing her father had thrown in violence on the floor; and by that prostrate form, whose bruised temple I was bathing, she knelt, making strong the resemblance to some sweet picture of an Italian master, in which is painted one of the **Marys** by the side of the great **CRUCIFIED**. Heaven help me, but I mean no profanation by this simile. And with his luminous eyes looked the good man at her, that young and ragged thing, that young element of joy, and greater than a king felt he, when to the regal hand come the courtiers of his realm to kiss their empty homage on the jewelled glove held forth for their worship.

Meantime, the woman who had entered with her, held the ruffian's head upon her lap, and sometimes gazed fixedly upon it, and then she raised her eyes and gazed at the different figures that composed the

company. Once or twice she directed her attention upon the priest and the young girl ; and a deep dark fire, smothered in clouding smoke, shone in the look ; but when she turned upon the Indian, she seemed at once to recognize in him the person of all others upon whom she was to vent her wrath. Benny stood by the fire-place and looked with a steady look at the changing lights and shades that glimmered and darkened amid the burning wood. Old Mike too, had resumed his seat by the hearth, and was calm once more ; but from the face of the priest the reverent negro never withdrew his gaze.



Sampson, after his deed of prowess, had gone back to his old age ; but I could observe in his half-anxious face a certain inexpressible and in-suppressible smile of satisfaction, perhaps of humor, and he gave me one or two furtive looks, that plainly asked me if I did not think him a very clever old fellow. Indeed I did.

All at once a shrill voice sounded from the corner where the man lay and the woman sat, and I looked over in that direction.

'Will you let him die like a dog among you, and you Christians and white people? How many were upon him? Negroes, Indian, and priest, and the white stranger, (meaning me,) and not one of you dare take hold of him by himself. Wake up Rude, and look at the gang of cowards all about you. Wake up, I say, man, and be a man! Who struck him, I say, and drew his blood? Priest! is n't it blood for blood, eye for eye, tooth for tooth?' Look here, he is dying, and you won't come near him to help him. Get up there, you huzzy; get off your knees and let that man's hand alone; what's he to you? Look at your father and get up and come away from people that hate him, hate you, hate me. Young devil! I say come here! Will you let your father die and not fetch him a drink of water, when they can pour pailsfull over the preacher's head?'

She stopped, for at that moment the contused brain of the ruffian began to resume its functions, and some power over his limbs returned. He drew his hand across his face and then held it before him, placing it in such a position that the light could fall full upon it. From his face his hand received a broad stain of blood. That sight seemed to revive the wild demon in his heart, for he threw his hand in front of him as if he would throw it away from him entirely, and he vainly tried to get upon his legs.

'Not yet,' I heard her mutter in his ear. That voice seemed also to revive him; for he turned toward the woman as if he had seen her for the first time, and spoke to her.

'Yes,' she answered, 'they came straight to the house and told me where you were.'

So it was as I had thought. The news of the attack and of Rude Keller's imprisonment was carried to his wife by his escaped comrades, and she had started forthwith to his rescue. The tigress had sought her mate, and finding him, had crouched down by his side and almost lapped the blood from his clotted wounds, and had growled and snarled her fury at his foes; and what, following the figure out, she would call her cub, was in their hands, and fiercely she glared upon them as she saw the gentle priest bless the poor being with his saintly look.

'Go,' said the priest to me, 'and see if you can do any thing for that poor man. He must be suffering, and it is not right in us, so many here, to let him want for aid. Go! I am well again; and you too, my child,' speaking to the girl, 'go to him and help him. It is your duty; go, I beg you.'

The girl got up from her knees, as if to obey the clergyman. There was a something of wildness in her whole appearance that wonderfully impressed me. Wildness is the word, for none other can convey the impression she made upon me then. And with that wildness, not of the brain, mark me, but of the natural being of the girl, there was a harmonious unity of beauty, of intellectual expression and physical development. Her face was radiant with intelligence, and a certain look, that I cannot well describe, appeared to me to be the result of some

dreamy quality of the mind, some perpetual recollection as of things that had been, coming back to her in dim and scarcely distinct vibrations from the young, small part of her life. Her hair was nearly black, and yet not black. It was the hair of a blonde seen in twilight, or when the moon shines; and it fell in clusters, not school-girlish, upon her shoulders; and her shoulders fell like the sculptor's lines of beauty, until they were lost in patched-up rags and queer rig of dress, half-baby's and half-woman's. Had she begged a ribbon from some village belle, or was that bunch of tasteful color, bark stripped from the autumn forest, or leaves from the red dog-wood and the silver maple? There were feeling and gentleness and gentle blood, in the very arrangement of that something of color, that trembled on her bosom with the beating of her heart. Keep a sun-bonnet on her face for a week, but let her go out into the air of the pleasant woods, and her skin, now brown, would be as pure as the japonica that the bride of yesterday bore in the hand, the hand she gave away in love. The years of this young fawn of the gladed woods were not more than sixteen, and her wild vigor of look and limb made me think that she could go on to be sixty and yet keep on with her loveliness. There was a grace in the few movements she had made, that told of a brave, good heart, that knew how to beat in keeping with her lithe young limbs when they stepped along the humble pathway of her daily work; and yet, after all, I saw in her but the daughter of a ruffian and his dam; but who has not seen the tiniest and the gentlest petaled flower glimmer in its purple wardrobe among the savage scenery of a rock-hemmed way? Hereafter I will have to refer frequently perhaps in these pages to this half-heroine of mine, and therefore will dwell no longer upon a description of her now. My pencil in this chapter has but feebly sketched those lineaments, that my pen has equally failed in bringing before my reader; all that I can add now is, that no novel that I have lately read has in its pages a being so full of all the things that would charm a novelist or a novel-reader, as this calico-gowned daisy, with the loving heart, whom I have made to sit to me for her portrait. If I could tell my public what she now says of all this, they would be induced to give to her, perhaps, more of real every-day sympathy than at this moment they are disposed to yield. Perhaps she is reading now these very lines that you are dwelling on. God bless her.

So the maid stood up as if to obey the wishes of the priest.

'Did you wait for him to order you?' exclaimed the woman. 'You shall not come when he says so, but you shall come when I wish it. Come now, I tell you, and none of your high airs about it, either.'

As she spoke she rose from the floor, her eyes flashing and brow all flushed with fury; and stamped her foot, and with the gesture of a bedlam queen, uttered her command to the girl: 'Come to your father!'

The lips of the girl parted as if to speak; but she did not, and without a sign in answer, she walked with almost a sullen air across the room and approached the Indian, upon whose arm she laid her hand and pointed to the priest: 'Who struck *him*? Tell me, Oga-ka-nin, who struck *the* Father?'

The old Indian looked down upon the upturned face before him, and with an expressive meaning in his eyes, indicated without speaking who it was that had raised his hand against Father Thomas.

'He wanted to take hold of me, Lizzie, and I would n't let him,' growled Rude Keller with a tone of vindication; and it struck me at the time that there was also a mixture of fear in his manner. Time told me afterward that I was not mistaken.

'The bad white man lies. The servant of HIS GREAT SPIRIT never strikes. He would not even strike an Indian! Oga-ka-nin wants the bloody hand to go out of his wigwam. Stay here no longer, the door shall be opened, and the squaw, like a cat, can lead him in the dark! Look!' continued the Indian, as he pointed to a streaming ray of silvery light that fell across the floor; 'the moon makes the forest clear. Though your eyes are full of blood, Rude Keller, you can see!'

The girl listened to this command upon her companion with a look in which I thought I could trace some latent feeling of exultation; but the predominant sentiment, as exhibited upon her varying countenance, was that, as I have said before, of a wild and far-away character. She appeared almost to be walking amid these things, as if she was in a sleep, and only doing what she did in obedience to some vague force of mechanical necessity.

Before Rude Keller could reply to the command of the Indian to leave the cabin, the girl passed over to him and whispered something in his ear. The effect upon him was instantaneous, and his senses and powers seemed to return to him with all their former force. He sprang from the floor, and there was not one of us but felt for a moment that another desperate scene was to transpire. The apprehension was only momentary, for this strange being seemed no less under the spell of the girl's whisper than he was under that of the Indian. There was no longer fury in his look, but a something else that filled his blood-stained eyes with terror; and he shuffled over the floor, leading the girl by the hand, and followed by the woman. But as they were passing by where the priest and I were sitting, the girl loosened her hand from the ruffian's grasp, and without stopping him — indeed he evinced no disposition to tarry longer in the room — she came up to my companion and in a low sweet voice said: 'Will Father meet me at the Canase-raga stepping-stones to-morrow?'

'I will be there, my child, before noon. If you are there before me, wait,' and he placed his hand upon her head, and in the subdued custom of his Church, he asked the God of the heavens to bless the child of the wilderness. And so she went back to the two who were waiting for her at the threshold. The man put out his hand as she approached him and said, 'Come, Lizzie, come home with me. You are *my* angel as well as God's; ' and then, as if he was ashamed to have given way to a sentiment so humble or so tender before persons whom his own bad passions made him look upon as enemies, he added in a loud, rough voice: 'There is one more to deal with now than before!' He shook his finger at old Sampson when he said this, and without another word from any one, he left the place.

Was it because my age made me more liable to sympathize with the sweet young creature who had gone away from us like a good thought, that I then ceased to think of any thing but her? I could not help it, for all the interest that a naturally ardent and speculative nature could experience, was excited within me, not within my heart, O gentle lady! reader now of this doubtful confession; but how could I avoid looking toward the priest, and drawing him away even from the inoffensive hearing of our poor ignorant friends, to ask him something more about her than I had already heard? In answer to my question, he said he knew nothing farther than that she was the daughter of Rude Keller, and that she was a good and gentle girl, and worshipped with a simple heart, and in all things acted as if she was some exiled child from a prince's hall; and that she bore the servitude her mother put upon her, a servitude of hard and heartless imposition, with a spirit of such patience that, said the priest smiling, 'her conduct would add another verse to Job's part of the Bible.'

And so that was all I could hear of her; but I made up little plans about her, not of marriage, gentle madam, or of wooing, gentle maiden; but of how, when I came into the full ownership by title-deeds of all my new lands and woods lying around about there, and scattered everywhere by hill-side and stream-side; how I would, out of my humble means that would be left me after I had paid for my purchase, buy her books that she could see poetry in print as well as upon the painted leaves of trees; and how I would win Rude Keller from his evils, and his wife from her devils; and that then I would send over to their cottage — it should be a cottage then, thought I — a grand piano or a meek guitar, and have my lawyer in the city send me some poor lone man whose cunning hand could touch the keys and strings of instruments; and have him tarry with me in the summer months, and send him day by day upon my brave horse across the running river and through the woods, to where my pet was living, to teach her how to make music in her home from other things than her own pure lips and wild young innocent tongue; and how the priest would help me in my scheme; nor did I think that he would say me, No, should I ask him to take the books in his portmanteau, and in his wanderings call by and leave them with her, and stop and teach her how to feel the force of history's great lessons and the bard's high mission. And thus I sat weaving my garland of pleasant blossoms, until my lonesome heart was cheerful in the odor that came from the bright flowers that, as I weaved them, I almost feared would fall from my garland to my feet.

It was old Sampson that wakened me from this dream of the maiden in the Indian's cabin, by asking me if I would not go back with him to the Hut. It was now after nine o'clock, but the distance was not great, and the moon was bright and the air was sweet, and I really longed to get back to the old tower and see old Mary again, and my horse; and I knew that she too wanted her black lord to come back to her lonely side; for she would be at least uneasy should he tarry away all night. She might perhaps be like other wives I know of, who sometimes make objections to late returns of supper-sipping husbands. And

when the priest joined old Sampson in his proposal, I readily consented, and then when I found that the priest would lead his horse through the forest and go on with me to the Hut, I could tarry no longer, but was glad to start at once.



PICTURE OF THE HUT.

Mike would stay all night with the Indian, and where there is a fire with plenty of wood in the corner, a negro will sleep, as seldom eider-downed kings repose. A cricket on the hearth is not more comfortable than an old negro gentleman, one of the old school, on a cricket by the hearth. I shook the Indian's hand, this Oga-ka-nin chief, and with a warm adieu to Mike, who promised soon to come down to the Hut and mend the sash in the turret-window, and fix up the garden-fence a little, in case I bought, we left the place and struck into the woods. And thus was my first day passed upon the land I longed for ; and when we got fairly among the pines and oaks, and we stirred the crisp leaves that had fallen from their branches, while the priest hummed some hymn to the Virgin from the vesper service of his Church,

my mind forgot the crashing tree that had fallen among the lawless gang, the bloody face that had glared upon us in the cabin, the furious tiger-cat in petticoats that spattered by the fallen bravo's side, and only saw the long locks of the young woman who had kissed the hand that was helping her to heaven. And thus we wandered on, passing at the crossing by the old mill — the Canaseraga stepping-stones it was, where Lizzie had made her rendezvous for the morrow — by the meadows and the white rock that shimmered in the moon, until we reached the Hut. We approached it from the river side, and I looked up at it as it stood between the moon and us. It was a rare old turret Hut of 'rare device,' and frost and moon-beam made it glitter like a jewelled pile. See it, my reader, as it stood before us in all its pride of log and light; and we entered by the door, and by my side entered the priest and Sampson, and the Past and the Present; and the Present took the form of the poor Lizzie, then perhaps wandering toward her gloomy home with the man she called her father and the woman who did not look as if she could be her mother. But Lizzie, though she was the Present, did not enter the old Hut's door as its young master's bride; no, there was no thought of that. And now I have finished the First Book of this Story, and I pray you all to wish me well in what I have to write of it hereafter: and with your good leave, I will now call Sampson to my room, to read to him, as I always do, the manuscript from which these sheets are printed. Good night to all, till warm July shall come.

End of First Book of the Hut.

T A R D Y S P R I N G .

STERN Winter quakes upon his tottering throne,

Yet heads his legions from the stormy north:

And Spring, the uncrowned princess, seeks her own;

The loyal willow hangs his banner forth,

First, 'mid the frowning ranks of haughty peers;

While, by the brooklet, creeping all about,

The cottage children, roaming, with their shears

Cut cress and dandelion — to help out

Their simple meal. Lo! thundering on his path

The usurper-king prolongs his tyrant reign:

Yet timid FLORA, trembling at his wrath,

Still slow and sure, her rightful rule doth gain:

But when rich music stirs the nested tree,

And insect-life exults — shall I be there to see?

Hartford, (Conn.) April 17, 1857.

L. H. 3.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

The other side of the Harbor — A Foraging Party and Disappointment — Twilight at Louisburgh — Long Days and Early Mornings — A Visit and View of an Interior — A Shark Story — Picton inquires about a Measure — Hospitality and the Two Brave Boys — Proposals for a trip overland to Sydney.

To make use of a quaint but expressive phrase, 'it is patent enough,' that travellers are likely to consume more time in reaching a place than they are apt to bestow upon it when found. And, I am ashamed to say, that even Louisburgh was not an exception to this general truth; although perhaps certain reasons might be offered in extenuation for our somewhat speedy departure from the precincts of the old town. First, then, the uncertainty of a sailing vessel, for the 'Balaklava' was coquettishly courting any and every wind that could carry her out of our harbor of refuge. Next, the desire of seeing more of the surroundings of the ancient fortress — the batteries on the opposite side, the new town; the light-house, and the wild picturesque coast. Added to these was the wish of Captain Capstan to shift his anchorage, to get on the side where he would have a better opening toward the ocean, 'when the wind came on to blow,' to say nothing of being in the neighborhood of his old friends, whose cottages dotted the green hill-sides across the bay, as you looked over the bows of the jolly little schooner. And finally there might have been other inducements — such as the hope of getting a few pounds of white sugar, a drawing or so of respectable tea, a pitcher of milk, (delicious, lacteous fluid, for which we had yearned so often amid the briny waves;) and last but not least, a hamper of blue-nosed potatoes. So, when the shades of evening were gathering grandly and gloomily around the dismantled parapets, and Louisburgh lay in all the lovely and romantic light of a red and stormy sun-set, it seemed but fitting that the cable-chain of the anchor should clank to the windlass, and the die-away song of the mariner should resound above the calm waters, and the canvas stretch toward the land opposite, that seemed so tempting and delectable. And presently the 'Balaklava' bore away across the red and purple harbor for the new town, leaving in her wake the ruined walls of Louisburgh that rose up higher the further we sailed from them. Now I wish I had staid there longer.

The schooner dropped anchor inside the little cove, which the reader will see by referring to the map, and the old battles of the years '45 and '58, were presently forgotten in the new aspects that were presented. The anchor was scarcely dropped fairly, before the yawl-boat was under the stroke of the oars, and Picton and I on the way for the store-house, the general, particular, and only exchange in the whole district of

Louisburgh. It was a small wooden building with a *flake* outside, for the fisheries, a fair array of tarpaulin hats, oil-skin garments, shelves of dry-goods and crockery, boxes and barrels in the inside — such as are usually kept by country traders.

But alas! the new town, that looked so pastoral and pleasant, with its tender slopes of verdure, was not, after all, a Canaan, flowing with milk and blue-nosed potatoes. Neither was there white sugar, nor coffee, nor good black tea there; the cabin of the schooner being well furnished with these articles of comfort as the store-house of McAlpin, toward which we had looked with such longing eyes. Indeed I would not have cared so much about the disappointment myself, but I secretly felt sorry for Picton, who went rummaging around the barrels in search of something or other to eat or drink. 'No white sugar?' said the traveller. '*We don't have white sugar in this town,*' was the answer. 'Nor coffee?' 'No, Sir.' And the tea had the same flavor of musty hay, with which we were so well acquainted. At last Picton stumbled over a prize — a bushel-basket half-filled with potatoes, whereat he raised a bugle-note of triumph.

It may seem strange that a gentleman of fine education, a traveller, who had visited the famous European capitals, London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Vienna; who had passed between the Pillars of Hercules, and voyaged upon the blue Mediterranean, far as the Greek Archipelago; who had wandered through the galleries of the Vatican, and mused within the courts of the Alhambra; who had seen the fire-works on the carnival dome of St. Peter's, and the water-works of Versailles; the temples of Athens, and the Boboli gardens of Florence; the sculptures of Praxiteles, and the frescoes of Raphael; should exhibit such emotion as Picton exhibited, over a bushel-basket only half-filled with small-sized blue-nosed tubers. But Picton was only a man, and '*Homo sum* ——' the rest of the sentence it is needless to quote. I saw at a glance that the potatoes were cut in halves for planting; but Picton was filled with the divine idea of a feast. 'I say, we want a peck of potatoes.' 'A peck?' was the answer. 'Why, man, I would n't sell ye my seed-potatoes at a guinea a-piece.' Here was a sudden let-down; a string of the human violin snapped just as it was keyed up to tuning point. Slowly and sorrowfully I led Picton again to the yawl, and a few strokes of the oars carried us to the side of the 'Balaklava.' Once more we made a meal with brown sugar and musty hay, hard bread and pork — and gloomy prospects ahead.

It may seem absurd and trifling to dwell upon such slight particulars in this itinerary of a month among the Blue Noses, (as our brothers of Nova-Scotia are called;) but to give a correct idea of this rarely-visited part of the world, one must notice the salient points that present themselves in the course of the survey. Louisburgh would speedily become rich from its fisheries, if there were sufficient capital invested there and properly used. Halifax is now the only point of contact between it and the outside world; Halifax supplies it with all the necessary articles of life, and Halifax buys all the produce of its fisheries. Therefore, Halifax reaps all the profits on either side, both of buying and selling, in all not amounting to much — as the matter now stands.

But, insomuch as the sluggish blood of the colonies will never move without some quickening impulse from exterior sources, and as Louisburgh is only ten days' sail, under canvas, from New-York, and as the fisheries there would rapidly grow by kindly nurture into importance, it does seem as if a moderate amount of capital diverted in that direction, would be a fortunate investment, both for the investor and hardy fishermen of the old French town.

I have alluded before to the long Acadian twilights, the tender and loving leave-takings between the day and his earth ; just as two fond and foolish young people separate sometimes, or as the quaint old poet in *Brittania's Pastorals* describes it :

' Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,
About to part with the best half that's his :
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,
And curseth time for so fast hastening to it :
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make less vows than are esteemed true :
Then says, he must be gone, and then doth find
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind :
And while he stands to look for 't in her eyes,
Their sad, sweet glance so ties his faculties,
To think from what he parts, that he is now
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came ; begins his former strain,
To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again ;
Then turns, comes back, sighs, pants, and yet doth go,
Fain to retire, and loth to leave her so.'

Even so these fond and foolish old institutions part company in northern regions, and, at the early hour of two o'clock in the morning, the amorous twilight reappears in his foggy mantle, to look at the fair face of his ancient sweetheart in the month of June.

Tea being over, the 'cluck' of the row-locks woke the echoes of the twilight bay, as our little yawl put off for the new town, with a gay evening party, consisting of the Captain, his lady, the baby, Picton and myself, with a brace of Newfoundland oarsmen. If our galley was not a stately one, it was at least a cheerful vessel, and as the keel grated on the snow-white pebbles of the beach, Picton and I sprang ashore, with all the gallantry of a couple of Sir Walter Raleighs to assist the Queen of the 'Balaklava' upon terra firma. Her majesty being landed, we made a royal procession to the largest hutch on the green slope before us, the Captain carrying the insignia of his marital office (the baby) with great pomp and awkward ceremony, in front, while his lady, Picton and I, loitered in the rear. We had barely crossed the sill of the hutch-door, before we felt quite at home and welcome. The cheery fire in the chimney-place, the spotless floor, the tidy rush-bottomed chairs, and a whole nest of little white-heads and twinkling eyes, just on the border of a bright patch-work quilt, was invitation enough, even if we had not been met at the threshold by the master himself, who stretched out his great arms with a kind 'Come-in-and-how-are-ye-all.'

And what a wonderful evening we passed in the hutch, before the blazing hearth-fire ? What stories of wrecks and rescues, of ice-bergs and whales, of fogs and fisheries, of domestic lobsters that brought up

their little families, in the mouths of the sunken cannon of the French frigates, of the great sharks that were sometimes caught in the meshes of the set-nets ? 'There was one shark,' said the old fisherman, who, by the way, wore a red skull-cap like a cardinal, and had a habit of bobbing his head as he spoke, so as to put one continually in mind of a gigantic woodpecker — 'there was one shark I mind particular. My two boys and me was hauling in the net, and soon as I felt it, says I, Boys, here's something more than common. So we all hauled away, and O my ! did n't the water boil when he come up ? Such a time ! Fortnatly, he come up tail first. LORD, if he'd a come up-head first he'd a bit the boat in two at one bite ! He was all hooked in, and twisted up with the net. I spose he had forty hooks in him ; and when he got his head above water, he was took sick, and such a time as he had ! He must a vomited up about two barrels of bait — true as I set here. Well, as soon as he got over that, then he tried to get his head around to bite ! LORD, if he'd got his head round, he'd a bit the boat in two, and we had it right full of fish, for we'd been out all day with hand-lines. He had a nose in front of his gills just like a duck, only it was nigh upon six feet long.'

'It must have been a shovel-nose shark,' said Picton.

'That's what a captain of a coaster told me,' replied Red-Cap ; 'he said it must a been a shovel-nose. If he'd only got that shovel-nose turned around, he'd a shovelled us into eternity, fish and all.'

'What prevented him getting his head around ?' said Picton.

'Why, Sir, I took two half-hitches round his tail, soon as I see him come up. And I tell ye when I make two half-hitches, they hold ; ask Captain there, if I can't make hitches as will hold. What say, Captain ?'

Captain assented with a confirmatory nod.

'What did you do then ?' said Picton. 'Did you get him ashore ?'

'Get him ashore ?' echoed Red-Cap, covering his mouth with one broad brown hand to muffle a contemptuous laugh ; 'get him ashore ! why, we was pretty well off shore for such a sail.'

'You might have rowed him ashore,' said Picton.

'Rowed him ashore ?' echoed Red-Cap, with another contemptuous smile under the brown hand ; 'rowed him ashore ?'

The traveller finding he was in deep-water, answered : 'Yes ; that is, if you were not too far out.'

'A little too far out,' replied Red-Cap, 'if I had been a hundred yards from shore, to row, or sail in with the shovel-nose, without counting the set-nets.'

'And what did you do ?' said Picton, a little nettled.

'Why,' said Red-Cap, 'I had to let him go, but first I cut out his liver, and that I did bring ashore, although it filled my boat pretty well full. You can judge how big it was : after I brought it ashore I lay it out on the beach and we measured it, Mr. McAlpin and me, he'll tell you so too ; we laid it out on the beach, and it measured seventeen feet, and then we did n't measure all of it.'

'Why the devil,' said Picton, 'did n't you measure all of it ?'

'Well,' replied Red-Cap, 'because we had n't a measure long enough.'

Meantime the good lady of the hutch was busy arranging some tumblers on the table, and to our great surprise and delight a huge yellow pitcher of milk soon made its appearance, and immediately after an old-fashioned iron bake-pan, with an upper crust of live embers and ashes, was lifted off the chimney trammel, and when it was opened, the fragrance of hot ginger-bread filled the apartment. Then Red-Cap bobbed away at a corner cupboard, until he extracted therefrom a small keg, or runlet of St. Croix rum of most ripe age and choice flavor, some of which, by an adroit and experienced crook of the elbow, he managed to insinuate into the milk, which, with a little brown sugar, he stirred up carefully and deliberately with a large spoon, Picton and I watching the proceedings with intense interest. Then the punch was poured out and handed around; while the good wife made little trips from guest to guest with a huge platter filled with the brown and fragrant pieces of the cake, fresh from the bake-pan. And so the baby having subsided, (our baby of the 'Balaklava,') and the twilight having given place to a grand moon-light on the bay, and the fire sending out its beams of warmth and happiness, glittering on the utensils of the dresser, and tenderly touching with rosy light the cheeks of the small, white-headed fishermen on the margin of the patch-work quilt; while there was no lack of punch and hospitality in the yellow pitcher, who shall say if we were not as well off in the fisherman's hutch as in a grand saloon, surrounded with frescoes and flunkies, and served with thin lemonade upon trays of silver?

I do not know why it is, but there always has been something very attractive to me in the faces of children; I love to read the physiognomy of posterity, and so get a history of the future world in miniature, before the book itself is fairly printed. And insomuch as Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland are said to be the nurseries of England's seamen, it was with no little interest that I caught a glimpse of two boys, one thirteen, the other eleven years old, the eldest children of our friend Red-Cap.

They came in just as we entered the hutch, and quietly seated themselves together by the corner of the fire-place, after modestly shaking hands with all the guests. They were dressed in plain home-spun clothes, with something of a sailor rig, especially the neat check shirts, and old-fashioned, little, low-quartered, round-toed shoes, such as are always a feature in the melo-drama where Jack plays a part. It is not usual too, to see such stocky, robust frames as these fisher-boys presented; and in all three, the father and sons, was one general pervading idea of cleanliness and housewifery. And then, to come to the physiognomy again, each small face, though modest as that of no girl which I can recall at the moment, had its own tale of hardihood to tell; there was a something that recalled the open sea, written in either countenance; courage and endurance; faith and self-reliance; the compass and the rudder; speaking plainly out under each little thatch of white hair. And indeed, as we found out afterward, those young countenances told the truth; those fisher-boys were Red-Cap's only boat-crew. In all weathers, in all seasons, by night and by day, the three were to

gether upon the perilous deep. 'If I were the father of those boys,' I whispered to Red-Cap, 'I would be proud of them.'

'Would ye?' said he, with a proud, fatherly glance toward them; 'well, I thought so once myself'; it was when a schooner got ashore out there on the rocks; and we could see her, just under the lights of the light-house, pounding away; and by reason of the ice, nobody would venture; so my boys said, says they: 'Father, we can go any way.' So I would n't stop when they said that, and so we laid beside the schooner and took off all her crew pretty soon, and they mostly dead with the cold; but it was an awful bad night, what with the darkness and the ice. Yes,' he added after a pause, 'they are good boys now; but they won't be with me many years.'

'And why not?' I inquired, for I could not see that the young Red-Caps exhibited any migratory signs of their species to justify the remark.

'Because all our boys go to the States just as soon as they get old enough.'

'To the States,' I echoed with no little surprise; 'why, I thought they all entered the British Navy, or something of that kind.'

'Lord bless ye,' said Red-Cap, 'not one of them. Enter the British Navy? Why, man, you get the whole of our young people. What would they want to enter the British Navy for, when they can enter the United States of America?'

'The air of Cape Breton is certainly favorable to health,' said I in a whisper to Picton; 'look, for example, at the mistress of the hutch!' and so surely as I have a love of womanity, so surely I intended to convey a sentiment of admiration in the brief words spoken to Picton. The wife of *Bonnet Rouge* was at least not young, but her cheek was smooth, and flushed with the glow of health; her eyes liquid and bright; her hair brown, and abundant; her step light and elastic. Although neither Picton, Captain, or any body else in the hutch would remind one of the Angel Raphael, yet Mrs. Red-Cap, as

— 'With dispatchful looks, in haste
She turned, on hospitable thoughts intent,'

was somewhat suggestive of Eve; her movements were grand and simple; there was a welcome in her face that dimpled in and out with every current topic; a Miltonic grandeur in her air, whether she walked or waited. I could not help but admire her, as I do every thing else noble and easily understood. Mrs. Red-Cap was a splendid woman: the wife of a fisherman, with an unaffected grace beyond the reach of art, in poor old Louisburgh, was something to speak of. Picton expressed his admiration in stronger and profaner language.

We were not the only guests at Red-Cap's. The Light-house keeper, a bachelor and scholar, with his sister, had come down to take a moonlight walk over the heather; for in new Scotland as in old Scotland, the bonny heather blooms, although not so much familiarized there by song and story. But we shall visit Light-house Point anon, and spend some hours with the two Kavanaghs. Forthright, into the teeth of the har-

bor, the wind is blowing : 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.' How long the 'Balaklava' may stay here is yet uncertain. So with a good night to the Red-Caps, we once more bear away for the cabin of the schooner and another night's discomfort.

As I have said before in other words, this province is nothing more than a piece of patch-work, intersected with petty boundary lines, so that every nation is stitched in and quilted in spots, without any harmony, or coherence, or general design. The people of Louisburgh are a kind, hospitable, pleasant people, tolerably well informed for the inhabitants of so isolated a corner of the world ; but a few miles further off we come upon a totally different race : a canting, covenanting, oat-eating, money-gripping, tribe of second-hand Scotch Presbyterians : a transplanted, degenerate, barren patch of high cheek-bones and red hair, with nothing cleaving to them of the original stock, except covetousness and the itch. But we shall soon have enough of these Scotsmen, good reader. Our present visit is to Light-house Point, wrought into history by Sir William Pepperal, and General Wolfe ; to look out upon the broad Atlantic, the rocky coast, and the island battery, which a century since gave so much trouble to our fillibustering fathers of New-England. As we walk toward the light-house over the pebbly beach that borders the green turf, Picton suddenly starts off and begins a series of great jumps on the turf, giving with every grasshopper-leap a sort of interjectional 'Whuh ! whuh !' as though the feat was not confined to the leg-muscles only, but included also a necessary exercise of the lungs. And although we shouted at the traveller, he kept on toward the light-house, uttering with every jump, 'Heather, heather.' At last he came to beside a group of ever-greens, and grew rational. The springy, elastic sod, the heather of old Scotland, reproduced in new Scotland, had reminded him of reels and strathspeys, 'for,' said he, 'nobody can walk upon this sort of thing without feeling a desire to dance upon it. Thunder and turf ! if we only had the pipes now !'

And sure enough here was the heather ; the soft, springy turf, which has made even Scotchmen affectionate. I do not wonder at it, it answers to the foot-step like an echo, as the string of an instrument answers its concord ; as love answers love in unison. I do not wonder that Scotchmen love the heather ; I am only surprised that so much heather should be wasted on Scotchmen.

We had anticipated a fine marine view from the light-house, but in place of it we could only see a sort of semi-luminous vapor, usually called a fog, which enveloped ocean, island, and picturesque coast. We could not discover the Island Battery opposite, which had bothered Sir William in the siege of '45 ; but nevertheless, we could judge of the difficulty of reaching it with a hostile force, screened as it was by its waves and vapors. The light-house is striped with black and white bars, like a zebra, and we entered it. One cannot help but admire such order and neatness ; cleanliness is next to godliness. The light-house is a marvel of purity. We were everywhere — in the bed-rooms, in the great lantern with its glittering lamps, in the hall, the parlor, the kitchen ; and found in all the same pervading virtue ; as fresh and sweet

as a bride was the interior of that old zebra-striped light-house. The Kavanaghs, brother and sister, live here entirely alone ; what with books and music, the ocean, the ships, and the sky, they have company enough. One could not help liking them, they have such cheerful faces, and are so kind and hospitable. Good-by, good friends, and peace be with you always ! On our route schoonerward we danced back over the heather, Picton with great joy carrying a small basket filled with his national fruit—a present from the Kavanaghs. What a feast we shall have, fresh fish, lobster, and, above all — potatoes !

It is a novel sight to see the firs and spruces on this stormy sea-coast. They grow out, and not up ; an old tree spreading over an area of perhaps twenty feet in diameter, with the inevitable spike of green in its centre, and that not above a foot-and-a-half from the ground. The trees in this region are possessed of extraordinary sagacity ; they know how hard the wind blows at times, and therefore put forth their branches in full squat, just like country girls at a pic-nic.

On Sunday the wind is still ahead, and Picton and I determine to abandon the 'Balaklava.' How long she may yet remain in harbor is a matter of fate ; so with brave, resolute hearts we start off for a five-mile walk, to McGibbet's, the only owner of a horse and wagon in the vicinity of Louisburgh. Squirrels, robins, and rabbits appear and disappear in the road as we march forward. The country is wild, and in its pristine state ; nature everywhere. Now a brook, now a tiny lake, and 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks.' At last we arrive at the House of McGibbet, and encounter new Scotland in all its original brimstone and oat-meal.

T H E I C E .

I WALK beside the waters, but I cannot hear them roll :
 The ice is on the rivers yet ; the ice is on my soul :
 On the bottom of the river, where the ice gleams white above,
 There lieth, 'mid the waters, the body of my love.

Where the deep pool, brimming over, laves the shores of my despair,
 And the ice that bounds my spirit is the blackest in its glare,
 On the bottom of my soul, in the dark and sluggish tide,
 There lieth, 'mid the waters, the spirit of my bride !

So I walk beside the waters, and cannot hear them roll :
 The ice is on the rivers yet ; the ice is on my soul :
 But the rivers, with the coming of the summer, will be free ;
 And the sunshine of her presence may not melt the ice for me !

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NEW-ENGLAND HISTORY, from the Discovery of the Continent to the period when the Colonies declared their Independence, in 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. In two Volumes. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

HISTORIES of Puritanism and of the Puritans, both of Old and of New-England, can never fail to be interesting and instructive to those who comprehend the one, and those who are descended from the other. The present volumes make their appearance at a period sufficiently remote from the time of the events described, to justify the expectation of impartiality and candor in the writer; and with such advantage, with respect to the stock of original materials, and the labors of preceding writers, as to render practicable a satisfactory digest of particulars, and ample fullness of details. But a more difficult task cannot well be imagined, than that of doing justice to this subject. Times and opinions have changed, to the disadvantage of Puritanism. The Puritans, such as they were distinctively, and in all that induced their peculiar character, do not reappear in their successors of the present day. The descendants have largely, and in many things altogether, verged over to the side of the ancient antagonists of Puritanism. The religious faith and practice which were distinctively Puritan, are popularly, and to a lamentable extent, confounded with intolerance, persecution of heretics, hanging of witches, and other now exploded customs and opinions, which prevailed and operated long before; which characterized the opposers far more generally than they did the abettors of Puritanism, and which, in all candor, are to be ascribed not to them, but to the age which moulded their education.

History, it is obvious, should convey to the reader the same impressions concerning the opinions, acts, and events narrated, which intelligent and candid cotemporaries entertained. The writer must put himself in their circumstances, and see things from their point of view, if his own reflections, constructions, and inferences, whether religious, philosophical, or political, are to be regarded as just and rightly instructive. To judge of the early Puritans of New-England by the same rule by which we should now judge the inhabitants of Boston, should they renew the same intolerance, would be unjust. The acts and opinions in question, which would now demonstrate that the actors

were wholly destitute of good principles, and of all moral worth, cannot be held up as demonstrating the same of the actors of the seventeenth century. A juster view of their case may be gained by considering the 'Puritans,' properly so called, who projected and founded the first settlements in New-England, as agreeing in their opinions, faith, and practice; as fleeing from persecution to the wilderness, to found communities of like faith, leaving those who differed from them to remain in England, or to found other settlements, where, within their own territory and jurisdiction, they might indulge and propagate their own peculiar views: and as carrying out their plan, and protecting their rights within their own limits, by excluding or punishing those intruders whose opinions and practices were inconsistent with their polity, their harmony, and their safety. Their case was somewhat like that of a farmer who should remove from this meridian to the wilderness of a remote western territory; and there purchase, inclose and cultivate a farm, for the support of his own family; and who, after getting his lands into cultivation, should find them encroached upon and occupied by intruders, who, rather than clear lands for themselves, chose to build on his foundation, and take advantage of his labors. He would of course deem it to be right and a duty to warn, and if necessary, to exclude them by force.

With respect to the odium so generally cast upon the New-England Puritans on account of their treatment of so peaceful and conscientious a people as the Quakers, for example: let any one read our author's chapter upon this subject, and he will, we presume, be forced to conclude, 1: that the Quakers who were persecuted, were violent, aggressive, and desperate fanatics, wholly unlike the Quakers of later times. They denounced the government, defied its authority, violated the laws, scoffed at the religion, disturbed the meetings for public worship, outraged decency — did every thing to provoke retaliation; gloried in being treated with severity, and coveted nothing so much as martyrdom. 2d: that they were punished for their overt acts, and not for their opinions, any farther than as they were associated with their acts. They were treated as men would be whose faith required, and who fearlessly practised, burglary, arson, riot, sedition, and the like. 3: that they gave no heed whatever to remonstrances or threats. When 'thrust out of the jurisdiction,' they defiantly returned. When punished, they hastened to repeat the offence. When pardoned, on condition of 'going away and promising not to return,' they refused to go. 5: that their conduct threatened to subvert the government. Several who had been banished, returned to incur the penalty of death, which was threatened in that case. Three only were hung. The mischief was finally arrested, only by an order from the King neither to hang nor to imprison any more Quakers, but to send them to England for trial. This broke the charm. To incur a penalty on those terms was no object.

How far the author has conveyed only just impressions concerning the above and kindred topics, and concerning Puritanism and the Puritans in other relations, his readers must judge for themselves. Our limits allow us only to say to them: 'Take heed that in judging others, ye condemn not yourselves.' The author's plan of arranging what belongs to particular sub-

jects, in distinct chapters, is a good one. His topics are abundantly diversified. His style is not the most perfect. His quoted details seem to us sometimes more copious than they need to be. The work, we apprehend, was written with more haste than was advisable. More meditation and labor would doubtless have superseded the necessity of enlisting the reader's interest by infusions of the author's personal feelings.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Mrs. GASKELL. In two Volumes: pp. 568. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Number 348 Broadway.

THE life, the *vicissitudes* of a life of so renowned a writer as the author of '*Jane Eyre*,' now known and read almost throughout the civilized world, might well claim an enduring record: and it has found it in the work before us. And the personal history embraced in these volumes, is very succinctly conveyed by the subjoined *résumé*, from the practised pen of one of the most efficient American critics of our time:

'STRONG in its intense individuality, bold and self-sustaining in the absence of wide and tender sympathies, and of a deeply tragic cast from purely impersonal causes, the life of CHARLOTTE BRONTË, as portrayed in these volumes by her congenial biographer, has not a little of the sombre fascination which throws such a potent spell around the pages of '*JANE EYRE*,' and '*VILLETTE*.' Mrs. GASKELL, as will be seen on the perusal of the Memoirs, had before her a task of uncommon delicacy. The vein of bitterness, the pictures of hard and bare reality, the want of hopeful glimpses of the future, which mark the writings of CURRIER BELL, had their foundation in her own experience, were the combined products of her character and her history. Involving the misconduct of others, as they often do, it was no easy matter to decide how far justice to the dead was compatible with mercy to the living. On this point Mrs. GASKELL has acquitted herself with fidelity to the truth, with commendable frankness of statement where publicity was allowable, but with a modest reserve in regard to incidents which belong essentially to the domain of private life. Her narrative is wholly unaffected, perhaps slightly tintured with the severity that naturally grows out of the subject, but often relieved by picturesque details of the local scenery and customs in the quaint region which will henceforth be associated with the name of CHARLOTTE BRONTË. Her father was the rector of the parish church of Haworth, a remote village in Yorkshire, and inhabited by a primitive race of people of whom few specimens have been left by the progress of improvement in England.' . . . 'Mr. BRONTË was a native of Ireland, but received his education at Cambridge, and in subsequent life kept up little intercourse with his birth-place or his Irish connections. He is still living, at the advanced age of eighty, a stricken and solitary old man, having survived every member of his large family, but retaining the force of intellect and of will for which he was always remarkable. CHARLOTTE, who was the third daughter, was born in 1816. Her two sisters, EMILY and ANNE, who afterward became known as ELLIS and ACTON BELL, in the literary trio of which CHARLOTTE was CURRIER BELL, were but a few years younger than herself. The three sisters, though exhibiting strong characteristic differences, had many points in common, were devotedly attached to each other, and formed an inseparable companionship until the remarkable circle was broken by death. The two elder sisters, who evinced a wonderful precocity of intellect, both died at an early age. An only brother, named PATRICK BRANWELL, was a boy of excellent promise, but proved to be a source of poignant grief to the whole family.

'The income of the father was on a limited scale, and CHARLOTTE, as the eldest.

daughter, felt it to be her duty to aid in the support of the family by her own exertions. BRANWELL, her brother, at the age of eighteen, had adopted no regular pursuit. With great mental endowments, with even more genius, perhaps, than either of his sisters, and with a special talent for art, his moral conduct was so unworthy, that not even the partiality of his sisters could be blinded to his faults. 'Popular admiration' was sweet to him. And this led to his presence being sought at 'arvills' and all the great village gatherings, for the Yorkshiresmen have a keen relish for intellect; and it likewise procured him the undesirable distinction of having his company recommended by the landlord of the Black Bull to any chance traveller who might happen to feel solitary or dull over his liquor. 'Do you want some one to help you with your bottle, Sir? If you do, I'll send up for PATRICK,' (so the villagers called him till the day of his death.) And while the messenger went, the landlord entertained his guests with accounts of the wonderful talents of the boy, whose precocious cleverness and great conversational powers were the pride of the village.

'At the age of nineteen, accordingly, CHARLOTTE became a teacher in a female school in the vicinity where she had previously been a pupil. She remained in this situation for about two years, when she returned to the family circle of the parsonage, with her mind absorbed in the wish to enter upon a career of authorship. Ignorant of the world, destitute of practical resource, she found great difficulties in making the commencement. In her uncertainty as to the proper course of action, and of her own fitness for literary pursuits, she ventured on the experiment of writing to WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, and SOUTHEY, with a request for advice. SOUTHEY alone replied to her letter, and after some delay sent her a few words of wise and friendly counsel, which she took earnestly to heart. In the spring of 1839, she formed an engagement as governess in a rich Yorkshire family. The situation was in the highest degree repulsive. She suffered all the indignities which can be inflicted on a sensitive mind by the pretensions of wealthy vulgarity, and before the close of the summer, returned to her father's house.

'With a view to improving her qualifications as a teacher, Miss BRONTE had an earnest desire to attend a school in France or Belgium, where she could perfect herself in the French language, and gain numerous other advantages at a much less expense than at a similar institution in England. After several attempts she succeeded in making arrangements for the accomplishment of her plan. She decided on a celebrated *pensionnat* at Brussels, which, together with her sister EMILY, she entered in 1842. 'The two sisters clung together, and kept apart from the herd of happy, boisterous, well-befriended Belgian girls, who, in their turn, thought the new English pupils wild and scared-looking, with strange, odd, insular ideas about dress; for EMILY had taken a fancy to the fashion, ugly and preposterous even during its reign, of gigot sleeves, and persisted in wearing them long after they were 'gone out.' Her petticoats, too, had not a curve or a wave in them, but hung down straight and long, clinging to her lank figure. The sisters spoke to no one but from necessity. They were too full of earnest thought, and of the exile's sick yearning, to be ready for careless conversation, or merry game.'

'After remaining in Brussels nearly two years, she returned to Haworth, with very imperfect health, and no fixed plans for future employment. Her purpose of opening a school was not carried into effect. In the autumn of 1845, Miss BRONTE accidentally discovered a manuscript volume of verse in the handwriting of her sister EMILY. She was at once struck with the conviction that the poems were no common effusions, 'nor at all like the poetry women generally write;' and after some difficulty, persuaded her sister that they were worthy of publication. During the discussion, her younger sister ANNE produced some of her own compositions, which also appeared to possess 'a sweet sincere pathos of their own.' They had early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors, and it now seemed that the time had come. They agreed to arrange a small selection of their poems, and, if possible, get them printed under the assumed names which have since become so famous in modern literature. The ambiguous choice was dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming positively masculine Christian

names, while they did not like to be known as women, on account of a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice — that ‘critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward a flattery, which is not true praise.’ After several ineffectual applications to publishers, they at last succeeded in making a suitable arrangement, and the little volume saw the light in the spring of 1846. It excited little commotion, and the ‘mighty murmuring public did not discover that three more voices were uttering their speech.’

To heighten the gloom of this great literary disappointment, Miss BRONTË’s father became totally blind; and when he officiated, was led to his pulpit; where, with his sightless orbs turned toward his loving congregation, he directed *their* eyes to the ‘true light,’ which proceedeth from the throne of the Heavenly FATHER. At this period, too, her sister EMILY, a shrinking, sensitive child of genius, departed this life, previous to which, her erratic, yet loved and affectionate brother, had passed away. ‘*Jane Eyre*’ obtained, and not without difficulty, a publisher. It was, with one or two honorable exceptions, coldly received by professed critics; but it rapidly rose to deserved renown. Of the years remaining to Miss BRONTË, her marriage, and her death, we shall permit the volumes themselves to speak to our readers.

A SPECIMEN-BOOK OF THE LETTERPRESS, STEREOTYPE, ELECTROTYPE, AND WOOD-CUT PRINTING-ESTABLISHMENT OF JOHN F. TROW, South-west corner of Broadway and White-street, New-York.

WE have seen several specimen-books similar to this, English, Scottish, and American, but never one that was its superior. Mr. Trow need not have informed us that he ‘entertained a *pride* in the art to which he has been so long devoted;’ this most exquisitely-executed work sufficiently proves the fact. We have long known that no printing-office in America could compare with Mr. Trow’s in *completeness*, especially in the department of Oriental and Occidental Languages. Here we have before us, in the clearest and most beautiful ‘cut,’ (including what we believe cannot be found in any other printing-office in the United States, the *Anglo-Saxon*, as it was used in the days of CAXTON,) types of the following character: Rabbinic; Samaritan, Ethiopic, Coptic, Syriac, Arabic; eight sizes of very beautiful Hebrew characters; six sizes of Greek, equally handsome, embracing *Porsonian* Greek of four sizes; Phonotype, etc. The supply and assortment are as complete and various as they are unusual in any one office. The specimens of English type, of modern and ancient pattern, are equally extensive, and in like admirable taste of design. The specimens of ornamental cards, circulars, letter-press and wood-cut printing in colors, delicate-colored borders, etc., and no whit behind any other portions of the volume. Aside from being an *advertisement* of the very best description, the work will really be found an ornament to any gentleman’s library. Nor should we omit to speak of its usefulness to a reader uninformed as to printing. Beside much valuable advice in reference to ‘copy,’ punctuation, and the like, there is given a specimen proof-sheet, with explanations, by which any person

writing for the press may 'correct the errors of his ways,' and the printer will at once understand. We might mention the table for computing paper for books, the abundant store of zodiacal, algebraical, planetary, mathematical, and other signs, with accents, reference-figures, and so forth: but on the whole we believe we will let them pass.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, of the State of New-York, for the Year 1856. Transmitted to the Legislature January 15, 1857. In one Volume: pp. 221. Albany: C. VAN BENTHUYSEN, Printer to the Legislature.

AFTER all, whatever may be said in relation to the 'dry detail' of obstinate facts; to matter-of-fact records of improvements in the course of public works; (the very inception of which shook the State, and almost the country, to its centre, and the *triumph* of which was the admiration of the Republic;) there is much, we had well-nigh said, of *romance* in the minutiae of a State report, like that before us. The duties of STATE ENGINEER have seldom been more ably discharged than by the present incumbent of that most onerous and responsible office, Mr. SILAS SEYMOUR. Bringing to the task assigned to him by the people a thorough and practical knowledge of all that he might be called upon to perform, he entered upon the execution of his trust; and we think the document under notice, (Number 60 of the Assembly, for the present year,) in the clearness and simplicity of its statements, the brevity, yet completeness of its merely clerical records, and in the prospective inferences and present suggestions of the writer, will be found to sustain the judgment of those who placed him in his high and responsible position. The three divisions of the canals of the State, which, for convenience of construction and supervision, were designated as 'Eastern,' 'Middle,' and 'Western,' are here separately considered. The 'Engineering Departments,' embracing each division, and subdivision, with costs of enlargement, and estimated costs for future enlargements, are 'first in order'; next, the present condition and estimated cost of works authorized and provided for by constitutional amendment: third, deficiency in means provided by the Constitution for completing the works therein authorized: fourth, the 'Management of the Canals': fifth, 'sixth and lastly,' the 'Land Department.' Now, we have only to say to any true New-Yorker, of whatever politics, or shade of politics, or if he hasn't '*nary* politic,' as the 'funny man' says in the play, *read* this Report, not as a dry record of statistical or other 'facts,' but as indicating what our canals *are* and *are to be*, and say whether there be not somewhat of romance in actual reality. Mr. GRADGRIND was right: '*We want facts.*' The style of the Report, in a literary point of view, we may add, is wholly unexceptionable. We agree with the London '*Times*,' speaking of the new House of Commons: 'It does not depend chiefly on that sort of talent which a man brings from public meetings, from debating societies, from book writing, or from any other special use of the mental or oratorical powers. It is a peculiar sphere, and has special requirements of its own.'

THE RELATION OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS TO MORALITY, especially of THE THEATRE, to the Highest Interests of Humanity: An Address delivered at the Academy of Music, New-York, before 'The AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND SOCIETY,' for the Benefit of the Fund. By Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWES, D.D., Pastor of All Souls' Church, New-York: pp. 58. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

PRELIMINARY remarks, at the anniversary meeting of the American Dramatic Fund Association, held recently at the Astor-House, had led us to anticipate the nature and scope of the Address before us, which the author then and there modestly heralded. It seems to us to require little comment. It recommends itself to all readers, by the simplicity of its positions, its humane suggestions, and the irrefragable arguments which it assumes, sets forth, and enforces. Nor can we conceive of any one, really aware of the natural impulses within him, as seriously objecting to the views here presented. Manded with a supercilious hypocrisy, 'some man may say,' the writer caters to vice: to neglect of 'great truths:' to the sacrifice of moral obligations: to the abandonment of important personal duties: to the abnegation of self-denial, and the like. Let such persons *say* all this, and then let such as *hear* them say it, (for *they* won't read what they 'are bound' to condemn,) take up the 'Address' under notice, and read, among other and kindred passages, the following:

'THE time of the drama may be a thousand years back, the place five thousand miles off; but the costumes and scenery, with learned artistic care, reproduce what history and art have taught them, and we behold what a little exercise of the imagination makes the very action, the persons, country, town and castle the dramatist has summoned us to see! Can we wonder that an imitation of life itself, in its rarest, most passionate and heart-moving moments and experiences — where the alchemy of genius and art, fuses into a few hours the whole conduct and course of a splendid human career — a deep domestic calamity, ambition's bloody road to a throne, love's great sacrifice, jealousy's torturing fears, avarice's pinching and grasping way — HAMILTAN's thought-palsied melancholy, LEAR's frenzied paternal grief, JULIUS's innocent passion, MACBETH's remorse — that a pleasure so rich, costly, variously and curiously compounded as this, based upon the deepest, most numerous sensibilities of our nature, should prove universally and permanently attractive? The drama condenses what is most intensely interesting or affecting in real life, or what from the constitution of our nature genius knows might be real life, into a compact, rounded, and finished story; omitting what is common-place, irrelevant, or simply painful, and by careful adherence to the great rule of art, which never forgets that its end is pleasure, extracting from crime, or vice, or passion, whatever in their actual occurrence it would shock us to behold, leaves what moves our passions and affections with pleasing though tearful sensibility. The stage takes this drama, and by a living sculpture, clothes this wondrous work of literary genius with flesh and blood, substitutes for paper and print, men and women, voices for words, for the dull pictures of the imagination, actual scenery, for descriptions of costume, elaborate dresses, nay, it invokes gifted men and yet more gifted women to take these places, and with boundless study, consideration, expense, builds the temple, collects the properties, and arranges the scene which is to convert the written into the acted drama! and is it possible to conceive that human ingenuity can ever invent any other amusement which can equal, much less exceed, this deeply-founded, slowly-wrought, and most costly contrivance for the public delight and recreation of human beings? Supposing it to be innocent, I perceive no element wanting to render it theoretically a perfect pleasure. It appeals to the intellect, the imagination, the heart, the senses. It has the charm of poetry and music. It unites the interest of a story with the fascination of a spectacle. It calls by turns on our emotional and on our critical faculties; now inviting us to yield to the illusion, now, to admire the skill which deludes us; it adds to the sympathy we feel for the persons represented, that we feel with those who represent them; that we feel for the genius which made them representable; and SHAKESPEARE, HAMILTAN, and GARRICK, all pull at our heart-strings in one delicious moment of admiration and sympathy. Poetry, invention, story, mimetic talent, elocution, personation, spectacle, beauty, passion, architecture, painting,

music, society, light, all combine in the theatre to make it the most brilliant, complete, and untiring of public amusements.'

Mr. BELLOWS does not at all assume that the charm or attractiveness of the stage depends first and mainly upon its moral teaching, or its moral influence: although he sees and admits how much of *these* are embodied in the great plays of SHAKESPEARE, and other dramatic benefactors of the world. 'The use of the theatre,' he says, 'is, that it gives so much pleasure, which is a positive and large addition to the general sum of human happiness; and that in giving this pleasure, it satisfies an immense need of recreation, and, quite independently of any direct influence on the moral interests of society, builds up, and supports, and cheers the life and soul of man. I dare not make light of pleasure. God has taken too benevolent an interest in producing it, and there is too much pain and drudgery, and necessary care to be offset by it, to allow me to think it a small thing, that any considerable mass of human beings are pleased. I will not demand of amusement that it shall directly instruct, warn, elevate, or improve.' Scan well also *this* passage:

'It is alleged — and that is the professed sentiment of the serious class — that practically the drama has been a corrupt and corrupting kind of literature, putting into licentious and depraving verse and story, the worst and most seductive experiences of humanity; that it has pandered to vile and vulgar tastes, dramatists having often, or usually, been loose and unprincipled characters, and their readers the more gay and careless portion of society. Doubtless there is truth, and there is also exaggeration in this statement. The great dramatists, whether ancient or modern, SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES, or ARISTOPHANES, CALDERON, LOPE DE VEGA, CORNEILLE, RACINE, SHAKESPEARE, are, with the exception of the coarseness which belonged to their respective ages, not open to such charges, although the minor lights unquestionably deserve severe chastisement. But there is nothing peculiar in the abuse of dramatic literature. We do not abandon and discountenance poetry, because ROCHESTER wrote immoral verses, and MOORE and BYRON, poems which nobody should read. We do not give up RICHARDSON, and SCOTT, and DICKENS, and THACKERAY, because FIELDING and SMOLLEY, EUGENE SUE and DUMAS, have often abused their great powers. The best things are most open to abuse; and dramatic literature, you will confess, has not been oftener or worse perverted and depraved than religious literature. Indeed the Church seized on the drama, when she was most busy in manipulating the human mind into superstition, and perpetrated greater blasphemies and obscenities in the so-called 'Mysteries,' written and acted in the middle ages, than the dramatic writers of England or France have ever foisted into their most abominable plays. The drama is a kind of literature whose permanency is guaranteed by the constitution of man. Beginning with the very origin of literature, and continuing thus far on its history with every promise of ending only with its life — we must expect it to reflect and share the fortunes of humanity, and to find itself, now in the hands of ennobled, and now of desecrated genius; here the instrument of the unscrupulous, there the vehicle of truth, honor, and inspiration. But how many dissolute and depraving dramatists and dramas, would not the judicious and the conscientious consent to bear with, and guard against, sooner than lose SHAKESPEARE alone out of the world? The mischievous jack-o'-lanterns, and false lights of land and sea may shine on forever, if we can only extinguish them by blowing out the stars and quenching the sun. We cannot obliterate WASHINGTON, to wipe ARNOLD out of American history, though treachery hung by his skirts alone to the fortunes of the race. We must let the tares grow to the harvest for the sake of the wheat. The drama stands in its own right, and in the right of its great priests, the wonderful interpreters of humanity, and great recreators of the race; and all the apostates and criminals who have desecrated its pure and beautiful shrine, cannot make its nature otherwise than lawful and honorable, and entitled to the protection of universal reason and justice. It is indeed deplorable, that the written drama should have ever thrown its fascination around vice and crime, as it is always terrible when genius and wit, when art and skill, enter the service of the devil. Most sad it is that pleasure should ever be associated with folly, or amusement extracted from sin. But literature is not responsible for the abuses to which levity and immorality turn any of its powers; and it is not the drama, but the public and the dramatic authors who are to be censured for the production and encouragement of lax, immoral, and corrupting plays.'

We have spoken of argument irrefragable. What may be considered the following? To our poor conception, it can be reasonably and satisfactorily answered, save in only one way:

'I HAVE a profound though a cautious respect for general impressions, and particularly for the instincts of the religious community, and from all I have read, or learned by direct observation or special inquiry, I believe that the ordinary verdict of serious minds, and of the pulpit, respecting the theatre, has many painful elements of truth in it. But I believe equally that it exhibits much extravagance, confusion, and illogical reasoning. More particularly, I complain that this verdict leaves entirely out of view the uses of the theatre, considering only its abuses; that it takes no pains to recognize what is good, in its eagerness to point out what is evil — or to discriminate between what is essential and what is accidental in this institution; that it confounds the evils around, with the evils within the theatre, and, to come directly to the point, fails to inquire and explain why, and by whose fault, and in accordance with what law, it is, that the immorality and recklessness of society, its folly and vice, have clustered about the theatre. I do not deny the fact; but I deny the totally condemnatory inferences drawn from the fact. For in truth, the Theatre is the very place where, for no fault inherent in itself, the preëxisting follies and vices of society will necessarily become apparent. We do not expect to find the follies and vices of society, the levity and ease of a community, gathering round schools and colleges, work-shops and churches, scenes of labor and care, any more than we expect to find flies settling upon rhubarb and aloes, and not on molasses and honey. But it would be quite as reasonable to give up sugar because vermin are fond of it, as to give up pleasure, because fools and knaves, the light and the wicked, make it their chief food. Because Folly spends his whole time in laughter, Sobriety does not propose to disuse the risible muscles; because Drunkenness ruins thousands, and Gluttony tens of thousands, virtuous society does not expect to give up eating and drinking.'

Our lack of space, in this closing number of the Forty-ninth Volume of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, brings the present notice to a speedier close than we could have desired. We wish to record, howbeit, the remark with which Mr. BELLows closed his discourse — the perfect conscientiousness of which no one who knows the speaker will doubt — and present one more brief extract: 'In the very depths of my conscience, I have been impelled to this effort. It has been honestly made, and in view of a judgment to come.' And now to our last extract:

'WHATEVER the effect of the theatre is, or has been, having nothing essentially wrong in its principle, and having proved itself to be, in fact, what in theory it has already shown itself to be, the most attractive and permanent of amusements, a fixed and indestructible fact, it seems to me, that avowed moralists and Christian leaders and guides have committed a grave and hurtful error in their mode of dealing with it. They have made the drama and the stage answerable for all the vices and follies which have gathered round them — a course as unjust as to make the market responsible for the dogs and rats, the thieves and knaves, sure to find a harvest in that most frequented and necessary place.

'I know it will be replied, that patience with evils connected with what is necessary, does not justify patience with evils associated with what is not necessary; that because commerce makes a dangerous life for sailors, we are not to place the dangerous life for actors, which the theatre produces, upon the same plea of a great social necessity; that the vices and follies of trade, of religion, of domestic life, all of which are cardinal and necessary and natural interests of humanity, do not stand at all upon the same ground of absolute discountenance which the vices and follies of an artificial, unproductive, and unnecessary amusement occupy. But there are various forms of necessity, and I am not sure that the necessity of being amused is not as fixed and fatal a necessity as that of being fed and warmed. It is not necessary in the same sense, and yet it may be equally a necessity. We do not commonly place leisure, laughter, love, among the necessities of life, alongside of bread and water, fire and shelter. Yet in a broad view of social interests and human requirements, they would be found to rank with them, not in the same class, but under the same name of actual necessities of a true, healthful, and vigorous social life. That may well be said to be necessary, which, age after age, and in precise proportion to the influence of civilization and even of Christianity, is found supported and sustained in the very face of the Church, and under the formal ban of religious society. That the theatre has survived the usage it has received from the pulpit and the moralist, exhibits at least its wonderful vitality; and when we per-

ceive that general censure and discouragement have not the slightest effect either in putting it down, or in improving it, why do we not begin to inquire what might be done by treating it with candor and sympathy, to save its uses, and correct its abuses; to turn its fascinations to the account of human happiness, and detach it from the artificial associations which are the real objects of our suspicion and dislike?'

Well might the eloquent speaker add, that when it was considered that eight theatres were constantly frequented, though in very different degrees, by all classes of the community, except a portion of those technically styled professors of religion; that the tastes, morals, manners, happiness of hundreds of thousands of people were affected by them for good or evil, to a degree which almost rendered the theatre a rival of the Church, the vastness of this metropolitan interest was too serious an element in our whole civic character and human prospects, to be ignored. No: divest the Theatre of its abuses: honor those who honor the drama: and who elevate and ennoble it; (how many true gentlemen and true ladies arise to mind as our pen drops this thought!) and it may be made an adjunct of good in all the great lessons of life.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, of London. Second Series. In One Volume: pp. 441. New-York: SHELTON, BLAKEMAN AND COMPANY. BOSTON: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

THIS eloquent young divine, of the 'Old School' of 'close-preaching,' it would appear, from the preface to the volume before us, is the author of another, which was published, or re-published in this country, and had reached here, some six months ago, a circulation of over fifteen thousand copies: a circumstance upon which the reverend author naturally and very justly felicitates himself. This first volume we have not as yet seen: but in spirit and manner, we may assume, the one before us is 'like unto it: ' for, says the writer of both: 'The same doctrines which we taught last year are repeated in these sermons. We have met with nothing which has shaken our faith in the 'good old paths.' Our own ministry is a testimony that no new theology is needed to stir the masses, and to save souls: we defy all the negative theologians in England to give such proof of their ministry as we can. If we must be 'fools in glorying,' we do. We *must* boast that the old doctrines are victorious, and that the LORD, the SPIRIT, has most signally honored them. We do not cite the overwhelming and ever-increasing multitudes who listen to us, as proof in this matter; but we do and will glory in the power of the Gospel, that it has brought so many to the arms of CHRIST.' This is evidently intended to be an apposite paraphrase of PAUL's 'foolishness' 'in glorying:' but what was *his* 'glorying?' Not that he was a 'popular preacher;' not that twenty thousand at a time had attended his ministrations; not that he was 'the rage,' over all his brethren. He gloried in his '*infirmities*:' in his *sufferings* for the great cause in which he was engaged: in the '*stripes* above measure' which he received, for preaching CHRIST and HIM crucified: in the '*perils*' which he encountered in the sea, in the wilderness, and among false brethren: 'in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in cold and nakedness.' *Here*

surely was cause for 'glorying,' more true to the word and to the spirit, than that which we have quoted. But all this is apart.

Mr. SPURGEON, as we have ascertained from friends who have heard him in London, is a most remarkable speaker. His face, as presented by the portrait in this volume, is an earnest, expressive one: the forehead and eyes calm and self-possessed: the lower part *sensuous*, without being in the slightest degree sensual. He is very young; not over twenty-five or six, we believe, at this time. What has given him his wonderful command over his audiences, is his *earnestness*, his *tenderness*, and the *winning tones of his voice*. His gestures are few and not violent: he has, moreover, the BIBLE at his tongue's end: and who, with appositeness, and readiness, and taste in quotation from that richest treasure-house of illustration, can ever fail of enforcing divine truths upon his hearers? But Mr. SPURGEON is very far from being *uniform* in his peculiar excellencies. Examples of the worst possible taste, mal-apropos illustrations, and feeble images, are to be encountered in his book, which we are sure a careful revision would have caused him to discard and expunge. But proceed we to a few illustrative passages. Our first extract is from '*The Glorious Habitation*,' a sermon from the text, 'LORD, THOU hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' It closes as follows:

'Poor houseless soul, dost thou want a house? I have a house to let this morning for every sinner who feels his misery. Do you want a house for your soul? Then I will condescend to men of low estate, and tell you in homely language, that I have a house to let. Do you ask me what is the purchase? I will tell you: it is something less than proud human nature will like to give. It is without money and without price. Ah! you would like to pay some rent, would n't you? You would love to do something to win CHRIST. You cannot have the house then: it is 'without money and without price.' I have told you enough of the house itself, and therefore I will not describe its excellences. But I will tell you one thing — that if you feel that you are a houseless soul this morning, you may have the key to-morrow; and if you feel yourself to be a houseless soul to-day, you may enter it now. If you had a house of your own I would not offer it to you; but since you have no other, here it is. Will you take my MASTER'S house on a lease for all eternity, with nothing to pay for it, nothing but the ground-rent of loving and serving HIM forever? Will you take JESUS, and dwell in HIM throughout eternity? or will you be content to be a houseless soul? Come inside, Sir; see, it is furnished from top to bottom with all you want. It has cellars filled with gold, more than you will spend as long as you live; it hath a parlor where you can entertain yourself with CHRIST, and feast on HIS love; it has tables well stored with food for you to live on forever; it hath a drawing-room of brotherly love, where you can receive your friends. You will find a resting-room up there, where you can rest with JESUS; and on the top there is a look-out, whence you can see heaven itself. Will you have the house, or will you not? Ah! if you are houseless, you will say: 'I should like to have the house; but may I have it?' Yes; there is the key. The key is, 'Come to JESUS.' But, you say: 'I am too shabby for such a house.' Never mind; there are garments inside. . . . If you feel guilty and condemned, come, and though the house is too good for you, CHRIST will make you good enough for the house by-and-by. He will wash you, and cleanse you, and you will yet be able to sing with MOSES, with the same unflinching voice: 'LORD, THOU hast been my dwelling-place throughout all generations.'

'*The Peculiar Sleep of the Beloved*,' from the sentence in DAVID'S Psalms, 'For so HE giveth HIS Beloved Sleep,' although perhaps somewhat over-labored, is, to our conception, one of the best sermons in the book. We annex a single passage. After asking his hearers if they have 'slept the sleep of contentment,' allowed only to those whose consciences are void of offence toward GOD and toward man, he proceeds:

'And no. You, who are apprentices, are sighing till you shall be journeymen:

you who are journeymen, are groaning to be masters; masters are longing till they shall retire from business, and when they have retired, they are longing that all their children shall be settled in life. Man always looks for a yet-beyond: he is a mariner who never gets to port; an arrow which never reaches the target. Ah! the Christian hath sleep. One night I could not rest, and in the wild wanderings of my thoughts I met this text and communed with it: 'So He giveth his beloved sleep.' In my reverie, as I was on the border of the land of dreams, methought I was in a castle. Around its massive walls there ran a deep moat. Watchmen paced the walls both day and night. It was a fine old fortress, bidding defiance to the foe; but I was not happy in it. I thought I lay upon a couch; but scarcely had I closed my eyes, ere a trumpet blew, 'To arms! To arms!' and when the danger was over-past I laid me down again. 'To arms! To arms!' once more resounded, and again I started up. Never could I rest. I thought I had my armor on, and moved about perpetually clad in mail, rushing each hour to the castle-top, aroused by some fresh alarm. At one time a foe was coming from the west, at another, from the east. I thought I had a treasure somewhere down in some deep part of the castle, and all my care was to guard it. I dreaded, I feared, I trembled lest it should be taken from me. I awoke, and I thought I would not live in such a tower as that for all its grandeur. It was the castle of discontent, the castle of ambition, in which man never rests. It is ever, 'To arms! To arms! To arms!' There is a foe here, or a foe there. His dear-loved treasure must be guarded. Sleep never crossed the drawbridge of the castle of discontent. Then I thought I would supplement it by another reverie. I was in a cottage. It was in what poets call a beautiful and pleasant place, but I cared not for that. I had no treasure in the world, save one sparkling jewel on my breast; and I thought I put my hand on that and went to sleep, nor did I wake till morning light. That treasure was a quiet conscience and the love of God — 'the peace that passeth all understanding.' I slept, because I slept in the house of content, satisfied with what I had. Go ye, over-reaching misers! Go ye, grasping, ambitious men! I envy not your life of inquietude. The sleep of statesmen is often broken; the dream of the miser is always evil; the sleep of the man who loves gain is never hearty; but God 'giveth,' by contentment, 'His beloved sleep.'

'Once more; God giveth his beloved the sleep of quietness of soul as to the future. Oh! that dark future! that future! that future! The present may be well; but ah! the next wind may wither all the flowers, and where shall I be? Clutch thy gold, miser; for riches 'make to themselves wings and flee away.' Hug that babe to thy breast, mother, for the rough hand of death may rob thee of it. Look at thy fame, and wonder at it, O thou man of ambition! But one slight report shall wound thee to the heart, and thou shalt sink as low as ever thou hast been lifted high by the voices of the multitude.'

Frequent references to, and brief quotations from, 'good old JOHN BUNYAN' are made in 'several of these discourses:' and the foregoing will serve to show that the writer has not been an indifferent copyist of the finely figurative style of the 'inspired Tinker.' But

FIN! Mr. SPURGEON,
Why dart like a sturgeon,

from out your element in the sacred desk, to grab at the bait of some miserable backbiter? Why introduce into a sermon so full of touching thoughts and tender admonitions, such bravado as this: 'I have been made the butt of slander — a mark for laughter and scorn; but it has not broken my spirit: 'So He giveth his Beloved sleep.' I beg to inform all those who speak ill of me that they are welcome to do so until they are tired of it. My motto is, '*Cedo nulli*.' I yield to none. I have not courted any man's applause: I ask no man to attend my ministry: I preach *what* I like, *when* I like, and *as* I like.' In the midst of a discourse like the one we are considering, this is simply vain-glorious 'twaddle and bosh.' And yet, very soon after it comes this very fervent conclusion: 'I have done. Now, let me beseech you, by the frailty of your own lives; by the shortness of time; by the dreadful realities of eternity; by the sins you have committed; by the pardon that you need; by the blood and wounds of Jesus; by His second coming to judge the world in righteousness; by the glories of hea-

ven; by the awful horrors of hell; by time; by eternity; by all that is good; by all that is sacred; let me beg of you, as you love your own souls, to search and see whether you are among the Beloved, to whom He giveth sleep.' In a sermon upon the doctrine of '*Election*,' (concerning which there are, in the religious world, 'several opinions, if not more,') we find the ensuing eloquent passage:

'THIRDLY: this election is *eternal*. 'God hath from the beginning chosen you unto eternal life.' Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago, we thought the beginning of this world was when ADAM came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands of years before that, God was preparing chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man; putting races of creatures upon it, who might die and leave behind the marks of His handiwork and marvellous skill, before he tried His hand on man. But that was not the beginning; for revelation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned — to the days when the morning stars were begotten; when, like drops of dew from the fingers of the morning, stars and constellations fell trickling from the hand of God; when, by His own lips, He launched forth ponderous orbs; when, with His own hand, He sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to years gone by, when worlds were made and systems fashioned; but we have not even approached the beginning yet. Until we go to the time when all the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn, until we enter the eternity where God, the CREATOR, lived alone, every thing sleeping within Him, all creation resting in his mighty gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, back, ages upon ages. We may go back, if we might use such strange words, whole eternities, and yet never arrive at the beginning. Our wing might be tired, our imagination would die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flashing in majesty, power, and rapidity, it would soon weary itself ere it could get to the beginning. But God from the beginning chose His people; when the un navigated ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, or else unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or whisper shocked the solemnity of silence, when there was no being, and no motion, no time, and naught but God HIMSELF, alone in his eternity; when without the song of an angel, without the attendance of even the cherubim; long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of JEHOVAH were fashioned; even then, 'in the beginning was the Word,' and in the beginning God's people were one with the Word, and 'in the beginning He chose them unto eternal life.' Our election, then, is eternal. I will not stop to prove it.'

And yet some men will say, 'How can this be so? If I am 'elected' from all eternity to all eternity, in what sense am I a free agent, and responsible for the verdict of 'fiery indignation' which shall at last be visited upon me? What interminable discussions of this momentous question were we wont to hear in our younger days! Yet no one yielded — no one was 'convinced against his will' — as very few controversialists *are*, by the way. In this discourse, eloquent as it is, in parts, we remark instances of bad taste, we had almost said irreverence: for it is irreverence, all disclaimers aside, to speak of the ALMIGHTY as 'disgracing himself,' if he were to 'allow such a thing' as is assumed by the preacher. It is to 'place God in a dilemma.' One sermon in this collection is from the text, '*It is better to go to the House of Mourning than to the House of Feasting*;' and one corollary from it is the following:

'Most of the awful catastrophes that have ever happened in this world, have happened to men when they have been in 'the house of feasting.' It is a fact that I shall prove in a moment or two, that the most terrible calamities that have ever come upon man or on the world, have happened in the house of mirth. Where was the world when NOAH entered into the ark? Where was it when God rent the clouds and opened the windows of heaven, and sent down cataracts from the skies? Is it not written, 'They were eating and drinking, they were marrying and given in marriage?' Where were ISRAEL when the plague came and smote them, so that their carcases fell in the wilderness? Is it not written: 'While the bread was in their mouths, the wrath of

God smote them?' Where were Jon's sons, when the four winds came from the wilderness and smote the four corners of the house? They were eating, and drinking wine in their elder brother's house. Where was SAMSON when he lost his strength? He was in the house of sinful pleasure, and he lay asleep on DELILAH's lap. Where was JEMBOAM when his hand was withered? He was offering a sacrifice before his god, unto which he had made a feast. What did NABAL when his heart was turned like a stone within him, and he died? Inspiration, says he had been feasting, and his heart was merry with wine at his sheep-shearing. Who slew AMNON? Did not AMMALON slay him at a feast? Turn to the melancholy catastrophes that you find recorded in holy writ, and almost every one of them happened at a feast. So, throughout the whole history of nations, I might tell you instance after instance, where a feast has been a real funeral; for the most terrible calamity has followed. There is, however, one instance which I must not pass by without mentioning more at large than those I have briefly hinted at. There was a feast once, such I think scarcely ever was seen. Ten thousand lamps lit up the gorgeous palace; the king sat on his lofty throne; and around him were his wives and concubines. They ate, they drank, the bowls were filled to the brim, and merrily the hours danced on. Loud was the bacchanalian shout, and loud the song. They drank deep; they drank curses to the God of Jacob; they took the sacred wine-cup, and they poured in their unblessed liquor; they drank them down, and drank again, and the merry shout rang through the hall; the viol and harp were there, and music sounded. List! list! list! it is the last feast that BABEL shall ever see. Even now the enemies are at her gates. They come! They come! O BELSHAZZAR! read that writing there: 'Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.' O BELSHAZZAR! stay thy feasting, see the shaft of God! Lo, the death-shaft; it is whizzing in the air, it has pierced his heart; he falls, he falls, and with him BABEL falls! That feast was a feast of death. 'Better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of such feasting' as that.

And here must close our quotations; although our copy of the book is dog's-eared from the title-page to the end. Single sentences often arrest the eye, and remain fixed in the mind; such as: 'My friends, did you ever walk the centuries, and mark the rise and fall of the various Empires of Unbelief?' Take also this picture of DEATH, from the discourse entitled *Harvest Time*:

'O THAT great Reaper! he sweeps through the earth, and mows his hundreds and thousands down. It is all still; DEATH makes no noise about his movements, and he treads with velvet footfall over the earth—that ceaseless mower, none can resist him. He is irresistible, and he mows, and mows, and cuts them down. Sometimes he stops and whets his scythe; he dips his scythe in blood, and then he mows us down with war: then he takes his whetstone of cholera, and mows down more than ever. Still he cries, More! more! more! Ceaseless that work keeps on. Wondrous mower! Wondrous reaper! Oh! when thou comest to reap me, I cannot resist thee; for I must fall like others: when thou comest, I shall have nothing to say to thee. Like a blade of corn, I must stand motionless, and thou must cut me down! But, oh! may I be prepared for thy scythe! May the Lord stand by me and comfort me, and cheer me; and may I find that death is an angel of life—that death is the portal of heaven; that it is the outward porch of the great temple of eternity; that it is the vestibule of glory!'

We must close: yet before we do so, let us record our conviction, that such assumptions as the subjoined, are not calculated to advance the usefulness of the preacher, the extension of the GREAT CAUSE which he advocates, or the expansion of that warm feeling of 'love to God and love to man' which burns and glows in other portions of the volume under notice. We mean, Brother SPURGEON, that it was not for you to say, in closing a discourse on so solemn, so awful a subject, as '*The Resurrection from the Dead*,' that you had been called a '*Hell-Fire Preacher*;' but that that same '*Hell-Fire Preacher*' your 'cast-out hearers might one day see looking down upon them, roasting in the fire!' It almost takes away from us our admiration for genius, our reverence for true fervor, sincerity, and devotion, to encounter such self-exultation—such human condemnation of any being, created by God, and sustained by His infinite goodness and mercy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'PETER PROTEUS' is most welcome. He shall have '*An Opening for Enterprise*' 'right away.' We think we *know* him. Do we, or do we not? 'Expect so,' in one case or the other, '*any how*:' The '*Eight-Hundred-Dollar Fellow*' next month:

'On the western coast of Florida, and just at that point where the young State of the South assumes her peninsular form, are situated a very small group of very small islands, called Cedar Keys. And I cannot but express my astonishment at the unaccountable fact, that the advantages they possess have not attracted the attention of the Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington; a *servant* so distinguished for his services in calling into notice places that were, up to the period of his making them known, supposed to be useless for the purposes of commerce, and which have been found so ever since.

'Of the important locality in question, (important at least in the estimation of some two dozen people who reside there,) but little seems to be known; and the more one learns respecting the place, the less necessity one sees for becoming more intimately acquainted. The inhabitants will tell you that a rail-road across the peninsula, now in the course of construction, under Floridian progress, (which would appear to be about a mile or so a year,) is going to make it a great emporium of trade. And they seem, at present, to be living on the interest of the fortunes they expect to make, by the immense rise of real estate, etc., whenever this does occur. On maps and plans the intended city presents an attractive aspect; but it may truly be said of it, that 'it must be seen, to be appreciated.' Outsiders say that the channel is not deep enough, nor the harbor large enough for the consummation of the wishes of the denizens of the place. But what do they know about it?

'These keys, or islands, are composed of shells and a lime-stone conglomerate of shells. I do not know the exact number of them, (some seven or eight, large enough to mention,) but they are so situated upon the sub-marine plateau which causes the vast expanse of shoal water, on this part of the Florida coast, as to force a channel among themselves and form a small harbor. The principal island is called Depot Key, from its having been used as a depot for the army during the Indian war in Florida — not because there is any thing deposited there now. It is upon this that the city is to be built. A diminutive, sharp old chap here, whom

we will call KEEK, commonly known as Judge KEEK — because he was formerly sutler to the army, I suppose — who was the original squatter, still owns the greater portion of it; and is willing, even now, (for the purpose of encouraging immigration,) to let some of his lots go at as low a price as five hundred dollars. The title given the place is *Asteena Olee*, which the largest landed proprietor says is Seminole for Cedar Key. But as cedar does not grow on this particular key — nor has it, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, (who has resided here permanently now for at least four or five years,) and as there is no Indian tradition handed down of its ever having grown on this particular key, some people are unable to see the appropriateness of the name. But these are only a few, who have no interest whatever in the place; and who are, in truth, inclined to doubt much that is told them respecting its probable sudden increase at no distant day.

'These skeptics are also very slow to purchase lots at the present prices, although any body can see at a glance, upon viewing the plan of the city, how extremely eligible all the sites offered are. But as two credulous and sanguine settlers once had the hardihood to venture a speculation in the way of as many steam saw-mills, and as they were both ruined in a very short space of time, persons can hardly be blamed for entering cautiously into any kind of business here. Yet, I have the disinterested assurance of Judge KEEK, that the time is not far in futurity when fortunes in the particular line mentioned above, will readily be made. Certainly, nobody can possibly be more capable of seeing what these keys must eventually come to, than he! Ill-natured people, however, (and I am sorry to say there are a great number in Florida,) are inclined to deem him visionary; and seem disposed to swallow what he foretells in a sort of *cum grano salis* way, which evidently has the effect of irritating the little old gentleman to a great degree. His arguments are, some of them, prepared with great skill and care, and are delivered in a tone well becoming one who bears the title he does. One of them struck me very forcibly as being irresistibly conclusive: 'For, Sir,' said he to me one day, 'if this place is not to be the receptacle on the one hand, and the outlet on the other, what place is?' To be sure, he did not say what he expected to receive, nor what it might be found necessary to let out; but not wishing to appear ignorant in such matters as trade and commerce, I thought it most prudent not to demand an explanation.

'In the absence of their resources to be developed, the productions of Cedar Keys are turtle, fish, and oysters. And this must be regarded as a providential circumstance, for without them the people would hardly be able to live upon their expectations. Deer and bear, too, are plentiful upon the neighboring main-land; and there is, at seasons, great abundance of feathered game. These would be a source of great profit to the hunter, if there were any here, and he could find a market for them. But in the absence of any such individual, the beasts and birds go unmolested, and the markets not yet brought into existence, unsupplied.

'Believing that the statistics of the place must possess some interest, I give below the result of what I have been able to obtain, but not without much trouble and expense — for which I shall, of course, expect some remuneration:

'Arrivals and Departures, Port of Cedar Keys, Florida, for the Quarter ending March 31st, 1857.

ARRIVALS.		DEPARTURES.	
Vessels.	No.	Vessels.	No.
Steamers,	0	Steamers,	0
Ships,	0	Ships,	0

ARRIVALS.		DEPARTURES.	
Vessels.	No.	Vessels.	No.
Barks,	0	Barks,	0
Brigs,	0	Brigs,	0
Schooners,	0	Schooners,	0
Oyster-Boat,	1	Oyster-Boat,	1
TOTAL,	1	TOTAL,	1

'RECAPITULATION.—Arrived.—0 steamers, 0 ships, 0 barks, 0 brigs, 0 schooners, and 1 oyster-boat.

'Departed.—0 steamers, 0 ships, 0 barks, 0 brigs, 0 schooners, and one oyster-boat.

'NOTE.—Beside the above, the United States Coast Survey schooner *Professor Benjamin Franklin Muggins*, arrived during the month of March: officers and crew all well.

'Imports and Exports, Port of Cedar Keys, Florida, for the Quarter ending March 31st, 1857.

'Imports.—Per Oyster-Boat, two hundred and fifty oysters, and one pet doe, to Judge KERN.

'Exports.—1 hlf. bbl. lime, 35 ft. pine plk., aid. to U. S. Coast Survey Schooner *Professor Benjamin Franklin Muggins*, by Judge KERN.'

'And now I come—seriously, too—to the really good feature of the place. The climate I never saw equalled. According to my experience—and that is by no means limited—it is the most agreeable in the world. Two or three physicians have already been starved out of the place, and no other has yet been found willing to believe that practice here would afford him a support. The consequence is, that the key remains healthy. The records show that there has been one tooth extracted within the past year, and, also, that, during the same interval, two cases of fever and ague have been met with. But these latter were imported—one from the hammocks, toward the interior of the peninsula, and the other from the banks of a fresh-water creek, lined by marshes, and abounding with alligators, designated as Waccassassa River. The health statistics for the year are summed up in the following table, which was carefully prepared and handed me by the old woman who owns the medicine-chest. This contained half a vial of pargoric, and a pound of epsom salts, which she told me, in the strictest confidence, was all the medicine she wanted.

'Health of Atseena Otee, for the Year 1856.

T A B L E

of Diseases, Deaths, and Recoveries, at Atseena Otee, Cedar Keys, Florida, for the year 1856.

Diseases.	Cases.	Died.	Recovered.
Tooth-ache,	1	0	1*
Fever and ague,	2	0	2†
TOTAL,	3	0	3

'RECAPITULATION.—3 cases, 0 deaths, and 3 recoveries. Number of diseases, 2.'

'The above are few of the advantages possessed by this place. The inducement to settle, (especially to men of capital and consumption,) is very great. And I

* Tooth pulled by SAM. JOHN, with a pair of bullet-mouls, and an oyster-knife. Most successful operation.

† A suspension of shakes; to be removed on return to main-land.

doubt not that within the coming century and a half, the population will have considerably augmented.

PETER PETERSEN.'

'PETER' must continue to favor us. - - - LORD NAPIER, the new British Minister at Washington, was recently a guest at the anniversary celebration of the *Festival of the St. George's Society* in this metropolis. His speech, in reply to a toast in his honor, was admirable and manly in every respect. Toward its conclusion, he said, amidst many interruptions of 'enthusiastic and prolonged applause:'

'I HAVE, since my arrival, sometimes observed an impression in the United States that the development of this country is regarded with jealousy by England. Gentlemen, this is an erroneous opinion. You will hear me out in the assertion that the last vestiges of former prejudices founded on the animosities of two unhappy wars are being very rapidly extinguished. The peaceful and legitimate expansion of the United States forms a matter of satisfaction and pride of every reasonable Englishman. That expansion forms the best resort and relief for our superabundant population; it forms the best market for our increasing industry; it is the triumph of our labor and our arts, of our language, our religion and our blood. No thoughtful Englishman can contemplate this unparalleled spectacle of future predominance without emotions of thankfulness and praise. No thoughtful foreigner can regard it without a sigh, because PROVIDENCE has not reserved the future empire of the world for his own tongue and his own race. Gentlemen: these sentiments of sympathy and good-will, to which I give a feeble utterance, are, believe me, not rare or partial in our country, nor do I derive them from obscure authority. I have gathered these sentiments in the benevolent pages of a *CARLETON*, in the wise conclusions of an *ANNEBAX*, and in the eloquent declarations of an *ELGIN*. I have heard these sentiments declared and enforced from the bench of the Government, and I have heard them echoed back from the benches of the Opposition. These sentiments have been inculcated upon me with sincere and careful emphasis by the Earl of *CLARENDON*, and by that noble Viscount who is first in the councils and in the hearts of the British people.'

Well and nobly said, and well and widely, in our own country, has the feeling here expressed been reciprocated. We mention this circumstance here, for the purpose of introducing the subjoined extract from a letter written to us recently by an old school-fellow and friend of our boyhood. It was his 'destiny' to possess a benignant and happy fortune, which he has 'improved,' by foreign travel, the enjoyment of the arts, and the pleasure arising from the ennobling science of *cultivated* agriculture. He says: 'I send you a little dinner-speech, made on board HER MAJESTY'S Royal Mail Steamer *Canada*, on a voyage from Liverpool to New-York, October fifth, 1854; the very time of the loss of the ill-fated *Arctic*. The passengers were of various nations; Englishmen and Americans about equal in number. During the voyage there was the usual rivalry between the latter: Englishmen boasting of their achievements—Yankees bragging of their prospects and their ships. The last day of the voyage, at the dinner given by the Captain, a young American proposed the usual toast to the QUEEN, as follows:

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I will encourage your patience, by assuring you that I am not about to make a speech. I never did such a thing in my life. But I cannot express my appreciation of the sentiment I am about to offer, without a few preparatory remarks, which I hope you may consider pertinent. We have just left the homes of England, those homes that have given England her glory and her power on the earth. Since the establishment of these noble lines of steamers, thousands of my countrymen, ('Yankees,' as you term us,) have been enabled to admire and to feel the influence of those homes. They have returned to their native land proud to call England the 'Mother Country.' Thousands of others, English-

men, by the same facilities of intercourse, have been enabled to see those homes transplanted and multiplied on our western shores; and have returned, proud to call America, England's *Daughter*, a land of *homes*! where, of the great majority of men, it may be said, that each one owns and adorns a home, to win and attach his children. That land will become 'a people who will not forget God,' and can never be subjugated nor conquered.

"Home is a peculiar word. How it summons up the little joys of childhood, and the little sorrows too, that shade and brighten them! How its sound makes our heart-strings trill with more than *Æolian* melody; like the twittering song of birds, that sometimes, at dawn of day, wake us from gentle dreams. What a beautiful feature of the Christian religion it is, that our hopes of the after-life are made to depend on that repentance which requires us to 'become as little children.' So that in dying, we are only gladly 'going home.'

"But I was speaking of the homes of England; those vernal homes adorned by the ivy, the hawthorn, and the holly, from which have gone forth streams of influence and power among men, that history has even not yet recognized. Oh! if those homes could be transplanted to the Continent; if the hills and valleys of Europe could be dotted with such homes; how soon would the whole earth smile with moral beauty! But I am forfeiting my promise. I arose simply to propose the health of a *LADY*, who is not only a *QUEEN*, but a *WIFE* and a *MOTHER* — *The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland!*'

'This was received with 'three times three, and three more,' for the humble individual who offered it: whereupon was inaugurated (as Mrs. Stow always says) by far, one of the 'best times generally,' that ever took place on the unbounded bosom of the great deep. I send it to you because it expresses to my mind, the true glory of England — the moral of her life, and the sentiments we ought to entertain toward her.' - - - 'T is now some twelve moons wasted,' since an esteemed friend presented to us a greyhound; yet *not* a greyhound: for he was of the most delicate fawn-color; as smooth as the smoothest mole; and beautifully marked with a single diamond of blending-white, upon the top of his neck, near his head. He was *very* beautiful — very graceful — very affectionate: a Carolina friend fell in love with him, and 'proposed' for him: but he was 'engaged.' He was a link between our friend the donor and ourselves. He saw before him a 'divided duty': he was three days with his old master, a Hudson-river villager near us, and four days with his new one: and his advent was a sure precursor of a visit from one or the other, to one or the other, to the children of each. 'Father, TURK is here! — Mr. N — is coming:' or, 'Mother, Mr. C — is coming! — TURK is here!' How he would lie upon the sanctum-rug, and watch us, until we crossed our pen upon the elk-horns of our bronze ink-stand dish! How he would dash along the road, and dart over the fields! the gracefulest, as he was the fleetest of hounds. But he has gone! He followed by land his old master, and his old and favorite fellow-servant, a maiden steed, over the beautiful road to Hoboken; thence, at night-fall he went by ferry over to the city, and was straightway lost amidst the 'leagues of light, the roaring of the wheels.' Entreat him kindly, whoever has enticed him away, or is harboring him for a 'suitable reward.' Alas! this has long ago been offered! He is an affectionate creature. How he would bound at the name of 'TURK!' from our

lips at this moment! He has many winning ways that his present master knows not of. — Our youngest cat has gone, too; no one knows whither. *She* was a present, likewise, from a friend who found her (a found-ling) in a snow-bank, one night, 'yowling like sixty,' and brought her to the cottage in the pocket of his Raglan. She was a 'perfect beauty;' past description as to delicacy and variegation of colors; and the playfullest little thing conceivable. She was always in good spirits — always easily pleased with her amusements; now a rolling spool of cotton, now a corset-string, now a dangling suspender; now a moving pen, as she sat purring before us upon the sanctum-table, till even *her* eyes 'did wink, as 't were with over-watching.' And *she* has gone, too — went off in convulsions; and no man or woman knoweth her whereabouts to this day. We have had many a play-spell together. She was a knowing and 'cute quadruped: and as we entertained each other with our mutual sportive enjoyments, we could well say with MONTAIGNE: 'When any cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, (as playing with a garter,) who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse sportiveness as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that our agreeing no better is a defect of my not understanding her language, (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another,) and that she laughs at and censures my folly for making her sport, and pities me for understanding her no better?' 'Jus' so:' but, 'cats and dogs!' how we are running on! We propose, at this point, to 'dry up.' - - - TWENTY-THREE years ago this month we assumed control of this our beloved KNICKERBOCKER. In a brief 'Advertisement,' we then said, that the work was thereafter to 'depend upon the character which it should be able to acquire, rather than upon extraordinary announcements of the excellence to which it was to arrive. No exertions will be left unemployed to render the work honorable to American Periodical Literature, and acceptable to the public, whose patronage is only so far solicited as it shall seem to be deserved.' It is not for us to say how far this promise has been kept; but we certainly have 'done our best;' and surely, no Magazine, in this or any other country, has ever had a nobler or more distinguished list of contributors than the KNICKERBOCKER. And what it has been in the past, it will continue to be in the future. We have a large and constantly-increasing circulation; there is a strong *affection*, we are proud and happy to say, in the public mind, toward the work: and we mean to relax no effort to show our appreciation of it, and to reward it. All our old and favorite contributors will continue to contribute for our pages, with several new writers, who *will* be favorites in less than four months from this time. Among the many papers with which we hope and trust our readers will be greatly delectated, is a narrative in numbers, by Lieutenant FOXHALL A. PARKER, Jr., entitled '*Jack Jenkins, or the Life of a Midshipman*,' 'affectionately dedicated to the Officers, Seamen, and Marines of the United States Navy.' We hazard little in saying that it will prove as attractive as any thing which has appeared in these pages for many a long year. But 'N. S. M. J.:' 'Nough said among gentlemen.' - - - LAST night in

the sanctum, about eleven o'clock, we ate five sardines, with the accompaniment of a slice of nice sweet bread-and-butter. In about half-an-hour we went to bed; and in less than fifteen minutes thereafter we went over Niagara Falls in a small boat, and were smashed all to pieces on the rocks below, and 'drowned.' The last thing we remember, was swimming after our head, in the 'Whirlpool!' It was terrible! **MEX:** Never eat sardines just as you are going to bed. *Apropos of Niagara:* We saw, a day or two since, at the studio of Mr. CHURCH, in the old Art-Union Buildings, the picture of the Great Cataract: we say 'the picture,' because it will be so considered, in our humble judgment, as long as that mighty flood shall pour its 'many waters' into the awful gulf beneath. *Sound and motion* are great concomitants of the sublimity of Niagara: and in scrutinizing Mr. CHURCH's marvellous picture, you seem to have almost even *these*. Look at those distant, *swashing*, commingling, piled-up Rapids: why, you not only seem to see them *in motion*, but you fancy you smell that *watery odor*, so peculiar to the multitudinous waves above the Falls: observe the density, the solidity of what looks like a vast revolving emerald cylinder; as you glance up at the head of the 'Horse-Shoe' from the 'Maid of the Mist,' wrapped in the ever-changing folds of the smoke-like cloud from below: regard the *rain-bow*, commencing at the west base of the fearful gorge, struggling through the vapory incense, that in calm or storm, in the day or in the night-season, rises ever toward the God who pours the great waters from His hollow hand, only to reappear *above* the mist, luminous, transparent, radiant from within, *by a light of its own*; see *this*, and then look at the perfect 'keeping' with the scene of the October landscape around: the pile of billowy clouds, which you *know* have arisen from the green bosom of Erie in the South. But, to adopt a homely yet expressive phrase, '*There's no use talking!*' The picture is extant. It was at once purchased at the artist's price, by Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS; it will be engraved by the first artists in England: and it will be known, long after the artist's eye shall be dead to color and his ear to sound, as THE '*Picture of Niagara Falls*.' ('Previous to which,' the publishers and proprietors will have made a fortune from the copy-right and sale of the engravings alone.) - - - We derive great pleasure from the perusal of the medical and surgical works which we receive; such as the 'Boston Medical and Surgical Journal,' (one of whose editors is an old and always welcome correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, W. W. MORLAND, M.D.;) the 'Medical World'; HALL's 'Journal of Health'; Dr. DIXON's 'Scalpel,' etc. A diligent study of these periodicals, for a considerable space of time, has brought us to the conclusion that we could 'practise' if we were so 'disposed.' We would call especial attention to a paper in the first-named periodical, upon *Kidney Lesions and Albuminuria*. It was from this article that we first learned the fact, now universally admitted in the best medical schools, and also by ministers of the Gospel, of nearly all denominations, (except Mormons,) that '*Epithelial desquamation of the tubuli is always the consequence of hyperæmia of the supra-canalicular and intercanalicular tissues, and of the Melpighian bodies*': involving, also, we take it of course, the symptomatology of hyperæmic albuminuria. How

far the latter assumption may be generally received, we cannot say : but it seems to us, from the hasty thought we have been able to give to the subject, that if you admit the one, you must admit the other. A later number of the same journal has an admirable article upon the '*Haschiach, or Cannabis Indica.*' It is equal to 'Moore's Melodies.' - - - HAVE N'T we said, 'time and time ag'in,' that you must be careful what you say before the 'little people ?' 'That's so.' Well, here is a case in point : An English friend visits us from town : his 'speech bewrays him' to our little 'FIVE-YEAR-OLD,' without *his* knowing it, or *we* either. In speaking of *some* personage, at that time public — the name, which we forget, is not at all material — he said : 'He is a Humbug of the large blue kind.' Now, to know *how* he said this, take this echo of the little boy aforesaid, one subsequent night at the table, when there was a tea-'reception,' *en famille*, in the dining-room. It was most *malapropos*, too, for we had just 'paid a compliment' to a beautiful young lady, a circumstance which, with us, seldom happens ; when outspoke the wee bairnie : 'Fader, you're a *Nembeg of the lauge blow-ke-yind !*' The imitation was *perfect* ; it was from memory, too ; and the only fault of the remark was in its application. This is the same offspring of whom we have once before made mention, as evincing extraordinary readiness to enter the cottage at most at the very commencement of a heavy shower, and whose knowledge of beans, for one so youthful, has been regarded by all our friends who have spoken to us upon the subject, as being something 'more than usually remarkable.' - - - THEY must have had 'great times' at the *Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Introduction of the Art of Printing into New-Hampshire,* at Portsmouth, in that State, if we are to judge from a printed sketch of the proceedings, now before us, containing the oration, poems, decorations, sentiments, letters from invited guests, etc., for which we return our thanks to EDWARD N. FULLER, Esq., publisher, of Portsmouth. The orator of the day, Rev. ANDREW B. PRABODY, D.D., acquitted himself of his task. Our friend FIELDS and SHILLABEE, of Boston, are thus deservedly complimented :

'We feel not a little proud of the laurels won by our native poets. There is FIELDS, the MÆCENAS among our publishers, whose delicate generosity is owned at once by world-famous authors across the Atlantic and by many a school-boy in the place of his birth, and whose verse, pure, sweet, chaste, mellifluous, seems but the transcript of a character which to know is to esteem and love. There is our good Dame PARTINGTON, whose pen is as utterly incapable of exhausting her brain-wealth of droll conceits and merry quips, as was her English namesake's broom of throwing back the rising flood-tide from her cottage-floor. There is LAIGHTON, whose Sybilline leaves we suffer to remain ungathered, but were they blown to us from beyond the ocean, we should long ago have had the straylings impounded in gilt morocco, and they will yet give him fame equal to his modesty and commensurate with his worth. There is ALDRICH, whose brilliant prose-poem just issued more than fulfils the fair promise of his juvenile verse, and is a wonderfully rich out-cropping of a golden vein of creative fancy and picturesque delineation. There is also a troop of poetesses, whose modesty would be justly wounded were I to name them here ; the laureates of almost all our civic and religious festivals, the chroniclers of departed worth, the frequent angels of peace and consolation to the bereaved.'

SHILLABER, (blessed old Dame PARTINGTON!) was the poet; and a capital 'effort' he put forth. Two or three verses will show its style and spirit:

'I've had a spirit message come, rapped out in sturdy raps,
From those who years have vanished, but who still are on their taps;
And it gives a pleasant history of things long passed away,
Brought by my *graves* communicants once more to light of day,
Who've anxious seemed, although removed, to let the people know
Just how they managed things down here a hundred years ago.

'Then these were warlike scenes and times: militia men were drawn
To march with PEPPERELL, the knight, and Col. WILLIAM VAUGHAN;
And tales of their brave deeds were long by fire-sides in vogue,
Where bold Sir WILLIAM, he and VAUGHAN, went down to Chapeauroque,
And let the French and Indians learn that Yankees were not slow
In fighting for the cross and crown a hundred years ago.

'Then there was Colonel ATKINSON, and Colonel NAT. MESERVE,
Two fire-eating sons of guns, of most undoubted nerve,
Who led the brave New-Hampshire men by forest and by sea,
To drive forth from their fastnesses the savage enemy;
For the 'heathen round about' were strong, and meant the people wo —
But Christian prayers and swords prevailed, a hundred years ago.

'Our sires were loyal to the king, and caps were wildly swung
When, British arms triumphant, 't was told glad crowds among,
And when Quebec was captured, the guns and bells proclaimed
The joy, and fires on Windmill Hill in cheerful brightness flamed;
Processions moved about the streets, and punch in streams did flow:
Ah! those were rum old times indeed, a hundred years ago.'

We were not before aware that DENNIE, who sleeps in St. PETER's church-yard in Philadelphia, was a native of New-Hampshire. His 'Lay Preacher' was written for 'The Farmer's Museum,' which he edited and published at Walpole; the humorous ROYAL TYLER, afterward Chief-Justice of Vermont, STORY, FESSENDEN, and others eminent in that day being his coadjutors. 'Good things' on all sides, 'upon this occasion.' CHARLES W. BREWSTER, Esq., Editor of the '*Portsmouth Journal*,' read a complimentary poem to '*The Poets of Portsmouth*,' in which he poured out a stream of amusing local name-puns. Of Mrs. PARTINGTON he said:

'DEEP in the memory of each mother's son
Rests the rare fame of Mistress PARTINGTON:
All misused terms of right belong to her,
The humorous victim of our SHILLABER.'

Mr. FULLER, Editor of the '*New-Hampshire Gazette*,' responded to a toast from the Mayor, '*Franklin and the Art of Printing*,' in an appropriate and graceful manner; while letters were read from distinguished invited guests, who found it impossible to be present: among them, FRANKLIN PIERCE, then our PRESIDENT, EDWARD EVERETT, LEWIS CASS, R. C. WINTHROP, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, etc. Accompanying the copy of the 'Celebration' sent us, was a perfect fac-simile of the first number of the first paper ever printed in New-Hampshire, the '*New-Hampshire Gazette*,' of Thursday, October 17, 1756. The old-fashioned type, even the paper itself, in color and texture, are in *exact* imitation of the little original sheet, printed by DANIEL FOWLER, assisted by PRIME, a negro, who lived to the age of ninety without being able to read or write, but who was held in great reverence for his 'learning,' by reason of the fact that he helped to 'work off' that stupendous journal.

WE have received the following letter from our esteemed correspondent, PAUL SIOGVOLK, the distinguished Pole, whose '*Schediasms*' have so often delighted our readers. Let the suit be instituted; and if resisted, let it be carried up on a sasherarrar. (See HILL's Rep. § 8: p. 1585: also JONES, Just, (HENYAN v. ROOSTAIR), p. 1829.) As to the matter alluded to in the postscript, it is not convenient. Our 'plan,' with specifications, of the 'Persuader' handsomely framed, hangs in the 'KNICKERBOCKER Hall' of Captain FOLGER, near Piermont, and is every day consulted by persons in Rockland County, who come from all the country round to purchase patents. Eggs in consequence have *fallen*: 'twelve for a shilling' 'rules,' as a general thing. Our 'bos'-rooster, BRIGHAM YOUNG, considers this as 'not paying.' There is no 'strike,' however; for HEBER KIMBALL, BRIGHAM's first mate, is still willing to work at that price: so that, after all, 'things is workin':

'New-York, May 7, 1857.

'L. G. CLARK, Esq.: DEAR SIR: I cut this from last evening's *Post*:

'HEN-PERSUADERS.'—The Springfield *Republican*, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

'BLOOM met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. BLOOM had a lovely young Shanghai pullet of boundless ambition. BLOOM bought a Persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. BLOOM saw her go, and his heart bounded within him! Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the Persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe-nails and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! BLOOM saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and, fired by young ambition, she had laid herself all away.'

'I have taken advice of a leading lawyer here, and he says it is a clear case of infringement of 'THE PATENT.' He advises that 'an action' be instituted at once. He is willing to undertake it and 'to bear all expenses and divide the profits.' He says these are the terms upon which the 'NEW CODE' encourages and approves of lawyers doing business, although it was unlawful and dishonorable before. I think the terms fair, and have told him to 'go ahead.' We will see if KNICKERBOCKER thunder can be plundered in this way. Yours very truly,

PAUL SIOGVOLK.

'P. S.—Would it not be a good time to issue a wood-cut of the model, with the explanations, in order to warn off other trespassers? I forgot to say I have already 'employed' Professor MARRS as a witness, to explain the machinery to the jury upon the trial.

P. S.'

PROFESSOR H. P. GOODRICH writes to the Editor of the *St. Louis Republican*, in relation to the COMET which, it is predicted, is going to shiver our 'globe' in June, that that erratic body, sweeping its 'awful cycle,' is a good way off, and that it may not be so, after all: 'The nucleus, or orb, of all comets, is very small, and most likely entirely *gaseous*. The tail of a comet, which is most feared as the besom of destruction, is so thin that you can *see stars through it*. It cannot hit the old Earth a harder blow than she could probably endure without much damage. There is *no proof on record* that any comet ever affected our atmosphere or our seasons in the least. The cold seasons of comet-years can all be explained as easily as the cold seasons of years when there were no comets.' Another correspondent of the '*Republican*,' (it *might* be JOHN PHOENIX himself,) who understands 'P,' says that he was greatly astonished to see the article in question. The writer, he remarks, might with equal propriety and plausibility come forward and assert that there is no sun in the solar system, and defy con-

tradition, as to take the course he has regarding this comet. It is said that the spicy compound formed to give zest to the flesh of the female of the species *anser*, is equally palatable when used with that of the male: assertion must be met by assertion: and 'P.' goes on to assert:

'FIRST: That there *are* astronomical calculations of the orbit of the coming comet, that warrant the prediction that it will touch the earth: I made 'em myself.

'SECONDLY: Science *can* calculate the orbit of this eccentric comet, no matter how long its period; and I predict unhesitatingly, that the comet now approaching, will come in contact with the Earth on the morning of the sixteenth of June, about twenty minutes after ten o'clock, and the point of contact will be in the vicinity of a place called Vide Poche, or Carondelet.

'THIRDLY: The nucleus of this comet is very large, and composed of the bisulphuretted carbonate of the protoxide of manganese. The tail is chlorine, and although you cannot *see stars* through it, they will probably be seen by many individuals at the time of the collision.'

Professor GOODRICH replies to this, demanding the astronomical 'elements of the calculations,' which 'P.' says *can* be made, and which he *has* made, that warrant that the comet will touch the Earth!

'SOLD ag'in,
And got the tin!'

SEVERAL of our religious contemporaries, and not a few clergymen, are urging the general establishment of free seats in churches, that *all* may hear the preached word.' Rutgers-street church, under the lead of one of the most eminent ministers in the Presbyterian Church, makes ample provision in this kind in its own house of worship, as do many other churches of other and various denominations in the metropolis; where even pew-rents are so reasonable that any one who can afford to pay at all, may hire a seat. But where pews in fashionable churches ('*fashionable churches*!') — do but think of the term!) are put up at auction, what chance is there for a person of moderate means to obtain a seat? That acute observer and eminent philosopher, 'DOESTICKS,' well sets forth the evils of this pew-auction system. He attends a crowded one:

'I VERY soon discovered,' he says, 'that no 'dead-heads' were allowed on this line, and that if a man could n't pay, he was put off the train. After some preliminary chat about the foreign news, the state of the markets, the hope of a revival of religion, the rise in 'Erie,' the progress of the work of grace, and price of pork, the lowly ones gathered around, and the sale began. Those pews nearest the pulpit, or perhaps I should say, those seats next the locomotive, were sold first: they brought seventy, eighty, and even one hundred and twenty dollars premium: the price was to be paid merely for a choice of seats, in addition to the regular rent. I instantly saw that I had n't money enough to take a first-class cabin passage, but hoped there might be a place for me somewhere. JONES bought a ticket, and SMITH, and TOMPKINS; but there was not a single seat that came down to my pile; and I felt I must give up the journey, or find a cheaper conveyance, for I certainly could n't afford to go to heaven at such exorbitant rates.'

He makes a little 'calculation,' and finds that to be saved at *that* church would be a greater expense to him than his sins had ever been: 'Prayers cost me forty cents an hour, and sermons four dollars and a half apiece: and if I'm as great a sinner as the minister says I am, it would break the Bank of England to get me 'into the fold:' unless they can get a heavy discount, I fear I shall have to give it up, and go to the devil.' Let no reader assume

that this is 'making light of sacred things : ' it is treating, in at least an *effective* way, a matter which, as we have said, is attracting wide attention among various clergymen, and the metropolitan and religious press of the country. - - - Our readers will welcome as cordially back to our pages as we do, our old and frequent correspondent, 'BEVERLY.' We trust that the following beautiful sketch may be only the opening to a series of kindred brief records of incidents in the writer's travels and sojourn in Europe :

'THE recent sad death of this distinguished Scotchman, another victim to an over-worked brain, recalls to my remembrance the living man as I saw him one bright summer morning more than a year ago, in Edinburgh. He was standing in front of SCOTT'S monument, lost in contemplation over the genius of one who fell, as he, poor man, was to fall, a martyr to intellectual toil. No sooner was he pointed out to me as HUGH MILLER than my eyes were riveted upon him, as my mind had been some months before upon that most remarkable book, 'The Vestiges of Creation.' He stood there before me, a massive, rough-hewn and broad-chested man, who looked as if really, to use his own words, 'he could lift breast high the lifting-stone of the Dropping Cave of Cromarty.'

'There he lingered in front of that beautiful monument. The hurrying crowd went by, and all the stirring toil of the busy street was around him, but he heeded not ; his own great mind was communing with the spirit of the past, and recalling the toils and triumphs of that mighty master of romance, who had woven a spell around every lake and mountain of his native land, and to whose memory a grateful people had erected this beautiful memorial. I could not help being struck, as I gazed upon him standing on that sacred spot with head uncovered, at the massiveness of his brain. It was a head requiring a hat that would certainly extinguish nine-tenths of the man of my acquaintance. His countenance was cast in the mould of Scotch ugliness, but its hard lines and stern features were redeemed by the soft light of as gentle a blue eye as I ever saw in woman. Coming from the east coast of Scotland — from that half-Scandinavian population which inhabit the shores of the German Ocean from Fife to Caithness, with the blood of several venturesome sailors and drowned men in his veins, his physical appearance had, I must confess, somewhat of the rudeness and roughness of his origin. But no one could see that broad, massive brow overhanging those mild, tender eyes, without feeling that he was gazing upon no ordinary man. I did not presume to intrude upon the solemnity of his thoughts, standing there in the full majesty of his manhood, with head uncovered, before Scotland's most consecrated shrine. Soon he mingled in the throng of that busy street, and I saw him no more.

'It has been but a few months since we heard of his death — and such a death !

'Who could read with dry eyes that sad note to his once 'fair-haired lassie' of Cromarty, for whom, at the mature age of thirty, he had left the humble pursuits of a stone mason, to hew out for himself, in the modern Athens, a monument more durable than rock ? In that sad note, written when the mental chords were all jangling and out of tune, how the agonized soul groans forth its anguish :

'DEAREST LYDIA : My brain burns ! A fearful dream arises before me ! I cannot bear the horrible thought ! God and FATHER of my LORD JESUS, have mercy upon me.'

'A short hour of comparative quiet after writing these sad words, the horrible vision, whatever it was, returns, and in the midst of the thick darkness the light of that glorious mind goes out, and he falls by his own hand.'

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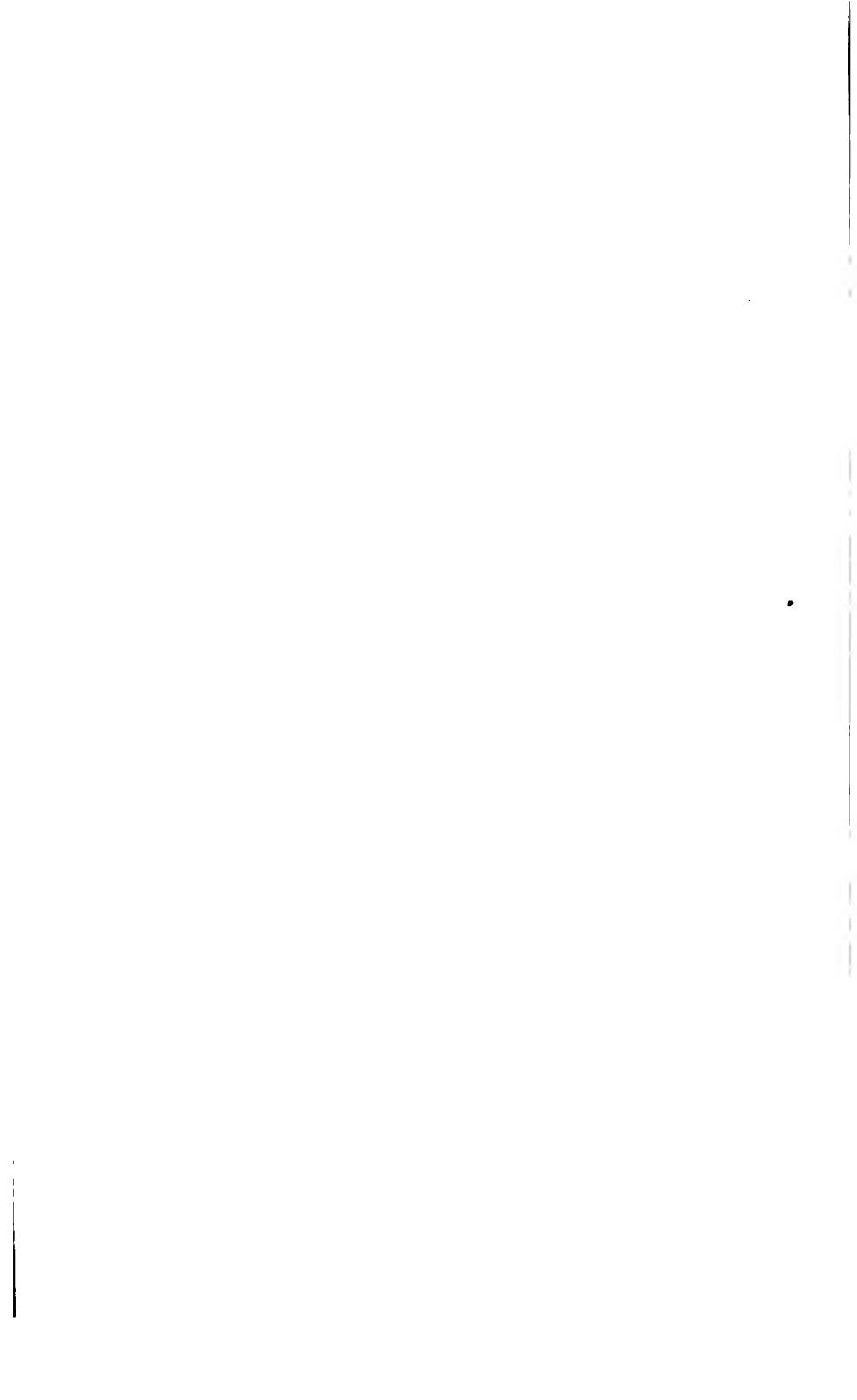
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